

CHRISTIAN WORK

Illustrated Family Newspaper

Volume 72.

MARCH 8, 1902.

Number 1829

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Remember that your work comes only moment by moment, and as surely as God calls you to work, He gives the strength to do it. Do not think in the morning, "How shall I go through this day? I have such-and-such work to do, and persons to see, and I have not strength for it." No, you have not, for you do not need it. Each moment, as you need it, the strength will come, only do not look forward an hour; circumstances may be very different from what you expect. At any rate, you will be borne through each needful and right thing "on eagles' wings." Do not worry yourself with misgivings; take each thing quietly.

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Weekly---Continuing The Christian at Work.

Volume 72

New York, Saturday, March 8, 1902

Number 1829

For Terms See Prospectus on Page 415.

A Century of Anthracite.

The "black rock" which sends forth such a beautiful glow and is withal so clean in its burning has completed one century of its acquaintance with man. It was on February 11, 1802, that a few of the pioneer residents of Wilkes-Barre, then a rude backwoods settlement, gathered in the old log tavern to watch the experiment of making fuel of the "black rock" which cropped up plentifully in and about the town. A grate was specially constructed for the purpose and the trial was made. It is needless to say that the experiment was a complete success. Wilkes-Barre, the birthplace of this wonderful fuel product, came in later years to be the center of the greatest coal-producing region on the globe, and itself a busy, thriving, prosperous little city, still increasing steadily in numbers, wealth and power. The rude grate in which the first coal was burned is sacredly preserved as the most cherished relic of old times in Wilkes-Barre. It has been twice stolen and twice recovered after a long and weary search. It is now carefully guarded from envious and thieving hands. From the handful of "black rock" burned that wintry day before the curious eyes of the old pioneers a mighty and far-reaching industry has sprung, an industry which has revolutionized modern trade and commerce and added untold billions to the wealth of the world. The handful of "black rock" has grown into an annual product of over 250,000,000 tons in America alone, with a value exceeding \$200,000,000, more than half of this being credited to the State of Pennsylvania, where the industry had its birth.



Cuba's Move to Nationality.

The election by the Cuban Electoral College of Thomas Estrada Palma and Señor Esteves, respectively first President and first Vice-President of the Cuban Republic becomes a valuable historic event in the annals of the Queen of the Antilles, and emphasizes the fact of its birth as a member of the family of nations. It is stated that the government will be formally installed about the first day of May. It is not probable that the Cuban people will long isolate themselves from American governmental methods. But it is clear they desire to govern themselves for a while and experience the pride of nationality, and then join the American Union of their own volition—if indeed they do join it—and not as a subjugated province. In this they are quite right. Independence has been the hope and prayer of Cubans for long years, and it would be a deep humiliation for them should they be denied nationality just as the heritage seemed within their grasp. Furthermore, we promised independence to them and must keep that promise to the hope as well as to the ear; in this way alone shall we stand justified to the civilized

world, although we shall never be able to divest the English Tories of their suspicions of American scheming. As for that matter, so firmly set in their mental and moral fiber is it, that they are utterly incapable of divesting themselves of their prejudices and suspicions. We add in this relation that Cuba is to be congratulated upon the election of a man of such high character as Señor Palma, whom the American friends of Cuba have known and trusted, and who will have their heartiest wishes for his success. Far from seeking this honor, he refused it more than once, and only disinterested motives can be ascribed to him. It is fortunate that the first chief executive of the island knows thoroughly the American feeling and attitude and is prepared to carry on the work of our administration in Cuba in the spirit in which it was undertaken.



Government for the Philippines.

During the past week Judge Taft has been elucidating the details of the Philippine problem in a manner which must have impressed the Senate Committee before whom he has delivered his testimony. "I did not favor our going to the Philippines," said Judge Taft, at one sitting of the committee; and he added, "I was sorry when we got them." He continued: "But we are there, and I see no other possible means of discharging that duty which chance has put upon us than to carry out the plan which I suggest." The plan referred to was that of the commission, viz., "to convince the Filipinos that the civil government desired to educate them in self-government and give them that measure of it for which they were fitted." Judge Taft thought that the Filipinos should enjoy everything secured by the Bill of Rights except the right to bear arms and to jury trial. In a country overrun by ladrones it would be unwise, he thought, to grant the first, and, in his opinion, the people were not fitted to sit on juries. "If it would be wise to declare any policy," said Judge Taft, "I should think that policy should involve a declaration of the intention of the United States to hold those islands indefinitely until the people show themselves fit for self-government, when their relations to the United States (either of independence or of quasi independence) can be decided." Judge Taft further observed that at present the Filipinos would not be able to maintain a nationality of their own, or to preserve domestic order—that is to say, the minority would not have protection. The conception of minority rights the Filipino mind could not grasp as yet. But as the people were eager to learn English and be grounded in the principles of American civil government, Judge Taft believed that the commission could carry out its experiment and justify its course. Judge Taft added: "I am not disposed to concede as yet that, because there are dangers of corruption and a possibility of failure in the agents who are to be sent out there, we are not equal to the task. I believe that the American

Government and the American people are exceedingly adaptable." Certain it is we have solved many problems in the past and there is no occasion for distrust of our ability to solve such others as may arise in the future.



**For Averting
Labor Strikes.**

The committee of thirty-six, representing in equal numbers employers, employees and the public, which was appointed last December through the efforts of the National Civic Federation, after a spirited meeting adopted admirable measures for furthering its purpose of averting strikes. Evidence of the earnestness of those engaged in this praiseworthy mission is found in the fact that nearly all the members of the committee were in attendance, and the practical character of the plans adopted for conciliation and arbitration reflect credit upon the subcommittee that prepared them. The organization is well calculated to inspire the confidence of both capital and labor in the ability and impartiality of the committees which will deal with industrial controversies. Statistics show that the losses arising from needless strikes are enormous, and the prevention of these will not only avert great suffering but add prodigiously to the productive capacity of the country and to the sum of its wealth.



**The President Against the
North Pacific "Merger."**

By direction of President Roosevelt, Attorney-General Knox has filed a bill in equity to test the legality of the great railroad "merger" known as the Northern Securities Company. The bill asks that the great combination of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railway systems be dissolved and the stocks of those roads restored to their original holders. At the request of the President the Attorney-General carefully reviewed the matter and announced his opinion that the "merger" or consolidation violated the Sherman Anti-Trust act of 1890, whereupon the President directed him to put his opinion to the test of a judicial decision. The ultimate decision of the Supreme Court—the case will first go to a United States District Court—will be widely inclusive and general in scope. Much more than the fate of the Northern Securities Company is involved in it. The whole question of where, if it exists at all, the line can be drawn and enforced against the organization of monopolies that restrain trade, suppress competition and control prices will be raised in this suit. President Roosevelt has again shown courage of no common sort in ordering it to be brought.



**Northern Securities
Merger Company.**

By the decision rendered last week the Supreme Court has demonstrated the impossibility of any regulation by one State of the acts of a corporation of another State. The case is this: Two corporations forbidden to do a certain thing at home went abroad, came back one corporation and proceeded to do it. The case on suit of the State of Minnesota being brought before the Supreme Court that body refused to entertain the bill, but threw it out of court because the Great Northern and Northern Pacific companies were not made parties in the complaint. It furthermore pronounced that no amendment which would make this necessary inclusion could properly be considered, because the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, as Minnesota corporations, must be proceeded against in the State courts. The decision seems, therefore, to close the door

against any further action on the part of the Minnesota officials. They cannot bring suit in the federal courts because the two railroads concerned in the alleged merger must be tried first under the State laws; and they cannot move in the State courts because the Northern Securities Company, as a New Jersey corporation, cannot be made a party to an action brought in Minnesota. The decision will certainly result in wholly discouraging any attempt on the part of any commonwealth to proceed against the creature of any other commonwealth which is shrewd enough to keep State boundaries sharply in view. If there is to be any regulation of great combined corporations it must proceed from federal authority. What that authority needs to be will appear more clearly when the result of the United States proceeding against the same corporation is known.



**The Ottoman
Still at It.**

Unfortunate, but all too true, we fear, are the reports which continue to reach us of a renewed and growing persecution of the Christians by the authorities in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey. It is to be hoped that our Government will get prompt and accurate information from its agents as to what is going on, and that resolute measures will be taken. At present we hear of justice being systematically denied to Christians in the courts, and generally of the paralyzing influence of the officials on their communal and private affairs. But things are steadily growing worse. Resentment against the attempts to initiate reforms after the Armenian massacres is said to be at the root of the present persecutions, as no doubt it is.



**Prince Henry
Westward, Ho!**

What with the whirlwind pace of visiting, journeying and driving that might have tested the mettle of a younger man, Prince Henry has emphatically had a royal time of it. Entertained at dinners at Washington, visiting Mount Vernon, dined in New York by the Mayor, by ninety-two "chiefs of industry," by German newspaper men, whirled off to Annapolis and back, kept constantly on the go, with an arbitrarily allotted period for sleep and for rest between whiles, Prince Henry has "done" as much and has seen as much as is possible for any human being in that time. With the close of last week the festivities at the East are followed during the present week by a tour southward and westward—to Chattanooga, Nashville, Louisville, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, back to Buffalo, Boston, Albany, West Point, returning to this city at the close of the week. Early next week he starts for home, having seen much, heard much, and, no doubt, learned much. He has shown himself the courteous German gentleman throughout, and as he received a hearty welcome in coming, the royal guest will be given a God-speed on his journeying homeward.



**The President Ends
the Schley Appeal.**

President Roosevelt in a published opinion of rare strength and lucidity has responded to Admiral Schley's appeal for investigation of his action and his status in the battle of Santiago and the occurrences immediately preceding that conflict. The President confirms the adverse judgment of the majority of the court of inquiry on all vital points. But he puts on record his opinion that the naval battle of Santiago was not really fought under the orders of either Sampson or Schley, but "was a captain's

fight," as indeed it seems to have been. The President regards Schley's appeal as being made to him not mainly from the decision of the Court of Inquiry but from the action taken by President McKinley three years ago, "when he sent in the recommendations for promotion for the various officers connected with the Santiago squadron." "I find," he says, after reviewing the facts of the fight at great length, "that President McKinley did substantial justice and that there would be no warrant for reversing his action." No more adroit way of saying the last word on this long and tiresome controversy could have been found. As has been said, "it shuts the door of discussion and invokes the memory of President McKinley against reopening of it." We add that while differences will always prevail over this unhappy controversy, the President's closing remark that "there is no excuse whatever from either side for any further agitation of this unhappy controversy" will be heartily approved by the general public.



A General Staff for the Army.

Secretary Root's bill for creating a general staff for the army, which was sent to Congress last week, is the outcome of a carefully worked-out plan for correcting prevailing abuse, and increasing the efficiency of the army. The principal features of the bill comprise the creation of a general staff, of which the commanding general will be the chief; the consolidation of the quartermaster's, subsistence and pay departments and the creation of a transportation division, all under the chief of the supply department. The changes proposed include also a system of promotion from the ranks to the grade of commanding officer, by which proved aptitude and ability for control of men shall be substituted for the examination tests that have hitherto been employed. It is the simple truth that the greatest deficiency in our army since the outbreak of the Civil War has been the need of a set of officers to plan for the future—to be, as in European armies, the eyes, the ears and the brains of the service; a set of officers who could send supplies of all kinds, of the best quality and in whatever quantities might be required, without delay. The necessity for such a staff was revealed to the world by Von Moltke and has been officially recognized in this country only since Secretary Root took office, the Spanish war having demonstrated, even to the most partisan mind, the antiquated character of the American military machine.



Effects of the Changes.

Should Congress adopt the proposed changes, as it is believed it will, the existing abuse of various crystallized staff bureaus, each acting independently, will be abolished. Secretary Root's bill also provides that henceforth the operations of the general staff shall be conducted through the Secretary of War, and that the confusion, disputes and cross purposes which inevitably mark the administration of an army, either in peace or war, when in fact and in popular estimation it has two chiefs, shall be done away with. It is also to be noted that under the secretary's plan the "General Staff Corps" will consider the military policy of the country, and prepare comprehensive plans for the national defence, and for "the mobilization of the military forces in times of war." It is also to have supervision of the co-operation of army and navy, of plans of campaign, of the securing and utilization

of military information, of the system of army education, armament, equipment, etc. The consolidation of the existing staff departments is still further carried on by the gradual amalgamation of the Inspector-General's Department and the general staff, and the assumption of the duty of inspection by the new body. Lastly, the new system of promotions reverts to the former better practice, which, however, was discontinued shortly after the beginning of the war with Spain, and emphasizes the distinction between desirable candidates for promotion who have shown practical ability, such, for example, as can be proved in attendance at the General Service and Staff College, and those who have merely passed academic examinations which omit necessary tests. Considering that some of our ablest generals—as General Miles—have come up from the ranks, the wisdom of this decision cannot be called in question.



Unrest in Spain.

The unrest in Spain continues, but the fact that Señor Sagasta, the Prime Minister, has announced that Parliament will not be prorogued unless the opposition continues obstructive tactics indicates that the government at Madrid considers the crisis less threatening. Martial law has been proclaimed in some districts, and dispatches from Spain show the labor troubles at Barcelona to be spreading. At the present time, however, there are no indications of concerted action among the strikers with a view to political revolution, and the reports suggest that the Anarchists and Socialists connected with the movement are merely seizing an occasion to further their distinctive aims. The Church and the army remain loyal to the existing government. In the absence of sufficient parliamentary support for the strikers, or of legislation to embody their wishes, it is not likely that the present situation will result in anything more than a series of local disturbance which can be suppressed by the military. Still, the people are restless, and an attempt at revolution is by no means impossible.



Dr. Herzl Sees Sultan Hamid.

When the late Zionist Convention adjourned the attitude of the Sultan of Turkey to the movement was undefined. Now comes a dispatch from London which announces that Dr. Herzl having been invited to the Yildiz Palace by a telegram from the Sultan, the Zionist leader has been in consultation with the Sultan for the acquisition of concessions in Palestine permitting of the unimpeded immigration and settlement of Jews there. Dr. Herzl's requests include a charter granting some simple form of home rule and the opening of the Sultan's crown lands to Jewish colonization. The same dispatch reports the presence at Constantinople of a representative of the Jewish Colonization Association, which was endowed by the late Baron Hirsch with a large sum of money, all of which is regarded as signifying that the Trustees of the Baron Hirsch Fund are about to concentrate their resources upon Palestine. The outcome of the negotiations will be awaited with interest the world over.



Senator Raines' New Excise Law.

Whether stirred to his duty by Rev. Dr. Parkhurst's stinging indictment or by the unmistakable voice of public opinion, Senator John Raines, of the village of Canandaigua—whose reputation has been discredited by

the creation of his sandwich-and-drink or "Raines" hotels—has introduced in the Senate of this State a bill designed to modify these ten-closet "hotels" if not wipe them out of existence. For one thing, the bill amends the Liquor-Tax law by increasing the powers of the Excise Department to pass upon the eligibility of hotel keepers to receive a liquor license—that is, it increases the power of the Excise Department, but we do not see that it makes its duties more mandatory or less optional than they were. The bill also provides that "any officer who shall make a false report or neglect or refuse to investigate any hotel in pursuance of such notice from the Special Deputy or County Treasurer, or who shall neglect or refuse to prosecute a fake hotel keeper making false statements, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to a fine of \$1,000, or imprisonment for not more than one year, or both, and in addition he shall forfeit his office." The bill is an improvement upon the existing statute, but by no means supplies all that is demanded, though it does stand for some improvement. Any way, it is gratifying to discern final co-operation at last between the Parkhurst Society, the Police Commissioner, the District Attorney and the State Excise Department.



One of the most instructive and useful results accruing from Prince Henry's visit to these shores will perhaps be the outcome of his inquiries addressed to many German emigrants on the Kronprinz why they left the Fatherland. Oppressive taxation, military compulsion and dominance of the military spirit, limited fields of labor, restricted opportunities for rising—these and other responses may give him the information possessed here, which possibly may impress upon our royal visitor a conviction of the fact it is a serious condition that confronts the German in his own country, and that he only expatriates himself for his betterment, which generally he finds it not difficult to secure.



The Senate having ratified the treaty with Denmark, by the payment of \$5,000,000 in gold, the islands of St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix will, after ratification of the treaty by the Danish parliament, belong to the United States. The civil rights and political status of the inhabitants will be determined by Congress. The acquisition of the islands guarantees protection of the country against hostile naval operations and also assures protection of our developing trade over the sea.



Lord Rosebery will have nothing to do with the Irish Nationalists, and Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman will not attempt to get on without them. So the split has come, the breach becomes a chasm, and the Liberal outlook continues cloudy, with the future very uncertain.



The end seems to be coming in sight in South Africa. The few sturdy Boers who remain in the field are tired out and poorly equipped; De Wet and one or two other leaders remain, but beyond forays they can do nothing. England has been made to pay a price that has "staggered humanity," but no one can now doubt that the struggle of the last three years was absolutely useless.



The riotings in Spain, which were most violent in Barcelona, where hundreds are reported to have been killed, seem to be due to industrial causes rather than to political considerations. This discontent seems to be based upon the

poverty of the masses and the inability of the trade unions to bring employers to terms. In a larger sense the Catalonian province may be said to be thoroughly revolutionary in that it wishes freedom for its industry and wealth from the central authority; it wishes to dissociate itself from the stupidity and greed which retard its prosperity for the benefit of less progressive provinces. The fact of business paralysis in Barcelona is sure indication that the depression is general and far deeper in other parts of Spain. It is an instructive comment upon the inability of the Spanish government to learn the industrial lessons of the war.



Although the exercises at the nation's capital in commemoration of William McKinley were simple, they were none the less impressive on that account. The address of Secretary Hay was fully equal to the occasion, and exhibited a dignity of style, a justness of appreciation, and a depth of feeling which were in perfect consonance with the time and the occasion. The whole exercises were every way worthy the memory of the distinguished man whose virtues they commemorated.



Senatorial Ruffianism and the Sequel.

If Senator Tillman had been from Massachusetts instead of from South Carolina he would have been even more censured than he has been for his savagery in the Senate of the United States. We are accustomed to make allowances for the warmer blood of the sunny South, but a direct insult to the Senate admits of no excuse, and the President had no choice left him but to withdraw his invitation to Senator Tillman, which he had already extended to him, to the dinner about to be had in honor of Prince Henry. We have already mentioned the incident of the fist fight in the Senate between the two Southern senators. A more disgraceful scene has rarely, if ever, been witnessed in the Senate Chamber. In his speech on the tariff bill in relation to the Philippines, Senator Tillman intimated that the two-thirds vote which secured the ratification of our treaty with Spain was illegally obtained by personal corruption. Being challenged to make this assertion good, he replied that a senator from his own State had been bribed to vote for the treaty, and had since been rewarded by Federal patronage. Senator McLaurin was absent at this time, but on returning to the Senate he was informed about it, and immediately took the floor upon a question of personal privilege, and proceeded to declare that the charge made against him was "a wilful, malicious and deliberate lie." Senators Tillman and McLaurin immediately came together in a fierce, hand to hand personal encounter, until they were separated by Mr. Layton, the acting assistant doorkeeper. The press despatches say that "Senator Tillman sprang upon Senator McLaurin, striking him in the forehead with his fist, and received in return a blow in the face which drew blood," and this is the generally believed version of the affair and it is doubtless correct. When the combatants were separated, the Senate by a unanimous vote declared both senators to be "in contempt," and this judgment is one which has met with approval both North and South all over the country.

Now comes the sequel. President Roosevelt had accepted an invitation to take part at the opening ceremonies

of the coming international exhibition in the South, and to present a sword of honor to Major Jenkins, who served under him in the Rough Riders. The Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina, who is Senator Tillman's nephew, immediately revoked this invitation to President Roosevelt, thus flinging back a direct insult to the President, an insult to the public at large, an insult to the people of South Carolina and an insult to Major Jenkins, and if Senator Tillman's nephew imagines for a moment that by this act he can avenge his uncle for a well-deserved rebuke from the President and one which the conduct of Mr. Tillman made unavoidable he is greatly mistaken. Moreover, if Senator Tillman did not inspire the action of Colonel Tillman which shaped this insulting request to the President of the United States, he would better say so at once. His own conduct is bad enough, and all that he can afford to answer for at the bar of public opinion. The 22d of February, 1902, is a day which will be always memorable in the history of the Senate as the date of one of the most disgraceful and humiliating scenes it has ever witnessed. The rebuke to Senator Tillman originated with the Senate itself, and by its unanimous vote. Even then, he was not gratuitously insulted. He was simply invited courteously and considerately, privately and confidentially, to conform to the ordinary rules of official and social etiquette, and to accept a withdrawal of the invitation to the dinner in honor of Prince Henry. This he declined to do, and the consequences are known and will be applauded by the great mass of the American people North and South. We sincerely hope that the people of South Carolina will repudiate the action of their Lieutenant Governor, and we believe they will do so. It is not the President who is honored by an invitation to assist in any public function at the opening of an international exposition by the presentation of a sword to his old war comrade. His presence honors the event. He lends a peculiar dignity and importance to any occasion. To thus attempt to cast a shadow over his visit to Charleston is the vindictive act of a fanatic which we do not believe will be officially sustained by the fair-minded people of the South.



Victor Hugo.

Last week the civilized world, and especially that of France and the English-speaking peoples, commemorated the centennial of the birth of one of the intensest figures in literature, for such Victor Hugo certainly was. Indeed, if he did not arrive at the full height of some in the broad scope of his life work Victor Hugo may be truthfully said to be unsurpassed by any fellow craftsman. What Angelo was in Art that in breadth of scope Hugo was to Literature. As the latter was great as sculptor, painter, architect, so Hugo was great as novelist, poet, dramatist.

To the great army of his readers outside of France Hugo will always be known by his novels—as the author of "Notre Dame," "Les Misérables," "L'Homme Qui Rit," "Quartreright Treize" and "Travailleurs de la Mere." Outside of France his poems are little known; as difficult of translation are they as "Auld Lang Syne" or "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River." Yet it was grand work for poetry that Hugo did. So it was, he abandoned the law of the classical school—that everything must be polished and subjected to faultless form—and substituted the

law of nature—that the ideas shall be true, and the expression natural: literature in his view becomes a mirror of Nature; and it was this view that obtained and still obtains sway in the French literature of to-day. True, his romances seem like turbulent seas, formless expanses of colossal forms; and yet in all his writings, even the latest and weakest, he gives pictures of Nature in uproar and of man in passion which delight by their truth as much as they astonish by their grandeur. And we may say that the limits of his genius would never have been visible but for the faults of his method, for while he insists that *order* is the principle of freedom in art, *regularity* that of thralldom, yet his own method is too often a dead mechanical regularity.

His rhetoric has often been severely criticized. And we may perhaps admit that in others, in weaker men, his style would have been contemptuously rejected as gasconade. But as Carlyle and as Browning have asserted themselves over mankind in spite of their peculiar style, so with Hugo: intense personality of the man has triumphed over all that has been said against him, even by such an accomplished critic as Amiel. Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie has said of Hugo that he was an intense individualist. Such he indeed was, and in being such fulfilled the law of his own being. After all, the world likes to believe in a man of intensity of conviction, and of great force of expression. In this matter of style, we may see a good illustration of the force of heredity, for Hugo is Spanish in his exuberance, as he is thoroughly French in the intensity of his dramatic instinct.

It might be expected that so strong a man, possessing such passion and such intensity of personality, would not be indifferent to political conditions. Nor was he. And when the crucial issue came, when the Third Empire was re-established in France, no one denounced Napoleon more savagely than he. So in 1870, when the Germans were approaching Paris he as savagely told them to go back to their Northern homes and leave France to her memories and her purposes.

It only remains to be said that Victor Hugo was one of the people and he was great as they are great. He rises as a giant—as a great colossal statue: the lines are not fine nor the surface marks smooth: he can only be seen in full proportion at a distance. A great poet, novelist and dramatist, he was a noble, courageous patriot, all combined in a most overshadowing personality. He has no prototype: he can have no successor. Nor can he ever be forgotten.



No More Pigeon Slaughtering.

The Legislature of this State has done better than the Legislature of last year in that it has repealed the law of the State allowing the shooting of pigeons for sport. Not only is the law repealed, but the practice is forbidden. It was in vain that representatives from gun clubs and sporting clubs petitioned for amendments which should give them certain exclusive privileges in the work of killing and maiming that emblem of peace—the dove; the Legislature would not have it, and promptly passed the requisite bill. If, as has been stated, Senator T. C. Platt was instrumental in securing the passage of the bill, then all honor to him, for it was good work well done; and the service rendered by Mr. J. P. Haines, president of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," is also to be noted—and very earnest work it was. In recounting with gratification the passage of this humane act, it is only simple justice to the members of the Assembly who

voted for the bill to record the names of those who voted against the humane act. They are:

J. H. BRADLEY—Erie.	W. P. FITZPATRICK—Erie.
G. W. DOUGHTY—Queens.	JOHN McKEOWN—Kings.
C. F. BROOKS—Erie.	J. J. McINNERY—Kings.
J. H. FITZPATRICK—New York.	GEORGE RUEHL—Erie.
G. A. ROBINSON—Suffolk.	

We do not envy these gentlemen their record; in this instance we have to assume either that their moral sensibilities were blunted or else that they didn't live up to the requirements of their own conscience. We do not assume to decide as to the proper horn of the dilemma. Each can make his own selection for himself, and perhaps some constituents may have something to say later.



Newman Hall.

Although the passing away of Dr. Newman Hall came at a time when his intellectual activities had ceased—he was in his 86th year—his name recalls a life-long period of ministerial usefulness now ended; his memory and his influence will ever remain. Minister of the Albion Church, in Hull, in 1854, he was called to Surrey Chapel in London (Rowland Hill's), but in 1876 the congregation removed to that church, where Dr. Hall continued in the active ministry until 1892. There, in the plenitude of his power, Dr. Hall soon became the most popular and influential preacher in England. During our Civil War he boldly espoused the cause of Lincoln and the North, and won the deep gratitude of American unionists by his service in counteracting British sympathy with the Confederate revolt. After the killing of Lincoln Dr. Hall raised the funds which built Lincoln Tower, a part of his new church, at a cost of \$300,000. This stalwart championship won for him a warm admiration in the United States which never waned thereafter. He was among the earliest advocates of total abstinence in England, and a deprecator of the fears of Roman Catholic aggression. The best work that he ever did for his Master and for his fellow-men was to write the famous little tract "Come to Jesus." Three million copies of this plea have been circulated in twenty different languages, and it has probably influenced more souls to repentance than any other uninspired writing ever penned. He published a dozen other little books. Next to "Come to Jesus" his "Follow Jesus" was most successful, some 247,000 copies being sold. Dr. Hall's work is as abiding as his power in evangelistic work and preaching is unexcelled. He was a man of the people, and in his Surrey Chapel diffused a wide influence on both sides of the Atlantic.



Things of To-day.

We have mentioned the last but not final work performed by the Revision Committee sitting at Philadelphia. The following, as given by Dr. Roberts, is an exact statement up to date: A declaratory statement has been prepared upon Chapter iii of the Westminster Confession of Faith, which deals with God's eternal decree, and also upon Chapter x, Section 3, which has to do with infant salvation. A revision of the text of the Confession was decided upon for Chapter xvi, Section 7, which treats of the good works of unregenerate men; Chapter xxii, Section 3, which declares that it is a sin to refuse an oath in anything that is good and just, being imposed by lawful authority; and Chapter xxv, Section 6, which declares that the Pope is in no sense the head of the Church, but is Antichrist. Two new chapters were also recommended for addition to the Confession—one on the Holy Spirit, and the other "on the gospel." In connection with the Brief Statement of the Reformed Faith in untechnical terms, the committee completed Article I. on Revelation and the Rule of Faith; Article II. on God and the Trinity; Article IV. on Creation, and Article V. on Sin. Twelve articles of the statement have as yet only a tentative form. The committee will reassemble in Washington on Wednesday, April 9th.



That the Rev. Dr. Wm. R. Huntington, of this city, should perform the marriage ceremony over a couple, one of whom was the innocent party to a divorce is not at all surprising, but is in entire consistence with his views on the subject as expressed at the last General Convention of his Church. It seems, however, that in this instance one of the parties was a member of the Roman Catholic Church, which forbids such marriages. Whereupon *The*

Churchman inquires, with a tinge of manifest irony, whether in doing as he did Dr. Huntington contributed to comity between Christian churches. This raises the question whether interdenominative comity requires that every minister in dealing with Christians of another denomination shall place himself under the limitations presented by that denomination for its membership. To illustrate: In England a rector may not perform the marriage ceremony over two people, one of whom is the sister of the bridegroom's deceased wife. But suppose they come to this country; may another minister not perform the ceremony here, or, if he does, is he amenable to the charge of having antagonized interdenominational comity? The fact is, as it seems to us, that interdenominational comity has to do with organizations rather than individuals. In this way, in extending its work, it declines to build a church in a locality where another evangelical church is on the ground, and where it is impossible to support more than one church. It is pertinent to recall the fact, right here, that our ministers do not "marry" people, but people marry each other. In the days of the Apostles and of the early Church, as Dr. Ball shows in his interesting work, "St. Paul and the Roman Law," there was no religious celebration of marriage at all. As to the particular case cited, it would appear that the question was one for the parties immediately concerned to decide for themselves—within, of course, the limits of the law—and not for another to decide for them. We regard Dr. Huntington's act in every way proper and beyond just criticism.



Mr. John R. Mott, secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, who has just arrived here, comes at the right time, when public interest is aroused over the work of church federation. Just before leaving London, he delivered a stirring address before the committee of the Church Missionary Society. According to the *British Weekly*, his report of progress in Japan and India made a deep impression. When abroad he held crowded meetings in the principal towns of Japan, China, India and Ceylon, which were largely attended by students and cultured young men of the upper classes. One of the chief difficulties of missionaries in dealing with the more enlightened natives is to arouse in them the sense of sin. They accept the great facts of the Gospel, they believe that Christ is God, and that He has wrought the world's redemption, but they cannot realize that they have any personal need of the great salvation. Perhaps the most encouraging feature of Mr. Mott's mission is that reported by an eminent missionary of Allahabad. "The consciences of the hearers were awakened, as never before, to the sense of personal guilt."



Sectarian lines are apparently sharply intertwined with political lines in Ireland. At least, just before the recent Bye election, the *Belfast Witness* remarked that "if the Presbyterians of East Down cast their votes in favor of Colonel Wallace, a pronounced Episcopalian, in preference to Mr. Wood, to whose Presbyterianism the highest testimony is borne by those who know him best, they will greatly strengthen the hands of the enemies of justice to Presbyterians, and they will greatly grieve the hearts of its friends." There is no antagonism seen in our politics as between Presbyterians, Episcopals, Methodists or Baptists or Congregationalists. But Protestants sometimes do get in votes against Roman Catholics where matters pertaining to American institutions—as our schools—are concerned.



Bishop Brewster, of the Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut, relates this story of Rudyard Kipling, as coming to him at first hand. Says the Bishop: "A trained nurse was watching at the bedside of Mr. Kipling during those moments when the author was in the most critical stage of sickness, and she noticed that his lips began to move. She bent over him, thinking he wanted to say something to her, and she heard him utter these words: 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' that old familiar prayer of childhood days. The nurse, realizing that Kipling didn't require her services, said in an apologetic whisper: 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Kipling, I thought you wanted something.' 'I do,' faintly observed Kipling, 'I want my Heavenly Father. He only can care for me now.' It is this masculine, robust religious faith that we see in Kipling's writings," added Bishop Brewster, "and it is a faith which the young men of Yale University may well carry with them in the performance of their daily work."

Mr. James R. Keene, the well-known Wall street operator and turfman, gave \$22,500 for the poor of New York on the occasion of the heavy snowstorm last week; and then, most wisely, Mr. Keene sent his check to the United and Hebrew charity organizations, and in this way saw that his beneficence was distributed in the wisest and most economical manner.



Mr. Charles L. Tiffany, who has just died in this city in his ninety-first year, has of late years borne the title, conferred upon him by Mr. Henry Labouchere, of "the Grand Old Man of the Jewelry Trade." He was that on both sides of the ocean, but on this side he was much more—he was an American citizen of active public spirit and vigorous interest in the affairs of his country, and he lived to be known far more as such a man than as the head of one of the foremost houses in American art, whose varied products have been a constant stimulus to artistic inspiration. Happily, Mr. Tiffany's long career was enviable for the wide public appreciation of its usefulness.



A Cincinnati contemporary remarks admonitorily that "the Southern people must work out the problem of the negroes' welfare, giving them morals and religion, and in all things doing justly and loving mercy." Doubtless. But we may not be too complacent over this matter here at the North, where negroes are not admitted in a single trades union, and where their only opportunities lie in becoming barbers, laborers, white-washers, scullions and elevator boys.



The difficulties with which Spanish Protestants have still to contend, especially in country places, receive striking illustration from a story which comes from the province of Toledo. Two young people in a place with a small Protestant element in the population were engaged to be married, and arranged for a civil ceremony in accordance with the law. They were nevertheless confronted with determined opposition from ecclesiastical bigotry and the weakness of the civil authorities. The priest followed up a long series of intrigues by declaring from the side of the altar that those who contract a civil marriage are excommunicated and condemned, and their children must not be regarded as born in wedlock. He then attempted to remove the young lady to a house, where he would have tried to force her to recant in the presence of some old women and a company of nuns. The couple, however, persisted and were happily married, although not by the chief magistrate of the place, who declined to act, but by his deputy.



The most recent report of the German Association for advancing the "Los von Rom" movement in Austria—that is, the departure from Rome—contains some interesting particulars regarding the extent to which the movement has grown. Thirty-six new preaching stations were founded during 1901—in Styria, 7; in Lower Austria, 2; in Carnatia, 2; in the Tyrol, 2; in Bohemia, 22; in Moravia, 1; in Galicia, 2. During the year which has just closed in forty additional places the word of God has been preached for the first time since the Reformation. Summing up the result of the year's work, the Association expresses satisfaction at the progress made, and looks to a forward in the near future time when Austria will be an Evangelical land, as it was in 1570. The net results of the movement, which has lasted for three and a half years, is 27,000 conversions from Rome.



Many of the most successful ministers accomplish their work under severe disabilities. William Arthur, of whom we have previously made notice, was not only a great Methodist preacher, but he was an example of a preacher working under and rising superior to bodily infirmities. Robert Hall, the prince of preachers, and Frederick W. Robertson, one of the greatest pulpit kings of the last century, and Charles H. Spurgeon, the latest of the great Puritans, all worked under what would be to many insurmountable bodily difficulties. Yet they toiled on, and while not glorying in their infirmities, they did triumph over them. Of all men the preacher needs a sound mind in a sound body; but if the latter is denied him happy is he who makes the most of the little physical power at his command. The tabernacle which William Arthur put off was at its best but a weak earthly house, but a strong man lived in it, a white soul shone out from it.

Current Comment.

The *Presbyterian* in an article on "Fellowship and Sectarianism" says:

It seems strange also that it never occurs to those who talk so glibly and unctuously of "fellowship" as against "sectarianism" that in the very union which they are proposing to establish they are only setting up another "sect," according to the nomenclature of the world, which they seem to indorse, and that, too, as an organization in which there would be an exclusive "fellowship," or one peculiar to itself.

[All of which suggests that our contemporary has confounded Federation or fellowship with union—which neither is.—Ed.]

The way to protect our sugar interest is to adjust a Cuban tariff upon the principle of "live and let live," not to maintain a prohibitory tariff and so coerce Cuban planters in their desperation to seek annexation to the United States in order to secure a free market in the United States.—*The Outlook*.

Unless an intelligent effort is made for the protection of our national ideals the United States will be in a fair way to become un-Americanized; and sooner or later the question will become not how we may assimilate the foreign element, but how we may discern traces of our original government and institutional spirit. The native population in some parts of our country to-day is practically saturated by the foreign element, and no more of that element can be absorbed under existing conditions without a dangerous precipitation.—J. T. Buchanan—*The Forum*.

Christ did not condemn the rich because wealth is evil in itself and may not conduce to blessings untold. Undoubtedly, he condemned it—as in the case of the rich young man who went away sorrowful because he could not comply with the conditions imposed—because it may obscure the vision of higher things and lay the chief emphasis of life on its material aspects instead of upon the richer and nobler powers of the soul that come through temperance, abstinence, a strict watch over life to see that the animal nature is held in leash in the struggle of tendencies, propensities, inherited predispositions that goes on in every nature that is not a mere mush of feeble concessions.—*Church Register*.

The Institutional Church may have a useful office in some special localities, and in this city there are one or two such churches seemingly doing a valuable and successful work, but at the best the Institutional Church is an experiment, and can never be a substitute for the church organized specifically for spiritual ends.—*Church Intelligence*.

There was surely no more interesting news published by the press of the country on the first day of the present month than the catalogue of "Great Gifts of Last Year." One cannot repress a feeling of regret that more of this great sum was not given to distinctively religious objects. We would not undervalue the causes that have found such generous supporters. They are great and good, and tend to social and individual ameliorations. But what an infusion of power would come into the missionary operations of the Church were only a fraction of the whole poured into her treasures! How it would lift the burden from Christian colleges scattered over our land, and that are doing such an incalculably valuable work for men and God! It is to the diffused power of the gospel this royal giving is due. Nothing like it was ever known under the pagan civilizations.—*Lutheran Observer*.

It may be said, with some force, that the religious life tends to what in plain words is indolence, not to laziness. Such was the vice of the monkish point of view. "Contempt of the world" is often simply a rooted disinclination to honest work. And in more refined forms of self-indulgence some very good men are sadly selfish. But while there is good ground for such criticisms, the life nowadays of the religious leader who is sincerely concerned with his proper labors is quite active enough. He needs the tonic of the silences and the solitudes.

[As to the last sentence, we may find "the tonic of the silences and the solitudes" in the Lenten season, if we will.—Ed.]

Another change in England noted is "a very considerable collapse of what I may call conventional religion—that is public opinion does much less to enforce church attendance and church communion . . . I do not believe that the strength of the churches is less. I believe that much of the lapse is more apparent than real. Yet there is much that ought to force on the Church very serious thoughts in the present condition of things. It does seem as if a very considerable change of method on the part of the Church, and a very great invigoration of spiritual life, were necessary in order to bring us back even to the old condition of things."—W. Robertson Nicoll in *British Weekly*.

Why not avoid the stupendous blunder of the acquisition of the Philippines by helping their people to establish a government of their own, based upon republican principles, and thereby continue to be the beacon-light of liberty and civilization to all the world?—*The Forum*.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

Governor Odell signed, on Wednesday, the bill prohibiting the killing of live pigeons in State tournaments.

An inmate of the Trappist monastery at Dubuque, Ia., has renounced the vows he had kept for twenty-five years.

Dudley Johnson, white, and "Ben" Foster, colored, were hanged at Asheville, N. C., on February 26th, for burglary.

The work of cleaning the streets of snow was practically finished this week, at a cost to the city of \$300,000 for the three storms.

Three cars broke from a train at the Brooklyn end of the Brooklyn Bridge on Monday, and, rushing down the grade, crashed into another train, cutting one car in two.

Lieutenant-Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, has requested President Roosevelt to withdraw his acceptance of the invitation to present a sword to Major Jenkins at the time of President Roosevelt's visit to Charleston.

Deaths from pneumonia and bronchitis have increased lately, owing to the inclement weather. From pneumonia alone, during the week of February 22 there were 193 deaths in Greater New York, compared with 117 in the corresponding week of last year.

Henry G. Marquand, retired capitalist, for many years president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, patron of art and architecture, and prominent in almost every branch of philanthropic work, died at his home, 11 East 68th street, this city, on February 26th.

The agreement voluntarily to advance the wages of mill operatives at Fall River, Mass., has received its full quota of signatures, and the increase will go into effect as planned, on Monday, April 7th. This will control the action of mills employing a total of about 27,000 operatives.

After eight hours of tumultuous debate on Monday the Senate passed the Philippine tariff bill by a vote of 46 to 26, a strictly party vote. Mr. Tillman and Mr. McLaurin, the two Senators from South Carolina, who on Saturday were declared by the Senate to be in contempt because of their fight in the chamber, were not permitted by voice or vote to take part in the proceedings.

Prince Henry met at a luncheon at Sherry's on Wednesday 132 of the foremost financiers and business men of the United States. The luncheon had been planned over a month ago, when it was learned that the prince had expressed a desire to meet the leaders of American industry. For nearly three hours he sat and chatted with his hosts, questioning them in an informal way about the extent and character of American business enterprises, and showing a lively interest in the reasons they advanced for the present remarkable prosperity of America.

At 2 o'clock Saturday morning, February 22d, fire destroyed the Seventy-first Regiment Armory on Park avenue, between 32d and 33d streets, this city. Sparks carried to the Park Avenue Hotel, on the opposite side, set that structure on fire, resulting in the loss of eighteen lives, most of whom were suffocated. Among the victims was Mrs. Foster, widely known as the "Tombs Angel," who had a room on one of the upper floors of the hotel. Mrs. Foster was one of the best-known women in this city, her ministrations to prisoners in the Tombs Prison attracting widespread attention.

With ringing cheers and enthusiastic "hochs" 6,000 loyal Germans passed in grand review before Prince Henry last Wednesday night. As the long line, with its thousands of flaming torches came down the avenue and saluted at the reviewing stand on the Arion Clubhouse the scene was one of great beauty. The clubhouse was superbly illuminated. Long festoons of electric lights were drooped over the front and the windows and ledges were outlined by lines of lights. On the third floor the balcony had been arranged as a reviewing stand. A royal purple canopy, fringed with gold lace, had been hung over it, to protect the prince.

Prince Henry, brother of the German Emperor, accompanied by a brilliant staff of officers high in rank in the German army and navy, arrived on board the steamer Kronprinz Wilhelm at the 34th street pier, North River, at five minutes before noon on Sunday last. His official welcome, which began with the firing of salutes by Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton, the boarding of the Kronprinz off Fort Wadsworth by Admiral Robley D. Evans and

his staff, and salutes of twenty-one guns each from the battleship Illinois and the cruisers Olympia, Cincinnati, and San Francisco, was continued after the prince boarded the royal yacht Hohenzollern by a series of official calls from Mayor Low, Admiral Barker and his staff, General Brooke and staff and the German Ambassador and staff.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

Samuel Rawson Gardiner, the English historian, died in London, February 24th, at the age of 73.

Emperor William has conferred the Order of the Red Eagle upon Dr. Von Hollenben, the German Ambassador to the United States.

During a fire at Dinkelsbuehl, Bavaria, February 26th, the wall of a house collapsed and buried fifteen members of the local volunteer fire brigade. There is no hope of rescuing the men alive.

The North German Lloyd steamer Neckar, from Bremen for New York, with 1,300 persons on board, was towed into Halifax by the steamer Karlsruhe, on Wednesday last, with her rudder disabled.

The centenary of the birth of Victor Hugo was celebrated in France and other countries on February 26th. In Paris elaborate exercises were held within the Pantheon, and a monument to the poet was dedicated.

The steamer Tees has arrived from the North with news of the killing of two men by an enormous grizzly bear at Rivers Inlet, B. C. One of the men was a white trapper and the other an Indian. Their bodies, with that of the bear, were found together within a few feet of each other.

Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary, who, with Mme. Tsilka, was captured by brigands in the district of Salonica September 3d last, has been released and arrived at Strumitza, Macedonia, at 3 o'clock on the morning of February 23d. Nobody was at Strumitza to meet Miss Stone, as the brigands had given no indication where they proposed to release the prisoners. Mme. Tsilka and her baby were also released at the same time. They are all well. Miss Stone immediately made herself known to the authorities at Strumitza. The first news of Miss Stone's release was contained in a telegram received by Mr. Dickinson, the American Consul-General at Constantinople, from the American Vice-Consul at Salonika.

At the instance of the officials of the United States Legation at Constantinople Miss Ellen M. Stone and Mme. Tsilka, who arrived at Salonika at 11 o'clock on the night of February 25th, will start without delay for Constantinople. In the meanwhile they are staying at the missionary headquarters, where the released missionaries are receiving the congratulations of their colleagues. Miss Stone says that the brigands swore both of their captives to absolute secrecy regarding any information calculated to establish the identity of the brigands, the location of the places where they were concealed, or other facts likely to compromise their captors. As a matter of fact, the prisoners themselves are very uncertain regarding many details of their wanderings. They did not know when they were released in what section of the country they were. An arrangement had been made to release Miss Stone and her companion near Seres, Macedonia, where the dragoman Gargiulo and Mr. House were waiting for them, but the brigands, owing to timidity or otherwise, declared it was too difficult to carry out the plan, and brought their captives, after a hard night march, within one and a half hours of Strumitza. The two women were left under the shelter of a tree at 3.30 in the morning of February 23d. The bandits pointed out the direction of the village and ordered the captives to report themselves to the village elder, who, on learning their identity, would provide for them. The brigands then turned back and disappeared among the hills.

The twenty-first anniversary of Majuba and the second of Cronje's surrender at Paardeberg finds England apprehensive with regard to the latest news from South Africa. Lord Kitchener's two telegrams, published on February 26th, fail to give sufficient details for adequate comment, but it is feared that there has been a serious British reverse in the Western Transvaal, and that at least 400 men and two guns have been captured. The fighting occurred near Klerksdorp, in De La Rey's country.

In Havana on Monday, February 24th, Dr. Tomas Estrada Palma and Señor Estrevez were formally elected by the Electoral College, respectively, first President and first Vice-President of the Cuban Republic. Senators were also elected.

“Heart or Brain?”—Which?

Writing under the above caption a week ago, we closed what we had to say at that time with the words: “Because a mind can think keenly and likes it, it is no symptom that it has the least interest in the interior substance of the truth, whose exterior it has been so fascinatedly busy over.” Have we ever reflected how much cerebral vitality a man can expend upon matters of Christian truth without being even touched, much less reconstructed, by the realities he has cerebrally dealt with? and have we ever thought what that fact really means? We watch a speaker handle a truth; it may be of religion; it may be of philosophy; no matter which. If he does it with dexterity, and if in the process his own mind is quickened into any degree of activity, that activity of his will communicate itself to the machinery of our minds, just as the movement of one cog-wheel communicates revolution to the companion-wheel that it gears into.

Now I venture to say that that illustration has interested my reader, which is only to say that just now there is a movement in his intellectual machinery; his mental machinery has started. He likes it; he enjoys the sensation of feeling it go. That is what people mean ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when they say they enjoy preaching. I asked a member of my church the other day whether he thought a certain friend of his, who has recently taken to church-going, and who is exceptionally brainy, was really becoming religious. “Oh! no,” he said; “he likes to hear preaching because he has an active mind, and enjoys the way in which things are homiletically spread out in front of him.”

Now, the man in question thinks he enjoys religion, I presume, just as some of us possibly, when we have spent an entire evening in the concert-room watching the digital dexterity of the fiddlers, go away imagining that we have been enjoying the music! Mere intellectual activity on a Christian subject is not Christianity any more than working a flying trapeze in a church is what the Bible calls “Godly exercise.” An ox can devour the painting accidentally left upon the easel out in the pasture where he is grazing, but that does not help to make the ox æsthetic. The creature has dealt with the painting purely on the basis of his brutality; he has not chewed with any reference to the spirit of beauty which the canvas incarnates.

So it is the peculiar function of pure intellect to deal with the forms of truth—that is, to deal with the shell in which the truth is encased without, necessarily, any regard being had to the meat that is packed inside the shell; just as children can play with diamonds. And yet if we take away the diamonds and give them cheap white beans instead, the probability is that they will go on with their play just as contentedly, because it is the shape and the glisten of the thing and not the quality of the interior substance that amuses them.

So we can have no end of talk about earnest matters, even about Christian matters, if you please; we can run the entire gamut of theological controversy; maintain among hearers an unflagging interest; keep the intellectual machinery running with a rush that sets the wind blowing and the ground shaking; all of that and a good deal beside, without the hearers, one of them, having come into personal touch with one blessed morsel of the meat which those theological nuts that we have been squeezing between the jaws of our intellectual crackers have packed away inside of them.

It is worth a great deal to have blood, and it is as essential to the intelligence as it is to the body. There has never been a truer thing said, nor a thing more fundamental to the right appreciation of all this great matter, than the words written by Solomon three thousand years ago—“The issues of life are out of the heart.” Passion is axial. Heat is power. Heat is enginery, whatever style or order of machinery it is we belt to. In the last analysis there is scarcely a terrestrial activity in either earth, sea or air that does not owe itself to that great sphere of material passion which we call the sun. The throb of the sea, the currents of the air, the very coal on your hearth, that converts winter into summer and turns evening into daytime, is every whit of it old sunshine, preserved and translated into instant effects. God means something by all that; it is a divine satire on coldbloodedness, and it is the way heaven takes to rebuke the notion that results in the intellectual, artistic, moral and spiritual world can be hammered out by cold calculation.

C. H. Parkhurst.



Typical Elders and Deacons.

By the Author of “Clerical Types.”

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CHAPTER II.

A LOQUACIOUS DEACON.

It is said in the book of Revelation that there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour. It was a good thing that Deacon Jones was not there, for it would have been impossible to have kept him quiet for that length of time. Nothing throws the good deacon into a fever of excitement more quickly than to have a season of silence in the prayer-meeting. His constant admonition is, “Let there be no pause! Keep things going! Let all the time be occupied!”

A little girl when asked why she talked so much in company replied, “Because I have got so much to say.” That can hardly be said of Deacon Jones. He tells all he knows—and more. The scarcity of his ideas is not more marked than the plethora of his words. With charming frankness he often admits that he speaks not to improve the people, but to improve the time. The eloquence of silence is something which he utterly fails to appreciate. He belongs to that class whom the poet Dryden describes as those “Who think too little and talk too much.” His words are from the teeth outward.

It is evident that Deacon Jones regards glibness of tongue as one of the chief signs of piety. Those who will not rise up in meeting and testify for the Lord are mercilessly scored for their shortcomings. It was refreshing, therefore, to hear a plain-spoken sister take the deacon down when he was urging the people to take up their cross by speaking in meeting. “You and I, deacon,” she said, “like to speak in meeting. It is no cross for us to speak; but a heavy cross it would be for us to keep silent. There are others who feel no call to speak in meeting; it would not be natural or an easy thing for them to do so. Why, then, should you keep worrying them? It is by what we are far more than by what we say that we witness for the Lord.”

When the Christian Endeavor movement came into our

church Deacon Jones was in his element. The question arose as to whether the young people should adopt what was called the ironclad pledge—that is, a pledge to take part in every meeting. Some of the sober-minded elders who believed in pledges touching matters of personal conduct did not believe in the advisability of the young people binding themselves to the performance of public religious acts. They saw in such a pledge a snare to the conscience. They thought that it would tend to make religion formal and mechanical. They thought that the solemn act of covenanting to be the Lord's was enough, and that anything more savored of legalism and gendered to bondage. Not so Deacon Jones. He saw in the ironclad pledge an effective instrument for enforcing duty. He was not satisfied to have every religious act a free-will offering. Instead of having the young people controlled from within by being held in the grip of eternal principles he would have them bound down to a hard and fast set of outward rules. He had his way. And what has been the result? Not the happiest, I fear. The young people who took to that sort of thing have got by themselves, and the more retiring and thoughtful young people, who would not surrender the liberty which they have in Christ, have been left to shift for themselves. Nor has the effect upon the Christian Endeavorers themselves been beneficial. They have crystalized into a narrow cult, in which the gift of talking has been made the cardinal virtue. This has tended neither to modesty nor growth. Frequent pauses are needed in the true Christian life. The tree grows in time of calm. We need times of silence in which to think, to listen and to worship. "God has so arranged the chronology of our spirits," says Dr. James Martineau, "that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours." The honest fact in the case is that the gift of speech cuts no figure whatever in a proper estimate of Christian worth. It is a purely incidental thing, and is largely a matter of temperament. When indulged in too freely it is apt to become mechanical. A man rebuked for profane swearing made answer, "Deacon, you may pray and I will swear, and neither of us mean anything by it." Truth compels us to admit that the prevailing impression regarding Deacon Jones was that he meant nothing by his public addresses to the Deity and to his fellow-men. But this was hardly fair. The deacon meant as much by them as he was capable of putting into them; and in sooth, that was not a great deal. He afforded an illustration of the truth that—

"The ocean depths are mute,
The shallows roar."

One thing to be said for the deacon is, that in the voluminousness of his speech in matters religious he is himself. His practice is all of a piece. He is loquacious—long-winded, the people say, about everything. Like brave Talkative in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" he is ready to say, "I will talk of things heavenly or things earthly; things moral or things evangelical; things sacred or things profane; things past or things to come; things foreign or things at home; things more essential or things circumstantial." If he do as much good as he imagines he does less harm than might be expected. The people do not take him too seriously. Upon the whole he is a well-meaning sort of a man, but sometimes, by allowing his tongue to run away with him, he does harm unwittingly. It is hardly possible for him, or for any man, to live up to his high speech. That he often comes short of his own standard ought not to count too much against him. But he would be a stronger

and a better man if he pruned his speech and cultivated the grace of silence. By setting up an artificial standard of religion, to which he himself cannot easily conform, he helps to develop a small vanity, which is sufficiently marked to begin with. By talking so much about religion he runs the risk of losing the little of it which he has. For, as the Chinese proverb says, "To indulge in the consciousness of goodness is the way to lose it." With the great, good sense characteristic of him, Moody said, "It is a good deal better to live a holy life than to talk about it. Lighthouses do not ring bells and fire cannons to call attention to their shining. They just shine."

The self-confident air with which Deacon Jones buttonholes his victims would be dissipated did he really know the feeling with which his approaches are regarded. He is looked upon as something of a bore. When he cannot be evaded he is listened to patiently. When he scrambles up the parsonage doorstep and rings the bell the parson's heart sinks into his boots. The sermon which he is preparing for the coming Sunday, and which, after long effort, has just reached the point of precipitation, will have to be laid aside, while with simulated patience he hears the deacon drool out his wearisome complaints. It must have been the visits of such a thorn in the flesh that led a busy minister to get this scripture text printed in large, plain letters, framed and hung up in a conspicuous place in his study: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out."



Negro Home-Getting.

Wretchedness of the Old Negro Cabins—New Homes of a Better Kind—The Story of an Ex-slave Family—Present Activity in Home-Getting.

By Booker T. Washington,

Principal of the Tuskegee Institute; Author of "Up from Slavery."

I recall that during the first years of the history of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute I spent a good deal of time traveling through the Black Belt of the South among the members of my race. One of the things that impressed me most vividly was the wretchedness of the houses in which the people lived. It was seldom that I could find a decent house in which to eat a meal or spend a night. One occasion I recall when, passing through a cotton-raising district, a friend and I stopped at a cabin for dinner. When we sat down to the table there were five of us; on the table there was but one fork for the five of us to use. Of course, there was a little embarrassing hesitation. In the opposite corner of the cabin I noted there was a cheap organ for which the family had paid \$60 on the instalment plan. More than once I had to go on the outside of the house at night and wait till the family had gone to bed before I could retire. I had to do this because there was but one room in the house. In the morning I had to make my toilet out in the yard, as there was no provision for any wash bowl or basin in the house.

The object of this article is not to describe the bad condition that existed at that time, but to call attention to the improvement in the home life our people have made within the last twenty years or more.

I do not believe it is possible for any one to judge very thoroughly of the life of any individual or race unless he gets into the homes. How I recall that in my own case I have completely misjudged the real worth of individuals because I was led to pass my opinion upon them because their dress was coarse or their language broken or their face uninviting. It has only been when I have seen the evidences of culture, convenience, thoughtfulness and gentleness displayed inside the homes of such people that I have been made to see the mistake of judging people outside of their homes. So, with regard to the negro, if one wants to get an idea of the progress that the race has made within a few years, he should not pass judgment until he has had an opportunity to get

into the homes of the race. To see the better side of the home life of the negro is not an easy thing for a stranger or for a member of another race to do. During the last three years I have spent considerable time in traveling through the South. During this time I have seen my people in the fields, in the shops, in schools, in colleges, in churches, in prisons, and in their homes, but in no place have I noted such evidence of progress as in their homes. Behind the development of nearly every home there was a history, in many cases both romantic and pathetic, a history of struggle or self-sacrifice, of failure, and then final success. Let me tell in brief the story of one of these homes I found in Mississippi. I found myself one night not long ago a guest in a home in Mississippi of a member of my race. There was in it seven rooms. The parlor, the kitchen, the dining-room and bath and bed rooms were as clean, sweet, comfortable, conveniently arranged and attractive as one would expect to find in Massachusetts. On the table of the sitting-room were to be found the daily paper, a weekly paper and several magazines; many of the books on the shelves of the library were standard books. The pictures on the walls were not of the cheap, "dawdy," flashy character, but had been selected with taste and care. I saw little about the house except the color of the occupants to remind me that I was in the home of a negro. There was from kitchen to parlor a delicacy, sweetness and refinement that made one feel that life was worth the living. Another thing that pleased me as much as what I saw was the pride with which each member of the family referred to his own race and the faith all exhibited in the success of the race. I neither heard nor saw anything that led me to believe that any member of the family was ashamed of his people or wanted to discard the race to which Providence had assigned him for another race. Many people, I think, have the feeling that the average negro is continually seeking to get away from his own people, forgetting that every sensible negro has as much pride in his own as is true of other races. As the negro becomes educated, the more he finds comfort and satisfaction in the company of educated members of his own people.

But I promised to tell the story of this family. Both father and mother had been slaves and they were not ashamed of that. In some way both of them learned to read and write a little during slavery. The father was one of the most faithful and trusted of his master's slaves. When Abraham Lincoln's proclamation was issued the father and mother became free and found themselves, of course, compelled to begin life with nothing, so far as the material part of life was concerned. They decided to make their new home near that of their former master, and always retained his goodwill, and received from him much good advice that proved to be useful in times of adversity. The chief desire of the hearts of these two ex-slaves had been from the time they were married to some day own at least a little shanty that they could call their own. In order to secure the first few acres of land the sacrifices which this family told me about in their own way was most interesting. The mother told me that after plowing or hoeing cotton in the field day after day, by the side of her husband, she would make her meal of bread and water; that she often went barefooted for a good part of the winter months. The father told me how, that after he had secured a few acres of land, he would work in the cotton field all day and then by moonlight or lamplight he built with his own tired hands the first little one-room cabin; how a few years later, when he had saved a little by getting out shingles at night for sale, he was able to put glass windows in the cabin, and how still later he had added a second room to the cabin, and then a third and fourth, until the house had grown into this now comfortable house of seven rooms. He told how during much of the time that he and his wife were making this struggle to secure a home they had to mortgage their crop for the food upon which to live and pay a rate of interest for their loans that averaged 15 per cent. Not the least interesting part of the story that I heard from the lips of these two now happy ex-slaves was the manner in which they had contrived to educate their children—a boy and girl—and it was through the efforts of these two children that many of the conveniences and refining influences had been added to the house.

Inquiry on the outside of this house among white and colored people recalled the fact that this man was a regular tax-payer, had a comfortable little bank account, and that he had the respect and confidence of both races.

The most encouraging thing in connection with the home-get-

ting effort of the negro now going on is that one can find in most every town and city in the country where there is any considerable number of my race at least one home that approaches this and often several in the same town.

Another feature that is as encouraging as the material evidences of progress is the disposition that is growing among my people to "classify" themselves, as an old colored man put it to me recently. The time is now passed when all colored people herded themselves together without regard to moral distinctions. There are colored circles where it would be just as impossible for a person of known questionable character to enter as would be true of white society. Perhaps there are few indications that so clearly mark the progress that the race is making as the fact that the line is all the time being more closely and tightly drawn between the good and the bad.

Some years ago in one of our negro conferences at Tuskegee I asked an old colored man how the morals were in his community. He replied: "Morals? Why, we hasn't got any of them things down our way." This now can be said of few communities and it is very largely owing to the improvement that is going on in the home life of the people. In some sections of the Black Belt one cannot ride many miles through the country without seeing the new and second room being added to the old one-roomed cabin.

There are other evidences of the activity of the race in home-getting. In Alabama, for example, there are at the present time three incorporated towns or cities where practically all the inhabitants are negroes, and where all the town officials are of the same race. Their names are Hobson City, Douglass City and Booker City. In the case of one of these towns within a few weeks one hundred lots were sold to members of the race, and out of this number I was informed on good authority that there was only one purchaser who could not read and understand the papers bearing upon the purchase of the property.

I could prolong this article to most any length with evidence showing that the negro is making slow but sure growth in home-getting and in home life, and all this is a result of the education that the negro has received through his own efforts, through the State and philanthropic channels. With a hundred times more money than is now being put into the South the whole problem of the negro would be much simplified within a few years.

TUSKEGEE, Ala.



The Turk and the Bulgarians.

By Stryan Vasil Tsanoff.

The civilized world has been disturbed again somewhat of late with regard to the anarchical conditions in the Turkish dominion, while the hopes of those directly interested in seeing some betterment brought about are newly revived.

It is a matter of great significance, and one through which diplomatic fairness could well be tested, to note that the excitement this time should have been provoked to such a degree by the wronging of one lady who happened to belong to a foreign and powerful country, when brigandage, robberies, murders, outrages on women and other atrocities are perpetrated by scores every day upon the defenseless native Christians, of which the outside world either knows little, or cares less. The wholesale slaughter of Armenians only a few years ago, which could have been stopped by one positive word from any of the powers, is still fresh in our minds. But barbarities nearly as bad as wholesale slaughter are experienced every day by the Christian inhabitants, for instance, of Macedonia. Still, the English, Germans and other leaders of civilization, who, twenty-two years ago, turned that unfortunate province into the hands of Turkey again, because they thought their interests required it, who keep the Turk in Europe for selfish ends, and who pose as defenders of the weak under that so-called rule, have been standing and apparently looking at the affairs almost as if at a pleasing spectacle.

THE MISS STONE INCIDENT.

Indeed, one feels tempted to say that it seems a good thing to have persons like Miss Stone fall into the trap in order to waken the necessary interest in the conditions that prevail. It counts little who Miss Stone's abductors are. Sufficient it is to know that they are a product of Turkish misrule.

Three months ago the writer happened to be in the immediate vicinity where Miss Stone was captured. Bulgarian women, with

trembling voices, narrated how unsafe it was for them to go out of their villages without being accompanied by men, and how, even then, it was not without danger. Shortly after Miss Stone's abduction seven cases of outrage were reported in the immediate region, comprising about 5,000 people, viz.: Four peasants were murdered and robbed, Christian houses and stores pillaged, and Bulgarians forced to work for Turks without remuneration. The names and the places of each of these outrages were specified and published in the Bulgarian press, but these were only the reported cases. By extending these persecutions from 5,000 to 4,000,000 people, and from a fortnight to fifty-two weeks, one can easily form an opinion as to how the Macedonian Christians pass one year under the Turkish rule.

OTHER CASES OF BRIGANDAGE.

Another specified case might be of interest. A young Macedonian, a friend of mine, is a teacher in Bulgaria. When I first saw him, on my visit last summer, he told me, with a broken heart, that his three brothers—one only 14 years old—and his father had been imprisoned because in a letter which he sent to them he wished among other friends to be remembered also to one whom the Turks happened to have been suspecting as a revolutionist. As a matter of fact, however, they were arrested because the county chief, or Kaimakam, knew that some money could be extracted from them. Their imprisonment lasted four months. For more than half of the time their food was brought from their own homes, about twelve miles away. The remainder of the time they were supplied only with bread. During the four months they were transferred (handcuffed) several times to other prisons. In one of these lengthy journeys the youngest brother became exhausted, but finally his pitiful cries, caused by his wounded hands and the fatigue of traveling through rain and mud, moved his tormentors to release his hands from the chains.

At last they were liberated at Adrianople, after sufficient money had been collected against their property and spent among the officials, no one knows exactly how. Just three months ago one of these prisoners had come over to see his brother in Bulgaria and told us the long and heartrending stories of their sufferings, and of hundreds of other prisoners with whom they had come in contact.

SUCH EXAMPLES NOT UNUSUAL.

I desired greatly to secure his picture and quote his name, but he positively denied both requests, as it might lead to worse persecutions. But what avail to report specific cases, when there is no end of such. I was old enough to observe and remember identical cases of persecution in the independent part of Bulgaria a little over twenty-two years ago. I remember, for instance, how two well-armed Turks on horseback came one morning to take our neighbor's horse away; and when he, with his wife and neighbors, hung on to the animal for some distance, hoping to rescue it, he was shot dead. I remember how a Turk came to our country cottage once, and when my father went out to protect him from our shepherd dog he thrust his big dagger into his face for not doing so more quickly. I remember how several Turks came in daylight once to appropriate the horse of another townsman of ours, and it was due only to the combined force of howling women that the horse was rescued. I remember the face of one miller who was killed by a Turk, simply by a sudden whim, in which he said: "Say, let me kill you, Lalyo!" I recall how Turks would often come to our cottage in a wild rage demanding fresh eggs, chickens and butter to eat and carry away, and we received as pay threats and curses instead of thanks. A day of special terror each year to our town was when a group of young Turks from a neighboring village were selected to be enlisted in the army. They would pass through Christian country towns pillaging chicken coops, and taking with them almost anything they thought they could make use of. The only salvation for the women and children from all imaginable abuses rested in locking up the houses and hurriedly absenting and secreting themselves.

IN MACEDONIA.

The affairs in Macedonia to-day are much the same, if not worse. It is a great rarity for a Turk to acknowledge and condemn crimes committed by his fellow Mohammedans, and when one does so it is a sufficient sign of the evil overflowing. Ahmed Risa, a Turkish nobleman, is quoted by *Frankfort Freiwort* as follows:

"Moral anarchy prevails, organized theft rules, and justice is

for sale to the highest bidder. The whole country suffers and is despairing. The once beautiful land lies in ruins, made uninhabitable by tyranny * * * Notwithstanding all this, the Sultan is not deterred from creating new marshals and distributing among them yearly 350 diamond medals * * * The Sultan's sole theory of finance is the exploiting of the people, and the systematic pumping of the banks. To develop the natural resources of the country and to curb expenditures he has not thought even in his dreams * * *

"The schools are considered hostile to the government, and are, therefore, under great restrictions. A strict press censorship prevails and all literary and historic works are crippled. Such words as freedom, fatherland and revolution are diligently sought out and suppressed. The press of the country has been silenced and public meetings prohibited."

Mr. Risa does not like the assertions that these conditions are due to the "Mohammedan fanaticism," and that the conduct of the Sultan is but an expression of a typical Turk; but these statements contain sufficient truth to make them plain facts.

BULGARIA THE GREATEST SUFFERER.

Of all the nationalities that endure this outlawry in European Turkey to-day the Bulgarians are by far the largest in number. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Macedonian Committee, composed chiefly of Bulgarians, is so active, and that the independent part of Bulgaria is co-operating with the committee so earnestly either to introduce reforms in the unfortunate province or to wrest it entirely from the perilous grip.

For the Bulgarians at large, however, there is something of far weightier importance than murders and persecutions. It is a grave reflection upon any nation to-day to be classified as "uncivilized," "unknown" or "behind time" in progress. Before the Turkish invasion 500 years ago Bulgarians were growing as rapidly in culture and civilization as any other race. Their influence along these lines was reaching far beyond their own territories. It was the "Asiatic Turk" who usurped their liberty and arrested their progress for so many centuries. Is this a small matter for any nation?

An idea as to what advancement Bulgaria might have made during the 500 years of real slavery and torture is obtainable through observing the amazing progress which the independent part of that country has already made during the short period of twenty-two years since her liberation, despite the strong competition of the older world.

The Bulgarians, therefore, mean it and feel it when they say that the time has fully arrived when horrid fanaticism and villainous barbarism should be allowed no longer to terrorize and keep in darkness millions of people whom nature has ordained to be prosperous and happy.

TOLEDO, O., February 27, 1902.



Times of Retrospection.

By Alexander MacKenzie, D.D.

It is easy to sympathize with Moses in that he was not permitted to enter the Land of Promise. It is not entirely clear what the fault was which was thus punished—He "spoke unadvisedly with his lips"—in which he was less discreet than the Archangel Michael, who brought no "railing accusation" against the devil when he disputed with him about the body of Moses.

The man lost his temper and unworthily represented Him whose minister he was. It was a sudden and exceptional act and the punishment which followed it was not severe. It was a disappointment not to enter the land to which he had led his people, and it was a humiliation. The fault was so needless. For some sins we are penitent, and for others we are also ashamed, and these are the harder to bear.

Yet the career of Moses and his fame have not been impaired by his folly. He lived to be 120 years old, and his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. His life was distinguished from the start. He accomplished his work, and gave to the tribes of Israel a constitution which would guide their policy. For that which remained Joshua, trained under him, could do as well as his master.

Moses saw the land, knew that those whom he had led would enter it, and went his way to the better country, which was his

own. Long afterwards, at the Transfiguration, he came into the land from which he had been excluded, and stood in the glory of the Son of God. It was a great life and the experience of which we have spoken was not a very important part of it. We must distinguish between an incident and a career. Yet as we read the account of the disappointments of Moses we think at once of the incompleteness of life. The hopes are not fulfilled. The reality is not in keeping with the anticipation. There is a prophetic quality in man by which he forecasts events. He is distinguished by this. This was encouraged at Pentecost in the visions and dreams which were promised. Indeed, the whole Bible sends our thoughts before us. It is to our credit that our mind can outrun our feet, and that we can think more than we can accomplish. It adds to our pleasures and gives incentive to exertion. It is safer, restrained and balanced, as it is, by disposition, training, experience, inertia. Our temerity is touched by our timidity.

It is true enough that the past has not been all we thought it would be; but it was good. It brought to us many advantages, and we accomplished much work which will remain. We are inclined to speak lightly of that we have done. We have no right to do this. Conceit is vulgar and boasting is vain; but a just estimate of our achievements is natural. It has been suggested that the value of the Day of Judgment will be in the righting of the self-accusations of good people, rather than the condemnation of the wicked. Certainly it is helpful to know that then the good deeds we have done will be recalled. There is a needed inspiration from the Lord's "Inasmuch." We have had disappointments and losses. But we have lost only what we had, and to have had it was good. Perhaps it has been removed merely, and is waiting for us to overtake it. There is a conservation of things; of friends as well as of forces. Through these changes come a fine training of our higher nature; a deliverance from the seen and temporal—the raising of the mind to the things above. When we lightly spoke of the possibility of being free from sickness and death, or the pain which attends them, if we had faith enough, a saintly woman answered, "I do not think we should be willing to give up the good which has come with our sorrow." No sane mind would. Whatever happens, there is always a morrow, and no one can despair who knows that. Around us and our life is always a God, and God is Love. The best things of the past may be still our own, even if, for the present, they are beyond our sight.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



In the last week's Sunday-school lesson a signal honor was given Stephen. All that sat in the council, high priests and chief priests, elders and scribes, Pharisees and Sadducees, members of the Sanhedrin, besides Stephen's accusers, the false witnesses, and doubtless the spectators also, looking steadfastly—the expression is strongly emphatic—saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. Stephen was the principal object of every one's gaze, because he was about to answer the charges preferred against him. There was a supernatural glow and brightness upon his countenance, like the shining face of Moses when he came down from the Mount. The Holy Spirit shone as it were through him, attesting him as a true witness of Christ and the new covenant, and as truly God's servant as was Moses. The eyes of the council were turned Stephenward, and the eyes of Stephen were turned Christward. The glory of the throne beamed from his eyes as the splendor of the sun shines back from rolling planets through a sky of darkness. He had communed with Christ until he had caught the glory of His countenance. So the face of any man who is full of the Holy Ghost and faith and grace, and who has a habit of "looking up steadfastly into heaven," will soon get to shining.



Some of us are beginning to wonder whether there was not some truth, if not, perhaps, a great deal of poetry, in Kipling's account of Adam-Zad, the bear that looked like a man.



One thousand deaths a day is the plague mortality in the Panjob, India.



The Anglo-Japanese alliance has created a profound sensation in China. British and Chinese residents at Peking believe that the alliance insures peace, and will effectually check the dismemberment schemes of the other powers.

Nature and Science.

Overrating and Underthinking.

De Quincey assures us in his "confessions" on what he considered good authority that a man can be and has been drunk upon a beefsteak. This is no doubt true, as far as mental torpor is concerned, says the *Lancet*. The comfort of a large and heavy dinner is in reality largely due to its stoppage of the brain's activity. An empty stomach best suits a full head of ideas, which flow freely then, and retire before the entry of a substantial repast. The poor half-starved poet, in so far as he is a reality, is a case in point, and we may mitigate our pity by reflecting that if he were not starved he would be no poet. The great thinkers and writers have, as a rule, been abstemious men. The obvious moral then is: Do not eat heavily if you are soon to think hard.



Severe Winter—Gulls Dying.

It is a severe winter "out West." In a meteorological article the Indianapolis *News* notes the close of navigation in Ohio, and says it is the first time in twenty-seven years that the river has been closed in the month of February on account of ice. Usually in that month the river is at a high state. Rivermen are commenting on the large number of seagulls that are dying of starvation on account of the ice. Hundreds of them have fallen dead along the shores. It has been the custom for the stewards and cooks on steamboats to dump refuse from the table into the river, to be devoured by the gulls. With no boats running and with ice preventing them from catching fish they perish for want of food. Rivermen say a seagull can see a biscuit thrown overboard a distance of two miles.



The Playful Puma.

It is a fact, says Paul Fontain in his "Great Deserts and Forests of America," that the puma, of the cat family (*felis concolor*), is the only animal of the tiger family that is the friend of man—*amigo del Cristiano*, as the Spaniards used to call it. Some strange anecdotes are told about it. This creature is found in both the Americas, beginning with the Canadian boundary, though he is rare in the northern continent. One story relates how a man was observed lying out on the open prairie, while four pumas amused themselves by jumping over him. He watched them for a time and then fell asleep. In another, a passenger on a traveler's launch who used to sleep on shore was asked how he had slept. "The frogs had disturbed him," he said. Really, it was the purring of a puma under his hammock. The creature was delighted to be near the "Cristiano."



Stinging Insects.

Insects' stings are usually the "ovipositor" or egg-dropping tube sharpened up to act as a weapon, down the center of which the poison is discharged. That is why only the females, as a rule, have stings, as is the case of the mosquito. The poison of the bees, wasps and hornets is only formic acid. The difference of its effect on different persons is probably due to individual constitution, just as one man still fresh to the drug can take large quantities of opium which might be fatal in a much smaller dose if given to another patient. The common wasp, as a rule, keeps its sting for self-defense, but if a bee endeavors to sting a wasp, it then grapples with it and stings back, killing or benumbing the bee at once. The large scolopendra centipede, which sometimes grows from nine inches to a foot in length, is perhaps the most horrible of all stinging creatures. It has a pair of stinging feet, crooked, sharp, and venomous, which it sinks into the flesh bitten. As the creature is highly carnivorous, and may have been feeding on some putrid substance, not only the secreted venom, but also the septic poison, may enter. Death is said to have often followed the sting. The scorpion's sting, though it causes torturing pain, is less serious. Ants are popularly supposed not to sting, but only to bite. This is a mistake for though many of them bite and inject poison into the wound, the ants, properly speaking, belong to the stinging hymenoptera, and are related to the bees and wasps, and others of that class whose females have stings and a poison gland, though in many of the ants the sting has become "blind" or disappeared, just as their wings have, though in some kinds poison is still discharged from the end of the tail.



Quetta Memorial Church, Thursday Island.

Thursday Island and Torres Strait.

A Memorial Church—Bishop White—Religious Bodies—In- teresting Problems.

By William Edgar Geil.

[Special Missionary Correspondent for THE
CHRISTIAN WORK.]

"In the beginning God created Thursday Island."—So began the Hon. John Douglass, C.M.G., in his great lecture to the Royal Geographical Society. The ex-Premier of Queensland intends to be understood as saying that the foundations of this little island are laid in the bedrock of the oldest geological formations, and is probably as old as the mightiest monarchs of the Himalayas and the Andes.

THURSDAY ISLAND.

Thursday Island now has a population of sixteen hundred odd. This is literally true, for there are no two alike. It is probably as cosmopolitan a population, for the number of the inhabitants, as one would find anywhere on this planet. This rhyme (author unknown) expresses the situation exactly:

Up in regions equatorial,
Blest with scenery pictorial,
Pursuits mainly piscatorial—
Lies an island known to fame.
Pearling lives and pearling thrives there,
Colored races live in hives there,
White men simply risk their lives there—
Thursday Island is its name.

Every race it opes its gates to,
Every country it relates to;
Key to Hell and Torres Straits, too,
Though a speck upon the map.
What though whites first trod upon it?
What though Anglo-Saxons won it?
Chows and Cingalese now run it—
Aided by the wily Jap.

The problem which the bishop, Gilbert White, must solve here in mission work is as difficult as any that comes to the hand of earnest workers. Not only the fact that, aside from the above-mentioned immediate population, there are about two thousand persons of all colors engaged on the floating pearl stations, but, also, the mixture of minds and religions with six vigorously conducted liquor shops, cementing all into one dreadful mass of cor-

rupt and immoral humanity, is sufficient to stagger the stalwart faith of many an honest and faithful messenger of the gospel. The writer is just returned, in the Government steamer the "White Star," as the guest of Queensland, from visiting several of the islands of Torres Strait. During the cruise of the "White Star" it became necessary for us to go to Warrior Island to capture a man who had gone to Long Island and stolen some chickens and other articles for "house-keeping." The number of nationalities involved in



Gilbert White.

GILBERT WHITE,
Bishop of Carpentaria.

the capture and arrest and trial, conviction and imprisonment of the rascal illustrates the curious mixture of races in this Prince of Wales Archipelago. To begin with, the man who stole the hen was a Malay; the man who owned the hen, a Madras-Indian; the witness of the theft, a Fijian; the constable who arrested the culprit, a Scotchman; the captain of the vessel catching the thief was a Hamburger-German; the boy who caught the hen

on Warrior Island, an aboriginal of Australia; the judge before whom the man who stole the hen will be tried is an Englishman; the jailer is from Ireland; the cook, from the West Indies—besides, there are three other nationalities. Into such a mixture of humanity as this is comes the mission worker, and the worst of all is, that with a very few exceptions, the whites are the worst of the lot! But the changes wrought by the influences of the gospel in this present generation are sufficient to repay all the Northern efforts for years. In fifteen years the island of Saibai has become civilized, is using coin instead of trade and barter—a sure sign of civilization—has a church and a full school, taught wholly in English.

THE QUETTA MEMORIAL CHURCH, THURSDAY ISLAND.

The story of the wreck of the R. M. S. "Quetta" on Friday night, the 28th of February, A. D., 1900, is destined to be retold many times in connection with the mission and church work of this island and the Prince of Wales Archipelago. The terrible calamity sent a thrill of heartfelt sympathy as the result of grief through the whole of Australia, and through many a distant home beyond the seas.

There was a three-quarter moon in a cloudless sky, with scarcely any wind and only a slight tide, when the beautiful steamer "Quetta," proceeding from Brisbane to London with passengers and cargo, in taking her course though the night passage around Albany Island instead of steaming through the narrow and lovely Albany Pass, now in use, struck, without a moment's warning, a sunken, and till then unknown, pinnacle rock, ripped out her bilges from the prow to the engine compartments, and in three minutes went down in 12 fathoms of water, prow foremost, and heeled over on her starboard side. She carried nearly three hundred souls, of whom one hundred and thirty odd were lost in the suction of the descending ship. The regular pilot was on the bridge at the time, with the captain at his elbow—the latter having come from a concert practice in the music room, where the first-class passengers were mostly gathered. The engineers, realizing that the cold water touching the hot boilers would burst them and spread panic and death, boldly went over to the boilers to open the steam valves, and not a man was saved; they saved the vessel from explosion and died at their posts of duty. Several boats in being launched were rushed by Javanese and swamped, or more might have been saved.

REV. A. A. MACLAREN.

Shortly after this disaster, the late Rev. A. A. MacLaren (New Guinea missionary), who had himself assisted in the rescuing of the passengers and crew and who had conducted the burial services at sea over the place where the wrecked ship lay hidden in her watery grave, suggested that an Anglican church should be erected with the double object of being a memorial to those whose lives had been lost and as an offering on behalf of those



An Ant Hill.

W. E. Geil.

whose lives had been saved. The suggestions took shape in a meeting in the court house in Thursday Island.

THE QUETTA MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Prior to this there was no Anglican church or clergyman in Thursday Island, save once in three months a visit was made by a preacher. A parsonage was promptly built and about \$8,000 paid toward the Quetta Memorial Church, which had been completed only to the extent the funds would warrant. There will finally be a square tower and concrete aisles. Inside, just behind the pulpit, hangs a life-buoy with "S.S. Quetta" plainly painted, and between it and the wall the ship's flag is draped—a sad, but impressive, reminder of the frightful happenings of that night, when the best and noblest instincts of the human heart were exhibited in conjunction with a display of the brutal and savage in the mind of man. This church has become the center of a wide-spread missionary influence; forty or more Japanese have been received into the Communion, and there is a school for them with a short Sunday-evening service, when the bishop is present, in the Japanese language. South Sea Islands have a building provided for them and additions are making, while I write this, to almost double the size and usefulness of the plant. Also a theological school is started, with four young men of more than ordinary ability. Yesterday I attended the Confirmation services, where fifteen young men and young women were confirmed. The attendance both morning and evening was large. The presence of a large detachment of the British garrison here helps to make up an audience Sunday mornings.

A HUSTLING BISHOP: DR. GILBERT WHITE.

Only about a year ago the first Bishop of Carpentaria was consecrated, and the new diocese declared, with Thursday Island the place of residence. Dr. White

is often referred to as "the traveling bishop." It was he who crossed the Continent of Australia and is now just comfortably settled again after his return.

QUEENSLAND.

Queensland and the northern territory is, to a certain degree, the bridge between East and West, the place where the changeless traditions of Oriental life come into touch with progressive Western thought, and is, therefore, of profound importance to the whole commonwealth of Australia. Across rivers, deserts and through mountain passes, in perils of divers sorts, went the Venerable Gilbert White two thousand miles without servant or companion. He has traveled more the last twelvemonth than any man in Australia, not excepting the vigorous and able Professor Spencer, who is now trying to solve some of the problems in which the island-continent aborigines are involved.



Chinese Joss House, Thursday Island.

OTHER RELIGIOUS BODIES IN THURSDAY ISLAND.

The Salvation Army, composed of a few faithful ones who wear their uniform, conduct street services and have a store room for barracks, are finding the work here very difficult. Recently they purchased a good plot of ground and are hoping to pay for it, and so get a place where the men can be gathered in for other than strict religious purposes. The male population exceeds the female probably five times, and what that means, with many who are here for reasons best known to themselves and who find it convenient to remain away from their native homes, may be reckoned in to show the importance of Christian effort at this point, and, incidentally, to exhibit the features requiring progressive faith as well as advancing methods.

The Roman Catholics are hard pressed by failure. They have as usual the choice location for their little wooden church, and better buildings to accommodate the priests and sisters; but when I asked the head priest for the number of communicants, his reply was that the shifting nature of the population makes anything in the way of statistics misleading. The Sisters' school of 60 pupils is prosperous, and then about all is said. The Chinese support a Joss House, with a cripple for attendant, which is kind and kills two birds with one stone. I found the front-yard of the Joss House well covered with exploded fire-crackers—the remains of the pyrotechnic displays—which seem to receive no attention from the broom.

INTERESTING PROBLEMS.

Here are being solved problems of great interest to the whole Christian Church, and questions are arising here which will have their counterpart in most mission fields during the next quarter-century, if the Lord tarry. Too recently begun is the work for purposes of forming an opinion concerning the wisdom of the present methods employed; but as the white population remains largely untouched by the plans now in vogue, it might not be amiss to suggest a more vigorous policy having in mind the immediate conversion of the English-speaking portion of the community. If New Guinea and northern Queensland develop into thickly-settled white communities, then the future of Thursday Island is likely to resemble somewhat the present Hong Kong; but, whether such commercial importance ever attaches or not, the strategic position for military and religious operations must continue.

THURSDAY ISLAND, Jan. 8, 1902.



Thursday Island School of Arts.

The Christian Life

Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

By William G. Haeselbarth.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,
And make this heart Thy home—
Abide with me!
Make clean and pure within
From every stain of sin—
O, set me free.

Make strong the glad new life
That stirs the hate and strife
Of hell's dark world,
Until our ransomed powers,
In deeds, their fruits and flowers,
Are all unfurled.

Take of the things of Christ,
From which our souls, enticed,
Sank down to-night;
Open our eyes, that we
No longer blind, may see
The Living Light.

Stir up our languid souls,
Guide safe through dangerous shoals,
And give us strength.
Nurture each heavenly grace,
Each taint of sin efface,
Till clean at length..

Instructor, Leader, Guide,
Of those for whom Christ died,
Of all gifts best.
Guide us life's journey through,
And lead our souls unto
His promised rest.



Trust in God.

1. Trust in God is our *duty*. That trust bids us not to hesitate, not to desire more evidence than we have, but take God at his word. "Believe in the Lord your God; so shall ye be established." We shall run no manner of risk; we shall hazard nothing, jeopardize nothing. We trust our fellow-men; shall we not trust in a covenant God? We trust our property where all may be insecure; will we not trust where all is safe?" "Let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him."

2. Then trust in God becomes a *delight*. Its tendency will be to tranquilize the spirit. We are often ruffled, dismayed. There is one principle alone that can sustain and solace—the feeling that nothing occurs by chance or accident—that God governs the universe, and that if we could see what God sees, we should do what God does. He will not deceive my confidence. I see much wisdom in what is clear, but there is more wisdom in what is obscure. It is the depth only that makes it so difficult to fathom. But it is not the water *without* the vessel, but the water *within* that sinks the vessel.

3. Trust in God is our *dependence*. "The Lord is good, a stronghold to those that trust in him." Till God is your dependence you will be blown about easier than the down of a thistle. Every wind will annoy and every trifle disquiet. Man fell by losing his confidence in God, and it can be recovered only by restoring it.

Childhood, youth, manhood, age, are all parts of the same little journey of which some may, and others must, be very near the end, for it is hasty, though its haste be unperceived.

When you are traveling by steam down the river you may indulge the illusion that the trees, the gardens, the mountains, the spires are all in rapid motion; but it is you that move, and while you are less sensible of the speed with which you go, you are advancing with rapid haste to the eternal world.

Think that when you lie down and when you rise up, when you walk and when you rest, when you are upon an excursion and when you remain at your home, you are but a pilgrim and a stranger; you can tarry but a night. But "As for God, his way is perfect."

"Thy word, O Lord, is ever true;
Thy promise is forever sure;
And all I now am passing through,
And all I may endure,
Will but endear thy word to me,
And draw me nearer, Lord, to thee."



Christian Conversation Corner.

By Mary Elizabeth Sweetser.

There is one petition which will surely be granted to any who offer it in faith, since we have the promise of that specific blessing in answer to our request. We are told to "Ask, and it shall be given unto you." What will our heavenly Father give those who ask? "Good things," Matthew tells us, but Luke explains what is meant by "good things" when he writes "How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

Perhaps we do not appreciate what a "good gift" the Holy Spirit is, or realize all the blessings He will confer upon us, and so fail to pray with the necessary faith and earnestness. He will do for us what He did for the apostles in those days of wonderful ingathering after Jesus' ascension—give us power and courage to work for Jesus, words to speak which others will understand and such a spirit as will illumine our countenances somewhat as Stephen's features were lighted when to the council his face appeared "as it had been the face of an angel."

We all need at some time to walk in the "comfort of the Holy Ghost," and at another in the "joy of the Holy Ghost." Through His power we may "abound in hope," and may be "sanctified." "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." We are instructed "to pray always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit."

This "Comforter"—this "Spirit of truth"—who, Jesus said, will "guide you into all truth." Those who are not of the "world" can "receive," and Christ's prophecy will be fulfilled. "He dwelleth with you and shall be in you."

The fact that we may have the indwelling influence of the Spirit is not new to any of us, but if it is unknown in our personal experience is it not because we are indifferent and do not care for the Spirit's presence? Is it any wonder that when we, who are called Christians, neglect to avail ourselves of the many-sided aid which can be had for the asking, our work, our prayers, our whole Christian life are unsatisfactory and inefficient?

(Address all letters for this department to Miss M. E. Sweetser, Christian Conversation Corner, CHRISTIAN WORK, 86-90 Bible House, New York City.)

The Home Life

Winter's Charm.

By Ella M. Truesdell.

You may sing of the summer's roses fair,
You may sing of the springtime's green—
Of all the autumn's colors rare,
'Neath skies of blue and sunlights sheen.

But Winter brings with her, chill and gray,
With never a rose, or leaf of green,
The white, pure snow that falls some day,
With its wonderful icy sheen.

Each beautiful crystal, Winter's own,
In its form like a star of light,
As the one that for the Christ-birth shone.
Transforming thus earth's night.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1902.



The Grumbler.

By I. Macfarlane.

He was an American, from one of the Western States, traveling in Europe with his sister, both being middle-aged persons.

The sister was a lovely woman, though rather too fastidious on the subjects of dirt and the contact with humanity 'to thoroughly enjoy traveling. But the brother was an inveterate grumbler.

It began on the steamship. Nothing suited him. On the table, loaded as it was with all the delicacies of the season, there was (for him) "nothing fit to eat." The cooking was "simply intolerable." He finally refused to eat anything except baked potatoes. The attendance was bad, the state-rooms dirty—the whole management of the vessel execrable.

"Look at that!" he said, on one occasion, drawing his hand along the hand-rail, on which some small flakes of soot from the smokestacks had fallen. "What abominable neglect! You cannot put your hand anywhere on this rail without soiling it. Such negligence is unbearable!"

"But it is unavoidable," was the answer, "as the soot is constantly falling."

"Then they should have a man constantly cleaning it off! If I commanded this ship—" and so on.

At Queenstown the grumbler and his companion left the steamship, intending to make a tour in Ireland.

But in Edinburgh the writer encountered him again; and alas! the grumbling was worse than ever.

To be sure, they had been unfortunate. They had crossed the Irish channel in a storm, which had continued throughout their one day's stay in Glasgow. And to add to their discomfort their waterproofs and rubbers had been inadvertently left at Liverpool in one of their trunks.

Then they had visited Loch Lomond and the Trossachs; but again a downpour of rain had obscured the mountains, veiled the lakes in mists and obliged them to remain in the cabin of the little steamboat, where they could see almost nothing of "Ellen's Isle" and the "silver strand" and the other attractions of that romantic region.

"Never saw such a country," said the grumbler.

One would have thought that as they had put up at a first-class hotel in the Scottish capital the alimentary question at

least would have been set at rest. Far from it. Scotland, being a maritime country, there is always an abundance of fresh sea fish at all tables, both public and private. To those who are fond of fish, and who, living far inland, seldom see them in perfection, this is an added attraction. But not so to our groumbler.

"Fish at breakfast and fish at dinner!" he exclaimed. "I'm sick of fish!"

"But there are always other things on the bill of fare. You are not obliged to eat fish unless you choose."

"No; but I'm tired of the sight of it!" said the unreasonable man.

Then the late hour at which the Scotch breakfast was served annoyed him.

"You can't expect much enterprise from people who don't take breakfast till 9 o'clock," he growled. (And this almost in sight of the great "Forth Bridge," conceded to be one of the grandest feats of engineering enterprise in the world.)

Some one asked him if he did not admire the blooming hedges that form so distinctive a feature of both English and Scottish landscape.

"Worst kind of fence that was ever invented!" snapped he. "Takes away all the strength of the land from the crops!"

But the stone walls, ivy-covered, that surround so many of the villa gardens, affording that privacy so dear to the British heart, were worse still.

"I hate those stone walls! I would as soon live in a prison."

A visit to Melrose Abbey being on the program, it was duly made.

But as my grumbler had never read a word of Scott's writings, had never heard of William of Deloraine or the Wizard Michael Scott or the mysterious monk, he manifested no interest in the venerable ruins, nor even understood the allusions of the professional guide, as standing in front of the far-famed "oriel window," through whose exquisite tracery, not the "pale moonlight," but the bright sunshine gleamed, he pointed out to the group of tourists the very stone on which the doughty but trembling William sat while listening to the monk's tale, and the hideous carvings that mark the supposed gravestone of the Wizard.

But when the guide made the statement that for centuries the ancient abbey had been regarded as a sort of quarry, and its sculptured stones used to build cottages, barns, and even pigsties by whomsoever would the grumbler's pent-up feelings burst forth:

"That's the best use they could put it to! I see no reason in taking up so much land to preserve a lot of useless old stones!"

At Abbotsford he grumbled because, after viewing all the showrooms, with their interesting relics, he was not allowed to enter the private apartments, and the garden that slopes so beautifully down to the limpid waters of the Tweed. And he grumbled still more at the amount of the fee which he had to pay for what he had seen.

Soon after this my grumbler "went on his way, and I saw him no more." But I doubt not that he went through the rest of his journey in the same spirit—finding fault with everything, enjoying nothing, making himself and others uncomfortable.

There is no person who treads this fair earth of ours, which God has made for our enjoyment, so thankless, so graceless, so disagreeable, as the habitual grumbler.

The Children.

Making a Bicycle.

By Anna D. Walker.

Last year little Henrietta was 6 years old, and it was last year that the following incident happened: Bessie, Henrietta's big sister, 13 years old, had a bicycle built for her, and soon learned to ride.

Henrietta looked upon Bessie with covetous eyes; it certainly was splendid to ride around the country upon a wheel, and she did wish she could do so, too. She thought a great deal about the matter, and at length, when Bessie was absent for a day or two's visit, she told her dear mother that she thought she could make a bicycle, and she would do it while Bessie was away, and then surprise her sister by riding down the driveway to meet her.

The little girl took an iron barrel hoop and some corn cobs. With strings of twine she tried to tie the cobs on the hoop to form a saddle and two to form the pedals. When this contrivance did not work well, she concluded the fault was in the hoop, and sought for a better one. With the second hoop, after much labor, the cobs were fastened into place and the bicycle was complete.

But all at once it dawned upon Henrietta that she could not mount such a wheel; the cobs were all wiggley, and if it were possible to mount it there was nothing to make it go. And with a sober face and mien she concluded that her plan had failed. She could not make a bicycle, and down sat the little baffled child and cried. All at once, however, she remembered something, and down upon her knees she went and began to pray. She prayed like this: "Please, dear Lord, send me a bicycle; one like Bessie's. Papa's afraid I can't ride without falling, but I can; and I do want a bicycle so much. And please keep me from crying about not having one." And then came a petition or two about being good and minding papa and mama, and all was ended with a reverent "for Jesus sake, amen."

Uncle Tom, Henrietta's uncle, who loved her very tenderly, was at the time of this prayer coming through the field, and all unknown to the little girl, saw and heard what told him the whole story. There lay the attempt at a bicycle, and close by kneeled the tearful Henrietta.

Uncle Tom's heart was stirred within him; this dear little favorite of his should have a bicycle. He was not going to have her crying and praying for one; no, indeed!

After the child had risen from her knees, and was mournfully surveying her work, Uncle Tom appeared before her. "Hey! Henrietta," he cried, "do you want to go to town with me? I am going this morning."

"Oh, yes, uncle; if mama is willing," was the quick reply.

"Well, what is all this?" asked uncle, pointing to the hoop and cobs all tied together.

Henrietta mournfully explained.

"Oh, oh; I see! Well, your attempt is good, but as it did not work I wouldn't cry about it, dearie. Go and make ready for your ride!" and uncle spoke very kindly.

Henrietta was soon ready, and then the two rode away to town together. And to Henrietta's unbounded surprise and pleasure, Uncle Tom took her into a large shop and purchased for her a real bicycle like Bessie's. So if she didn't make a bicycle, her attempt at making one proved the means of her owning one.

As for her prayer, that was right; for the Word says "Bring everything to God in prayer." And it was evidently answered—that prayer for a bicycle.



A Unique Household.

By Cornelia Drowne Harrington.

They went to housekeeping very near us in a small tenement, consisting of one board built between a barn and a board fence, and raised parallel with the top of the latter. However modest the establishment we quickly found that more interesting neighbors we never had. The head of the family consisted of a rather dignified Maltese cat, whom we had seen in the neighborhood in his bachelor days very frequently. He had never appeared to have any special home or boarding place, and just how his days were spent had never been apparent; but he had seemed to have no social life whatever. Thus it was a great surprise to us when he one day appeared, bringing a young wife with him, and an entire stranger. She was much younger than he, hardly out of her girlhood and very gay, which seemed in striking contrast to his almost ponderous gravity and dignity. Never, however, was a wife more utterly devoted to home and family; hers was a gaiety of temperament merely, and when the babies came her happiness and devotion knew no bounds. When the darlings became old enough to take the air the entire family walked abroad daily. Day after day went by, but nothing apparently was allowed to interfere with this daily exercise. It was one of the most interesting sights we ever beheld! Father always went a little ahead, followed closely by mamma, now a sedate and sober little matron, as befitted one on whom rested so many maternal cares and anxieties. Close to these walked the four children (I never saw them run like others of their kind), loving and obedient to all commands and wishes of their parents. Though I never heard it given, I felt sure at the time that one of the family rules was that on no account whatever should intimacy with the outside world be encouraged, but that in spite of all advances they should cleave only unto each other; for, notwithstanding all my arts and blandishments, I could never seem to get in with them. They needed no outside attention, it was plain, for a more united family never existed. It is true they were obliged to live very economically, and it was fortunate that it did not rain very often that autumn, but on the whole they seemed comfortable and lived there quietly from late summer until late autumn, when they left rather suddenly. Whether the landlord refused to make their house habitable for the winter (it was whispered around to that effect) or whether they found something which suited them better we never knew. We missed them sorely, for in this workaday world it is pleasant to see real family devotion, as we saw it every day. Whenever Mrs. Puss went abroad she was attended by her dutiful lord, and it speaks well for his husbandly affection as well as his steadiness of character that he was almost never seen in public except in the society of his wife. Occasionally they went out leaving the children at home, but usually took their pleasure all together. The only times that I saw the head of the house out alone were occasionally in passing a certain meat market, where he would be seen patiently waiting—to get the family supplies, of course—and certainly the most exacting wife could hardly have complained of that. Many months afterward I saw them again, this time alone, and I couldn't but wonder if all the children had married and had homes of their own, and if their parents were again house-hunting. If so, the decision was not in favor of our neighborhood, for I have never seen them since.



Grandma's Moving Picture.

By S. Jennie Smith.

Dear old Grandma Barrett has moved all alone into a little cottage just outside of our village. You would think she must be very lonesome there, but she says she is not.

"Why, no, dearie," she tells anybody who calls on her and asks if she is lonesome, "I have lots of things to look at after my work is done. People are going by all the time, and some of them come in to see me. Besides that, I have so many pictures, and I never get tired of looking at them," and grandma points to her walls, which are almost covered with pretty pictures that kind friends have given her.

The other day a lady stopped in to see grandma and found her with a bright smile on her face.

"You seem even happier than usual this morning, grandma," the lady said.

"It's just on account of my new picture, I suppose"

"Your new picture?" the friend asked; "where is it?" for she didn't see any.

"There," grandma said, pointing to the window, from which could be seen a skating pond, where a number of boys were having a good time. "See! it's that kind of a picture that moves, and more than that, the figures in it laugh and talk, and it just does me good to hear them. Sometimes they shout, and I don't care how loud they do it so long as it's a happy shout. And the funniest thing about it, too, is how they play games while they're skating. They do it just as easy as if they were on the grass in summer, and I love to look at them. Now, isn't that a living picture worth having?"



OUR POST-OFFICE.

PERFECT LESSONS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I am a little girl and live in Yonkers, and am 9 years old; my grandpa takes your paper and I read the letters from your grandchildren. I go to Sunday-school, and to-day went and heard Mr. Ramsdell preach in church in New York. I go skating and have lots of fun. I go to school and know my lessons, and do not miss one. My papa did not miss one when he went to school. No more this time. From your grandchild,

EDITH ALLEN.

That is something to be proud of—perfect lessons—and your teacher knows upon whom she can depend to study. I am sure that you enjoy all your sports the more for having so good a record in school. There has been good skating around New York this winter, and I have noticed that the "ball" was up in Central Park quite often. Do you come down there sometimes?

ON A HILLSIDE.

GROTON CITY, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I am 12 years old and will be 13 the 26th of this month. I live in the country, and it is fun to ride down hill and skate in winter. I live near Groton City on a hillside. Did you ever hear of Groton City? It is in the northeastern part of Tompkins county. I hope my letter will not go in the waste basket. I think the answer to Fairfax Sherburn's riddle is: He takes the goose over, then comes and takes the fox over and

brings the goose back, then takes the corn over and comes after the goose. Here is a riddle, too: A bottle and a cork—\$1.10; the bottle cost \$1 more than the cork—what did each cost?

I have heard of Groton City before. I presume it is quite a large place. Can't you tell me more about it? You have had lots of coasting and skating this winter, I think, if I may judge from the papers. And we have had a little fine sleighing here, too. I think you have answered the riddle correctly. Fairfax will be pleased. Yours is such an easy one, so I expect the thinking-caps will not be on very long.

A POLITE GRANDSON.

Dear Grandma—I am a little boy and I should like to have a place by your side. Mother takes your paper, and we all like to hear her read the nice stories and the letters in your chair. I live in Flatbush, and in the summer it is almost as good as the country. We have a great deal of ground around our house and a large verandah. We have a number of fruit trees and a pretty flower garden, and some vegetables, too. Sometimes in the summer we find snakes in the garden, but they are little ones and they seem to be afraid of us. We can go to Coney Island very easily from our house, and it is a lovely ride on the trolley. I like to ride on the open cars, and mother often takes me with her when she goes down town. Father always wants us to go early and come back before the crowds are going home from business, as he says he doesn't think it right for us to *mon-op-o-lize* the seats that tired workers ought to have. I always give up my seat to a lady. Mamma says that is only polite, and I have given it to a gentleman, too. I hope I shall see this letter in the paper, and I will be pleased—so will mamma. Your loving grandson,

ARTHUR E. TERRY.

Yes, it is always polite to do a kind and thoughtful act, no one can doubt that. There is a great deal said of late upon the subject of giving up one's seat in the cars to a lady, and many persons think it is not necessary to be a gentleman in this case. But Grandma has old-fashioned notions, and still believes in that old-time courtesy which does not stop to think of its "rights," but is ready at all times to put self in the background. Grandma does not resent a different opinion on this matter, but she has a great admiration for any man who offers his seat to a lady. I visit Flatbush quite frequently and know how very pleasant it is in summer.



A Tormenting Moment.

A LOVELY WINTER.

ST. ANDREW'S MANSE, WINNIPEG, Man., Feb. 8, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I would like to be one of your grandchildren. I am just 8 years old. My father has taken THE CHRISTIAN WORK for over twenty-five years. I like to play hockey, and was only hurt once. We have had a lovely winter; it has only been forty degrees below once or twice. I hope you will print this as I want to surprise my father and mother. Your loving grandchild,

ARTHUR HOGG.

Oh, dear, that "hockey" makes me fairly tremble. I do hope you will be very careful when you play it; and hadn't you better wait until you are a little larger and stronger? I am proud to give you a place among my children, and I am proud, too, to know that I have been welcomed for so many years in your home. It's pretty cold up your way, to be sure, but so long as I can have my chair in a corner near the fire I will keep comfortable, I've no doubt, in spite of Jack Frost.



THE CRUISE of The CACHALOT

By Frank T. Bullen
First Mate



CHAPTER XXII.

FAREWELL TO VAU VAU.

Taking it all round, our visit to the Friendly Islands had not been particularly fortunate up till the time of which I spoke at the conclusion of the last chapter. Two-thirds of the period during which the season was supposed to last had expired, but our catch had not amounted to more than two hundred and fifty barrels of oil. Whales had been undoubtedly scarce, for our ill-success on tackling bulls was not at all in consequence of our clumsiness, these agile animals being always a handful, but due to the lack of cows, which drove us to take whatever we could get, which, as has been noted, was sometimes a severe drubbing. Energy and watchfulness had been manifested in a marked degree by everybody, and when the news circulated that our stay was drawing to a close, there was, if anything, an increase of zeal in the hope that we might yet make a favorable season.

But none of these valuable qualities exhibited by us could make up for the lack of "fish" which was lamentably evident. It was not easy to understand why, because these islands were noted as a breeding place for the humpbacked whale. Yet for years they had not been fished, so that a plausible explanation of the paucity of their numbers as a consequence of much harassing could not be reasonably offered. Still, after the centuries of whale-fishing, little is known of the real habits of whales. Where there is abundance of "feed," in the case of *Mysticeta*, it may be reasonably inferred that whales may be found in proportionately greater numbers. With regard to the wider-spread classes of the great marine mammalia, beyond the fact, ascertained from continued observation, that certain parts of the ocean are more favored by them than others, there is absolutely no data to go upon as to why at times they seem to desert their usual haunts and scatter themselves far and wide.

The case of the cachalot is still more difficult. All the *Balæna* seem to be compelled, by laws which we can only guess at, to frequent the vicinity of land possessing shallows at their breeding times, so that they may with more or less certainty be looked for in such places at the seasons which have been accurately fixed. They may be driven to seek other haunts, as was undoubtedly the case at Vau Vau in a great measure, by some causes unknown, but to land they must come at those times. The sperm whale, however, needs no shelter at such periods, or, at any rate, does not avail herself of any. They may often be seen in the vicinity of land, where the water is deep close to, but seldom with calves. Schools of cows with recently born young gamboling about them are met with at immense distances from land, showing no disposition to seek shelter either. For my part, I firmly believe that the cachalot is so terrible a foe that the great sharks who hover round a gravid cow of the *Balæna*, driving her in terror to some shallow spot where she may hope to protect her young, never dare to approach a sperm cow on kidnapping errands, or any other if they can help it, until their unerring guides inform them that life is extinct. When a sperm whale is in health, nothing that inhabits the sea has any chance with him; neither does he scruple to carry the war into the enemy's country, since all is fish that comes to his net, and a shark fifteen feet in length has been found in the stomach of a cachalot.

The only exception he seems to make is in the case of man. Instances have several—nay, many—times occurred where men have been slain by the jaws of a cachalot crushing the boat in which they were; but their death was, of course, incidental to the destruction of the boat. Never, as far as I have been able to ascertain, has a cachalot attacked a man swimming or clinging to a piece of wreckage, although such opportunities occur innumerable. I have in another place told the story of how I once saw a combat between a bull-cachalot and so powerful a combination of enemies that even one knowing the fighting qualities of the sperm whale would have hesitated to back him to win, but the yarn will bear repetition.

Two "killers" and a sword-fish, all of the largest size. Description of these warriors is superfluous, since they are so well known to museums and natural histories; but unless one has witnessed charge of a *Xiphias*, he cannot realize what a fearful foe he is. Still, as a practice, these creatures leave the cachalot respectfully alone, knowing instinctively that he is not their game. Upon this memorable occasion, however, I guess the two *Orcas* were starving, and they had organized a sort of forlorn hope with the *Xiphias* as an auxiliary who might be relied upon to insure success if it could be done. Anyhow, the syndicate led off with their main force first; for while the two killers hung on the cachalot's flanks, diverting his attention, the sword-fish, a giant some sixteen feet long, launched himself at the most vulnerable part of the whale, for all the world like a Whitehead torpedo. The wary eye of the whale saw the long, dark mass coming, and, like a practiced pugilist, coolly swerved, taking for the nonce no notice of those worrying wolves astern. The shock came, but instead of the sword penetrating three, or maybe four feet just where the neck (if a whale has any neck), enclosed the huge heart, it met the mighty, impenetrable mass of the head, solid as a block of thirty tons of india-rubber.

So the blow glanced, revealing a white streak running diagonally across one eye, while the great *Xiphias* rolled helplessly over the top of that black bastion. With a motion so rapid that the eye could scarcely follow it, the whale turned, settling withal, and, catching the momentarily motionless aggressor in the lethal sweep of those awful shears, crunched him in two halves, which writhing sections he swallowed *seriatim*. And the allied forces aft—what of them? Well, they had been rash—they fully realized that fact, and would have fled, but one certainly found that he had lingered on the scene too long. The thoroughly roused leviathan, with a reversal of his huge bulk that made the sea boil like a pot, brandished his tail aloft and brought it down upon the doomed "killer," making him at once the "killed." He was crushed like a shrimp under one's heel.

The survivor fled—never faster—for an avalanche of living, furious flesh was behind him, and coming with enormous leaps half out of the sea every time. Thus they disappeared, but I have no doubts as to the issue. Of one thing I am certain—that, if any of the trio survived, they never afterwards attempted to rush a cachalot.

Strange to say, the sperm whale does not appear to be a fond mother. At the advent of danger she often deserts her offspring, and in such cases it is hardly conceivable that she ever finds it again. It is true that she is not gifted with such long "arms" as the *Balæna*, wherewith to cuddle her young one to her capacious bosom while making tracks from her enemies; nor is she much "on the fight," not being so liberally furnished with jaw as the fierce and much larger bull—for this is the only species of whale in which there exists a great disproportion between the sexes in point of size. Such difference as may obtain between the *Mysticeta* is slightly in favor of the female. I never heard of a cow-cachalot yielding more than fifty barrels of oil; but I have both heard of, and seen, bulls carrying 150. One individual, taken by us down south, was seventy feet long, and furnished us with more than the latter amount; but I shall come to him by and by. Just one more point before leaving this (to me) fascinating subject for the present.

To any one studying the peculiar configuration of a cachalot's mouth it would appear a difficult problem how the calf could suck. Certainly it puzzled me more than a little. But, when on the "line" grounds we got among a number of cows one calm day, I saw a little fellow about fifteen feet long, apparently only a few days old, in the very act. The mother lay on one side, with the breast nearly at the water's edge; while the calf, lying parallel to its parent, with its head in the same direction, held the teat sideways in the angle of its jaw, with its snout protruding from the surface. Although we caught several cow-humpbacks with newly

born calves, I never had an opportunity of seeing *them* suck.

Gradually our pleasant days at Vau Vau drew to a close. So quiet and idyllic had the life been, so full of simple joys, that most of us, if not all, felt a pang at the thought of our imminent departure from the beautiful place. Profitable, in a pecuniary sense, the season had certainly failed to be, but that was the merest trifle compared with the real happiness and peace enjoyed during our stay. Even the terrible tragedy which had taken one of our fellows from us could not spoil the actual enjoyment of our visit, sad and touching as the event undoubtedly was. There was always, too, a sufficiently arduous routine of necessary duties to perform, preventing us from degenerating into mere *lotus eaters* in that delicious afternoon-land. Nor even to me, friendless nomad as I was, did the thought ever occur, "I will return no more."

But those lovely days spent in softly gliding over the calm, azure depths, bathed in golden sunlight, gazing dreamily down at the indescribable beauties of the living reefs, feasting daintily on abundance of never-cloying fruit, amid scenes of delight hardly to be imagined by the cramped mind of the town dweller; islands, air, and the sea all shimmering in an enchanted haze, and silence scarcely broken by the tender ripple of the gently parted waters before the boat's steady keel—though these joys have all been lost to me, and I in "populous city pent" endure the fading years, I would not barter the memory of them for more than I can say, so sweet it is to me. And then, our relations with the natives had been so perfectly amicable, so free from anything to regret. Perhaps this simple statement will raise a cynical smile upon the lips of those who know Tahiti, the new Hebrides, and kindred spots with all their savage, bestial orgies of alternate unbridled lust and unnamable cruelty. Let it be so. For my part I rejoice that I have no tale of weeks of drunkenness, or brutal rape, treacherous murder, and almost unthinkable torture to tell.

(To be continued.)



In the Library.

A Chest with a History.

Among the chests pictured in Luke Vincent Lockwood's "Colonial Furniture in America" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is one with a history, in a sense personal to the author.

"Another early pattern," says Mr. Lockwood, "has the panels decorated with geometrical tracings, the center having the appearance of being diamond-shape, octagon, etc. The upper rails, in chests of this order, are carved in scroll or half-circle patterns, and the stiles have a slight tracery on their edges.

"One chest made in this way is shown in the illustration. The tradition which

still attaches to it is, that its owner, Lady Anne Millington, a daughter of Lord Millington, came to this country in pursuit of her lover, a British army officer. Failing to find him, she taught school at Greenwich, Connecticut, and married Lieutenant Gershom Lockwood. The chest is said to have been sent to her by her parents in 1660, filled with 'half a bushel of guineas and many fine silk dresses.' The chest now has a pine top, which is not the original. It is in the possession of Prof. H. B. Ferris of New Haven, Connecticut, a lineal descendant of Gershom Lockwood and Lady Anne Millington, as is also the writer."

Briefs About Books.

PATRICIA OF THE HILLS.—This in an Irish story by Charles Kennet Burrow. In atmosphere and color it is excellent. The characters are clearly defined and well differentiated, and the human interest, is, altogether, strong. The story deals extensively, but not aggressively, with Irish politics and Irish landlords. In the main, however, it is a love story, and the love-interest is delicate, sweet and often terse. The reader may follow the narrative with close attention and even with fascination. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MASTERY OF THE PACIFIC.—By A. R. Colquhoun, F.R.S., has just been published by The Macmillan Company. This book contains an account of political and material development in the Far East, with an estimate of the present status of Russia, Germany, France, Great Britain and Japan. The author takes into consideration the collapse of China and the vast changes imminent in that country owing to the appearance there of America. His final chapters bear on the future of the Pacific and the relations of Great Britain, America, Japan and Holland, at present chiefly involved, and of Germany, deeply interested. This work is also fully illustrated, the photographs being reproduced in half-tone.

PICTURES OF THE MASTERS.—In the tenth volume of the Riverside Art Series Miss Estelle M. Hurl continues her interpretations of famous pictures with a collection of fifteen masterpieces by Correggio. The introduction gives an estimate of Correggio as an artist. The illustrations, which are printed in tints, include "The Holy Night" (detail), "St. Catherine Reading," "The Marriage of St. Catherine," "Ceiling Decoration in the Sala del Pergolato," "Diana," "St. John the Evangelist," "St. John and St. Augustine," "St. Matthew and St. Jerome," "Madonna della Scodella," "Ecce Homo," "Apostles and Genii," "St. John the Baptist," "Noli me Tangere," "The Madonna of St. Jerome" and "Cupid Sharpening His Arrows" (detail of Danae). A photograph of the supposed portrait of Correggio in the Parma Gallery is also given. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the publishers of the series, which are bound in library style.

A RECORDED SUCCESS.—Henry Van Dyke's "The Ruling Passion" (Scribner's)

in entering upon its sixty-fifth thousand makes, with possibly one exception, the record of success for a volume of short stories. The book was published October 12th, and was repeatedly reprinted before Christmas. It sold 16,000 in one week immediately preceding the holidays, and the resources of a large city bindery were taxed to meet the demand. While these facts make up an experience not very unusual in the case of popular novels, it is wholly apart from the experience of publishers with a volume of short stories.

DAVID HARUM AGAIN.—No more striking proof of the vitality of that masterpiece of American literature, "David Harum," could be found than the fresh announcement from the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., that the book has gone to press again. Three printing orders, two for 5,000 and one for 2,000, were given in the month of December. The present printing makes the eighty-eighth, and brings the number of copies to the grand total of 537,000. In connection with these printing orders it is interesting to learn that the book has occupied one press almost continuously since it started on its immense run; that is to say, the printing-orders have come in so frequently that the plates have been kept in use practically without break.

ANY ONE CAN

Prove the Value of Scientific Food.

A good straightforward test of food is worth much to humanity. The following is interesting:

Mr. T. K. Duboraw, of Greenfield, O., says: "After 3 months' sickness with grip I found I had lost 42 pounds, with little appetite and almost no digestion. Wife finally put me on Grape-Nuts and I actually lived on this food, taking it three times a day, and a cup of Postum Coffee at each meal for about four weeks.

When I began I was so nervous and weak that my strength was exhausted even by dressing, and, of course, I was unable to do the work loaded upon my desk, but I hammered away without any tonics or medicines, only my diet of Grape-Nuts and Postum three times a day. I found at the end of 23 days my nervousness gone, strength greatly increased and that I had gained 16 pounds.

Finally, after getting back to good health again I, of course, took on different kinds of food, and, as a change, began using — for breakfast. After a while some peculiar spells began to appear in the morning with deathly sickness and nervous lassitude. I took treatment for biliousness but that did not avail.

About a month ago I gave up the — for breakfast and took on Grape-Nuts again. These morning attacks left me entirely in a day or two and I feel that I have had sufficient evidence of the scientific value of Grape-Nuts as a vitalizing, perfect food, that does not require the heavy work of the stomach occasioned by the use of starchy foods we use so much nowadays."

The Doctor.

By Kenneth F. Junor, M.D.

DYEING THE HAIR.

Changing the color of the hair is a custom as old as History, and, although there are more objections to it than recommendations in its favor, yet probably it will be practised more or less till the end of time. A few truths concerning it cannot, therefore, be out of place. Dyeing the hair to conceal age, or for any other purpose, is, to say the least, a most undignified procedure; and, as a rule, the deception is glaringly apparent, because there are so many other signs of age than the color of the hair that this singular and solitary symptom of youth becomes almost glaring. One should not forget, who contemplates dyeing as a sign of youth, that the other signs of age steadily grow; and the fact that this one—the color of the hair—is stationary will speedily reveal the deception. In fact, once having dyed, it will become necessary to keep it up to the sure point of exposure, to the certain loss of respect as a sane and not conceited person. One feels almost like recommending it in the case of some people whose hair has become prematurely gray, when, as so often prevails in this day, there is a reluctance to employ any but the young.

Premature gray hair is due, of course, to a defect in the vitality of the pigment-cells, due either to a congenital defect or hereditary effect, or to the effect of worry, overwork and anxiety upon those cells.

No drugs have ever been found to consistently or persistently affect these cells. In a few isolated cases it has been reported that the hair of a few persons have been darkened by taking the drugs pilocarpin and jaborandi for treatment without relation to the hair. Nothing has ever been observed, however, in medical practice, on which to base any conclusion in this direction.

The majority of hair-dyes are very poisonous, and yet very few poisonous results are recorded. Some serious results have been recorded from the use of dyes the main basis of which is lead; and some very unpleasant ones from the destruction of the hair from the action of deleterious matters in the dye. Nitrate of silver is a most common basis of the black and brown hair-dyes, but it blackens the skin as well as the hair; therefore, in using a dye, care should be taken only to affect the hair.

Any one having scrofulous tendency, or any break in the scalp or sore of any kind, should not use a hair-dye in which it is present, lest it should be absorbed into the system.

There are preparations the coloring matter of which simply adheres externally to the individual hair and others which pass entirely into the hair and permanently, or at least temporarily, change the color of the fiber itself. These latter are the only true dyes. Neither of these effects surely can be considered good for the hair.

A leaden comb will, in the case of some hair, after a lengthened use darken the hair. Those are cases in which sulphur is present in some form in the hair. The comb dipped, from time to time, in an iron or silver solution hastens it.

The vegetable dyes, as walnut, logwood, etc., are less injurious than the mineral ones. Aniline dyes are the next least injurious. The quick caustic washes are very injurious—the quicker, the more injurious.

The professional dyer, if it needs must be done, should be the applier, whether for dyeing or bleaching. Both are identical in principle. Before applying a dye all oil should be cleaned from the hair and the hair afterwards thoroughly dried.

It should be remembered that no dye is permanent, and, particularly, as hair grows from the roots, the new part of the growing hair next the scalp shows more and more as its grows out an undyed portion; and as this is the thickest and most conspicuous part of the hair, the dyeing has to be as frequently repeated as the hair shows rapidity of growth. Dyeing is, therefore, necessarily a worrying condition to be in for everybody practicing it.

458 East 29th street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Internal Cleanliness.

BY A. L. WOOD, M.D.

Cleanliness of the surface of the body, of the skin, is rightly regarded by thinking people as necessary and very desirable for health and comfort. If this is true, and nearly everyone admits its truth while comparatively few practice it to the most desirable extent, how much more important is it to keep the *interior* of the body—the meat within the shell, the bones that support and sustain, the muscles which move and give flexibility, grace and strength (constituting, as they do, about three-fourths of the body), the brain and nervous system which control and direct all, the vital organs and the organs of digestion, assimilation, secretion and excretion, and especially the blood which nourishes and strengthens all—how much more important, I repeat, to keep all these pure, clean and in perfect working condition. PURE WATER and plenty of it does this, and it can be done in no other way.

Important as is the external bath in promoting the cleanliness and healthful action of the skin, it has much less influence upon health and longevity than this daily bathing of all the blood and tissues of the body in PURE WATER. When I say PURE water I mean that which is absolutely free from all animal, vegetable and mineral substances whatever.

The best authorities agree that under ordinary conditions at least two quarts of water per day should be drunk by the average individual. Laborers and others exposed to a high degree of heat, who perspire freely, require a much larger quantity. I have known men to drink from two to three quarts of water in the hot-rooms of a Turkish bath, within an hour, and at the

RICKETY CHILDREN.

Loose joints, bow legs, big head, and soft bones—mean rickets. It is a typical disease for the best workings of Scott's Emulsion.

For the weak bones Scott's Emulsion supplies those powerful tonics the hypophosphites. For the loss of flesh Scott's Emulsion provides the nourishing cod-liver oil.

Scott's Emulsion corrects the effects of imperfect nourishment and brings rapid improvement in every way to rickety children.

Send for Free Sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

end of the bath their weight was less than at the beginning, showing that they had lost though perspiration more than they had drank.

Care should be observed not to drink so much water at a time as to burden the stomach, nor to take it so cold as to chill it. Where the stomach is weak, and in some other conditions, warm or hot water should be used. Large quantities drank at meals, or soon after, interfere with digestion. Most of the water should be taken from half an hour to an hour before meals. Ice water should not be drank as a beverage.

In all kinds of fevers and inflammation, defective nutrition, inactivity of the liver or skin, diseases of the kidneys, constipation, rheumatism, gout, and all the various diseased conditions caused by uric-acid poisoning the drinking of still larger quantities of pure water is highly beneficial.

The only absolutely PURE WATER is that produced by the process of double distillation. It is not only the purest but the most palatable.



No one is so blind to his own faults as a man who has the habit of detecting the faults of others.

Love may make the world go round, but it takes money to square things.

Moderate riches will carry you. If you have more, you must carry them.

Young folks grow most when they are in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

Sent Free and Prepaid

to any reader of CHRISTIAN WORK who needs it and writes for it. A trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. Only one small dose a day perfectly cures Catarrh, Flatulence, Indigestion, Constipation, Kidneys, Bladder and Prostate to stay cured.

Write now to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, New York.

The new novel "Audrey" by Mary Johnston will, in all probability, be as popular as are the former works of this talented writer of historical novels. It is a story of life in Virginia during the early part of the eighteenth century, but aside from allusions to manners and customs can hardly be deemed "historical." Like all Miss Johnston's books it is intensely interesting, the pages abounding in beautiful scenic descriptions, with brilliant conversations so cleverly interwoven that there is not one dull line. It is the story of a young girl, orphaned in early childhood—a protégé of Marmaduke Haward, a wealthy young Virginian planter. Audrey, a dreaming child, poetic, intense and beautiful, is given to the care of a bibulous minister, with a shrewish wife. Haward returns to America after a lapse of years and finds Audrey grown into a beautiful maiden of sixteen, who roams the woods barefoot and dreams dreams. Her beauty, sincerity and ingenuousness fascinate this man of the world, to whom she immediately gives hero-worship, and, unconsciously, her whole innocent heart's love. She becomes the rival of the famous Virginian beauty, Evelyn Byrd, for Haward's love. There are several complications, and a villain, in the form of a half-breed Indian. The book from a literary standpoint is vastly superior to either of Miss Johnston's former novels, the construction and phrasing being excellent, and it is also free from any cheap sensational tendencies. That it will meet with success there can be no question. The six colored illustrations, by F. C. Yohn, are artistic and lend an added interest. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, publishers.



The eminent divine, Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, has just finished reading the advance proof sheets of "Buell Hampton," a story by Willis George Emerson, soon to be published by Forbes & Co. (Boston), and says: "'Buell Hampton' is a most dramatic and thrilling story. The descriptive power, the novelty of scenery, the intense Americanism, will secure for this chaste and dramatically written story a justly wide circulation. Novels of this type elevate the standard of our literature." Surely it must be an unusual book. Will "Buell Hampton" be one of the "quarter-million" books for 1902?

Deadly Cancer Cured with Oils.

This terrible disease has at last yielded to a mild treatment. Dr. Bye, the able specialist of Kansas City, Mo., states that this terrible disease can be cured. The Doctor has accomplished some wonderful cures recently in what seemed incurable cases cured in from two to ten weeks' treatment with a combination of Medicat-ed Oils. A handsome illustrated book is sent free, showing the disease in its various forms. The Oil cures cancer, tumor, catarrh, piles, fistula and all skin and womb diseases. Call or address Dr. W. O. Bye, 9th and Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

Test for Yourself the Wonderful Curative Properties of Swamp-Root

To Prove What SWAMP-ROOT, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, will do for YOU, Every Reader of THE CHRISTIAN WORK May Have a Sample Bottle FREE.



DR. KILMER & CO., Binghamton, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN:—In justice to you I feel it is my duty to send you an acknowledgment of the receipt of the sample bottle of Swamp-Root you so kindly sent me. I had been out of health for the past five years with kidney and bladder trouble. Had our best physicians prescribe for me. They would relieve me for the time being, but the old complaint would in a short time return again. I sent for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and I found it did me a world of good. Since then I have taken eight small bottles, bought at my drug store, and I consider myself perfectly cured. It seemed as though my back would break in two after stooping. I do not have the smarting and irritation, nor do I have to get up during the night to urinate, as I formerly did, three and four times a night, but now sleep the sleep of peace. My back is all right again, and in every way I am a new man. Two of my brother officers are still using Swamp-Root. They, like myself, cannot say too much in praise of it. It is a boon to mankind. We recommend it to all who are suffering from kidney and bladder diseases.

My brother officers (whose signatures accompany this letter), as well as myself, thank you for the blessing you have brought to the human race in the compounding of Swamp-Root. We remain, Yours very truly,
Officers of the 58th Police Precinct, Greater New York.

JAMES COOK,
HUGH E. BOYLE,
JOHN J. BODKIN.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince any one.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for many kinds of diseases, and if permitted to continue much suffering with *fatal results are sure to follow*. Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable. Makes you pass water often during the day, and obliges you to get up many times during the night. Unhealthy kidneys cause rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints and muscles; makes your head ache and back ache, causes indigestion, stomach and liver trouble; you get a sallow, yellow complexion; makes you feel as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste away.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy that science has ever been able to compound.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

EDITORIAL NOTICE—Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is so remarkably successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all of our readers who have not already tried it may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling all about kidney and bladder troubles, and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. In writing be sure and mention reading this generous offer in THE CHRISTIAN WORK, New York City, when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

The Housekeeper.

A Caution.

"A cook that is lofty-minded and aspires to imperishable renown at the expense of his employer's highly-perishable inside-tissues is a cook to rejoice in for a week, and admire for a month, and to endear for a quarter—but not a cook for a wise man to tie up to."—*The Great Round World*.

The above paragraph occurred in connection with the announcement of the decease of M. Joseph, a French cook of considerable, if not of imperishable, renown. The highly eulogistic notice went on to say that, some years ago, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt imported the great culinary genius from Paris, but that the man, after a time, returned to his native land. It might have been homesickness that induced his return, but it was suggested that possibly Mr. Vanderbilt sent the cook away "because of an instinct of self-preservation."

The account of this man's capability in nearly all departments of gastronomic lore was enough to make one almost covet at least a portion of his skill. Whence came it? We are told that certain lines of genius, or executive skill, are born with a person—Ouida says, "just as much as the color of the hair or the eyes." And we have to believe to some extent in this instinctive knowledge of certain things. To be a "born cook" is of vast advantage to any woman who is ever to be a housekeeper, and as nearly all right-minded women do aspire to be housekeepers "on their own account" at some time or other, it makes no difference how full the purse may be, there is always need of being able to direct matters culinary, even if the actual work is relegated to the cook.

We have a strong suspicion that a goodly portion of the readers of this important page are simply good, comfortable, common-sense women, who "make no bones" — whatever that rather inelegant expression may mean — of going to the kitchen and preparing various kinds of appetizing dishes for their cherished families. And there is vast satisfaction in seeing husband, children and friends enjoy with undisguised relish and delight the savory things so carefully prepared.

But even where expense must be considered and a certain degree of economy practiced, there is not infrequently a tendency on the part of these good cooks to mix dishes that are unwholesome because of their richness. It amused some of us to read in a recent issue of this paper the recipe, or, rather, what preceded the recipe, for "pork-pie." Being asked how to make it, the first part of the answer was a remonstrance; first it said, "Don't!" More than one reader doubtless echoed in spirit the negative ejaculation. It is matter for congratulation that the day for excessive use of pork has gone by. It is encouraging to note that, even on the farms where many summer sojourners spend a portion of the warm

months, it has passed largely out of fashion to cook "a chunk of pork" with different kinds of vegetables. This doubtless is largely owing to the fact that city people, unused to the unwholesome mixture, enter positive demurrer at sight and taste of the greasily-prepared food. And more than one experienced housematron has confessed frankly after having so used pork for years, then has tried the experiment of omitting the pork and adding a little butter after the string-beans, peas or other vegetables are cooked, that they taste more as they should, more delicate and better every way.

Old people who have become thoroughly accustomed to the old style of cooking declare that both richness and flavor are wanting without the pork; but it needs strong digestive organs to stand that kind of cooking without becoming sadly impaired long before they should.

Excessive use of any fats is demoralizing to the system. Pie-crust offers great temptation for too free a hand in the use of both butter and lard, especially the latter. Some people boast of making "splendid pie-crust" with only lard for shortening. Yes, it may look and taste acceptably, but how about the aftermath? We think that half-and-half is an excellent rule in the matter of shortening, with no superfluous quantity of either. And physicians agree, almost to a man, that the less eaten of things fried—whatever they may be—the better for men, women and children.

If cooks would take one thing into consideration and consider the idea conscientiously in preparing their different kinds of food, we believe that much trouble and discomfort could be avoided in families at large. It is that aftermath just hinted at. Ask what will be the more important result in making things thus and so. The momentary gratification of the taste is not so much to be thought of as the longer outcome that you are, my dear madam, responsible for, in a way.

There really is often great need for timely caution when the home-matron puts on her kitchen-apron and goes about the day's, or the week's, baking. We hear good women say, in repeated cases: "I never make such and such a thing," or "I never use that particular ingredient, because it nearly kills my husband; yet he will go ahead and eat it if he sees it on the table."

We nearly all "go ahead and eat" relishable things after they have been nicely cooked and are set before us, and scarcely questioning, on most occasions, whether we had better or not. So it really is a question of prudence, and even of conscience at times, as to whether we had better use quite so much butter, or sugar or spice.

Whenever the question arises, go right over to the safer side, even if the thing prepared is not *quite* as rich or relishable as you *could* make it.



In answering advertisements found in these columns the writer will confer a favor on the advertiser as well as the publisher of the paper by mentioning the name of THE CHRISTIAN WORK.

The Guest Chamber.

By Miss H. M. George, Warner, N. H.

No home is quite complete in which there is no room for welcome guests. There are some houses so contracted in space that no place can be allotted for what our grandmothers used to call "the spare room." When guests are entertained some of the young folks are obliged to resign their pleasant room in favor of a friend for a day's or a week's occupation, accordingly as their stay is long or short. Though this is nice in Tom or Mary and gives them a good lesson in character-building, for one cannot be truly generous and unselfish without some sacrifice, still it is somewhat inconvenient, and it would be much better to have a room set apart for the uses of hospitality.

It is not necessary to have a large or an expensive room. There are very few who cannot do as well as the Shunamite when she set about preparing a guest chamber for the prophet Elisha, who was accustomed to frequent her house; and yet she stands as the very personification of hospitality. Her preparations were simple yet comprehensive: "Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall, and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool and a candlestick; and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither."

Everything essential to the comfort of the guest is remembered—the bed, the seat, the table, the light. Privacy is provided for too. The guest's tastes and habits are considered. He may be alone as much as he pleases and he is to be

GET MAD

When Friends Tell the Truth.

Many people become coffee toppers before they realize it, and would be angry if thus described even by a close friend.

It will pay any one to examine carefully into whether or not coffee has gained the mastery over them. A coffee toper may suspect that his or her ails come from coffee drinking, but they will invariably charge the disease to some other cause, for right down in the heart they realize that it would be practically impossible to give up coffee, so they hope against hope that it does not hurt them, but it goes on with its work just the same and the result is complete collapse and nervous prostration, lasting sometimes for years, unless the poison that causes the disease is discontinued.

There are hundreds of thousands of illustrations of the truth of this statement.

Any person addicted to coffee can make the change from common coffee to Postum Food Coffee without trouble provided the Postum is properly prepared so as to bring out the color, flavor and food value. It has a rich black brown color and changes to the golden brown when good cream is added.

The change will work wonders in any one whose nervous system or stomach has been unbalanced or disturbed by coffee.

made thoroughly comfortable in his seclusion. What more could any guest ask for?

The room in which Christian was lodged in the House Beautiful faced the sunrise, and an eastern outlook is always the pleasantest; but I should not be so particular about the location of the room as I would of the room itself. That should be roomy and airy, and always scrupulously clean. When not occupied it should be opened and aired occasionally. Many guest-chambers have an oppressive, musty odor, as if always kept closed. Plenty of air and sunlight will relieve any room of this unwholesome smell.

The furniture of the guest chamber will always reflect the taste of its mistress. It should be comfortable, cosy and as beautiful as one's means will permit. Pretty pictures should adorn the walls—oil paintings and water-colors, if you can afford it—otherwise, two or three handsomely framed chromos. Some guest-chambers have a bare, desolate look that will almost make one feel homesick. This can be prevented by displaying your choicest pieces of bric-à-brac in all pretty ways and places imaginable. If you have nothing else carry up a set of your grandmother's glass or brass candlesticks and place on the mantel shelf, and a vase of flowers from the garden. Brighten the room up in some manner, however cheaply you do it.

Of course, the most essential thing is to have a good bed. Have you forgotten the high, old-fashioned bedstead with the goose-feather bed, soft and luxurious as down, in your mother's "best room" in the old farmhouse? How cozy and comfortable it was! Whoever the guest might be when he lay down in that he "lay down to pleasant dreams." The modern low bedsteads and mattresses have displaced in most instances the high-posted bedsteads and feather beds; but it matters little, so long as the bed is nice and comfortable. Let it be adorned with your daintiest shams and spreads; but, more important far than lace spreads and ruffled and fluted pillow-slips are soft woolen blankets and dainty comforters, with extra ones to be made available by the visitor, if needed.

The table should be of sufficient size for use and on it have a Bible, a good story book and a volume of poems, and pens, paper and ink, for writing purposes. If the guest is a lady a "stool" can be transformed into an unholstered easy-chair or a wooden rocker. If your means and the size of the room allow a cozy lounge should make a part of the furniture. And the "candlestick" should mean plenty of light, with an extra lamp, should the visitor be disposed to sit up late. There should be a matchsafe well filled with matches and a tray in which to deposit burnt matches.

While he occupies it the chamber is to be considered the guest's own private room, as much his as if he owned it. It is his home, his "castle," while he is with you, and he should not be molested while therein. If it is necessary to see your friend, always rap and wait for his invitation to "come in." In many homes there is no privacy. I have been in houses where the children ran about all the rooms at all hours, opening the doors and intruding their presence at inopportune moments—when you were dressing, or, taking an afternoon nap. This should never be allowed. The guest-chamber while your guest is in it should be considered sacred and inviolate.

Every guest-chamber ought to be provided with fresh water and plenty of towels, and toilet soap and a couple of wash-cloths. And, good wives, when I say "towels" I do not mean these new and slippery things that are a weariness to the flesh, but good, rough, linen towels or Turkish ones that it is a luxury to use. Combs and brushes, a hand-glass, pins, buttonhook and whiskbroom are articles likely to be wanted by any visitor, and should be accessible in every guest chamber. If a guest cannot be comfortable in such a room most likely it will be either his fault or his misfortune.



The subject of the projected improvements of Washington City is continued in the March *Century*, Mr. Charles W. Moore, clerk of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, contributing the second paper, outlining in an authoritative way the details of this important enterprise. A number of drawings by Guérin and McCarter supplement the text, and show views of the monument and the terrace as seen from the White House, of the proposed Mall looking toward the Capitol, of the monument as seen from the Mall, etc., etc.

Just one
thing: prejudice,
keeps some women
from using PEARL-
INE. They think,
if it acts on
dirt so strongly,
it must
hurt the
clothes. Soap
and rubbing
act on dirt,
and the fabric
is rubbed away. PEARLINE
loosens the dirt better than
any soap and bundles it out
with little or no rubbing, and
no injury. 656

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TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL
allowed on our bicycles. We ship on
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1902 MODELS, \$9 to \$15
1900 & 1901 Models, best makes, \$7 to \$11
500 Second-Hand Wheels
all makes and models, good as new \$3 to
\$8. Great Factory Clearing Sale.
RIDER AGENTS WANTED to ride
& exhibit sample. Earn a bicycle & make money distributing
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MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 398 M.,
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On Jellies
preserves and pickles, spread
a thin coating of
**PURE REFINED
PARAFFINE**
Will keep them absolutely moisture and
acid proof. Pure Refined Paraffine is also
useful in a dozen other ways about the
house. Full directions in each package.
Sold everywhere.
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Over 340,000 Already Sold.
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HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE, NO. 119 BROADWAY.
Ninety-seventh Semi-Annual Statement.
JANUARY, 1902.
SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks,	\$ 743,517 01
Real Estate	1,633,892 06
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate,	128,750 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents,	771,087 62
Interest due and accrued on 1st Jan., 1902,	53,668 04
Bonds and Stocks,	11,924,960 00
\$15,255,869 73	

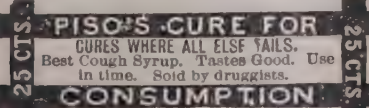
LIABILITIES.

CASH CAPITAL,	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	5,060,677 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims,	1,288,849 85
Net Surplus,	5,906,342 88
\$15,255,869 73	

Surplus as regards Policy-holders, **\$8,906,342 88**

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION



HINTS FOR WOMEN

How to Secure a Perfect Complexion by Natural Means—An Easy Way to Beautify the Skin and Obtain a Good Color.

It is every woman's wish to be possessed of a clear and beautiful skin, but how few are thus fortunate. A pale and sallow complexion is far too common and a fresh, healthy color is so uncommon as to be the cause of favorable remark when seen anywhere. It is a matter of fact that the condition of the skin is an index to the health of the body. Therefore, to improve a bad complexion, the right way, and the only sure way, is to go back to the cause. In almost every case it will be found that the blood is out of order and needs building up. This was the case with Miss Gracie B. King, of No. 35 Russell street, Lewiston, Me.

"My color had left my face," she says, "and my health failed. I suffered from nervousness, dizziness and loss of appetite; not enough to confine me to the bed but troublesome enough so as to interfere with my work. Oftentimes I experienced a faintness at the stomach which made me feel quite miserable.

"During the summer of 1900 a friend who had been troubled as I was, and who had been helped by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People recommended them to me. I began to take them at once and had not used up a box before I felt a decided change for the better in my condition. Now I do not like to be without them."

The disease from which Miss King suffered was anæmia. It is characterized by a pallid complexion, pale lips, dull eyes, tongue and gums bloodless; shortness of breath on slight exertion—especially upon going upstairs; palpitation of the heart, feeling of impending death; weakness, loss of appetite and ambition; irregularity and pain in the natural functions of women.

The one remedy that has proved itself a specific for anæmia is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills, taken in increasing doses, will never fail to effect a cure if used persistently for a reasonable length of time. They are sold in boxes (never in bulk) at fifty cents a box or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Be sure to get the genuine; substitutes never cured anybody.

Temperance Cause.

Effects of Social Drinking on the Church.

BY WILLIAM G. HAESELBARTH.

The disastrous effects of the drinking usages of the day is nowhere more seriously felt, or more clearly manifest, than upon the Christian Church. It hinders her progress and lessens her influence by relaxing discipline and lowering the tone and standard of vital piety and practical godliness. The direct tendency of the use of alcoholic drinks is to prevent the diffusion of Gospel truth and to diminish its power over the hearts and consciences of men, either by estranging them from the House of God and its ordinances or by unfitting them for profiting by attendance upon them. It is the bane of Sabbath observance, church attendance, Sunday-school and Bible-class instruction. It retards and counteracts the work of evangelization at home and impedes and opposes the work of Christian missions abroad, by crippling the resources of the Church, weakening her testimony, squandering her means, demoralizing her agencies and strengthening the hands of her foes.

Can it for a moment be a question, in view of the present social practices of society, whether the habitual, or even frequent, use of intoxicating drink as a beverage, by the members of a Christian congregation, seriously affects the healthful influence of that congregation, or, that it tends to support and strengthen, and increase, the drinking usages which lead so many astray and cause so many brethren to stumble and fall? Or, will it be denied that such habitual use is likely to lead to the neglect of personal and family duty, to the irregular or rare attendance at the place of prayer, to general spiritual declension, and, possibly, to a shameful fall?

Such, alas! has been the experience who "through strong drink are out of the way." Brethren exalted in office, and in honor, too, of great usefulness and highly beloved, overcome by this insidious and pernicious habit, have fallen and brought deep disgrace upon themselves and dark dishonor upon their profession. Ministerial character and usefulness have often been sadly impaired, the influence of the Gospel counteracted, and the hearts of many of God's people grieved and discouraged by the known habits of office-bearers in this respect. And the fact that members and office-bearers of the Church not only use, but manufacture and deal in, intoxicating liquors is often referred to as giving the high sanction of Religion to the traffic and the commendation of good authority for the practice of drinking. The various schemes of benevolent and religious enterprises languish for the want of men and money, while thousands of Christian men are employed, and millions of money spent, in furnishing what is, at best, a useless, and generally a most injurious, indulgence. Surely there is food for thought here for every Christian heart.

Pretty

Is an adjective which seems to have become monopolized by the young lady at the typewriter. It is astonishing what an array of beautiful women are found in stores and offices. In fact, the typical American beauty will be

found sitting at the typewriter rather than lolling in a carriage in the park.

And yet this pretty young girl needs always to be reminded that "beauty is only skin deep," unless it roots in health. When the health is undermined by womanly diseases, the luster soon passes from the eyes, the cheeks grow thin, the body loses its plumpness.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures diseases which weaken women and which destroy their strength and beauty. It establishes regularity, stops weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"Several years ago I suffered severely from female weakness, prolapsus and menorrhagia, and used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription with splendid effect," writes Fannie Shelton, of Washington, Iowa. "Glad I have not needed it for a few years past, but if I should ever have any return of the old trouble would surely try 'Favorite Prescription.' I have recommended it to a number of my lady friends. I always tell them to try a bottle, and if they are not benefited by it I will pay for the medicine. In every case they have spoken in praise of it."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cures sick headache.



Low Rates West

\$30.00	From Chicago to Helena, Butte, Ogden and Salt Lake
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301 Main St., - Buffalo 17 Campus Martius, Detroit
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In answering advertisements found in these columns the writer will confer a favor on the advertiser as well as the publisher of the paper by mentioning the name of THE CHRISTIAN WORK.

DEAF AND HARD-OF-HEARING PERSONS CAN LEARN

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Easy, practical, interesting lessons by mail. Copyrighted. One hour a day for study and practice. Results uniformly satisfactory. Terms moderate. Send for circular.

DAVID GREENE, 1122 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



This ELEGANT WATCH \$3.75

Before you buy a watch cut this out and send to us, with your name and address, and we will send you by express this 14k Gold plated WATCH AND CHAIN COMPLETE C. O. D. \$3.75. Double hunting case beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper; with long gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any 17 Jeweled gold filled Watch Warranted 20 Years pay the express agent \$3.75 and express charges and it is yours. Our 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Gents or Ladies size. Address THE DIAMOND JEWELRY CO. 486, 225 Dearborn St. Chicago

Odds and Ends.

There was a man in our town, he was so wondrous wise, he got up on his ear one day and wouldn't advertise. But when he saw his old friends pass to buy of other men, he hurried to this office to advertise again.

Any man can be rich in relatives without being relatively rich.

A watch may give tick, but a wise jeweler doesn't.

Lots of fellows are overwhelmed by too many ancestors.

The brightest people are not always the ones who cast reflections.

A man's ingenuity doesn't get him out of half the trouble it gets him into.

That man has a lucky streak when his wife is too mad to speak to him.

An old bachelor says that matrimony and not Wisconsin is the "badger" state.

Some people live off their wits and some live off the lack of wit in other people.

The minister who preaches a sermon more than one hour long may be said to stick to his text.

The brain worker may have to tax his ingenuity, but he has the advantage of free raw material.

It is said that pillow shams are no longer fashionable, but there are numerous other shams with which to fill the void.

The more pains some people take to show off, the more pain they give others.

When a man is paid for playing he calls it work.

It takes a cross female to give it to a man straight.

When a bee loses its temper look out for a stinging retort.

Many a woman's popularity is due to what she forgets to say.

With the exception of lovemaking, there are many new ways of doing old things.

The *American Weekly* is one of the ablest and best of our exchanges. Its "Survey of the Christian World," is superb and its editorials are always interesting and up to date. It has lately added to its attractiveness by a new dress, and is in all respects what an "American weekly" should be.

This week's Sunday-school lesson (that for March 9th) will be found in our issue for week before last, and the lesson for March 16th is in our issue for last week. We shall hereafter print the lesson for one week only in advance. The next issue will, therefore, contain the lesson for March 23d. We have usually done this, and the change was not intended as a permanent one. The lessons are written by the same pens and will continue under the same supervision as heretofore.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Many of the names most familiar to novel readers will appear on the spring list of Dodd, Mead & Co. We are promised a new novel by Marie Corelli, on the subject of the hour, said to be similar to that dealt with in "The Master Christian." John Watson brings out a new novel, "Children of the Resurrection"; Mrs. Alexander, "The Yellow Fiend"; while Jerome K. Jerome breaks a silence, rather longer than usual, with "Paul Kelver."

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BRONCHIAL
TROCHES

Clear the voice.
Relieve the throat.
Cure coughs and colds.

In boxes only.
Avoid imitations.



DEAL DIRECT WITH THE FACTORY

Don't pay retail price for carriages or harness. Write for our catalogue and learn about our system of selling direct from factory to customer. Two profits are saved to you. Satisfaction is guaranteed, or you can return the purchase and we will pay freight charges both ways. We have the largest assortment of buggies, surreys, phaetons, and other high grade vehicles, as well as harness and other horse accessories, in America. Write for the catalogue to-day.

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE & HARNESS CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO. Write to nearest office. COLUMBUS, O.
P. O. Box 54. P. O. Box 772.

No. 3034
Price \$39.80
Shipment from
Columbus

CHURCH MONEY

Comes Easy for Young People's Societies, Sunday Schools or Classes, by using our beautiful CHURCH SOUVENIR GLASS PAPERWEIGHTS.

It has ever been a problem how to raise money for church incidentals and improvements. Every Church has Auxiliary Societies, which give entertainments for its benefit. They, however, always welcome new and novel means of increasing their income and to this end we endeavor to provide a way that will bring quick returns and furnish every member of your church with a memento that is useful and pleasing.

Your church may need a communion service, new carpet, new chandeliers, new cushions for the pews, a new pulpit bible, new chairs for the lecture room, new hymnals or Sunday Schools books, new books for the Sunday School Library, or some of the dozen other things equally important, but not easily obtained.

The want of these things is possibly caused by no lack of enterprise on your part, but by the need of a very meritorious article, the sale of which will yield a good profit.

Will you be the one in your Church to enlist in so worthy a cause, one that will surely gain the hearty support of many co-workers?



North Baptist Church,
234 W. 11th St.,
N. Y.

January 10, 1902.

Wilfred Smith & Co., City.

Gentlemen: You will no doubt be pleased to hear of our success in disposing of our Paper-weights.

We have sold the entire two gross in just one week after receiving your invoice, and will not wait the twenty days allowed us to remit, but take pleasure in enclosing herewith check for \$36.00 in payment of them.

We were all so well pleased with them that I hope after the next meeting of our Junior Society, to send another order.

Very truly yours,
Chas. E. Nash,
Pastor.

Actual Size of Paperweight, 4x2½ in. x 1 in. Thick.

Every Church Member would like a Picture of his Church and Pastor

but the way to obtain this at small expense is not always available. We have at last succeeded in supplying the demand at little cost to the individual and with profit to your organization. Upon receipt of photographs of your Church and Pastor (Cabinet size preferred, either together or separately,) we will reproduce the two pictures on the back of our handsome, clear crystal, glass paperweights.

To sell them at 25c. each will be a surprisingly easy task

for every member of your Church will want one, and business men in your locality will in many cases take a dozen or more, not only to aid your Church, but because of their beauty and usefulness. You will be astonished at the quick disposal of the first gross (144), in connection with your Church Fairs and Social, netting you a profit of \$18.

PRICES AND TERMS

We charge \$18 per gross (144) payable 20 days from date of shipment. We ship by freight, guaranteeing that the freight will not exceed \$1.00 to any point east of the Mississippi, and north of the Ohio River.

We make the weights without the picture of your pastor if desired, or with any other subject you care to send us, at no additional cost. Sample weight 25c.

Under these favorable conditions, we do not believe you will fail to take advantage of this excellent opportunity, especially in view of the fact that having 20 days in which to sell the weights before paying.

WE ASK FOR NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

we advertise only in reputable papers, and this is sufficient guarantee of our reliability and the feasibility of this plan.

Let us have your order for at least one gross, or write us for further information if desired.

WILFRED SMITH & CO., Room 920, 148 Nassau Street, New York City.

Letters to the Editor.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 22, 1902.
Editor THE CHRISTIAN WORK:

Dear Sir—For a number of years I have been a subscriber of your valuable paper, and it is always so full of good things that my love for it has increased. I have admired its Christian liberality of thought, and have never seen anything in it that savors of religious narrowness or bigotry. But I am certainly surprised at an item in your issue of February 15th, under the caption "What Must a Christian Believe?" I cannot conceive how any one connected with THE CHRISTIAN WORK can have written such an article. Unbelief is a quiver of arrows to kill the soul. I am defended by the "shield of faith," but I would not have one of my boys get one of those arrows fastened in his heart. It reminds me of the Golden Text on the opposite page, Matt. 10:28—"Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul."

I have never believed in "heresy hunting," for there is a wisdom in God's great field of Truth. Your paper has been received into Christian homes all over the land, and has stood for years as the expounder of Christian truth. I would ask for a clear explanation of your belief in regard to the inspiration of the Scriptures. Is the Bible God's Word, or, is it the word of Man? Can our children be taught to believe in all that it says, fully and implicitly, or must we tell them that some parts are true and some are false; and if so, which are true and which false?

Very truly yours,

EDGAR C. MASON.

We have selected the above letter from several upon this subject because Rev. Dr. Mason, as the beloved pastor of the Fort Sanders Presbyterian Church, is well known, and his views upon this matter of inspiration are clear and decided. Another dear friend, in writing up the same subject, says: "My Bible is too sacred and dear for me to allow any of its beautiful stories to be called 'traditional' or 'fables,' and in the sense in which she understands these terms in their application to the Scriptures she is perfectly right. It is always unsafe to write in a manner that is capable of being misunderstood, and as Brother Mason has read our paper for twenty years and this is the first time he has seen anything he considers unsound, we will not attempt to defend the particular item to which he refers, which was not in the regular editorial columns and which might not express our own belief upon the subject intelligently. Our belief in regard to the doctrine of the inspiration of the sacred Scriptures was given in full in several articles upon the subject written for us by the late Rev. Dr. A. J. F. Behrends and printed in THE CHRISTIAN WORK shortly before his death. One might almost as well ask, with a reasonable prospect of receiving a categorical answer, our belief in astronomy, or chemistry or mathematics. We say "yes" we do believe in them with all our heart and mind and soul; but if you ask what these terms mean, it might take volumes to enlighten and define, and then we would come far short of conveying an adequate idea of all that these terms imply. The Bible is God's Word, conveyed through the agency of Man, and it is the human

agency only that is fallible; and sometimes a mistake occurs, and a meaning, in translation, for instance, is not fully expressed or could be better expressed by another word. This by no means reflects in the least upon the truth of the Bible, and any one who uses the Revised Version should not be troubled by the fact that the words are not precisely the same in that as in the Authorized Version. For any one to hold to a verbal inspiration of our English Bible, Dr. Behrends declared is simply impossible, and we certainly agree with him.

Just here occurs one of those mistakes which has compelled the Roman Catholics to declare the dogma of transubstantiation—a doctrine few of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN WORK will care to uphold, and of which we will speak later. The mistake consists in a mistaken idea that every word and every passage of the Bible must be taken literally, because some one else so understands that otherwise the Bible would not be true. Just how much one must interpret literally of the sacred Scriptures is a matter upon which many good and devout Christians do not see alike. One thing is clear to all and that is, that the Scriptures must be considered as the Word of God and inspired by Him. About this there must be no doubt in the mind of every true believer. But true believers may differ and differ a great deal, about how any particular passage should be interpreted, or whether it should be taken in its literal sense. There is no shorter road to infidelity than to insist that *everything* in the Bible should be taken in its literal sense. It was not so intended by the sacred writers, nor was it so taken by our Lord. In the old prophets we find much that is metaphorical and intended to be so. Christ taught "by parables." When He tells the story of "a certain Samaritan," and the selfish priest and Levite, He says (Luke 10:30): "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves," is it at all necessary that we must consider that he had reference to any particular man in order to believe in the truth of the Scriptures? He is illustrating a great principle and he is using an illustration—which one may believe to be a hypothetical illustration, used merely as such. Another may contend it is intended as an exact statement of an actual fact. A literal interpretation would require that we believe that a certain man, whom our Savior had at that moment in his mind, actually was intended, and that the good Samaritan used the precise words ascribed to him, and everything took place, *in fact*, as represented. So in the parable of the Prodigal Son, and numerous other utterances of our Lord. A literal meaning attached to all that we find in the covers of the Bible is what led the Roman Catholics to the doctrine of transubstantiation—the belief that the wine of Communion is miraculously turned into the very blood of Christ. In no other way could they explain the words "This is my blood." If a correspondent should insist upon the literal meaning because he could not otherwise "believe in the truth of the

Scriptures" we should not care to argue the matter with him. The Scriptures say that the sun stood still to enable Joshua to complete a victory. A literal interpretation would leave us no alternative but to believe this as a scientific fact or doubt the truth of the Scriptures. There is no more need of so understanding it than to understand by our very common expression, "the sun rises,"—that, as a scientific fact, the sun is rising and the earth standing still. Every schoolboy knows two things. He knows that the expression is not intended to state a scientific fact, and he also knows that no untruth has been stated. When we exercise the same common sense in regard to the Bible and inspiration that we do in almost everything else, there will be less difficulty in understanding the Scriptures; we shall not fear to have our boys ask us questions about the parts of the Bible that require a special interpretation, and we shall not be afraid if we are sometimes obliged to freely admit there are parts that we cannot understand or explain. There is enough that we can understand to lead us to heaven, and there we shall get more light.—EDITORS C. W.

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Sunday, March 16th.—Dan. I. 8-20.

A Noble Purpose.

BY LINA JEANETTE WALK.

It was Paul's way to "keep the body under" in all things, and this was the reason of his great power and influence. No one can be truly great unless he lives a self-denying life, for over-indulgence in any part of man's nature weakens the character and perverts its love for something higher. All sin is the enemy of God. Unless we practice ourselves in "mortifying the flesh" when it seems to make no difference—as was the apostle's method—we shall not be able to "keep the body under" when it does make a difference. Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself, and his story shows how he found favor with the king because of his wisdom and understanding. And again, how he proved by his countenance the effect of his noble resolve.

The sin of intemperance, that is, the intemperance of strong drink, is without doubt the most universal of all earthly evils, and, furthermore, it is the instigator of every kind of vice. This is not to say that the man who drinks invariably commits other sins—only, that he is subject to more varied temptations. His associations are degrading and demoralizing and his associates naturally depraved. No one can come in contact, as the one who makes a habit of drinking must, with their evil influences without being contaminated thereby. No one can truly estimate the power of the wine cup to drag men down, until it robs them of everything which would make them honored and respected.

This lesson we learn from Daniel is peculiarly opportune at the present, when the question of open-Sunday saloons is being discussed. Now is the time for every Christian to stand up and show his purpose to stick nobly to his pledge to fight against Satan and the enemies of God. It may not be possible, quite yet, to vanquish intemperance absolutely, but the closing of the Sunday saloon is the entering wedge; and, once this victory is gained, we may take renewed courage to labor to wipe out the saloon altogether. This is certainly a crisis in our history, and shall those, who call themselves Christians, willingly submit to disgrace and defeat?

The Bible plainly states the consequences of strong drink and warns against it; and yet, day by day, we see its victims on every side. Young men, and, sad to say, young women too, are assailed by this temptation. Only the other day we saw two refined-looking women, one scarcely out of her teens, so much under the influence of liquor that they were hardly able to walk; and this, we were told, was getting to be a common occurrence among women in the restaurants and hotels where liquor is furnished. O, the pity of it! Dr. Banks tells of an American girl employed as a typewriter in Paris, who came into an inheritance of

\$18,000. She was a quiet, self-respecting girl until she got the money, but after she obtained her little fortune she became acquainted with some friends, among whom she acquired the habit of drinking. In less than two months she was lying critically ill in a hospital, having been picked up in a state of frightful intoxication. Her money had been either exhausted or stolen and she was penniless. The physicians say that while she may recover temporarily, the liquor habit is so strong upon her that it will eventually kill her. Both for man and woman the Word of God is true, when it speaks of the Serpent in the Cup and declares that, at the last, it "stingeth like an adder."

How is it with us? Have we the same spirit of Daniel to resist evil? Or, do we feel ourselves weak and liable to be overcome by the tempter? If the first, we may go safely into the presence of temptation, knowing we are strengthened of God; but if the latter, we can only be kept from yielding by shunning the evil altogether and by asking God's help to keep our lives pure. He is our good Physician and there is no sinful disease which he cannot cure.



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Joe—We ought to be thankful for the general prosperity this year. Jerry—That's right; lots of men that used to borrow money of me don't speak to me now.

"What did papa say?" "He showed me the door." "And what did you say?" "I said it was certainly a very handsome door, but not what I had come to talk about. That made him laugh, and a minute later you were mine."

"I once treated a mule and he didn't kick as much as you have," said the doctor to the obstreperous patient.

"Oh, well, the mule didn't have to pay your bill," said the patiently quickly.

A celebrated lawyer in Nova Scotia is noted for his carelessness in dress, which annoys the members of the bar. Entering the court room once minus his necktie, the judge reproved him, saying that the law required him to wear one. "Oh, yes, your Honor, I know it," was the ready answer; "but it does not say where to wear it." As he spoke, he pulled it out of his trousers pocket. The court was too busy repressing a smile to allude further to the matter.

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Volume 72.

MARCH 22, 1902.

Number 1831

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SAPOLIO

THE CHRISTIAN WORK

Weekly---Continuing The Christian at Work.

Volume 72

New York, Saturday, March 22, 1902

Number 1831

For Terms See Prospectus on Page 479.

End of the Great
Boston Strike.

The settlement of the great Boston strike through the efforts of the Civic Federation and the direct intervention of Governor Crane, is perhaps the best news of the past week. Twenty thousand men were for four days involved in this strike, which is now so happily ended; the men are all at work again. The strike originated with the Brine Transportation Company, whose work it was to load and unload the freight of the New York & New Haven Railroad. The majority of the drivers struck for higher wages, which, being refused, and their places being filled with non-union men, the discharged men appealed to the Union of freight handlers, and these, after the refusal of the New-York, New Haven & Hartford Railway to reinstate freight employees who were discharged because they would not handle goods carried by the Brine company, passed on the word of resistance until fully 20,000 men went out. As a result, freight handling came to a standstill and a coal famine was threatened; indeed, excepting hospitals, various institutions were beginning to suffer from this cause; not only so, but the wholesale wool, cotton and dry goods trades, the hide and leather business and the steamship freight traffic, for the brief period came to a standstill. But now, through the good offices of the Civic Federation—which only a few days ago prevented a threatened strike—and the efficient interposition of Governor Crane, the strike is ended, and the serious consequences which would otherwise have ensued are happily averted.

The Danish
West Indies.

On Wednesday of last week the Danish Folkthing, by a large majority, declared in favor of the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States. From Washington we have an account of these possessions which is of no little interest. The islands are three in number and are all small. They lie off the Eastern coast of Porto Rico, and are a mere extension of the marine elevation that constitutes Cuba, Jamaica, Haiti and Porto Rico. The entire group purchased from Denmark would not make up a large county in the United States, and its entire population would not make more than that of a small city. St. Thomas lies thirty-eight miles east of Porto Rico; St. John, twelve miles east of St. Thomas, while St. Croix lies about fifty miles southeast of St. John and St. Thomas. Two small islands already belonging to the United States lie between Porto Rico and the new group. The islands have little productive capacity, very little commerce, and are supposed to be valuable only for their harbors and for that strategic importance which is so exceedingly obscure to the average mind. The harbors are said to be among the very best in the West

Indies. The population is chiefly made up of colored people descended from the former slaves, who were liberated in 1848. English is the language mostly used. Commerce, what there has been of it, has been mostly with the United States. The Government gives no information on the important matters of churches, schools and the general intelligence of the people. Yellow fever prevails at times, also violent hurricanes, which sometimes make the boasted harbors very dangerous.

Procrastination
Over Cuban Relief.

Another conference on Cuba is to be held this week, with what result remains to be seen. Already four ineffectual conferences have been held, and no further advance has been made than to propose a 20 per cent. reduction on Cuban products, limited in time to December 1, 1903. Will this, if adopted, help the Cubans—will it satisfy the people of the United States? Here it is pertinent to recall the fact that according to Governor-General Wood, President Palma and other well-informed men on this question a 20 per cent. reduction will not give the Cuban planters a "living chance." When a man is without capital or credit, as a majority of the Cuban planters are, it does not matter whether he falls \$500 or only \$100 a ton below the profit line on his crop. If he can make nothing he must fail. It seems to be undeniable that a 20 per cent. reduction on sugar will not meet the demand for "justice for Cuba" which President Roosevelt has truly said we are bound to grant "by every consideration of honor and expediency." It is to be hoped that during the present week Congress will come to a better mind and come up to the help of Cuba and the President, whose position in favor of substantial relief to Cuba is so strenuous and so just. If any one thing is evident concerning this matter, it is that the people are behind the Administration in demanding fair play for Cuba and an access to our markets on terms that are not oppressive. And one fact not to be lost sight of is that, failing to extend relief, the plan proposed by the Ways and Means Committee—annexation, which Cubans and Americans demand—may come next. That would mean free Cuban sugar. It would insure the prosperity of Cuba beyond a doubt. It would work a complete fulfillment of all our pledges to the island. But what would become of the beet sugar interests?

Election of Senators
by Popular Vote.

It is scarcely conceivable that Senator Hoar should misconceive the aim of the proposition to elect United States Senators by direct vote of the people; and yet, speaking last week of the resolution covering this matter, now before a Senate Committee, the Senator from Massachusetts said "the solemn pledge was given to States, small and great, that the equality of the States never would be destroyed without the consent of every one of them." And

he further declared: "This is a proposition to change the principle upon which the Constitution is founded, and it is a matter of historical fact that without the incorporation of this principle the Constitution never would have been agreed to." The truth is, the purpose of the movement for the popular election of Senators in no way abates distinctive State representation at all; it simply relegates the subject directly to the people of the State to decide, instead of, as now, to the Legislature, which body, as we have seen, has on more than one occasion been induced to elect a Senator to whom the people were strongly opposed. Certainly it is on record that Senators have been and are elected by the personal bribing of Legislatures, by the influence of corporations and by the word of a party boss. What representation do the States get from men so chosen? There is no reason why any member of this Union should regard the proposed change jealously. There is every reason to expect a Senate better fitted for its high functions when its membership is dependent on the direct vote of all the people rather than on the action of a legislative caucus.



Celtic Ebullition
In the Commons.

It was anything but edifying to loyal Englishmen or to Americans that Irish members of Parliament should cheer when the news of the recent disaster to the British arms in South Africa was read in the Commons; think of cheering breaking forth in our own House of Representatives when the news of the Bull Run disaster was announced! The incident in Parliament has naturally led to the suggestion of the enforcement of the Crimes Act in Ireland with a Cromwellian band. But in deciding not to adopt drastic measures the Salisbury Cabinet shows true wisdom and prudence. The explanation of this policy is that the British Government is convinced that one South Africa is enough at a time, and that the best method of filling up the thinned ranks of a depleted army is not to fill the jails with the fathers and brothers of possible volunteers. As to which, we have only to add, that there will be general rejoicing when it is possible to extend the same policy of conciliation to the Boers and end the costly and unhappy war in South Africa.



The Vatican and
the Philippines.

According to a dispatch from Rome, when the Pope received his legate, Monsignor Sbarretti, before the departure of the latter for the Philippines the other day he gave him very explicit instructions as to working in harmony with the American plan of settling the question of the friars' lands. This confirms previous statements that the friars' lands, so called, are regarded by our Government as the property of the Roman Catholic Church. The dispatch also indicates that the lands are to be bought of the Church authorities, and that the objectionable Dominican friars are to be withdrawn. It was certainly most expedient to get the papal sanction for any just measure the commission might recommend, and that sanction has been given so promptly that the problem will be more easily solved.



The Spanish
Succession.

The reports from Madrid that the present regency may be extended are probably true. Although Prince Alfonso XIII. may be crowned King next May, when he attains the age of 16, it is not improbable that a regency, or Council of State, will guide the King in all governmental

affairs, for Alfonso, it is well known, is both physically and mentally unfitted for the burdens which every King finds onerous, but which, in the present distracted condition of affairs in Spain, would prove too great for any but the most vigorous. The fault seems to be that the excesses of one of his parents have left a lasting mark upon him, and that all the care and incessant watchfulness of the present Queen Regent have been powerless to avert the penalty from Alfonso. As for Don Carlos, possibly he might find his opportunity now, if he were of the stuff of heroes. But he has shown no evidence of strength, besides which his cause is not popular just now, and the sympathies of the great ruling families of Europe are with Queen Cristina rather than with him.



A Great Popular
Pleasure Ground.

The cable news that Emperor William is converting Grönewald, the great royal forest preserve near Berlin, into a monster pleasure ground for the people induces the thought that sometimes it is really worth while being an Emperor. The bestowment is democratic, even if conferred in an imperially paternal way. Grönewald comprises 11,500 acres. This is far more than the combined area of all the parks and public places in Greater New York. Central Park contains 843 acres, Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 516 acres. London's 271 public parks contain 17,876 acres. The largest European city park is in Denmark; it contains 4,200 acres. So that the Emperor's private preserve of 11,500 acres, in which the deer and wild boar are being killed off, and which is to be opened up with new roads and equipped with "playgrounds, picnickers' glades and restaurant sites," and used to encourage outdoor athletics, is really a notable concession to the people's rights to ample pleasure grounds.



Populism Come
to Judgment.

The cause of Populism receives a severe blow in the decision of the United States Supreme Court, just delivered. The decision is that a statute which permits farmers to form combinations to raise the price of agricultural products but denies the right of manufacturers to combine to raise or maintain the price of their products is unconstitutional, as it conflicts with the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution, which says that all persons are entitled to equal protection of the laws. The decision of the court, we add, does not declare that State laws may not be passed prohibiting combinations in restraint of trade—very far from it. It says only that if such laws are passed they must apply equally to all sorts of combinations. In view of the decision it remains to be seen whether the demand for restraint of trade will not undergo abatement.



Russia, too.

And now, following the publication of the several articles from the English and German press on the friendliness of their respective countries for America during our war with Spain, we have the additional statement by our Minister at St. Petersburg, who makes the same statement in behalf of Russia. Really Mr. Tower tells us nothing new. Russia has constantly exhibited a friendliness for the United States, and she did not fail us at the time of the war with Spain. Like England and Germany, Russia disapproved of the step formally suggested by Lord Pauncefoot, either in his capacity as Dean of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington, or, possibly, at the direct request of Queen Victoria,

then in the South of France, and indirectly at the instance of the Spanish Queen Regent. It was a last attempt to avert a conflict which could have but one result so far as Spain was concerned. It was vetoed at St. Petersburg, as at Berlin and London, because the proposed second note appeared to the Czar's Government, as it appeared to the German Emperor and to the British Foreign Office, to savor of criticism of American policy regarding Cuba and perhaps of menace of intervention. However, the war is long ended, and of all these publications we can only say that never in the history of the world has there been seen anything resembling these voluntary testimonials of friendship from the great powers of the earth, and the evident rivalry in eagerness for the first place in our regard. We hope to keep friendship with them all, for that means perpetual peace.

✦

To Legalize
Terrorizing.

The Massachusetts Legislature, singularly enough, is seriously considering a proposed bill legalizing the establishment and maintenance by men on strike of a system of picketing around the plants in which the strikes occur, to intercept all who may be suspected of a desire to take the places of the men voluntarily idle, and render other services to the unions. The proposed law is framed to deprive the courts of the power to enjoin the commission of overt acts by strikers to the injury of those opposing them. Such a measure, duly enacted, would give the sanction of law to anarchy and permit the unions to maintain a reign of terror and bulldozing whenever they saw fit to set in motion new machinery for enforcing their demands. In some new communities, with imperfect law processes, some such measure is conceivable. But it is difficult to believe staid Massachusetts will have anything to do with a proposition so dangerous and revolutionary in character.

✦

John P. Altgeld.

The death of this noted man and former Governor of Illinois recalls the unquestioned ability and sincerity of the man and his gift for leadership which, under the guidance of better principles, might have achieved great things. Singularly enough, while an advocate of free silver, his private business contracts called for payment in gold. Furthermore, as a friend and liberator of anarchists, he showed what he would have liked to do if the restraints and responsibilities of office had not prevented him from formulating a more thoroughgoing programme. The example of his career is worth much as a proof that radical socialism cannot hope for success in this country, even when political power seems to offer the opportunity.

✦

Intrigue in the
Yildiz Kiosk.

A striking example of the Sultan's passion for espionage is reported from Constantinople. Fuad Pasha, "the hero of Elena," one of the most brilliant figures in the Russo-Turkish War, and until recently in high favor with his master, was accused by a palace spy of intriguing with the Young Turks, and had his house watched by a cordon of secret police. Fuad, a man of imperious temper, promptly retaliated by arming his servants and warning the spy that he would shoot down his agents if found in the vicinity of his house. The Sultan rejoined by trebling the number of the secret police, and a couple of days later an affray took place in which six men were wounded. Fuad was at once summoned to Yildiz Kiosk, placed under arrest,

and deported by sea to Beirut, whence he is to be sent to Damascus "to remain under observation." As Fuad has always kept clear of politics, and is alleged to be guilty of no any commerce with the "Young Turks," his banishment is ascribed entirely to the influence exerted over the Sultan by a Hamidian spy, of whom, a London journal says, that, "being a thorough scoundrel, he is deep in the good graces and confidence of his Imperial master."

✦

The Nicaragua Route
Reported to the Senate.

Nothing was settled last week by the vote of a majority of the Senate Canal Committee to report the Hepburn bill, favoring the Nicaragua route, and which has already passed the House. The present status of the matter directs attention again to the plan proposed by Senator Spooner. This plan comprises the passage of a bill at this session authorizing the Executive to construct a canal either by way of Panama or by way of Nicaragua, the terms and concessions offered by the rival candidates to be taken into consideration, along with the recommendation of the Isthmian Commission, in determining the route. What could be better than that?

✦

It is good news that the dispute between Germany and Venezuela is practically settled. The terms of the agreement are not known, but it must be presumed that Germany has been promised an acceptable money payment as indemnity. The Venezuela confession of judgment, in legal phrase, could not have been secured without knowledge that behind the German warships there was the American endorsement of their threat. It will bring relief to all parties that the matter is finally adjusted.

✦

German colonies are proving to be costly. At least, the Radical leader in the Reichstag, Herr Richter, analyzing the latest government report on the colonies, finds that there are only 3,762 Germans in all the colonies, including officials, officers, missionaries, women and children. Herr Richter proves from the budget of 1902 that every German colonist costs the Empire 6,000 marks (\$1,428) a year. While the total colonial trade has increased in the last five years from 11,000,000 marks to 25,000,000 marks, the colonial appropriations in the same length of time have increased from slightly more than 7,000,000 marks to 19,000,000 marks. The increase in exports to the colonies is chiefly due to government works, military supplies, etc.

✦

If there is anything magnanimous on the part of the Boer General, Delarey, in returning his distinguished captive, General Lord Methuen, to the British without conditions there is not wanting a touch of irony in the proceeding for General Methuen and General Kitchener as well. As to which it may be further said that it is difficult to see how, under the circumstances, General Kitchener can put the Boer General, Kritzinger, on trial for murder, much less how he could execute him if convicted.

✦

Instead of keeping people away from the Charleston Exhibition, the Tillman incident ought to have the opposite effect. From the Governor down the people of that State have joined in repudiating the discourtesy; and a deputation of representative men from Columbia have renewed the invitation to Mr. Roosevelt in terms which show there is nothing merely official or formal about their cordiality. It

is a case of warm-hearted Southern people assuring their coming guest that his welcome will be truly Southern, and Southern hospitality needs no definition.



Gen. David S. Stanley, U. S. A., retired, a notable and noble figure in many campaigns and one of the few remaining corps commanders of the Western army, died at his residence in Washington on Thursday of last week. The old heroes are rapidly passing away, but their memory is fresh, and the superb service they rendered their country will ever remain to their honor and to the lasting glory of their country.



Holy Week.

Holy Week is the minor prelude to the full symphony of Easter. Now it is that the hearts of the overwhelming body of Christian believers turn to the Man of sorrows; they see a sepulchre in a garden, but it is covered with flowers. It is most fitting that it should be so. Surely, we may not lightly plunge into the jubilation and the ecstasy of Easter with no serious contemplation of the sacrifice and the suffering by which the blessed truth of the Resurrection became the heritage of believers. There has been and there is too much of this. Especially now, at this time of material prosperity, when the thoughts and the activities of so many go out to business enterprise and its rewards, do we witness not only a manifest reluctance to consider the serious claims of religion, but we see an indifference to religion itself, which bespeaks a poverty of the spiritual nature, indicating leanness and barrenness of soul. And here and now it is that Holy Week comes to Christian believers and offers them a blessing. It lays upon them no command to withdraw from all worldly matters, but it does invite them to devote some of the time allotted them when the business day is over, to moments of contemplation upon Him who was wounded for our transgressions, and by whose stripes we are healed; it holds up to our view the Crucified One, and says:

Remember His pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary!

Surely no injunction may be more fittingly heeded. Some, indeed, refuse it. "Why," they ask, "should we for a specific period determined by astronomical considerations center our thoughts especially on a sealed tomb—are there not other religious themes upon which the thoughts of believers may as fittingly dwell?" The answer is ready: By common consent of Christians, on the first day of the week the claims of business are put aside and the Christian feeling finds expression in religious worship, in rest and in the exercise of a joy peculiar to the day and to none other, although no injunction for the observance of the specific day is to be found between the covers of the New Testament. Then, too, nearly the whole world of Protestant Christianity observes the nativity of our Lord on a specific day for which there is neither Scriptural nor historical authority; and assuredly the observance is not diminishing, but on the contrary is greatly increasing with each revolving year. Furthermore, many good Christian friends observe a "week of prayer"—the first week of the new year, when all the rest of the Christian world is feasting—the period being also based upon astronomical conditions. If these periods may be fittingly observed, why may not the hearts of Christians the world over go out as they do toward the sufferings of our Lord, to His passion and death, in view of the general cus-

tom of Christendom, in view, too, of the imminence of the Easter festival, into whose festivities we may otherwise—as so many do—precipitately and thoughtlessly enter? If we are to observe the one, at least let us not forget the other.

Lastly, we have to note the marked increase of the observance of Holy Week by non-Episcopal Christians. Not only is passion music to be heard in their churches on Good Friday—to render which only would be simply to supply a Good Friday concert—but the occasion is taken advantage of for delivering a brief sermon upon some phase of the sufferings of our Lord, showing the relation of Christ's passion to the Easter reality and joy. It is impossible but that these services must bring spiritual profit to the reverent and thoughtful soul, as they serve to bring him to a more realizing sense of those days of darkness and gloom, when even the little band of disciples were for the time dispersed, and all hope seemed to have forever departed. Let Christians, then, everywhere unite in observing this brief period of devout contemplation, and it can hardly be but that the joy of Easter will come to them with a brighter radiance and a deeper significance, as it will stand for that which is as high as heaven and as deep as the recesses of the divine heart.



The Pope's Quarto-Centennial.

That the venerable Pope Leo XIII. should live to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation as Head of the Roman Catholic Church is one of the events which, of all others, was regarded as most improbable at the time that the death of Pius IX. opened the way for his election. Made a priest sixty-five years ago, a bishop sixty years ago and a cardinal fifty years ago, it was in part owing to his delicate health that Gioacchino Pecci, Cardinal Archbishop of Perugia, came out of the consistory of 1878, as the successor of Pius IX. At that time the cardinals believed that he could live but a few years at best, and they were willing to put off for a while the conflicts within the sacred college. Yet it was a fact that his wonderful constitution has enabled him to outlive all but three of the men who took part in that election, and his vigor of mind has made his pontificate the most notable in centuries.

But, interesting as the occasion is to Catholics and Protestants, it is less the naked historic fact that concerns us than what that fact stands for, as exhibited in the changes witnessed in that time, in this country especially, in the relations existing between two of the three great branches of Christendom—the Catholic and Protestant. And we may say that, while the fundamental differences between Catholic and Protestant are no less fundamental than ever, there is yet to be seen a "rapprochement" between the two great branches which was not observable under Pope Leo's predecessor; that is to say, on the part of the Protestants themselves. Not only has much of the old-time bitterness entertained by them toward Catholics vanished, but Catholics and Protestants are now often seen co-operating in the work of promoting various benevolent enterprises, such as temperance work, relief of the poor and other departments of benevolent activity, while such men as Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland and others have infused the American spirit in their Church, as they are often seen on the same platform with Protestant ministers. And here it is pertinent to note that the Presby-

terian Church, as it will formally declare a little later, no longer assumes to identify the Roman Catholic Church with the "Scarlet Woman" of the Apocalypse. Then, too, social intercourse between Catholics and Protestants is notably on the increase, while in this country to-day—however it may be deprecated—intermarriage between Protestants and Catholics is growing in frequency. Then there are our public schools. Notice how many Catholic parents persist in sending their children there, despite priestly inhibition, due to two causes—the superiority of the public schools over the parochial institutions and to the desire on the part of Catholics for social relations with Protestants.

Unquestionably, these changes are due in part to the spirit of toleration and charity which is so mildly extending itself; and it must also be admitted that the growth of this feeling is largely due to the better knowledge by each of the other through the relations of business, involving closer personal acquaintance, and to the friendship of college life, for Catholic parents prefer to send their sons to the large Protestant educational institutions. Nor must we fail to note as an additional cause of the better feeling existing between these great bodies the gentleness and sweetness of Pope Leo's personal character, which have won him the regard and veneration of a large part of the Protestant world. It is in this way existing conditions seem to present themselves to observing onlookers to-day. Of course, reaction from the present status may set in. But we do not believe it will, although a new Pope, by showing the iron hand to his people, might change much of this and restore the antagonisms prevalent between Protestants and Roman Catholics fifty years ago, when Archbishop Hughes fulminated in wrath against our school system. Nevertheless, the ameliorating influence of Pope Leo's reign will long remain, as it is to be hoped one other such gentle-spirited man as he may later become his successor.



Marriage and Divorce.

Most valuable work is being done by the National League for the Protection of the Family, of which Dr. S. W. Dike is secretary. This body has just sent out its report for 1901—a year that exhibits marked characteristics in the various phases presented during that time of the Family and its correlated problems. The trend of legislation is very clearly portrayed. It exhibits among several matters the adoption of the better system of marriage licenses; the more careful regulation of the returns of marriages; the exclusion of divorce advertising; the repeal of "omnibus clauses," and generally of the status permitting divorce for insanity; the increase of the term of residence required before divorce from lesser periods to at least one year, and the provision against the immediate marriage of divorced persons. A strong tendency towards uniformity holds throughout. The act of the Florida Legislature, making insanity a ground for divorce, is cited as the only step backward in the year's legislation. In the matter of divorce statistics it may be stated that Connecticut once regarded as the worst of Eastern States in respect of easy divorce, now shows some improvement as compared with the increase of population, and even absolutely, for she has granted fewer divorces in the last seven years than in the preceding seven. A better public sentiment and a

more careful procedure of the courts seem to be the chief reasons for this. The ratio of divorces to marriages is now 1 to 15.8. In earlier years it was as high as 1 to 9. Rhode Island, on the contrary, now grants four hundred or more annually, or 1 to 8.2 marriages. In Massachusetts divorces are increasing, though as yet the ratio is not more than 1 to 20.2, and the number granted in 1889 was 1,163. In New Jersey divorces are fewer, proportionably than in New York. In Oklahoma divorces increased from 2,270 in 1889 to 3,217 in 1899, and the ratio of marriages has become 1 to 10.9. There were 2,418 divorces in Michigan in the year 1900, or 1 to 9.6 marriages. Here about two-thirds of the applications are granted. In some States three-fourths of the suits are successful. In Michigan the statistics show that nearly all the divorces are granted to residents of the State. In Indiana last year the ratio of divorces to marriages was 1 to 5.7 for the entire State—a bad showing. But public sentiment is working for better conditions, which it is confidently expected will soon show themselves. For one thing, all the churches are opposing the remarriage of guilty parties in a divorce suit. The opposition of the churches ought to decide this question for the church membership, as it should also by its influence upon legislatures secure to the State the proper legislation for preserving intact the unit of society—the Family.



Hands off the State Forests!

As if the State had not suffered sufficiently from the denuding of its forests, the Senate of this State last week passed, without debate, by a vote of 27 to 12—one vote more than the requisite two-thirds majority—a proposed amendment to the State Constitution offered by Senator Brown and recommended by Governor Odell, which, if adopted, will nullify the provision in the Constitution of 1894 prohibiting the cutting of timber on State forest lands, for which timber the State, during the past five years, has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The Assembly should defeat this proposed amendment, or, if it passes that body, then the people must be rallied to compass its defeat at the polls. Why should we sacrifice our splendid Adirondack State lands—for is not their value as a health and pleasure resort and as a protection for the water supply that feeds the rivers and canals of the State so important were these remaining forest lands regarded when the Constitution was revised eight years ago they were placed under the protecting ægis of the fundamental law of the State; and yet scarcely was the new Constitution ratified when greedy eyes were fastened upon them, and five years ago an amendment was proposed for the leasing of cottage and camp sites and for the sale of State lands outside the forest preserve.

But the people knew what they were about when they defeated the proposition by a vote of two to one. Now other attempts are being made. Three distinct concurrent resolutions have been introduced at Albany proposing amendments which go to still greater extremes and would permit the cutting of timber and the opening of roads. The most strenuous efforts were necessary to secure the present law. It has proved adequate; the people have spent large sums in carrying out its intent; it should not be reversed. Let the State Park alone! Let the people of the State retain their present forests in all their beauty and utility, and not deliver them over to the greed of the timber cutters.

Things of To-day.

Last week the Presbytery of New York voted to reject the overture of the General Assembly providing for a permanent commission of fifteen with power to make final disposition of such cases of doctrine and discipline as may be referred to it by the assembly. The committee of the Presbytery to which the overture was referred reported unanimously to reject it. The voting is still going on, and there is a majority against the proposition, which will probably be lost. One objection to the proposition entertained by the conservatives is that there is no provision in point of law and doctrine for appeal from the commission to the assembly. At the same time the Presbyteries of the Southern Presbyterian Church have before them a like overture, which, however, permits appeal to the General Assembly on matters of law and doctrine.



Cardinal Gibbons has shown himself so circumspect in the past that we are loth to believe that he could be amenable to the charge of discourtesy brought against him. In this instance it is charged that at a visit to a White House reception not only did he appear in full pontifical attire as "a prince" of the church, but he proceeded to the East Room and held a reception of his own which far outshone that accorded to the President. In other words, the President contented himself with a touch of the hand and a kindly word from his fellow-citizens, but the Cardinal stood in the best room of the Executive Mansion, where he ought to have remembered he was only one of many guests, and received the obeisance of his fellow-Romanists upon their bended knees. We quite agree with the source of our information that Archbishop Ireland would not have been guilty of such an indiscretion, as, we also presume, it will not be permitted to occur again.



After telling us that he would "give a wilderness of novels just now—yea, of good novels—for a Macaulay, or a Hume, Tennyson, a Gibbon, or a Wordsworth," Mr. Andrew Lang adds: "I want history, and poetry, and essays, and novels, but I want the other three first." We presume most people are in accord with this feeling. It is certain we are surfeited with novels, and that as a consequence the Muse of History is bound and gagged, while the poets largely sing into deafened ears. The present novel-reading craze is certainly demoralizing and is destructive of the historical spirit. The generation of present-day novel readers has not yet fully developed. Question: In twenty years shall we see a vitiated taste supplanting so much of good taste as now exists, and which gives encouragement to that which is finest and best in literature?



Just as we have put a stop to the cruel sport of pigeon slaughtering in this State, London papers come to us announcing the introduction in Parliament of a bill, introduced by the Bishop of Hereford, which imposes penalties on any person who hunts, courses or shoots any animal that has been kept in confinement or under restraint and is released for the purpose of such sport, or who keeps, uses or assists in the management of any place for the purpose of such sport. A declaration cordially approving the bill has received the signatures of 106 principals of colleges, professors, lecturers, etc., of Oxford, and ninety-five of Cambridge, together with those of 257 headmasters of schools. Our English friends are to be congratulated; but they have been a long while in moving in the matter.



The opinion is quite generally expressed that the alliance between England and Japan will inure to the benefit of Christianity—and it would seem as if this might be so. As to this subject, let us go back a little. It was in 1549 that Francis Xavier, the Jesuit missionary, took passage in a pirate ship for Japan. He visited the great cities of the Empire, and in thirty years the Jesuit missionaries claimed 100,000 converts, and before the final persecution of 1637 the number is said to have reached 2,000,000. These ciphers, however, were always mistrusted, and there is no doubt that they have been multiplied and the results exaggerated. Now come the Americans on the scene. In 1853 came Commodore M. C. Perry, and saw and conquered. In 1868 civil war overthrew the old feudal dynasty. Soon the decrees against Christianity were abolished, and the Christian Sabbath became officially adopted as a day of rest in 1874. In the same year a Japanese convert, J. H.

Heesima, educated in the United States, returned to his native land and founded the celebrated Doshisha, a Christian university. It became a center of Christian influence, many of its students becoming missionaries. The Protestant missions united in the translation of the Scriptures, which was successfully accomplished in 1888. Unhappily, something like a national religious reaction has occurred since 1890. The victory of the Japanese in the war with China developed an intense national pride. Naturally, a rationalistic spirit sprang up, and the old Buddhism was galvanized into a sort of renewed life. Nevertheless, many Christian missions and schools have been established, and, above all, the Scriptures are being widely diffused throughout the land. Many thousand copies of the New Testament accepted by the Japanese soldiers during the war are now in Japanese homes, and are leavening the nation. It is certainly to be hoped that the new Anglo-Japanese alliance between the two island kingdoms will be marked by a great increase of Christian missionary endeavor.



The London *Spectator*, which some time ago told us we envied the English their aristocratic orders, but seems to have finally ridden itself of that opinion, shows how much it still needs a better knowledge of this country. It says, remarking on Prince Henry's reception here, that Americans "are no doubt a sensitive people, keen to perceive and to resent anything which savors of slight, and greatly pleased whenever they see that the ancient courts acknowledge the nation of which they are so proud as among the greatest of the earth." "Greatly pleased," * * * "the ancient courts," etc.; well, this is funny. But why don't the *Spectator* send some one over here to spy out the land for him, even as Moses sent out the twelve spiers to Paran? The readers of that journal could scarcely fail to discern the benefits accruing from the new information. However, the *Spectator* is correct in remarking that "American kindness and keenness are most real; but they are kept in separate mental compartments, and that which stirs the former, even to effusiveness, leaves the latter unaffected, or, possibly, a little more awake."



"Is a sandwich a meal?" This important question, giving the status of the sandwich, has just been passed upon. "I want it stated," said Justice Mayer in the Court of General Sessions, "that there is no definition of law which makes any difference between a sandwich or a steak. Any man has the right, if he sees fit, when ordering a meal, to order a sandwich and a drink. If he is served with it it is in conformity with the law. Of course, it is; that is the *Raines* of it."



Senators who voted for the Brown amendment, repealing the clause in the Constitution prohibiting the cutting of timber on the Adirondack forests of the State:

Ayes—Ambler, Armstrong, Audett, Barnes, Brown, Cocks, Davis, Ellsworth, Fuller, Goodsell, Grady, Green, Hennessey, Higgins, Hill, Lewis, McCowen, McEwan, McKinney, Mills, Raines, Sherwood, Slater, Stewart, Stranahan, White, Wiley.

We won't forget these names.



King Edward VII. shows a proper appreciation of the situation in issuing his order forbidding all court entertainments and social functions on Sunday. "The court" practice is a powerful exemplar, and where the King stands for good morals good results are sure to follow.



Spring in this latitude shows no slow advance, as in *Cristabel's* country. It is coming with a rush, and bird song falls on the delighted ears of nature-lovers. But may there be no cataclysmic return of the tide to wintry conditions.



Forty libraries given in a day was Mr. Carnegie's brief announcement one day last week. The total amount given was not specified, but an announcement was made that \$175,000 had been allotted to Albany. Some books on forestry ought to be put in that library for the benefit of some members of the Legislature.



As a measure of public safety the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad has prohibited liquor drinking by its employees at any time, whether on or off duty. The matter is not patented and other roads are free to follow the good example.

An Epoch-making Cuban Conference.

By Rev. David McAllister, D.D.

A conference has just been held in Cienfuegos, Cuba, which marks an epoch in evangelical mission work in that island. There are in Cuba about fifty ordained ministers of eleven evangelical churches, with about sixty helpers and a total of 2,223 communicants. Eight of the strongest of these churches were well represented at this first conference. The program, covering seven sessions, included discussions on all important points relating to mission work, and the social, intellectual and moral and spiritual welfare of the Cuban people.

TOPICS DISCUSSED.

Among the subjects of addresses were, "The Religious Condition of Cuba and Statistics of Its Evangelized Missions," by the Rev. H. B. Someillan, of the Congregational Mission at Guanabacoa; "The Spiritual Condition of the Missionary," by Dr. D. W. Carter, of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), located at Havana; "The Influence of the Spiritual State of the Missionary on His Work," by the Rev. H. S. Harris, of the Presbyterian Church (North); "The Importance of Cultivating Self-Support from the First," Rev. H. W. Baker, Methodist Episcopal (South), Matanzas; "What Protestants Believe," Dr. J. M. Greene, Presbyterian (North), Havana; "The Essential Unity of Protestantism," Rev. D. A. Wilson, Baptist (North), Puerto Principe; "Mutual Courtesy Among the Missions," "The Transfer of Ministers and Members from One Denomination to Another," "The Division of Territory," Dr. H. R. Mosely, Baptist (North), Santiago, and Rev. H. Penney, Methodist (South), Santiago; "Evangelical Truths Requiring Special Emphasis in Cuba," Dr. J. G. Hall, Presbyterian (South), Cardinas. Many of these papers called forth general discussion. Addresses of welcome were delivered by the Secretary of the Council of the city, another prominent native citizen, and Rev. Mr. O'Hallaran, the Cuban pastor of the church where the Conference met. Responses were made by Drs. Mosely and Carter. By request of the conference Dr. D. McAllister, of Pittsburg, U. S. A., representing the National Reform Association, gave the closing address of the conference on "Moral Ends of Public Education."

WHAT THIS CONFERENCE DEMONSTRATES.

A glance at this program will suggest a number of points which attendance at the Conference made clear as the noon-day sun.

1. *The truly fraternal spirit in which evangelical mission work is being carried forward in Cuba.* Roman Catholic officials there as elsewhere try to persuade the masses of the people that Protestants are discordant, wrangling sects. This Conference was a demonstration more effective than scores of controversial treatises that evangelical Christians are essentially a unit.

2. *The general and widespread interest throughout the island in this work.* The prominent cities and towns east, west, north and south, as may be seen from the places mentioned above, were all represented. Before another Conference meets other important stations will be occupied. This spreading of the work cannot be pressed too vigorously in the present crisis. May the home churches have the strong faith that will spread this blessed work over the entire island.

3. *The clear, broad, comprehensive view which the evangelical workers in Cuba take of their present opportunity and responsibility.* They are in Cuba to save souls. Yet they are not indifferent to any great interest of the people. They see that the Cuban question is mainly a moral question; that our Government needs their help to solve the problems with which it is grappling; that the government, whether in the hands of the United States or of the Cuban people themselves, can do much by encouraging Sabbath observance through its own example and securing the right of every citizen to a day of rest, and by inculcating Christian morality in the public schools to help the missionaries in their distinctive work.

A very important part of the missionary work must be to train youth not only to preach the gospel but to fill positions of influence throughout the island in educational and other public work. Resolutions were passed by the Conference covering all these comprehensive aspects of their opportunities.

4. *The extraordinarily favorable attitude of the best classes of the people toward this evangelical work.* Mayors of cities, members of city councils, lawyers, doctors, leading business men, intelligent ladies express their approval, not only by cordial words, but also by their presence. The evening sessions of the Confer-

ence, like many of the services of the missionaries in other parts of the island, were crowded to overflowing, multitudes thronging the sidewalks and extending to the middle of the streets. Six of the addresses at the Conference were by native Cubans, who seem to be orators born. These people are tired of empty forms and a very low type of morals. They are won by simple spiritual worship and the pure lives of the evangelical Christians. They want their children brought up under these elevating and ennobling influences. There is probably no part of the world to-day where the door stands so invitingly open for mission work.

5. *The preparation and determination of the workers to meet any emergency that may arise.* No proceeding of the Conference more clearly proved that the missionaries and their helpers are a body of vigorous and far-sighted men and women than their appointment of a permanent committee, who represent four of the principal missions and are centrally located, all at Havana, to be ready to act during the year on any matter touching the welfare of their common cause. This committee consists of Drs. Hall, Greene, Carter and Daniel.

6. *The certainty of the continuance and development of the good work begun.* Arrangements were made in part for another Conference next winter in Havana. Without a dissenting voice among the workers and the people the Conference was declared a great success. Yet the next one can be made more influential, and it will be without a doubt.

There is no influence in Cuba comparable to that of these united and able evangelical Christians. Under the Lord Jesus the future of the fertile and beautiful island is in their hands, even more than in the hands of the civil power. May the churches at home rise to an adequate conception of their special responsibility which their self-sacrificing representatives are laboring with such zeal and devotion and practical wisdom for the regeneration of the liberated island, to whose material, social, moral and spiritual welfare our country stands pledged.



Current Comment.

The fastest railway trains abroad are run in this order of swiftness: France, England, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Italy, Russia, Denmark, Turkey. The fastest trains in France are run 48 miles an hour, and in Turkey 24 miles.



The Louisville (Ky.) *Post* tells this story: Scott Pierce, who looks after the barges at this city for T. J. Hall, a well-known river man of Cincinnati, was standing on a barge breaking ice when he fell a distance of nine feet and broke through the ice. With rare presence of mind he swam under two barges, ice-bound, which were lying side by side, and came out on the shore. A deep gash across the forehead as a result of his fall is giving him much pain.



A two-ton icicle, which had formed upon the huge stack at the Carnahan tin mill, says a Cincinnati paper, fell to-day, crashing through the roof, disabling the machinery so that the mill will have to remain idle for a week. The icicle was formed gradually by the exhaust which escaped at the side of the stack. It grew so heavy that it was finally unable to bear its own weight. Several men in the mill at the time had narrow escapes from death.



Legend has it, says the Santa Fe correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, that the vicinity of Chapento and the Mesa Rica was peopled by a race of giants centuries ago, and evidence to substantiate the story has been found on the ranch of Don Luciana Quintano. Five men several days ago began to excavate at a place on his ranch marked by two pieces of rough-hewn white building stone about fifteen feet apart. They had dug about five feet between the stones when a skeleton was unearthed. It is well preserved. The giant's chest measurement could have been no less than eight feet. The lower jawbone is all that remains of the head. It is a massive piece and in it is a huge tooth. The forearm measured four feet and the length of the arm must have been about eight feet. The skeleton will be sent to the Archaeological Society at Santa Fe.



According to the Austrian clerical journal *Vaterland*, the Protestant missionaries in the Balkans are making progress, so much so as to show themselves more dangerous to the Orthodox (Greek) faith than the Catholic. The same paper declares that Protestantism gains ground steadily at the expense of the Orthodox Church, as the order, cleanliness, and wholesome food in the Protestant schools tempt parents to send their children to them, and at those schools the children are brought up in the Protestant faith. We may not concern ourselves so very much about the progress of one branch of the Christian Church over another, but Protestants may heartily felicitate themselves that their missionaries at least show the way to cleanliness and wholesome food.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

Judging by his conduct so far, Prince Henry would make a pretty good American citizen.

Every fresh debt statement shows how hard it is for Uncle Sam to reduce his prosperity.

Many Pennsylvania coal mines which were closed because of the recent floods have been reopened.

The Hanold business block, in Beaver Falls, Pa., was burned, March 9th, the fire entailing a loss of \$75,000.

Princeton College will play the first baseball game of the season on March 22d, with Rutgers College.

Prince Henry sailed for home on the afternoon of March 11th. He had a splendid time while here, and so had we all.

Imports into Spain, and exports from the United States to that country in the last year showed a large increase.

Neil Bryant, one of the last of the old-time, black-face minstrels, died on Thursday in St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn.

Congressman R. K. Polk, from the Seventeenth Pennsylvania District, died suddenly of paralysis in Philadelphia on March 6th.

The latest attempt to enforce a dry Sunday in New York operated like its predecessors, only on those indisposed to drink.

President Roosevelt, on Tuesday, sent his first veto message to Congress, disapproving a bill to remove the charge of desertion from the record of a sailor.

The total number of smallpox cases in Camden, N. J., since the outbreak of the disease is 165, of which fifteen have resulted fatally.

A hurricane struck a portion of Omaha on March 11th, and did great damage to property; no lives were lost, and no injuries were reported.

The Spanish Treaty Claims Commission have decided against the claimants for damages resulting from the destruction of the battleship Maine.

Col. John F. Gaynor, who forfeited \$40,000 bail rather than appear for trial as a co-conspirator of Oberlin M. Carter, is reported to be in Montreal.

The United States Supreme Court decided that the anti-trust law of Illinois is unconstitutional; this decision in effect wipes out the anti-trust laws in thirteen States.

James B. Brewster, the veteran carriage builder, died on Sunday at his home, 223 East 52d street, in his 85th year. He founded the well-known house of J. B. Brewster & Co.

Mrs. Rose Sullivan, of West Winterport, Me., resigned as postmistress of that place on March 8th, after a continuous service of fifty years. Mrs. Sullivan is 75 years old.

Some 20,000 men, including sympathizers on New England railroads, are involved in the freight handlers' strike at Boston, and traffic is blocked at the wharves in that city.

Secretary Long has resigned from the Cabinet and the President selected Representative William H. Moody, of Massachusetts, to succeed him, the change to take effect on May 1st.

A big shepherd dog, a pet of Mrs. Presspisch, a widow, saved her and her seven children from being burned to death at her home on Stricker street, Baltimore, early on Monday morning.

The President gave the Boer envoys a reception at the White House on Wednesday, but it was as private citizens. He was decisive in his answer to them that this government cannot interfere.

The coroner's jury gave a decision on the Park Avenue Hotel fire declaring that the hotel was not properly equipped for safety, and that the fire was started by sparks from the 71st Regiment Armory.

At the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Railroad on Tuesday, it was announced that, all the obstacles having been removed, work on the North River tunnel to Manhattan would be pushed at once.

The Excise Board of Jersey City has adopted a rule that no licenses shall be granted to sell liquor in any place within 200 feet of any church or public school. The rule does not apply to saloons now in existence.

People in New Jersey, fearing that they will be overrun by the pigeon-shooting fraternity driven from New York, have caused to be introduced in the Legislature a bill to prohibit pigeon shooting in that State.

Arrangements have been completed for the fifteenth Cincinnati May Musical Festival, which will be held on May 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, with an orchestra of 100 and a chorus of 500.

Thirty-two new members were received into the North Reformed Church, Newark, N. J., Sunday, March 2d, at the communion service. Twenty of these were on confession and the rest by letter. Dr. Vance has just preached a course of Sunday night sermons to young men, and of the twenty who joined on confession, fourteen were young men.

Philip Graefner and family, of Hornblower avenue, Belleville, N. J., were saved from being burned to death in their house on Sunday morning by the barking of their pet dog, Dewey. When Mr. Graefner got up to find out the cause of the continual barking, he discovered the flames shooting out of an adjoining room. The other members of the family were immediately aroused, and had barely time to escape in their nightclothes. The dog was burned to death.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

A despatch from Constantinople says cholera has broken out at Mecca.

British Civil Service estimates show an increase of nearly \$15,000,000 over the previous year.

General satisfaction is expressed in Austria over the intention to send an ambassador to Washington.

The shirt worn by Charles I. to the scaffold was auctioned off at 200 guineas, at Covent Garden, London, on the 11th inst.

The Chinese Government has sent to Mr. Conger a memorial protesting against the exclusion of Chinese from United States territory.

It is reported from Peking that future payments of the Chinese indemnity might be deferred, owing to the action of the banking commission.

The first Colonial Exhibition was opened in London, March 10th; it consisted largely of Canadian exhibits from the recent Glasgow fair.

Letters dated August 27, 1901, have been received from members of the Baldwin-Ziegler Arctic exploration expedition at Franz Josef Land.

A despatch from Halifax says that the Dominion Government will send a contingent of over 100 school teachers to South Africa within a month or so.

The American legation at Constantinople has presented a second note to the Porte pointing out Turkey's responsibility for the capture of Miss Stone by brigands.

The threatened strike among the railway employees in Italy has been averted. The Government has agreed to pay 31,000,000 lire to satisfy the demand of the workmen.

The steamer Waesland, of the American Line, was sunk by a collision with the British steamer Harmonides, off Holyhead, March 6th. All the passengers were rescued.

Serious antagonism has developed between the British and Germans in China over the proposition to return the government of Tien-Tsin to the Chinese, the Germans opposing it.

United States Minister Newell at The Hague unveiled a window in the Anglican church, on March 9th, the gift of Mayor Low as a memorial of the work of the Peace Conference in that city.

The Cunard Line is to build two passenger steamers to eclipse in size anything afloat. They are to be over 700 feet long, and of 48,000 horse-power each, and for transatlantic service to New York.

The controversy between the French and American consuls at Tien-Tsin over mission property has been transferred for settlement to the French and American ministers at Peking; no serious developments are expected from the affair.

The disabled Cunard liner Etruria arrived at Horta, the Azores, on March 9th, in tow of the steamer William Cliff, all well on board; her passengers continued their voyage to Liverpool by the Royal Mail steamer Elbe, the Etruria being towed home by tugs.

The British met with a heavy reverse in the Western Transvaal on March 7th, a strong force under General Lord Methuen being defeated by the Boers under De La Rey; General Methuen was wounded and captured, and the British casualties included three officers and thirty-eight men killed and five officers and seventy-two men wounded; the British also lost four guns.

The Expectancy of Rest.

Every pleasant outlook has in it an element of illusion. The river or lake which the desert traveler sees thrown before his eyes in mirage may be veritable water, but is slow, surprisingly slow, in being reached. Distance is difficult to compute. Of the times and the seasons knoweth no man. Our hopes, at least the best of them, like the stars in the heavens, give us very little direct information as to how far away they are from our own eye. Man needs a great talent for waiting. He which testifieth these things saith, "Surely I come quickly." That was eighteen hundred years ago. Paul expected the resurrection to occur while some of those who were his contemporaries were still upon earth.

Hope is not, however, to be spoken lightly of. It is still one of the sacred three. Only love (and perhaps faith) is better. We do not mislead ourselves by hoping, but by misconstruing our hopes. Moses was concerned that his people should believe in rest, but would have them localize it on the *farther* side of the river.

"This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come."

Our hymnology and our theology take account of the intervening river. They are true the twelfth of Deuteronomy: "Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you."

This expectancy of rest—that is to say, of satisfiedness, for it reduces to that—though so constantly misconstrued by us, is invaluable to us as stay and stimulus. Hope is all that makes us willing to live or gives us courage to work. Hope is what keeps us going. Hope is a sense of blessing that is still on the way. It is a gravitating energy centered somewhere in the future that continues to attract us toward the future. It is one of the instincts of our nature that any thorough system of psychology needs to take account of. Human minds are endowed with a rising inflection. At the other side of the desert, upon the farther edge of the river, upon the opposite slope of the mountain chain, there opens out a wider, greener area of fruition and opportunity. This last week has been a laborious one, but the coming week is going to be easier. "We are in the 'narrows' just at present, but as soon as we get out of them, as we shall in a few days now, it will be clear sea and open sailing." We have had anywhere from twenty to eighty years of that, and we are still near shore and picking our anxious way through pretty shallow water. It is not all illusion. It pays, but does not pay quite as well as we keep thinking that it is going to, and as we are quite *sure*, that it is going to next week or by week after next. The future drifts toward us very leisurely. The promised land has a permanent habit of lying on the opposite side of the river. But for all that we shall go forth just as hopefully to-morrow. Hope is durable, survives disappointment without being debilitated by it. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Not to hope any more would be hell. "Abandon hope all ye who enter here," Dantes saw written over the infernal gates.

And because the Bible is man's book, the Bible, too, is animated with the same kind of forward impulse; from its beginning to its close it proceeds always with a widening horizon; it lets succeeding ages, as they approach, be seen as successive rings upon a vertical ladder. What at first

seem barriers are construed by time, wisdom and the Spirit of God to means avenues of transit. The movement of mind is instinctively forward, not backward. Anticipation, not memory, is the element in which our life processes are maintained. God has constructed us in that way, and that is why we get along even a little. The build of a mind and heart, like the build of a boat, shows that its architect designed it for progress, not for retreat. A sense of the unreached is the parent for live history, of the individual or the race. "National anticipation incarnate" is the way we might describe the whole Hebrew people from Abraham to Paul. Hence the vigorous part that people have played in all the world's widest interests. Give them one side of a river and they had an instant feeling for the other side of it. Their thoughts, hopes and desires were full of procreant energy. Goals, as they were successively reached, transmuted themselves one by one into milestones upon a longer highway conducting to a more distant end. The land of promised rest indicated to them by Moses *was* a land of rest, *until they reached it*. In the meantime anticipations had been growing until they were too large for the reality to be able to fill them. Realization in that way always jogs on in the rear. We never overtake ourselves; keep an account that is perpetually overdrawn. Fruition is the first end of a *new* desire that is larger than the first. Achievement is full of the sprouts of a new crop of young ambitions still more multitudinous.

C. H. Parkhurst.

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Typical Elders and Deacons.

By the Author of "Clerical Types."
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CHAPTER IV.

A MODERN DIOTREPES.

Diotrepes was the church officer to whom St. John referred in his Third Epistle as one that loved to have the pre-eminence. It seems that John had sent a communication to the church of which the beloved Gaius, to whom he wrote this epistle, was a member, commending to their care certain itinerant preachers who were coming that way; but Diotrepes, who was a leading member of the same church, would not receive them, nor would he allow others to do so. Acting in a high-handed way, he even threatened with excommunication any one who dared to disregard his mandate. Clearly, Diotrepes was something of a pope in a small way. He was an ambitious, domineering man, who lorded it over God's heritage—a man who would either rule or ruin. In all likelihood his vanity was wounded because John had addressed his letter to the church instead of addressing it to him personally, for in his own estimation he was the church. So inordinate was his love of power that he was not above trickery and intrigue when these were necessary to compass his end. He would play second fiddle to no man. He did not even scruple to set apostolic authority at naught. The apostle speaks of him as "prating against us with malicious words."

"The figure of Diotrepes," says Dr. Farrar, "is recognizable in the Church in all ages." It reappeared in a Western Baptist Church in the person of Deacon Anderson. The Deacon was a successful manufacturer in a small provincial town. He had the Midas finger, whose touch

turns everything to gold. Things came to him. He had been able to have his own way in almost everything. He was in the habit of showing favors to church members whom he wished to get under his power. To hold his place of pre-eminence, he did not hesitate to resort to the methods of the ward boss. By working the wires it came about that the church, of which he was a shining light, became, like a pocket borough in England, a piece of personal property—a mere appendage to his mill.

In outward appearance the deacon was a swollen, pompous, bejeweled, overdressed man, with well-developed embonpoint. He walked with a strut, with head thrown back and nose tilted heavenward. He looked like a man who was not sure of his position, and who therefore could not afford to compromise his dignity. His manner awakened the suspicion that under the lion's skin, which he wrapped so tightly about him, was concealed an unmitigated calf. There was one person who was not deceived by appearances, and that was his small, sharp-featured wife. Silent and deferential before him in public, the moment he crossed the threshold of the home she stripped off the lion's skin, and the big bully whom everybody feared shrunk into a corner, wearing in his manner a mute apology for his very existence.

When released from domestic surveillance, and his feet were once more upon what he regarded as his native heath, Douglas was himself again. And usually somebody had to suffer for the indignity to which he might have been subjected. It was an unfortunate thing for the church when his presence at the church meeting was preceded by a lively experience of hen-pecking. But, happily for the peace of the church, his ebullitions of temper were generally taken with sullen silence. When he had his way things went swimmingly, for he was a regular driver and possessed executive power of no mean order. Any scheme which he did not originate was sure to be blocked. Hence, his brother deacons, in order to carry out any new enterprise, went to him beforehand, and, after making him believe that the thing had originated in his fertile brain, got him to make a motion that the thing should be done. For any scheme that had his indorsement he would not only work hard, but would give money with a lavish hand. When upon a certain occasion some one expressed surprise at his abounding activity and generosity the answer was made: "Don't you know that there are people who will do more and give more to have their own way than they will do or give that the Lord may have his way?"

Deacon Anderson was in the habit of using the words "my pastor," and there was a peculiar appropriateness in the phrase, inasmuch as he was generally understood to own the pastor. When a new pastor came upon the scene—and the succession of them was a somewhat rapid one—the deacon took him to ride in his carriage and showed him every possible attention. When the carriage drives became less frequent it was taken as a sign that his interest in his pastor was beginning to wane. If they came to an abrupt end it was a sign that the deacon had become offended at something that the pastor had, perhaps all unwittingly, said or done. All his friends were valued in the measure in which he could use them; and when he found that he could not use his pastor for his own ends he at once turned against him and began to work for his undoing. One of his ministerial victims called him "a regular bull-dozer," whatever that might mean. Within the do-

main of his factory and his church he would brook no rival. His will was law.

But in course of time the deacon met his Waterloo. He had just succeeded in ousting a worthy pastor and in getting a man after his own heart. It was not long before this beloved pastor did something that greatly displeased him. The deacon showed his teeth. But he had mistaken his man. That meek-looking pastor was a cyclone in disguise; no mild and patient-looking mule ever concealed more effectually his true inwardness. An interview took place between pastor and deacon, with this amusing result—the deacon was treated to a section of the day of judgment, his undermining tactics were exposed, and he was plainly told that just as there could not be two Popes in Rome there could not be two heads in the Baptist Church of Wilsonville. Knowing that under his leadership the worm had turned, and that the church would stand by him, the minister said: "It is evident that for the good of this church either you or I have got to go, and I herewith serve you with notice that I am not the outgoing party." The deacon fell together in a heap. His prestige had suffered an irreparable collapse. He stood not upon the order of his going. He went at once. His carriage rolled up no more before the door of the Baptist Ebenezer, but took its lordly way toward a fashionable Episcopal church in a neighboring town. The erstwhile deacon is rapidly developing into a high churchman of the first water. He has come to his own and his own have received him. Thus far he is meekness and humility personified. It is rumored that his itch for power is not completely cured, and that he is already casting a covetous eye upon the office of church warden. Will he be permitted to occupy this new seat of power? Not if the people know him.



Light at Evening Time.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

I once ascended Mount Washington with a party of friends on horseback, and we were overtaken by a violent storm, followed by a thick, blinding mist. After our rough scramble over slippery rocks it was a woful disappointment to find, on our arrival at the "Tip-top House," that we could not see any object two rods from the door. But late in the afternoon the clouds began to roll away, and one mountain after another revealed itself to our view. At length the sun burst forth, and overarched the valley of the Saco with a gorgeous rainbow. We came out and gazed upon the magnificent panorama with wondering delight, and as the rays of the setting sun kindled every mountain peak with gold we all exclaimed, "At evening time it shall be light!"

My experience on that mountain top is a striking illustration of the experiences of God's people in all ages. Faith has had its steep Hills of Difficulty to climb, and often through blinding mists and hustling storms. Unbelief says "halt," and despair cries "go back!" But hope keeps up its steady, cheery song, "it will be better further on." The poor old patriarch Jacob wails out that all things are against him, and that he will go down to his grave mourning. Wait a little. Yonder comes the caravan from Egypt laden with sacks of corn and bringing the good tidings that Joseph is the prime minister of Pharaoh's government! To the astonished old man at evening time it is light!

The office of faith is to cling to the fact that behind all

clouds, however thick, and all storms, however fierce, God is on the throne. It is the office of hope to look for the clearing of the clouds in God's good time. If we had no storms we should never appreciate the blue skies; the trials of the tempest are the preparation for the afterglow of the sunshine. We ought never to think it strange that difficulties confront us, or trials assail us; for this is but a part of our discipline, and in the end all things work for good to them whom God loveth and who trust Him. It is according to God's established economy that we should be exposed to temptations, and often to trials which threaten to drive us to despair. All this is to teach us our dependence upon Him. No climb of duty is so high, so steep or so hard, but God is standing at the top! No honest work for Him is ever entirely in vain. I will go farther and affirm that no honest prayer was ever yet uttered in the right spirit and failed to get some answer, if not the thing asked for; yet some other good thing has been granted. And oh, how often God surprises us, after a long day of struggles and discouragements, by a glorious outburst of light at evening time!

There is hardly any passage in our Bible that is more full of encouragement to faithful ministers and teachers and parents and to all who are toiling in Christian enterprises than this very text that suggests this article. Things easily done are generally of small value; it is the costly undertaking that counts. From the days of Bethlehem, Gethsemane and Calvary the history of the Christian Church has been—conflict before victory, labor before reward, shadow before sunlight. When Europe had long been enshrouded in the "dark ages" Martin Luther seized the trumpet of the Saxon tongue and blew a blast that rang from Rome to the Orkneys. I well remember when my friend John G. Whittier was threatened with personal violence on account of his advocacy of negro emancipation; the grand old poet lived to sing the triumph of the Union and of liberty. I could recall incidents in my own experience that illustrate how after dark days of discouragement at evening time it was light. In my first pastoral charge of a small church the discouragements were so great that I was under a strong temptation to abandon the difficult field of labor entirely. Suddenly there came the most remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit that I have ever witnessed during my whole ministry! That revival was worth more to me than any year in the Theological Seminary.

This beautiful passage of the bright eventide is finely descriptive of a Christian old age. Some people have a pitiful dread of growing old and count it a disgrace. They possibly think that if the line in their family Bible that records the day of their birth were subjected to the fashionable process of the "Higher Criticism" it might prove to be erroneous! But if life is spent in God's service its later years may be well described in the quaint Scotch version of the ninety-second Psalm:

And in old age when others fade,
They fruit still forth shall bring;
They shall be fat, and full of sap,
And aye be flourishing.

The October of life frequently yields its richest and ripest fruitage. The Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs delivered his most magnificent sermons and addresses after he had passed threescore. The most majestic and thrilling burst of eloquence that ever flowed from Gladstone's lips was that appeal for bleeding Armenia, when his life-clock had

already struck eighty-six! Why should not the Indian summers of a well-spent life show every leaf on the tree blazing with ruddy gold? That noble old Christian philanthropist, William Wilberforce (who had suffered severe pecuniary losses), wrote in his diary: "I sometimes understand why my life has been spared so long. It is to prove that I can be just as happy without my fortune as when I possessed it. Sailors, it is said, when on a voyage at sea, drink to 'friends astern' until they get half-way across, and then to 'friends ahead' for the rest of the voyage. With me it has been *friends ahead* for many a year." Wilberforce was not the only veteran Christian who got glimpses of the friends ahead in the bright afterglow of life.

If it is true that the old age of a faithful follower of Christ exhibits the light at eventide, still more impressively does this often apply to his or her dying bed. During my active pastorate I sometimes got better sermons from my people than I ever gave to them. I recall now a most touching and sublime scene that I once witnessed in the death chamber of a noble woman who had suffered for many months from an excruciating malady. The end was drawing near. She seemed to be catching a foregleam of the glory that awaited her. With tremulous tones she began to repeat Henry Lyte's matchless hymn, "Abide with Me, Fast Falls the Eventide." One line after another was repeated until with a rapturous sweetness she exclaimed:

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

As I came away from that room, which had been as the vestibule of heaven, I understood how the "Light at eventide" could be only a flashing forth of the overwhelming glory that plays forever around the throne of God!

BROOKLYN, N. Y.



The Personal Religion of William the Silent.

By William Elliot Griffis, L.H.D.

Emblazoned on the stained glass windows of many an American church are the arms of the founder of the Dutch Republic. Note the quarterings. Of the lower two, one is in orange, barred with gold; the other, of the same tint, bears two lions running. The right upper quarter in gold contains a crowned lion rampant. In the upper left rises the uncrowned lion of the Netherlands, with the seventeen turf bricks on a ground of blue, representing as many provinces in union. These tell of earthly glory, of estates owned by descent or marriage. On this large shield is set a smaller one with barred quarterings in orange and gold, and the hunting horns of his ancestor of Charlemagne's era. Above the shield is the crowned helmet which tells of imperial patronage, while pendant is the lamb of the Knights of the Golden Fleece. Yet centering all, like the crest of a lordly mountain, is the shield of Geneva, in token of Calvin's faith. For twelve years, in the prime of his intellect and action, the leader of a nation, never "silent" as to his trust in God, wore gladly this symbol there.

HOW FAR PERSONAL?

How far was the religion of William personal and real? How far was it the policy of the statesman?

Over the body of the Dutch Moses, who led his people out of the Egypt of oppression, Michael and his antagonist continually dispute. Others wonder where William learned toleration, and how he became alone the "moderate man of the sixteenth century" and the pioneer of religious freedom. We need not stand on the firing line between those who see in William only a hypocrite, and those who hail him as a spotless saint. Katner from his own letters and the undisputed facts, will we seek to draw the

true lesson from his career. Like a beacon, this great life rays forth light for all time.

Born in what is now the ruined castle at Dillenburg in Nassau, in 1533, the first son of Count William and his second wife, Juliana, the boy was educated at Court, becoming when but 15 years old, a page to the great Emperor Charles V. He grew up as he was educated to be, a loyal and dutiful son of the Roman Catholic Church, and as a good Catholic opposed the devilry of Philip II. and his advisers, led by Alva. Not till he learned from the King of France of the royal plot to murder, if necessary, a whole nation, in the name of religion, did he cease to be a receptive and unquestioning pupil. Then he gave himself to the study of the Scriptures. When banned by Philip of Spain, an exile and outlaw in Germany, he asked from William of Hesse for a teacher in theology, an "honest, learned, well-bred, good man, and one used to the world's ways"—in a word, for a spiritual guide who knew something besides books. Then from June 13, 1567, he spent nine months of quiet in the castle, his old home, with his Bible, his mother and Christian friends who knew the Word of God. The result was that in March, 1568, he renounced the rites and dogmas of medieval growth. Already heart and soul committed to the Netherlands and their cause—freedom of belief—he knew that the German princes, from whom, indeed, he hoped to get help and supplies, laid great stress upon religion, and so he became a disciple of Luther. Henceforth he never again spoke of "our true and ancient religion," meaning thereby the Roman form of it.

THE INQUISITION.

Then followed the awful years of Alva, of the Council of Blood, of the terrible persecutions that drove half a million people as refugees out of the southern Netherlands, and in which the sword or the Inquisition made 20,000 corpses. All this was done in the name of God and of "the Church," meaning thereby the corporation of which Philip and Alva were the shining champions.

By the year 1573, William had learned to know the Dutch people. He was born a German, and a normal German is a very different man from a normal Netherlander. He who knows not the psychological as well as geographical difference between the men of the highlands of Germany, and the men of the lowlands by the sea, Holland, does not know history, nor can he understand either the past or modern life, whether in western Europe or in South Africa. In the Reformation, Germany accepted Lutheranism, Holland accepted Calvinism. This fact alone means a library. William, who in 1567 had separated himself from the medieval form of Christianity, now, six years later, took another step which separated him from the German Reformers, and especially the German princes, who never helped Holland in her struggle. He joined the Reformed Church of the Netherlands.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

In those days religion was united with politics. They were as Siamese twins. It is to the eternal glory of William that he, under God, was able to separate them, and also to make the separation permanent. He thus became a spiritual forefather of the United States of America.

On October 23, 1573, the Rev. Bartholdi Wilhelmi, of Dordrecht, wrote to the Reformed Dutch Church in London: "Brothers—I must hasten to inform you that the Prince of Orange, our pious stadholder, has joined the congregation, broken the Master's bread with the people, and submitted to discipline." So writes the Dutch dominie; but what says William himself?

No written scrap of his own letters sheds light on this special point. The voluminous archives, even of the House of Orange, as edited by Groen van Prinsterer, gives no X-ray here. We must look not to William's words, but to his actions and the tenor of his life for interpretation. His enemies ascribe his movements to ambition, policy, desire to hold the Dutch people's favor, to gain as allies both the Huguenots and the reformed churchmen of England, then Calvinistic in their spirit and thirty-nine articles, and thus to win, and in the political game be a sovereign of the seven provinces. His glorifiers assert that he was genuinely orthodox, and sincerely persuaded that Calvinism and Christianity were one and the same.

THE KEY TO WILLIAM'S CHARACTER.

So far from agreeing with either of these extremists, I believe

that in William's personal religion we hold the key to his character. Neither a scholastic nor an erudite theologian, he looked upon religion as life in God, and not a set of opinions, or rites, or corporation dogmas or politics. Whether of Rome, of Luther, or of Calvin, he was a Christian, the same man seeking divine help. His religion was not that of the average political sectarian of his age. To him religion was between the soul and God. He knew that reality was more than names, and that a Christ-man was more than a Catholic of any or all orders, or a Protestant of any or all sects, or than all of them added together. To him the proof and fruits of the spirit of Jesus in man were those which the Scriptures enumerated, whereas any religion or corporation torturing, murdering, robbing, in the name of God, could not rightly represent the Father of Christ Jesus. He believed that "where persecution begins, Christianity ends," and he strenuously believed this, whether he was Catholic, Lutheran or Calvinist. In his eyes persecution was of the Devil, no matter who were the persecutors.

William was in religion what Rembrandt was in art, or Shakespeare in literature. He created for the times a new style. Hitherto in Europe religion and statecraft were one. The prince ruled the conscience of his subjects. The dominant party in the Republic ground down those outside the established pale. The state of things in sixteenth century Europe was almost exactly that which rules in Turkey to-day, where nationalities are divided according to religion. One could not then be a Christian without joining a political church. William saw that religion is not a question of names nor of politics, but deeper than a country, a name, or a profession. Christianity was more than Romanism, Lutheranism and Calvinism put together, even as a whole is greater than its parts. To him the religion of Jesus was something apart from statute and edict of man; that is, in a man's heart and life, to be judged by the fruits brought forth.

HIS TOLERATION.

The proof of this statement is clear. While other rulers burned, drowned, or hanged the Anabaptists, or Mennonites. William recognized them as the children of God. In 1577, he laid a great foundation stone, first for the Dutch, and then of the American Republic, and for our modern life, when he wrote to the magistrates of Middelburg: "We declare to you that you have no right to interfere with the conscience of any one, so long as he has done nothing that works injury to another person, or a public scandal."

In a word, William lifted up religion from the mire of politics, statecraft, and the blind fanaticism of those who killed, thinking they did God service, and showed that it is a matter of the conscience and fruits of the Spirit. As a Catholic he refused to persecute. When he separated from the German State Church, he did not become a Dutch zealot. He rebuked Sonoy and other of his Calvinistic captains for murdering in the name of God and the Church. He saw that men were concealing their wicked passions under various names supposed to represent Christianity. He refused to harm Christians of other names. For this even his fellow Calvinists—yes, even the saintly Aldegonde—distrusted him.

HIS VIEW OF CALVINISM.

The Silent One's view of Calvinism meant neither politics nor scholasticism, but the leveling of all mortals as guilty sinners before God. In Christ the poorest boer was a man and popes and emperors nothing more. He saw that Calvinism never bred poverty or ignorance, but was the mother of cleanliness, comfort, order and education. He saw also that men might call themselves Calvinistic and yet be anarchists, torturers and persecutors as wicked as those in "the ancient and holy Church."

In a word, this great man, born before his time, tore off the sham and false labels of religion, and went back to Christ. He saw that the Church, with all her divisions and the faults of her members, was the only institution that stood for righteousness, and he joined the Church. His actions showed that he could know Christ without learning the lore of parchments, and the scholasticism of the schools. He taught and lived the great truth that no form of Christianity is naturally intolerant, when it is separated from the power of the sword, and from kingdoms which are of this world; but that, when allied to earthly force, no name, whether of Peter, of Luther, or of Calvin, can save it from crucifying Christ afresh in the anti-Christ of persecution. It is no wonder that on the portals of the water gate, amid the splendors of the White City in 1893, it was written that the greatest triumph of civilization during the last 400 years was freedom of conscience, of which William was the champion. William the Silent stands for the everliving truth, that a man is a Christian, not by virtue of erudition, or theory, or corporation, but only through the righteousness of God in Christ Jesus. So many people, yes, even church members, think that to be zealous for God means to quarrel with your neighbors of another church name! William, "the Father of the Fatherland," showed us a more excellent way. "Because of his clear faith in God he was ever 'tranquil amid the waves.'" Let us follow him as he followed Christ.

ITHACA, N. Y.

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for March 30, 1902.

Easter Lesson.—John xx., 6-18.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Jesus said unto her: 'I am the resurrection and the life.'" John ii., 25.

THE EMPTY SEPULCHRE.

There was no one thing which the apostles were more concerned to produce substantial proof of than the resurrection of their Master, because that it was which He himself had appealed to as the last and most cogent proof of His being the Messiah. It was this upon which the performance of His undertaking for our redemption and salvation depended. If He give His life a ransom and does not resume it, it would not appear that His giving of it was accepted as a satisfaction. The method of proof is such as gives abundant satisfaction to those who are piously disposed to receive the doctrine and law of Christ, and yet leaves room for those to object who are willingly ignorant and obstinate in their opposition and unbelief. We have in our lesson the first step toward the proof of Christ's resurrection, which is that the sepulchre was found empty. "He is not here," and, if so, it devolves upon them to tell us where he is.

MARY AT THE TOMB.

Mary Magdalene, coming to the sepulchre, finds the stone taken away. This evangelist does not mention the other women that went with her, but her only, because she was the most active and forward in this visit, and in her appeared the most affection, induced by the great things Christ had done for her. Much had been forgiven her, and therefore she loved much. The continued instances of her respect for Him after His death proves the sincerity of her love. Love to Christ, if it be cordial, will be constant. She comes to the sepulchre to meet the dead body with her tears, for she went to the grave to weep there and to anoint it with the ointment she had prepared. The grave is a house that people do not care to make visits to. The Jews' religion forbade them to meddle any more than must needs be with graves and dead bodies. But her great love puts all this aside. We must always study to do honor to Christ even in those things by which we cannot profit Him. Love to Christ will take off the terror of death and the grave. If we cannot come to Christ but through that dark valley, even there, if we love Him, we shall fear no evil.

THE STONE ROLLED AWAY.

She came early, on the first day of the week, while it was yet dark. Those who would seek Christ so as to find him, must seek Him early. They must seek Him industriously. We must deny ourselves and our own repose in pursuit of Christ. Everything else must give place to that one thing. That day is in a fair way to be well ended that is thus so well begun. And now a most unexpected surprise greets her. She finds the stone taken away. It was the beginning of a glorious discovery. The Lord was risen, though she did not at first apprehend it so. Those who are most constant in their devotion to Christ and most diligent in their inquiries after Him are those who have the first and sweetest exhibitions of His grace. Mary Magdalene, who followed Christ to the last in His humiliation, met him with the first in His exaltation.

GOES TO PETER AND JOHN.

Mary, finding the stone taken away, hastens back to Peter and John, who probably lodged together at the end of the town, not far off, and tells them the story. They have taken the Lord out of the sepulchre and we know not where they have laid Him. One would expect that the first thought would be, "Surely the Lord is risen," for whenever He had told them that He should be crucified, which she had now lately seen accomplished, He had also declared to them in the same breath that the third day He should rise again. When we come to reflect upon our own conduct we shall often stand amazed at our own dullness and forgetfulness. She seemed most disturbed at the absence of the body, but if she had really understood it rightly, that fact, above everything else, should have made her happy. Weak believers often make that a matter of complaint which is really their greatest ground for hope and joy.

PETER AND JOHN AT THE SEPULCHRE.

Peter and John go with all speed to the sepulchre to satisfy themselves of the truth of what had been told them. Some think that

the other disciples were with Peter and John when the news came, for it is written, Luke 24-9, they "told these things to the eleven." Yet none of them went to the sepulchre but Peter and John, who were two of the first three of Christ's disciples, and often distinguished above the rest by special favors. Those who are most honored with the privileges of discipleship should be more active than others in the duty of disciples, and be most willing to take pains and run hazards in a good work. When Mary told them what she had seen it seemed to them so marvelous that they could not take her word, but would go and see with their own eyes. So when others tell us of the wonderful comforts and benefits of accepting and seeing Christ, it is but right that we should fairly test the matter by making trial of them. To this end we are freely invited to come and see for ourselves, to draw near to God and test how good he is.

GOOD DISCIPLESHIP.

We should always be ready to share with our friends in their cares and fears. Peter and John hasten to the sepulchre that they might be able to give Mary a satisfactory answer. And, too, we should always make haste in a good work, and when we are going on a good errand. Peter and John did not consult their ease, but they ran. See, too, what a good thing it is to have good company in a good work. Perhaps neither of these disciples would have gone to the sepulchre alone, but being both together they go at once. What a laudable emulation it is among disciples as to which shall excel in that which is good. John being the younger outran Peter and got there before him. We must do our best without envying others that can do better. He that got to the front in this race was the "disciple whom Jesus loved" in a special manner, and who therefore in a special manner loved Jesus. A realizing sense of Christ's love to us kindling love in us to Him again will make us to excel in all virtues. The love of Christ will constrain us more than anything else to the performance of every duty.

SEEKING AFTER CHRIST.

Peter and John having reached the sepulchre begin their search, yet make little advances in the way of discovery. John went no further than Mary had done. He had the curiosity to look in and saw it was empty. He had not courage to go in. The warmest affections are not always accompanied with the boldest resolution. Peter, though he came last, went in first and made a more exact discovery than John had. Though John had outran him, he did not on that account turn back, but followed after him as fast as he could, and while John was cautiously looking in he came and courageously went into the sepulchre. God dispenses his gifts variously. John could outrun Peter, but Peter could outdare John. Some disciples are quick, and they are useful to quicken those who are slow. Others are bold, and they are useful to put heart into those who are timorous. There is a diversity of gifts, but one Spirit. The good Christian need not be afraid of the grave, since Christ has lain in it, for to them there is no more anything frightful in it.

LINGERING AND WEEPING.

Love kept Mary lingering at the sepulchre, but it was unbelief that kept her weeping. She looks again into the tomb to see if, after all, there may not be some mistake and the body be still there. She sees two angels. But she is not looking for angels, it is her Lord she wants, and nothing else will satisfy the craving of her heart. Half in wonder, and altogether in protest, the angels exclaim: "Woman, why weepest thou?" Her faith was badly shaken, and yet she still speaks of him as "my Lord." He was a dead Lord, but she will go to him. And all this while, right at her back, so close at hand, was the living Lord who had come to her. It was indeed a dark hour in Mary's and yet it was to be the brightest hour in all her life. Jesus repeats the question of the angels. Her answer is full of tenderness and love, and one true to the life of a Christian heart.

THE RECOGNITION.

The way Mary came at last to recognize her Lord is deeply significant. He just said one word, "Mary." No other had ever pronounced that name just as Jesus did, and when it came to her ear in the old familiar tone Mary's blindness was gone forever. She would have held him fast, but Jesus would not suffer this. He bids her go to her brethren—and until now Jesus had never called His disciples His brethren—and say unto them: "I ascend unto My Father and your Father, and to My God and your God." Jesus speaks of God the Father not only as "my Father," but also as "my God." Nothing could possibly bring out more clearly and decisively the true humanity of the risen Christ. It must have been very hard to leave the Lord immediately after he had been restored to her, but the privilege of obeying Him once more and of carrying such a message to those whom she loved for His sake made her speed with willing feet from Him on her errand.



FISK MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

Erected with the bequest of General Fisk. Seats 1,000.

(Concluded from last week.)

Fisk University.

By Rev. J. G. Merrill, D.D.

President of Fisk University.

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK.

General Fisk, the brilliant soldier and ardent philanthropist, lent invaluable aid and consented to have the institution, so problematical in its existence, bear his name. Governor Brownlow and the pioneer educator of colored youth, Prof. John Ogden, added the weight of their words and helpful deeds, and Fisk had come into being.

ROMANCE ATTENDED ITS EARLY LIFE.

Nearly four years had passed, when the Professor of music started out with a band of colored youth, who had been named the Jubilee Singers. That they could sing with incomparable sweetness he knew. That the songs they were to sing had incomparable pathos no one who heard them doubted. But nothing short of sublimest faith could have sent forth this band of friendless youth on their mission. They often were penniless as they went from town to town. They arrived at Oberlin and were permitted to sing before the National Council, then in session at that stronghold of the colored man. The tide turned. It rose with rapidity. Plymouth, Brooklyn, and other churches were opened to them. The entire North gave them welcome. They crossed the Atlantic; that gracious friend of humanity, Queen Victoria, gave them audience. Her incomparable prime minister, Gladstone, made them his guests at Hawarden. Germany and France heard them. At the end of seven years they returned to Nashville and laid at the feet of the University the munificent sum of \$150,000, a large part of which was devoted to the erection of Jubilee Hall and the remainder to the paying for the campus of thirty-five acres, once a slave plantation, now the most commanding location in the Athens of the South, as Nashville, the seat of four universities, is justly called.



FISK'S TWENTIETH CENTURY FOOTBALL TEAM.

THERE HAS BEEN ROMANCE IN ALL ITS LIFE.

Never for a year has the hard work, the distasteful drudgery, the, at the time, apparently fruitless toil been undertaken on the basis of cold, calculating judgment; from its birth to the present hour, ideals that to most men would have seemed dreams and wild fancies, have animated the leaders of this enterprise—such ideals as have underlain the world's greatest achievements and have given heart to the world's victors.

Wisdom and painstaking attention to the material interests of the University, that have challenged the admiration of those who have watched its growth, have been coupled with all this romance. The ideal has been made actual. This has not been due to one man, nor one sex, nor one race. For a quarter of a century and more, have men and women, white and black, worked with an unanimity rarely equaled, with patience and self-sacrifice. As the outcome there is

THE FISK UNIVERSITY OF TO-DAY.

The building of Jubilee Hall set the pace for the progress of the institution. Thorough workmanship, good taste and belief in a large future, have prevented the erection of buildings which could be used only a short time and must be replaced by structures adapted to the work. Eight

substantial buildings afford the facilities now needed and are so grouped that in the near future the Central and Music Halls can be erected, to complete the general plan. Already the large enrolment of pupils, coming, as they do, from more than a score of the States of our Union is making the proposed buildings a necessity and affording other givers the opportunity to bless humanity that has been so handsomely met by those large-minded donors who have built the structures already erected.

RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE UNIVERSITY.

This, first of all, is religious. With no cant, with the avoidance of undue emotion, with a constant appeal to Christian manhood and



INDUSTRIAL BUILDING AND GYMNASIUM.

Erected through a legacy by Mr. Howard, of Nashville, and gift to Fisk University of Dr. A. J. Burrell, of Oberlin, O.



FISK'S FINISHED PRODUCT.

be those who receive their diploma at Fisk; but they are to be the leaders of a people sorely needing leadership. And Fisk's determination to rear such leaders is an abiding protest against the spirit which denies to any human being a chance, and a declaration that the Church, like its divine Master, is to minister especially to those who most need help.

THE TEST OF ITS WORK.

Each year it publishes to the world its list of graduates, and over against each name what he is doing for the world. It does not hesitate to compare this list with a like catalogue of any institution with equipment equal to its own. It has faith to believe that the demon of prejudice will not always hold its flaming sword to bar true manhood deserving success at the threshold of life.

VALUE OF THE WORK.

At first and for several years the work of Fisk was regarded with suspicion by the Southern people. Their attitude toward it is greatly changed, as is evidenced by the following testimony:

The first was called out by an abortive attempt to pass a law in Tennessee forbidding white teachers in colored schools, private as well as public. It was written by E. E. Hoss, D.D., a prominent divine in the Southern Methodist Church, who signed himself "A Southerner of Southerners." He said of our teachers:

"It is keeping entirely within the limits of the truth to say that the influence which they have exerted upon the colored youth has been wholly in favor of industry, temperance, domestic morality and good citizenship. Any effort to shut the colored youth off from the benefit of contact with trained and competent teachers would be both a blunder and a crime."

It is alike significant with the tribute paid to President Cravath, of Fisk, in a funeral address from the leading Southern Presbyterian divine of Nashville. "I think," he said, "the supreme triumph of his victory is that here

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womanhood, men and women loyal to Jesus, seeking less their rights than to faithfully perform their duties, are being reared. For nine months in a year the faculty of Fisk, like those who in large cities man college settlements, day and night seek in every way and by all means to arouse and perpetuate the highest Christian ideals. Added to these are intellectual training, musical culture and a spirit of true gentility. The student body honors scholarship, awakens ambitions, cultivates good manners, frowns upon untidiness of appearance, while by firmly sustained legislation the faculty forbids any display of extravagance in attire. Patches and darns are expected; soiled or neglected garments the school will not permit. In a word, what one would expect to find in a Caucasian institute, composed of pupils of moderate means, with high ideals and gentle manners, are found at Fisk. The choicest of the recently emancipated race are here seeking a training. As always and everywhere, none reach the highest ideal. Some are found who fail to aspire to it; a few are intractable, but to one who recalls the life of the race and the treatment it has received before and since it was freed, life at Fisk is a constant miracle.

The Fisk idea is an expression often on the lips of its alumni. It may be summed up in this: The rudiments of learning for all, manual training for those that are adapted to it and will use it in their after life, the best of culture for those who are capable of receiving and employing it. In a word, capacity not color, Christianity not caste, is to decide the question as to the kind of education a youth is to receive, whether he dwell in the North or South, whether he be an Ethiopian or an Anglo-Saxon. Exceeding few in comparison with the vast multitude of their race will



THE FAR-FAMED "JUBILEE HALL."

Built with money earned by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.



LIVINGSTON HALL, FISK UNIVERSITY.

A gift mainly from Mrs. Valeria G. Stone.

The Christian Life

Knowledge of God.

By Frederick Lynch.

A man's life is largely determined by the character of his god. When men knew only gods of passion and mad selfishness they felt that nothing more was demanded of their own life here. When God was only a judge and king there was no incentive to live as His children. It is only when, through Christ, we find that God is our Father that we find rising up within us the instincts of a true God-child's life.

It is when we know that there is a Father who put us here in love, that we might realize ourself, might grow a soul into His image, that we feel the greatness of our origin and would realize our great destiny. It is father and mother love that saves us as children; it is Father love in God that saves us as men. When we know that God loves us, and that His happiness depends upon our faithfulness to Him and His great plans for us, that we feel high promptings to be true and faithful. For if He has created us to be His children, if we fail Him where shall He find satisfaction or success? To know that we are His children, to be called sons of God, is to awaken in our hearts desires for the God-like life.

The psychologists are telling us to-day that if we want to make a child good we are to begin by calling him good, by taking it for granted that he is good, and treating him as though he were. It is a truth we are slowly learning. But it is a power unto salvation. When Jesus comes and says, "God is our Father and we are all His children," then the heart of a man leaps within him, and he says, "If I am a child of God I will try and live up to my birthright. If I am meant for the divine I will try and realize it. If, as Jesus says, God yearns over me as a father over his child, I will try and be worthy of the Father and His great love." Sometimes I think that if we would only present God as He really is, make his love real, as did Jesus, men would perforce turn to Him; the noblest in them would reach out for Him; and when the best in men goes out toward God the men themselves soon follow.



The Supreme Authority of God's Word.

By Rev. W. J. Mosier.

When God would have Moses make the tabernacle He took him up into the Mount and there revealed unto him the exact pattern. Clearer than any architect's plan and specifications was the exact vision of this Wonderful Tent indelibly written upon the mind and heart of Moses, and again and again God warned him, "See that thou make in it all things according to the pattern shown thee in the Mount." Thus God has given His word so plainly to His people that they are not to add to or take from it. His order is "to the law and the testimony. If they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them." The Saviour said: "In vain ye teach for doctrines the commandments of men." The Bereans were commended because they searched the Scriptures daily to see if the teaching they heard was correct. Paul commends

the Corinthians because they kept the ordinances as he, by inspiration, had delivered them unto them, and he says to the Galatians: "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel than that we have preached unto you let him be accused." He praises the Thessalonians that, when they received his message they received it not as the word of man, but as it is in truth, the word of God. In his trial before Agrippa he said tactfully to the unbelieving Jews who pretended to believe the Scriptures: "Having therefore obtained help from God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to the great and small, teaching none other things than Moses did say should come to pass." Would that the word of God was so revered and upheld in our day. Take away the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures and their supreme authority in the minds and hearts of believers and the very foundations of everything are removed.



Christian Conversation Corner.

By Mary Elizabeth Sweetser.

"IN PATIENCE POSSESS YE YOUR SOULS."

In this age of rush and hurry do we not need to remind ourselves that we have both the teachings of Scripture and the divine example to incite us to the virtue of patience and moderation?

God did not hasten when he created this world and prepared it for the habitation of man, and when man had taken up his abode here, had sinned and the promise of the coming One who should "bruise" the "head" of the evil tempter was given, how many thousand years passed before the promise was fulfilled? This was not because the Lord was "slack concerning his promise," but because the right time, the "fulness of time," had not come.

Jesus was content to spend thirty years of his short life on earth in patiently waiting and preparing for his three years of public ministry, and then leave the cause for which he endured the cross in the hands of others, and those weak, blundering, erring disciples, while he "sat down on the right hand of God, from henceforth *expecting*," until after hundreds, even thousands of years, they should have carried the news of His salvation to all nations.

As we read the story of Jesus' busy, active days are we not impressed with the lack of any haste or flurry? And yet he saw the fields "white already to harvest," and realized that the "laborers" were "few," but remembered what He would have us keep in mind the "true saying," "One soweth and another reapeth," "that both * * * may rejoice together" in the "life eternal."

Part of Jesus' description of those who receive the "seed" in the "good ground" of an "honest heart" is they bring forth fruit with patience." Also, while talking with his disciples not long before he left them he gave the exhortation "in patience possess ye your souls."

In the writings of the apostles we find urgent appeals for the cultivation of this grace and commendation of those who had exercised it.

We are not now looking at patience as the opposite of fretfulness, but in its meaning of steady perseverance. This will prevent our yielding to the feeling, common to us all, perhaps, that we can accomplish little or nothing, and, consequently, will make no beginning, and will cause us to determine to do something, to "continue in well doing," even when good results are not speedily evident, and, though questioning methods, if perchance we may improve them, never to give way to discouragement. Our work is the Lord's; let us seek and follow His guidance, then wait with patience for the "increase" which he alone can give.

The Home Life

The Flower Mission.

By Mary D. Brine.

Into the homes of sorrow and distress
 Let us send flowers, sweet flowers to bud and bloom,
 And in their own sweet way make glad awhile
 Sad lives which wither in perpetual gloom.
 Poor hearts that sigh and starve for lack of love,
 Dim eyes which ne'er behold a beauteous thing,
 And tired hands that stretch and reach in vain
 For joys which ever from their grasp take wing—
 To these the flowers on their mission go,
 And breathe a fragrance fraught with new, glad life,
 And cause an atmosphere of joy and peace
 To enter e'en 'mid scenes of pain and strife.

A thousand blessings on the kindly hands
 Which pluck the fragrant blossoms for our poor!
 A thousand blessings on the kindly feet
 Which falter not, but go from door to door
 And leave the gifts which speak of kind hearts true,
 And seem to say, "cheer up! tho' thorns abound,
 Yet there are flowers of love which bloom for you!"



Dress and the Lady.

By Jane McVean.

Dress has come to be a fine art. Skill, taste, discrimination, color, fabric, a careful study of the individual, all enter into the sometimes perplexing but always interesting problem of how to be well dressed.

Sages and philosophers are studying out the deep things of life, and they frequently give to the world the result of their research, but nothing that has dropped from the lips of the wise men has been caught up, passed around and discussed like those few words accredited to the first lady of the land that a woman can dress well on \$300 a year.

In Paris and St. Petersburg, according to the papers, the question of dress is being considered from the \$300 standpoint. And it will be answered very much as the question of the shield was by the knights of old; it will depend on which side one stands. Those who are far below the \$300 will think it quite sufficient, and those above will wonder how it can be done.

Many people do not consider that money, instead of being the first thing to solve the question of being well dressed, may easily be relegated to second place. The woman who has an eye for careful and wise purchasing and a skilful hand for making and altering has more than \$300 at her command to start with.

The woman who never sees the fitness of things when buying, and who wears and tears her clothes and casts them aside or gives away garments as worthless that still have in them great possibilities for future use, scarcely any amount of money will keep such a woman looking well dressed.

A lady who goes much in society said not long ago: "I have just three dresses, besides those I wear indoors, at home."

This lady belongs to three clubs, is invited to afternoon teas, receptions and musicales among the most fashionable people.

"My walking suit is bicycle length, and is made of the regulation two-faced cloth of dark brown. I use it not only for rainy days, but on all occasions that require much walking.

"Then I have a fine black broadcloth skirt, made so as to just clear when I stand. I wear it with different waists, and it is my church dress, and I often wear it to teas and receptions. For very stylish, high-toned affairs I have another black skirt. It is made with quite a train and hangs beautifully. I wear it, also, with different waists; sometimes with a very handsome black waist. But for very best I have a cream-white silk, decorated with pink velvet and white lace. Besides my church hat, I have what I call my dress hat, which is soft gray velvet, trimmed with white. When I want to look especially fine, as on the occasion of a wedding reception recently, I fastened on one side of my hat a fluffy bow, made of several soft loops of pink liberty satin, the exact shade of the velvet on my waist. I can assure you I did not feel second best to any one.

"I look after my clothes myself. After being worn they are always carefully shaken and brushed, and if there is a stitch needed anywhere I see that it is taken, and I keep the things in my wardrobe looking fresh and crisp and new. With the changes that can be effected by a bit of lace or a ribbon and a little skill in manipulating these things by oneself, the wonder is not how a woman can dress well on a small sum, but why is it that she cannot?"

A friend of mine laughed the other day and said: "I know a housekeeper who makes seven kinds of cake and uses the same recipe for the body of every one. I can wear three or four different hats, and really have but one. It is plain black, but it is trimmed so that it will admit of an addition that entirely changes it—a plume and a bow of white, or a cluster of blue feathers, or a large, fluffy aigrette of pink—and I have a hat to match any suit I wear."

The matter of dress is an important one to the young girl, and fortunate is the one who has a wise mother to instruct her. It is natural for the young girl to desire to be a lady—to possess the refinement, the poise—and to surround herself with all the dainty accessories that are supposed to belong to any lady. Scarcely anything gives a young girl such a delicious glow of satisfaction as to know that she is spoken of as being "a perfect lady."

And this is right and as it should be.

To be a lady means to the young girl the highest type of womanhood.

I remember the words of an estimable woman, for years a teacher and a leader among her sex: "Need I say that in order to be a lady one must be scrupulously clean—clean in person, in body and in mind. No thought of taint of dirt or soil of any kind can be associated with true ladyhood."

So wise are these words that they may stand as the woman's creed who desires to be a lady.

How often we are shocked by the inconsistency of things!

May we not hope that the new woman, whatever she may be or do, will rise above the follies and foibles of a slavery that binds so many women to a senseless fashion. I refer to the street-sweeping brigade of long-trained women, who gather the dirt and filth of the street and bind it about themselves.

Who can fail to have a feeling of revulsion when one thinks what the condition must be!

A train dress in the carriage or drawing-room is one thing, and a train dress for use on special occasions, when both hands are free to lift it clear when on the street, is admissible; but a train dress when marketing or shopping, spotted, soiled, offensive to the beholder, and a burden to the wearer, is it not surprising how many there are who follow the unwholesome custom?

Fitness for the occasion is the stamp of the well-dressed woman—a short dress for business wear, shopping, marketing, and the like, a clearing length for church and visiting, unless one has her carriage, and a train for the times when it is becoming and suitable.

The Children.



THE RACE.

By John Lea.

"O who will be the first to greet the spring, true spring?"

Cries January. "Winter soon will go.

The swallow will be practicing his wing, blue wing,

When March is busy melting up the snow.

"I wonder if the daffodil has found some way

Its bells a little earlier to ring!

O modest little blossoms of the ground, come, say

Which will be the first to greet the spring?"

The crocus hears the question, and the primrose, too;

The daffodil is sleeping 'neath the gloom,

And, see! that bed of violets the breeze blows through

Has *almost* made arrangements *now* to bloom.

But there is yet another who has won the merry race;

See yonder bank where frosts of winter cling;

A snowdrop pure and modest, with its form of gentle grace,

Has come almost unseen, to greet the spring.

—*Little Folks.*



Let Me Pray First.

A sweet and intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys, by accident, threw a stone toward her and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready to let the doctor do what he could to cure her eye.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel on your lap and pray to Jesus first," she answered.

And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterward submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears under these trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour; and He will hear every child that calls upon His name. Every pain can be endured when we ask Jesus to help us bear it.

A Little Boy's Politeness.

It was raining. An aged lady, who had crossed by ferry from Brooklyn to New York, looked wistfully across the street to the car she wanted to take. She had no umbrella; her arms were full of bundles. A shabby little fellow, carrying a cheap but good umbrella, stepped up. "May I see you across ma'am?" "Thank you, dear."

Across the street, she handed him 5 cents. He declined it, blushing, yet looking as if he wanted it. The lady was interested. She drew him under an awning, and questioned him, to find that his having this umbrella was a bit of childish enterprise to help his mamma. He had paid the 75 cents in his saving-bank for it, and had already taken in 30 cents by renting his umbrella to gentlemen, who, like herself, had left their umbrellas at home.

"You're the first old lady," he said, with childhood's candor, "that I've taken across—and—and I didn't think it was polite. I didn't think mamma would like me to charge you." "A child of the poor," thought his questioner, "but I know from his ways that his mother is a lady and a good woman."



How Gracie Obeyed.

It was a clear, bright day, and Gracie took her hoop and started out to have a nice run in the sunshine. She had only gone a little way when she heard her mother calling, "Gracie! Gracie!"

"Oh dear! mamma wants me for something," she said to herself with a frown on her face. "I will make believe I don't hear her, and then perhaps she won't call me again."

"Gracie! Gracie!" called mamma; and Gracie turned back very slowly.

"What is it, mamma?" she asked.

"I want you to rock baby's cradle a little while, dear," answered mamma. "My head aches so badly that I want to try and get a little nap."

"I never can play when I want to," grumbled Gracie. "I think it's too bad to make me rock the cradle so!" and she threw down her hoop so noisily that baby began to cry. Instead of singing to him and trying to quiet him, she jerked the cradle backward and forward with a cross "Keep quiet, won't you?" At last, poor mamma, with her aching head, had to take him up in her arms.

Now, does any little boy or girl think that was the way to obey? No, I am sure you do not; and I hope that when you are told to do anything you mind at once, and mind cheerfully.—*Sunbeam.*



What She Would Give.

"Mummy," said a small girl, "mummy, dear, I do wish I could give some money for poor children's dinners."

"So you may, darling."

"But, mummy, I haven't any money."

"Well, darling, if you like to go without sugar I will give you the money instead, and then you will have some."

The small child considered solemnly for a moment, and then said: "Must it be sugar, mummy?"

"Why, no, darling; I don't much mind. What would you like to do without?"

"How would soap do, mummy, then?" exclaimed the small maiden in triumph.



Her Little Fellow Yet.

By M. A. Maitland.

What funny creatures mothers are!
 I sometimes laugh to see—
 For all my bigness and my age—
 How mine looks after me.
 She wants to warm me when I'm cold,
 To dry me when I'm wet;
 I do believe she thinks me just
 A little fellow yet!
 I got a bump at ball one day
 That knocked me rather flat,
 But if we had not lost the game
 I'd not have minded that:
 And when they brought me to the door
 I saw her eyes grow wet,
 So I am sure she thinks me just
 A little fellow yet!
 I'm not a schoolboy any more,
 With satchel at my back;
 It won't be many years before
 I don the haversack.
 I'm going to join the volunteers—
 My father was a "vet."—
 And surely then I will not be
 A little fellow yet!
 Of course, although she thinks me this,
 It does not make it so;
 I'm big enough and strong enough
 As some, I reckon, know.
 But, then, one feels so small inside
 To think she can forget,
 Or can't believe, that I am not
 A little fellow yet!
 Ah, well! the mother's good as gold,
 And kind as kind can be;
 There's no one else in all the world
 That's half as kind to me.
 So let her think it if she will,
 When I, too, am a "vet."—
 It may be I will wish I were
 Her little fellow yet!



OUR POST-OFFICE.

"ME-OW!"

ROCKVILLE CENTRE, N. Y., March 2, 1902.

Dear Grandma—Have you room around your chair for a cat? My name is Tippecanoe. Isn't it rather an odd name for a cat? Don't you think so, Grandma? I am a maltese cat with white slippers and a white vest. I am very fond of mice, and sometimes my little mistress puts me in a closet where I can catch them. It is cruel, I know, but it is such a temptation that I can hardly help it. I am 3 years old. I was brought from Southampton in a basket by my little mistress's mother. I was only a kitten then, so I do not remember much about it, for I slept the whole time on my journey. But I know it wasn't very pleasant being shut up in a basket with just a little hole in to breathe through. Sometimes my little mistress dresses me up in her doll's clothes. It isn't very pleasant, but she thinks I look cunning, so I try and stand it for a while, as long as it pleases her. I don't like dogs, do you, Grandma? I hope there's none around your chair to bark at me. If I could draw I would draw a picture of my little mistress as she sits there reading one of her favorite books. It is raining out of doors, and I am very glad to be sitting here by the nice, warm fire writing this. I seldom say "Me-ow," but I do a great deal of singing, for my mistress loves me dearly. She never wants to hurt me, and I am good to her, too. I don't know as I ought to have come to see you, but if you don't want me throw me in your waste basket.

Your loving pussy,

TIPPECANOE.

Oh, no! I couldn't treat a little puss so meanly, so I will give you a place by my fire where you can warm those dainty little feet; they must be cold in slippers this weather. And I will let you purr away to your heart's content. A little doggy rapped at my door the other day, and so you will have to make friends with him. He is gentle and well behaved, and you will soon get accustomed to him. The poor mice! But I don't know as I can be too severe with you for catching them, as that is only part of your natural instinct. I hope you do not torment them like some cats do that I have seen, however, and maybe you let one go altogether now and then. I should think you would look cute dressed in doll's clothes, and I am glad to know that you never attempt to scratch your little mistress.



A LITTLE SANTA CLAUS GIRL.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., March 4, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I have never written to you before, but would like to become one of your grandchildren.

I was 13 years old on Christmas eve. I have three brothers and one sister, but they are all away. My sister is in college. It has been very cold here but not so cold now.

I would like you to print this letter as I want to surprise my mother and father. My father is a Methodist minister, so we have to move from one place to another.

Your loving grandchild,

FLORENCE HALL.

It is too bad that you have to move so often, almost as soon as you begin to feel acquainted and at home. And, then, it must be a great expense moving around from place to place. Grandma thinks that it would be better to have the time extended. Jack Frost will soon be saying good-bye to us, and a good riddance it will be. I think the saucy fellow has quite worn his welcome out this winter.



Pussy's Breakfast.

MISSES PAPA.

ALLEGAN, Mich., March 3, 1902.

Dear Grandma—There isn't but a handful of snow here. This afternoon I went down town without my rubbers.

I hope you and your grandchildren are well. I am.

Papa has gone to Three Rivers, Mich., and we expect him back Saturday. A week is quite a while without seeing your papa, but then I have three brothers and one sister, Lois.

Maybe, if you don't mind, I will write a story for THE CHRISTIAN WORK. Hoping I have crowded no one out, I am your loving grandchild,

MARGUERITE STROUGH.

"Saturday" was jubilee day at your house, I fancy, and papa's heart was cheered by his welcome home. I suppose each one of you tried to get the first kiss. We are all tired of carrying "rubbers" around and shall not be sorry to see the last snowflake. The sun is growing warmer and warmer and soon the little seeds will be stretching out their green fingers and tapping for Dame Nature to open their prison doors. I "don't mind" your writing the story, and if I think it will do to print I will be glad to let the rest of my grandchildren see what a bright little girlie you are. Don't make it longer than 150 words.



Dear Grandma—These are the answers to riddles in February 22d, I think.

1. The faster you lick it the faster it goes.
2. When you put one on the other is left.
3. When the cow jumped over the moon.
4. It is ten to one if you catch it.
5. There is not a single person in it.

Hoping they are correct, I am your grandson,

MAC DOWNING.

Yes, you have guessed the answers to the riddles and Lillian Teller, who sent them, will be pleased. Now, who will be the first to guess the geographical questions? I wonder.



THE CRUISE of

The CACHALOT

By Frank T. Bullen
First Mate



CHAPTER XXIII.

AT FUTUNA, RECRUITING.

Sure enough, in accordance with our expectations, break of day revealed the twin masses of Futuna ahead, some ten or fifteen miles away. With the fine, steady breeze blowing, by break-fast-time we were off the entrance to a pretty bight, where sail was shortened and the ship hove-to. Captain Count did not intend to anchor, for reasons of his own, he being assured that there was no need to do so. Nor was there. Although the distance from the beach was considerable, we could see numbers of canoes putting off, and soon they began to arrive. Now, some of the South Sea Islands are famous for the elegance and seaworthiness of their canoes; nearly all of them have a distinctly definite style of canoe-building; but here at Futuna was a bewildering collection of almost every type of canoe in the wide world. Dugouts, with outriggers on one side, on both sides, with none at all; canoes built like boats, like prams, like irregular egg-boxes, many looking like the first boyish attempt to knock something together that would float; and—not to unduly prolong the list by attempted classification of these unclassed crafts—*coracles*. Yes; in that lonely Pacific island, among that motley crowd of floating nondescripts, were specimens of the ancient coracle of our own islands, constructed in exactly the same way; that is, of wicker-work, covered with some waterproof substance, whether skin or tarpaulin. But the ingenious Kanaka, not content with his coracles, had gone one better, and copied them in dugouts of solid timber. The resultant vessel was a sort of cross between a butcher's tray and a wash-basin—

"A thing beyond
Conception: such a wretched wherry,
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry."

The proud possessors of the coracles, both wicker and wood, must have been poor indeed, for they did not even own a paddle, propelling their basins through the water with their hands. It may be imagined what a pace they put on! At a little distance they were very puzzling, looking more like a water-beetle grown fat and lazy than aught else.

And so, in everything floatable, the whole male population of that part of the coast came to visit us. We were speedily the center of a great crowd of canoes, some of which were continually capsizing and spilling their occupants, who took no more notice of such incidents than one would of a sneeze. Underneath a canoe, or on top, made but little difference to these amphibious creatures. They brought nothing with them to trade; in fact, few of their vessels were capable of carrying anything that could not swim and take care of itself. As they came on board, each crossed himself more or less devoutly, revealing the teaching of a Roman Catholic mission; and as they called to one another, it was not hard to recognize, even in their native garb, such names as Errènèò (Irenæus), Al'seo (Aloysius), and other favorite cognomens of saints.

A laughing, chattering, good-tempered crowd they were—just like a bevy of children breaking up, and apparently destitute of the slightest sense of responsibility. They spoke a totally different dialect, or maybe language, to that of Vau Vau, for it was only an isolated word here and there that Samuela could make out. But presently, going forward through the crowd that thronged every part of the deck, I saw a man leaning nonchalantly against the rail by the fore-rigging, who struck me at once as being an American negro. The most casual observer would not have mistaken him for a Kanaka of those latitudes, though he might have passed as a Papuan. He was dressed in all the dignity of a woolen shirt, with a piece of fine "tapa" for a waistcloth, feet and legs bare. Around his neck was a necklace composed of a number of strings of blue and white beads plaited up neatly, and carrying as a pendant a George shilling. Going up to him, I looked at the coin, and said: "Belitani money?" "Oh, yes," he said, "that's a shilling of old Georgy Fourf," in perfectly good

English, but with an accent which quite confirmed my first idea. I at once invited him aft to see the skipper, who was very anxious to find an interpreter among the noisy crowd, besides being somewhat uneasy at having so large a number on board.

To the captain's interrogations he replied that he was "Tui Tongoa"—that is, King of Tongoa, an island a little distance away—but that he was at present under a cloud, owing to the success of a usurper, whom he would reckon with by-and-by.

In the meantime he would have no objection to engaging himself with us as a harpooner, and would get us as many men as we wanted, selecting from among the crowd on board, fellows that would, he knew, be useful to us.

A bargain was soon struck, and Tui entered upon his self-imposed task. It was immediately evident that he had a bigger contract on hand than he had imagined. The natives, who had previously held somewhat aloof from him in a kind of deferential respect, no sooner got wind of the fact that we needed some of them than they were seized with a perfect frenzy of excitement. There were, I should think, at least a hundred and fifty of them on board at the time. Of this crowd, every member wanted to be selected, putting his candidature with voice and gesture as vigorously as he knew how. The din was frightful. Tui, center of the frantic mob, strove vainly to make himself heard, to reduce the chaos to some sort of order, but for a great while it was a hopeless attempt. At last, extricating himself from his importunate friends, he gained the captain's side. Panting, almost breathless, with sweat streaming off him, he gasped out: "Oh, cap'n, dese yer darn niggers all gone mad? Dribe 'em oberboard; clar 'em out, 'n' I'll stan' by to grab some o' der likely ones as de res' scatter." "But what about the wages?" said the skipper. "I'm not goin' ter give 'em whatever they like to ask." "You leab it ter me, cap'n. I bet you'll be satisfy. Anyhow, dishyers no time fer tradin'; de blame niggers all off dere coco-nuts. Anybody fink you'se paying off 'stead o' shippin', an' deyse all afraid dey won't get 'nough."

Unpleasant as the job was to all of us, it had to be done; so we armed ourselves with ropes'-ends, which we flourished threateningly, avoiding where possible any actual blows. Many sprang oberboard at once, finding their way ashore or to their canoes as best they could. The majority, however, had to swim, for we now noticed that, either in haste or from carelessness, they had in most cases omitted to fasten their canoes securely when coming alongside, so that many of them were now far out to sea. The distance to shore being under three miles, that mattered little, as far as their personal safety was concerned.

This summary treatment was eminently successful, quiet being rapidly restored, so that Tui was able to select a dozen men, who he declared were the best in the islands for our purpose. Although it seems somewhat premature to say so, the general conduct of the successful candidates was so good as to justify Tui fully in his eulogium. Perhaps his presence had something to do with it.

We now had all that we came for, so that we were anxious to be off. But it was a job to get rid of the visitors still remaining on board. They stowed themselves away in all manner of corners, in some cases ludicrously inadequate as hiding-places, and it was not until we were nearly five miles from the land that the last of them plunged into the sea and struck out for home. It was very queer. Ignorant of our destination, of what would be required of them; leaving a land of ease and plenty for a certainty of short commons and hard work, without preparation or farewells, I do not think I ever heard of such a strange thing before. Had their home been famine or plague stricken, they could not have evinced greater eagerness to leave it, or to face the great unknown.

As we drew farther off the island the wind freshened, until we had a good, whole-sail breeze blustering behind us, the old ship making, with her usual generous fuss, a tremendous rate of seven knots an hour. Our course was shaped for the southward, towards

the Bay of Islands, New Zealand. In that favorite haunt of the South-seamen we were to wood and water, find letters from home (those who had one), and prepare for the stormy south.

Obviously the first thing to be done for our new shipmates was to clothe them. When they arrived on board, all, with the single exception of Tui, were furnished only with a "maro" of "tapa," scanty in its proportions, but still enough to wrap around their loins. But when they were accepted for the vacant positions on board, they cast off even the slight apology for clothing which they had worn, flinging the poor rags to their retreating and rejected compatriots. Thus they were strutting about, in native majesty unclad, which, of course, could not be endured among even so unconventional a crowd as we were. So they were mustered aft, and, to their extravagant delight, a complete rig-out was handed to each of them, accompanied by graphic instructions how to dress themselves. Very queer they looked when dressed, but queerer still not long afterwards, when some of them, galled by the unaccustomed restraint of the trousers, were seen prowling about with shirts tied round their waists by the sleeves, and pants twisted turban-wise about their heads. Tui was called, and requested to inform them that they must dress properly, after the fashion of the white man, for that any impromptu improvements upon our method of clothes-wearing could not be permitted. As they were gentle, tractable fellows, they readily obeyed, and, though they must have suffered considerably, there were no further grounds for complaint on the score of dress.

It has been already noticed that they were Roman Catholics—all except Tui, who from his superior mental elevation looked down upon their beliefs with calm contempt, although really a greater heathen than any of them had ever been. It was quite pathetic to see how earnestly they endeavored to maintain the form of worship to which they had been accustomed, though how they managed without their priest, I could not find out. Every evening they had prayers together, accompanied by many crossings and genuflections, and wound up by the singing of a hymn in such queer Latin that it was almost unrecognizable. After much wondering I did manage to make out "O Salutaris Hostia!" and "Tantum Ergo," but not until their queer pronunciation of consonants had become familiar. Some of the hymns were in their own tongue, only one of which I can now remember. Phonetically, it ran thus:

"Mah-lee-ah, Kollyyee leekie;
Ohselloh mo mallamah.
Alofah, keea ma toh;
Fah na oh, Mah lah ee ah"—

which I understood to be a native rendering of "Ave Maris Stella!" It was sung to the well-known "Processional" in good time, and on that account, I suppose, fixed itself in my memory.

Whenever any of them were ordered aloft, they never failed to cross themselves before taking to the rigging, as if impressed with a sense of their chance of not returning again to safety. To me was

given the congenial task of teaching them the duties required, and I am bound to admit that they were willing, biddable and cheerful learners. Another amiable trait in their characters was especially noticeable—they always held everything in common. No matter how small the portion received by any one, it was scrupulously shared with the others who lacked, and this subdivision was often carried to ludicrous lengths.

As there was no reason to hurry south, we took a short cruise on the Vasquez ground, more, I think, for the purpose of training our recruits than anything else. As far as the results to our profit were concerned, we might almost as well have gone straight on for we only took one small cow-cachalot. But the time spent thus cruising was by no means wasted. Before we left finally for New Zealand, every one of those Kanakas was as much at home in the whale boats as he would have been in a canoe. Of course they were greatly helped by their entire familiarity with the water, which took from them all that dread of being drowned which hampers the white "greenie" so sorely; besides which, the absolute confidence they had in our prowess among the whales freed them from any fear on that head.

Tui proved himself to be a smart harpooner, and was chosen for the captain's boat. During our conversations, I was secretly amused to hear him allude to himself as Sam, thinking how little it accorded with his *soi-disant* Kanaka origin. He often regaled me with accounts of his royal struggles to maintain his rule, all of which narrations I received with a goodly amount of reserve, though confirmed in some particulars by the Kanakas, when I became able to converse with them. But I was hardly prepared to find, as I did many years later, upon looking up some detail in Findlay's "South Pacific Directory," this worthy alluded to as "the celebrated Sam," in a brief account of Futuna. There he was said to be king of the twin isles; so I suppose he found means to oust his rival, and resume his sovereignty; though how an American negro, as Sam undoubtedly was, ever managed to gain such a position, remains to me an unfathomable mystery. Certainly he did not reveal any such masterful attributes as one would have expected in him, while he served as harpooner on board the *Cachalot*.

Gradually we crept south, until one morning we sighted the towering mass of Sunday Island, the principal member of the small Kermadec group which lies nearly on the prime meridian of one hundred and eighty degrees, and but a short distance north of the extremity of New Zealand. We had long ago finished the last of our fresh provisions, fish had been very scarce, so the captain seized the opportunity to give us a run ashore, and at the same time instructed us to do such foraging as we could. It was rumored that there were many wild pigs to be found, and certainly abundance of goats; but if both these sources of supply failed, we could fall back on fish, of which we were almost sure to get a good haul.

The island is a stupendous mass of rock, rising sheer from the waves, in some places to a height of fifteen hundred feet. These towering cliffs are clothed with verdure, large trees clinging to their precipitous sides in a marvelous way. Except at one small bight, known as Denham Bay, the place is inaccessible, not only from the steepness of its cliffs, but because, owing to its position, the gigantic swell of the South Pacific assails those immense bastions with a force and volume that would destroy instantly any vessel that unfortunately ventured too near. Denham Bay, however, is in some measure protected by reefs of scattered boulders, which break the greatest volume of the oncoming rollers. Within those protecting barriers, with certain winds, it is possible to effect a landing, with caution; but even then no tyro in boat-handling should venture to do so, as the experiment would almost certainly be fatal to boat and crew.

We hove-to off the little bay, the waters of which looked placid enough for a pleasure-party, lowered two boats well-furnished with fishing gear and such other equipment as we thought would be needed, and pulled away for the landing-place. As we drew near the beach we found that, in spite of the hindrance to the ocean swell afforded by the reefs, it broke upon the beach in rollers of immense size. In order to avoid any mishap, then, we turned the boats' heads to seaward, and

(Continued on page 472.)

TOOK THE HINT.

Friend Told Him to Change His Food.

Once in a while one can serve a friend and win a life-long obligation by a little food advice. This is worth while. "Very thankful I was to a friend for his advice when he told me about Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food at the time I was suffering. My stomach trouble originally came from neglect of colds which caused catarrh of the stomach, then followed misery from dyspepsia, headache, loss of vitality and flesh.

Last August a friend in discussing my health said if I would change my food and take Grape-Nuts instead of any other food or medicine for one week he would guarantee that I would be greatly improved and feel like a new man.

He was so positive that I concluded to try it and, as I said, I am exceedingly thankful to him. In a week's time I lost the heavy, dead feeling in my head, nausea had ceased and the action of my general system had greatly improved.

I have stuck fast to Grape-Nuts. Now I weigh nine pounds more and am steadily improving. Grape-Nuts has a most exhilarating effect on the system and makes one feel bright and alive, as though they were well nourished as a healthy man should be.

The price of Grape-Nuts is within reach of all, but I consider it worth its weight in gold." John Haywood, 3931 Aspen street, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from preceding page.)

gently backed toward the beach, until a larger breaker than usual came thundering in. As it rushed toward us we pulled lustily to meet it, the lovely craft rising to its foaming crest like sea-birds. Then, as soon as we were on its outer slope, we reversed the stroke again, coming in on its mightily shoulders at racing speed. The instant our keels touched the beach we all leaped out, and, exerting every ounce of strength we possessed, ran the boats up high and dry before the next roller had time to do more than hiss harmlessly around our feet. It was a task of uncommon difficulty, for the shore was wholly composed of loose lava and pumice-stone grit, into which we sank ankle-deep at every step, besides being exceedingly steep.

We managed, however, to escape without any mishap, for the drenching was a boon to our burnt-up skins. Off we started along the level land, which, as far as I could judge, extended inland for perhaps a mile and a half by about two miles wide. From this flat shelf the cliffs rose perpendicularly, as they did from the sea. Up their sides were innumerable goat-tracks, upon some of which we could descry a few of those agile creatures climbing almost like flies. The plateau was thickly wooded, many of the trees having been fruit-bearing once, but now, much to our disappointment, barren from neglect.

(To be continued.)



In the Library.

A Good Book for Boys and Girls, Big and Little.

John Habberton did a good thing when he wrote "Some Boys' Doings," a volume in which he has embalmed, in his own inimitable fashion, prairie-town life as seen and experienced by happy and ingenious boyhood, when Indiana and Illinois were fifty years younger than they are to-day. The bumptiousness of adolescence is finely portrayed in a number of chapters, in which the imaginative faculty so characteristic of boyhood is reduced to reasonable proportions by coming in contact with cold, hard fact. Two of the boys employed by the mother of one of them in sorting coffee beans of the sticks and stones in which packages of coffee abounded in those days, come across some stones which shine with startling brilliancy when touched by the sun. Knowing that the coffee came from Brazil, the land of "gold and precious stones," they jump to the conclusion that they have on their hands nothing less than a handful of diamonds. Having taken an oath to keep their secret, "solemnly than Solomon," the "precious" stones were shipped to a great firm of city jewelers, asking the return of whatever the "jewels" might be worth. Then they waited, meantime spending in anticipation the proceeds of their find. Charley would lift the mortgage on his father's farm, while Jack, not to be outdone in filial affection, would build a large kitchen onto his mother's house—some-

thing for which she had often expressed a desire. But these were mere extras—each boy was to have his own horse (the best the county could supply), and to wear red-topped boots every day in the week. They would buy an assortment of guns, too, and make the trip to New Orleans, some fifteen hundred miles away. In the Southern metropolis they would buy diamond studs for themselves, so that on the return trip they might outshine the captain of the steamboat "Trusty," who wore a "brilliant" in his shirt bosom. Perhaps they would purchase a general stock of goods with which to go into business for themselves on their return home; a candy shop, with soda-water annex, would be about the thing—for soda water with fruit syrup had but recently made its appearance in the West. In about a fortnight a large envelope, containing something which rattled, was received, addressed to "Charles Grateson, Esq." The stones had returned! The boys slipped into the nearest barn, opened the letter and read as follows: "Dear Sir—We herewith return the stones you sent us a week ago. They are worthless. Yours very truly, Stiffany & Co." The silence in the barn became so dense that each boy felt as though he had been compressed to six inches in height.—This is a first-rate book about boys for boys and girls of all ages. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia,

"Captain Jinks: Hero" is a brilliant anti-military satire, written in the form of a novel, by Ernest Crosby. Mr. Crosby is the president of the New York branch of the Anti-Imperial Society and friend and disciple of Lyof Tolstoi, at whose feet he has imbibed much to strengthen his natural antagonism to war and its methods. Mr. Crosby has also proven himself to be a prophet, since he anticipated two events in his book which have since taken place (the book being in press at the time). The first, the fulfillment of a corporation to reap gain from our new territory, under the name of the "International Banking Corporation." Mr. Crosby in his book calls a similar scheme the "Benevolent Assimilation Company, Limited." His second prophecy, the verdict of President Roosevelt on the Sampson-Schley controversy, "That the captains won the Santiago battle," has an ally from this unexpected quarter—"Who did win that naval victory?" said Sam at last. "That's just what I'd like to know," responded Cleary. "My own view is that the battle won itself, and I wouldn't be surprised if that was the way with most battles. It would be fun to run a war without admirals and generals, and see how it would come out. I don't believe there would be much difference."

The story opens with "Captain Jinks" as an innocent child of six years, who receives as a Christmas gift a box of lead soldiers. Through this harmless medium a passion for soldiering is developed, which grows with his growth, until he finally arrives at the military academy of the nation. The description of the "hazing" is a clever sarcasm on the ways and methods of certain national in-

SCHOOL GIRLS.

'Tis a pretty age—that time in a girl's life when she has all the beauties of womanhood without the later lines of care and worry.

But here and there even among school girls appear pale and drawn faces.

Pale blood is at the bottom of the trouble and Scott's Emulsion can cure it.

Scott's Emulsion brings back the beauty to pale girls because it is blood food.

Send for Free Sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

stitutions. When the Spanish War breaks out, Jinks' chum, Cleary, induces Jinks to enlist, and through the influence of an uncle he is given a captaincy. Cleary goes as war correspondent to a "yellow" journal called the "Lyre." This paper claiming to be the instigator of the war, decides through Cleary to make Captain Jinks a hero, *their* hero; in other words, through booming him, receive their "pound of flesh." Jinks proves a ready and able victim. He wins every battle, captures the insurgent-general, subjugates savage tribes—in short, is the whole thing. We cannot fail to recognize a composite picture of Hobson and Funston. The kissing incidents are laughable; these are interrupted by the arrival of the jealous girl, to whom he has been engaged since "East Point" days. She insists on an immediate marriage and the osculations cease; but, like Sampson of old, he is shorn of his strength, and the bottom drops out of the boom. Then his spirits fail, health goes, and he ends in a lunatic asylum, playing with lead soldiers. That Mr. Crosby's motive when he wrote this clever book was to show how closely allied is militarism to savagery, how every good instinct is lost in a thirst for blood, is plain. The book's success is sure, and Mr. Crosby deserves thanks from the whole world for putting forth so clever and strong an argument against war and its horrors. Mr. Dan Beard's illustrations are original and excellent. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York City, publishers.

Sent Free and Prepaid

to any reader of CHRISTIAN WORK who needs it and writes for it. A trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. Only one small dose a day perfectly cures Catarrh, Flatulence, Indigestion, Constipation, Kidneys, Bladder and Prostate to stay cured.

Write now to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, New York.

(Concluded from page 465.)

under all difficult surroundings he did a work which has alike commended itself to white man, black man, to Northman and to Southman. Fisk University has never been a menace to aught that was dear to the Southern heart—indeed, it has been a blessed safeguard; and if the spirit which breathed in President Cravath lived in his work and is represented by you, who constitute Fisk University, obtained throughout the South and North there would be no race question."

THE EXIGENT QUESTION

in America to-day is the negro problem. This race comprises one-tenth of our population. Their origin and training have made them ignorant, superstitious, vicious. The last quarter of a century has demonstrated the fact that these native and inherited traits can be replaced by all the qualities that make good citizenship. The force that has produced this transformation is the Christian School. Each of the Southern States has many of the graduates of Fisk University, whose homes, whose vocations, whose successes in life are an abiding inspiration to the masses, who in no other way can feel the vital force of Christian training. The results have a geometrical progression. One negro with the stamp of our school upon him molds his five, ten or twenty lives—each of these molding other lives. Keep strong, true and efficient the center, and our ever widening area will be filled with those who are to be build up the Republic and advance the coming kingdom of our Lord.

FISK UNIVERSITY, Nashville, Tenn.



"David Harum" has proved itself to be the most phenomenal book of the age. The following semi-annual record of sales furnished by the "Appletons," shows some astonishing figures, especially when it is remembered that a novel is considered "successful" if it reaches a circulation of only a few thousands. From September 23, 1898, the date of publication, to January 1, 1899, the sales were 15,000 copies. July 1, 1899, the copies sold were 194,750; January 1, 1900, 412,750; July 1, 1900, 460,750; January 1, 1901, 501,500; July 1, 1901, 517,500; January 1, 1902, 537,000, and March 1, 1902, they had reached the enormous total of 650,000 copies.

Awful Disease, Cancer of the Lip.

The most frequent location of terrible disease in the male caused from the constant irritation produced by smoking or chewing tobacco. Dr. Bye the Specialist on the treatment of Cancer, Kansas City, Mo., advises early treatment in such cases, as most cases terminate fatally after the lymphatic glands become involved under the chin. Mr. N. H. Henderson, of Wilsey, Kansas, was recently cured of a very bad cancer of the lip by the Combination Oils. Persons afflicted with this disease should write the Doctor for an Illustrated Book on the treatment of Cancer and Malignant Diseases. Address Dr. W. O. Bye, 9th and Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

WEAK KIDNEYS AND BLADDER TROUBLE.

Had to Pass Water Very Often Day and Night.

Cured by the Great Kidney Remedy, Swamp-Root.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root investigated by THE CHRISTIAN WORK the one we publish this week for the benefit of our readers, speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy.



A. H. NOONEY.

DR. KILMER & CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

About two years ago I had a very severe case of kidney and bladder trouble. The pain in the small of my back was so severe that I could not stand it to stay in one position more than a moment or two, and was obliged to pass water very often day and night. I tried medicines and doc-

tors without getting relief. Noticing an advertisement in the Topeka State Journal of Swamp-Root, I determined to give it a trial and bought a bottle. By the time I had finished the first bottle the pain had entirely disappeared from my back. The pain and frequent desire to pass water ceased. However, I continued to take the medicine, using about six bottles in all. That was over a year ago and I have had no return of the trouble since.

A. H. Nooney.

Chief Engineer, State Capitol Building,
Jan. 2, 1902. Topeka, Kan.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

We often see a relative, a friend, or an acquaintance apparently well, but in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their severe illness, or sudden death, caused by that fatal type of kidney trouble—Bright's Disease.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince anyone—and you may have a sample bottle sent free by mail.

Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root Free by Mail.

EDITORIAL NOTE—Swamp-Root has been tested in so many ways, and has proven so successful in every case, that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of THE CHRISTIAN WORK who have not already tried it may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact, their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of Swamp-Root. In writing, be sure and mention reading this generous offer in THE CHRISTIAN WORK, New York City, when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Verbal memory reaches its grates: strength before the age of fourteen. Children often astonish their parents by committing long recitations which their fathers and mothers are utterly incapable of memorizing. The catechetical revival and the encouragement of Scripture-learning have at least this significance, that they remind us that the early years of life are splendid opportunities for securing and treasuring truths in Scripture, verse and maxim. The little boy who was seen sitting in solitude after some misdeed, writing carefully one hundred times this sentence: "I had better mind my own business," was receiving a drill in both memory training and moral training which illustrates the importance of the constant repetition of needed truths.—Rev. William Byron Forbush, Ph. D., in the *Christian Endeavor World*.

What we want to do hereafter is to place ourselves socially and morally and mannerly on a par with the position our men occupy in finance and science; to strive to be leaders as admirable wives, mothers and women, as our men are leaders in the world of achievement; to compel the Old World to acknowledge that we possess the very highest qualities of noble womanhood, just as it has been compelled to acknowledge the forceful and efficient mentality of our men in the great progressive movements of the hour.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the *March Woman's Home Companion*.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Housekeeper.

The True Story of a Set of China.

By H. Maria George.

"This set of china," said Grandmother Haynes, as she reverently handled a cup and saucer of the purest and most delicate porcelain, "has a history. More than one governor has drunk young Hyson out of these cups and they have graced the table at many an entertainment of the olden time. My grandmother told me many years ago that she could remember when her mother bought the set and the first time it was used at a tea drinking in old Governor Vaughan's time more than a century and three-quarters ago."

"One can hardly believe it," I answered. "One hundred and seventy-five years old! Well, grandma, won't you tell us about this precious heirloom? I am sure I shall prize it more than ever, after hearing the story."

"Yes, Polly, I will," continued grandmother, setting her capstrings aright. "There isn't another set of china like this in these parts. Grandmother always said that her father—that is, your great, great, grandfather—paid twenty pounds in English money for the set—more than a hundred dollars of our modern currency. You see grandmother had been to Portsmouth to visit some friends, and being acquainted with Molly Vaughan, was asked to the Governor's house one afternoon. There she saw "tea" for the first time. She said she didn't hardly know how to act, but she waited till Mrs. Vaughan turned out the tea, and, and after adding sugar and cream, raised the cup to her lips, and then she followed her example. But she did not get over feeling queer till they got up from the table, and she remembered that the governor drank two cups and used a good deal of sugar, but no milk. Before she returned home she purchased a pound of the foreign leaves, for which she paid a guinea; and the next week her father went to Boston, and when he returned what did he bring home but this set of china which he brought all the way in his saddle-bags and never broke a dish."

"How funny, grandma, to carry crockery in saddle-bags! What would people think now if they had to rely on such means of transportation?"

"Sure enough, and what would they think nowadays if they had to pay a guinea (\$5) a pound for their Oolong and Souchong? Well, that set of china made a great deal of talk in Exeter, where we lived. It was the first china ever seen in town, but it wasn't long before the Gilman family, who thought they were quite as good, if not better than anybody else (Captain Nicholas was the head then, his father, John Gilman, who had been one of the royal council under Governor Cutts, being dead), had a set, too. Then came the fashionable tea-drinking parties, in which our folks and the Gilmans tried to outdo each other, but I don't know which came out second best, though

it was pretty hard to beat the Gilmans at anything.

"But there was one of those teas that grandmother never tired of telling about, and we never tired of hearing her. She always called it the 'Governor's tea,' because Governor Wentworth was present as a guest. It was one of the grand entertainments of Exeter, and her relation of the event, as I remember it, showed how they did things in Colonial times. I think it was in September, on grandmother's birthday, but I don't remember just what year. It was, however, when the first John Wentworth held vice-regal sway at Portsmouth under Governor Shute, of Massachusetts, somewhere before the year 1727.

"They were a week getting ready for the party, so grandmother said. Their two negro servants (we had slaves in New Hampshire then), Moll and Scipio, were kept busy cleaning all the rooms in the house, scouring up the silver, smoothing the lawn, and cooking under grandmother's and great-grandmother's oversight. There were just thirty invitations sent out, and only the gentry were noticed, for caste prevailed to a greater degree than even now. Parson Wainwright and Captain Gilman and Squire Hilton were the local celebrities, and from Portsmouth, only a few miles distant, were expected Governor Wentworth and his lady, Councillor McPheadris, the Jaffreys, the Moffatts, the Vaughans and the Atkinsons, all of them born aristocrats.

"The company begun to arrive at five, though it was six o'clock when Governor Wentworth and his lady arrived. The Governor was dressed in a suit of scarlet velvet laced with gold, and a wig that would have enveloped twenty empty heads of modern dandies. Lady Wentworth wore a crimson tabby trimmed with silver, a white and silver stomacher and cuffs with double ruffles, velvet shoes with high heels and silver clasps, and blue stockings. The parson wore his silk cassock, and his wife a brown damask. Lady McPheadris was the next best dressed woman after the Governor's wife. Her heavy yellow brocade could almost have stood alone. The ladies all wore large bell-hoops, high-heeled shoes, and had their hair piled up high on their heads. Grandmother said it was a brave sight.

"In the large breakfast room the two mahogany tables, placed together so as to look like one, and without any tablecloths, were covered with the feast that had been prepared. There was the silver tea service, with our monogram and crest, which was as much your great grandmother's pride as it is yours, and there was the china set as good as new—which was brought out only at rare intervals from the parlor cupboard. And this was the bill of fare, as near as grandmother could recollect:

Chicken pie
Biscuit, butter and cheese
Tea
Doughnuts, loaf-cake, currant jelly
Tart pie, damson preserve, grape preserve.

"In the center of the table was the most extraordinary exhibition of all. It was a silver tube tub, that would hold four gallons, full of pancakes—or what you would now call 'flapjacks'—rising from its rich and polished sides like an immense snow-drift, for it was covered from the base to the attic with powdered sugar. A floating island, representing a ship in the sea, was stationed a little below.

"The chicken pie grandmother made herself, having the chickens ready the night before. For a good-sized pie, four young fowls were selected, picked, drawn and jointed. They were cooked nearly tender, when a pastry was made to line and cover a six-quart basin. This pastry was a combination of flour, butter and water, with a very little salt. Lard generally did service instead of butter. The basin was lined with the crust, as it was called, and the chicken laid in pieces, together with salt and pepper for seasoning, and the liquor in which the chicken was boiled. A top crust was added quite thick, and with a slit in the top for a vent to the gases which might arise in the baking. This was grandmother's recipe for a chicken pie.

"Well, but that tea. The company sat nearly an hour and a half at table, and afterwards lounged and wandered in the garden. The moon shone and the evening was so warm that they found it far more pleasant to be out of doors than in the house. A large bowl of punch was handed round in the evening, and every lady did justice to the wine and cordials which were presented in flowing goblets. And Governor Wentworth drank grandmother's health twice in those spiral-stemmed, monogram-engraved champagne glasses. I think the heads of our ancestors must have been stronger than those of their descendants.

"That was a good while ago. More
(Continued on page 475.)

A BUSY WORKER.

Coffee Touches Up Different Spots.

Frequently coffee sets up rheumatism when it is not busy with some other part of the body. A St. Joe, (Mo.) man, P. V. Wise, says: "About two years ago my knees began to stiffen and my feet and legs swell, so that I was scarcely able to walk, and then only with the greatest difficulty, for I was in constant pain.

I consulted Dr. Barnes, one of the most prominent physicians here, and he diagnosed the case and inquired, 'Do you drink coffee?' 'Yes.' 'You must quit using it at once,' he replied. I did so and commenced drinking Postum in its place.

The swelling in my feet and ankles and the rheumatic pains subsided quickly, and during the past 18 months I have enjoyed most excellent health, and, although I have passed the 68th mile post I have never enjoyed life better.

Good health brings heaven to us here. I know of many cases where wonderful cures of stomach and heart trouble have been made by simply throwing away coffee and using Postum."

(Continued from page 474.)

than a century and a half has come and gone since that time. Every one of that merry party has slept long in the dust. The gay clothing, the embroidered coat, and highly ornamented brocade, the spacious head-dress and the vast hoop, the full-bottomed wig, the bag and the sword have been insufficient to keep back the conqueror; but the china set still exists and its story is unfinished.

"In 1789, when President Washington passed through Exeter on his way to Portsmouth, owing to the arrangements he had made, no entertainment was given him by the citizens. He stopped, however, about an hour on Water street, where he was received and welcomed in great style. As his company rode along out of the village, grandmother, attired in her very best clothes and attended by a number of young girls, walked out on the lawn with a cup of fresh tea she had prepared. Grandmother thought there was no cordial like a cup of good Hyson; it was both victuals and drink to her. Washington bared his head and bowed as he saw the ladies, and when grandmother stepped forward to present the tea, he reined in his horse and took the cup and saucer in his hands.

"I drink this in honor of the women of our country," he said, 'who have hearts of gold, which their sires value next to freedom.'

"He drank the beverage slowly and gravely and handed the dishes back to grandmother with a bow such as only Washington could make, and passed on in the gray October day. This cup with the red, white and blue ribbons tied on the handle is the one Washington drank out of. Grandmother tied them on with her hand before she died."



Twenty-six new members were received by the Horsman (Ill.) Presbyterian Church on Sabbath, March 2d, in addition to whom there are still a number of others desiring to join, but necessarily detained at this time by sickness. Altogether there were nearly fifty who made personal confession of Christ during the last week of the recent revival meetings held by the church. The pastor, Joseph W. Angell, preached for two weeks following the week of prayer, and Norman H. Camp, of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, during the next two weeks. Personal work, with house-to-house visitation, in which many of the officers and members took active part, was directly instrumental in at least half of the conversions. The most marked feature of all has been the evident presence and plainly manifest workings of God Himself in the hearts of the people. Worthy of special note also is this: The gospel preached was the full and finished expiatory atonement of Christ for sin, whose wages is death; the power of the blood and of the indwelling Spirit; the

life of victory in our risen Lord. The communion and reception service on March 2d, conducted by Rev. Frank A. McCaw, of Camp Point, Ill., will long be remembered for the deeply felt presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

Rev. U. F. Smiley, of Holmesburg, has decided to accept the call to the Second Church of Cedar Rapids, Ia.



Doubleday, Page & Co. will henceforth issue separately, each month, a collection of eight of the finest illustrations from each of their magazines, *The World's Work* and *Country Life in America*. These beautiful pictures have had no small part in the splendid success of the periodicals, and the present departure is on account of many requests for proofs. The superb portraits and engravings of timely outdoor subjects are particularly adapted to the use of libraries and schools.

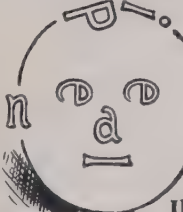
WASHINGTON.

Three-day Personally Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The next Pennsylvania Railroad Personally-conducted Tour to Washington leaves Tuesday, March 25. Rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, hotel accommodations, and guides, \$14.50 from New York, \$13 from Trenton, and \$11.50 from Philadelphia. These rates cover accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs, or Eb-bitt House. For accommodations at Regent, Metropolitan, or National Hotel, \$2.50 less. Special side trip to Mt. Vernon.

All tickets good for ten days with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.



Any child

can wash with PEARLINE. Really nothing but soaking in PEARLINE and water to loosen the dirt, and then rinsing out. No washboard needed; better without. Washboard ruins, PEARLINE saves clothes. Less rubbing, less wear and tear, less steaming over washtub, less ill-health for every woman who uses PEARLINE. 657

Pearline rescues women



TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

allowed on our bicycles. We ship on approval without a cent deposit.

1902 MODELS, \$9 to \$15

1900 & 1901 Models, best makes, \$7 to \$11

500 Second-Hand Wheels

all makes and models, good as new \$3 to \$8. Great Factory Clearing Sale.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED to ride & exhibit sample. Earn a bicycle & make money distributing catalog. Write at once for prices & special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 328 L. Chicago, Ill.

The Cherry Tree Home for orphaned and neglected children which has recently been erected on the Salvation Army Farm Colony in Colorado is practically completed and in running order. The building with outside laundry, both put up in stone, has cost \$22,000. These figures tell the story of a commodious, up-to-date, well equipped house. Over forty children are at present being cared for, and others, to the number of sixty or more, will soon find shelter in this beautiful Home of delightful influences and hard work. The lads take well to the soil and are putting their young shoulders to the wheel, helping largely to defray the running expenses of the institution by cultivation of its fifty acres of land, all of which is under irrigation. The public is invited to inspect this new enterprise.

PURE REFINED PARAFFINE



Don't tie the top of your jelly and preserve jars in the old fashioned way. Seal them by the new, quick, absolutely sure way—by a thin coating of Pure Refined Paraffine. Has no taste or odor. Is air tight and acid proof. Easily applied. Useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions with each cake. Sold everywhere. Made by **STANDARD OIL CO.**

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CONSUMPTION

Christian Endeavor.

Sunday, March 30th. — Luke xxiv., 1-12;
Ccl. iii., 1-10.

The Risen Life: Christ's; Ours.

BY LINA JEANETTE WALK.

"Spring bursts to-day, for Christ is risen
and all the earth's at play
Flash forth the sun, the rain is over and
gone, its work is done.
Winter is past, sweet spring has come
at last, has come at last.
Bud fig, and vine, and olive—fat with
fruit and wine.
Break forth this morn, in roses, thou but
yesterday a thorn.
Uplift thy head, oh, pure white lily—
through the winter dead.
Beside your dams leap and rejoice, ye
merry-making lambs.
All herds and flocks rejoice, all beasts
of thickets and of rocks.
Sing creatures, sing—angels and men and
birds and everything.
All notes of doves fill all our world:
this is the time of loves."

Out of the gloom and darkness of
Gethsemane we come into the radiance of
the Resurrection. Spring has come both
to nature and to the soul. That which
was dead is alive again, our mourning is
turned into joy, our lamentation into vic-
tory. Just as at Christmas there is a
"song in the air" which vibrates even
upon the duldest ear and penetrates the
inner consciousness, filling it with the
gladness and the certainty of the nativ-
ity, so at Easter comes the grand sym-
phony of reawakening nature which impels
a responsive chord in the heart. It is not
sentiment alone which stirs one so at this
time; there is some surer and more sub-
stantial foundation than this: it is "the
faith within us" answering to the teach-
ing of the springtime.

Death is a great mystery, but even in
material things we should remember
that there is no such thing as death or
annihilation. What we call death is sim-
ply a change of form and environment.
The tree dies, as we say—or is burned up
—but this is only a change of the particles
of which it is composed. All of the materi-
als still exist, but in different forms. Science
has thus come to the aid of religion by
showing us that annihilation is impossible.
The Resurrection is thus something that
has its analogy in nature. God is show-
ing us in every new flower that springs
up from the earth in the freshness of its
beauty a never-ending miracle—and thus
proving the immortality of the soul.
Therefore, the return of Easter should be
to the Christian, as some one has said,
"like the call of a trumpet." It is the
assurance of the life beyond.

Christ's resurrection furnishes us the
example, and not only proves his own
immortality but ours. He has expressed
this when he tells us "Because I live, ye

shall live also." The future life is the
real life for which we should live, and for
which this life is only a preparation.
The more we think about such things, and
the more we follow the precepts of the
Master, the more useful will our lives
become. We are not living for the pres-
ent merely, for its affairs and interests
are only secondary, and of concern to us
principally as they may affect us here-
after.

The thought that the life to come is
that for which we are living now should
so affect us that our actions should be
governed by it. This life alone can never
satisfy us; but if we are living for eternity
no thought or action will seem trivial,
because all have eternal results; and we
shall be called to render a strict account
for all the talents God has bestowed upon
us. When we thus consider ourselves
stewards and that our life is hid in
Christ's, we shall be living at our best
and at all times be ready to leave this
world for a better.



The *Evangelist and Religious Review*
appears this week in new form and new
type. We congratulate its able and versa-
tile editor on its general make-up, which
is very creditable, especially for a first
number. Too much praise cannot be ac-
corded Mrs. Houghton for her untiring
zeal in this matter. Being a woman, she
knows no such thing as "fail," and, as
she says, "hesitates only for a moment on
the brink of a daring plunge." She cer-
tainly deserves success, and THE CHRIS-
TIAN WORK extends its hearty greeting
and its best wishes for such an issue for
the new experiment. If it fails it will not
be her fault, and if it is a success it will
be due almost entirely to the persistence
and energy of one upon whom Dr. Field,
when resigning, bestowed the well-earned
title, "The best man I could find."



Rev. Edgar E. Davidson will supply the
pulpit of the Central Presbyterian Church,
Rochester, N. Y., for two months, begin-
ning March 2d, during the absence of the
pastor, Rev. H. H. Stebbins, D.D.

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Among the Churches.

Rev. Dixon H. Geiser, pastor of Augsburg Lutheran Church, Harrisburg, Pa., died on Thursday, February 27th, after a lingering illness.

Rev. Stewart W. Herman has accepted a call to the Lutheran church of Wrightville, Pa., succeeding Rev. D. S. Kurtz, who has become pastor at Smithsburg, Md.

Sixty persons were received into West Hope Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. Charles E. Bronson, D. D., pastor, Sabbath, March 2d. Forty-eight were on profession of faith, and twelve by letter.

Rev. L. Naumburg, formerly of Pittsburg, Pa., died on Tuesday, March 4th, at the home of his son-in-law, Henry Rosenberg, No. 230 West Seventy-eighth street. Mr. Naumburg was eighty-nine years old, and a native of Germany.

Rev. William Edgar, pastor of the Methodist Church, Oswego, N. Y., for the last two years, died from appendicitis March 6th. He was prominent in work at the McAuley Mission in New York years ago. He had belonged to the Wyoming Conference since 1878, and preached from 1895 to 1899 in Scranton.

Rev. H. Hansman was installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church, of Franklin Furnace, N. J., on Thursday evening, February 20th. Mr. Hansman comes to Newton Presbytery from the Presbytery of North River. Rev. Jonathan Greenleaf, of Sparta, presided. Rev. J. K. Baillie, D.D., of Hamburg, preached the sermon. Rev. E. A. Hamilton, of Sussex, delivered the charge to the pastor and Rev. J. Greenleaf addressed the people. The church gives Mr. Hansman a hearty welcome and a grand field for consecrated service.

The Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church suggest to churches, societies and individuals from whom contributions for the work of the Board may be expected, that the fiscal year of the Board closes on the 31st of March, and that all offerings should be in the treasurer's hand on or before that date. The needs for the widening of the work on the old fields—for its establishment upon new fields in the States and in Porto Rico and Cuba—impel the Board to urge the largest possible contributions in this, the opening year of the new century of Home Missions.

The Baptist Church at Scotia, N. Y., under the pastoral care of Rev. W. J. Pasko, has been enjoying a very successful revival under the leadership of Evangelist H. D. Sheldon, beginning February 9th and lasting two weeks. Over seventy souls give evidence of conversion and nearly one-half are among the adults. On four afternoons of each week the evangelist conducted Bible readings, which were among the most profitable meetings held. A Children's meeting, the afternoon of the second Sunday, was largely attended, and over seventy signed cards that they would accept of Christ as their Saviour. Mr. Sheldon attends the Annual Christian Worker's Conference at Northfield, Mass.,

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and his methods are in keeping with the leading evangelists of the day. He not only preaches, but sings the Gospel, and in such a manner that results follow. He honors the Holy Spirit and in turn his work is honored of God. The church has been greatly strengthened as a result of the meetings.

Rev. Nathan Dushane Hynson was formally installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Homestead, Pa., on the evening of February 20th. The installation services were of a most interesting character, and were participated in by a congregation which filled every part of the church. The music and the beautiful floral decorations were a prominent feature of the occasion. On the evening following, a reception was given to the newly installed pastor and his wife, which was largely attended and the occasion for the display of deep regard held by the congregation for their new leaders in the work of the Gospel. The installation sermon was preached by Rev. R. P. Miller. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. Maitland Alexander, D.D., and the charge to the people by Rev. H. T. McClelland, D.D. The new pastor enters upon his work under most encouraging circumstances. There is a hopeful spirit abroad in the church. At the last communion season nineteen new members were received. The growing congregation is finding itself straightened for want of more room, and

it is expected that steps will soon be taken toward the erection of a larger and handsomer church-edifice than the present one. "Blessed is that people whose God is the Lord."

On Thursday morning, February 27th, Hon. Davis Winne, who had been ill for over two years, passed to his final reward. It was very evident to those who were at his side that he could not last but a short time; and about 5 o'clock he fell asleep. Mr. Winne has been one of the most active men in the country. A director of the Ulster County Savings Bank, director of the Ulster and Delaware Railroad, twice a member of the legislature, and one of the most extensive farmers in the county—Mr. Winne has, for many years, been an elder in the Reformed Church, Shokan, N. Y., to which he was very much devoted. He contributed very largely toward its support and was one of the most efficient men the church ever had. His funeral was held at his late residence at Mt. Pleasant on Saturday morning, being one of the largest funerals ever held in the County. The spacious mansion was filled to overflowing. A special train was run on the U. & D., and the regular trains brought many more. Rev. Charles Lott Palmer, pastor of the Reformed Church, conducted the service and preached the sermon, in which he referred to Mr. Winne in the highest terms. The interment was in the family plot at Hudlers.

ALL RUN DOWN

Weak, Nervous and Debilitated as a Result of Grip.

To the many sufferers from the after-effects of grip who have sought in vain for relief, the facts stated in the following interview will be of great interest.

Mrs. Emily J. Black lives at No. 3 Howard street, Brewer, Me. She had a severe attack of the grip, the winter before last, which left her weak, nervous and debilitated. Nothing seemed to help her and, growing worse and worse, she almost gave up hope of ever being well again, until she tried a remedy which has brought relief to thousands of similarly affected people. When interviewed by a *Commercial* reporter she said:

"More than a year ago I had a severe attack of the grip which left me in bad shape. Everything I ate distressed me so much that I could not bear to take food, and I thought I must starve. I had numbness in my limbs and could not taste or smell for four months. I was ailing for six months or more and part of the time I was obliged to stay in bed. I took various medicines that were recommended to me but none helped me, and instead of getting better I became worse. Finally, when I was all run down, weak and nervous, I saw a pamphlet advertising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and decided to try them. From the first box I experienced relief and by the time I had taken six I was entirely cured. I have not needed them since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific not only for the after-effects of the grip, of fevers and of other acute diseases but also for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box; six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Be sure and get the genuine. Substitutes never cured anybody.



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Sporty Son—Well, you'll have to begin now, father; here's the bill.

A woman argues that the reason men stand by each other is that they are all equally guilty, and know it.

Puffer—For goodness sakes! What has happened to my meerschaum pipe? Mrs. Puffer—Why, dear, I noticed that it was getting awfully brown and discolored, so I put a coat of that white enamel paint on it.

"I was thinking," said the architect, "that you might call the house 'The Crescent.'" "Not on your life," protested the proprietor of the new theater; "that would be a hoodoo from the start. The crescent is never full."

"Mr. Courty asked me to marry him last night," she blushing told her mother. "And what did you tell him?" "I told him to ask you." "Ask me?" echoed the startled parent. "Why, Mary, surely you wouldn't have your dear old mother commit bigamy, would you?"

One of the churches in a little Western town has a young woman as its pastor. She was called to the door of the parsonage one day and saw there a much embarrassed young farmer of the German type.

"Dey say der minister lifed in dis house," he said.

"Yes," replied the fair pastor.

"Vell—m—I—vant to kit merrit!"

"To get married? Very well, I can marry you," said the minister, encouragingly.

"Oh, but I got a girl already," was the disconcerting reply.

Out in Ohio an earnest advocate of Christian Science noticed a very lame man passing her house morning and evening, and determined to effect a cure through absent treatment. After several days of prayer she was delighted one morning to see that his limp had almost entirely disappeared. That evening she accosted him as he approached and joyfully related what she had done for him. "Yes, ma'am," said he, "it has been very bad lately, but yesterday I had it fixed. You see, ma'am, it's a wooden one."

President, then Professor Hadley, at a social party in Minnesota, was required to make a rhyme for the word "St. Louis," and he gave it thus:

"There was a young man in St. Louis Who married a quick-witted Jewess.

So bright are her stories

That in her he glories,

And calls her his Chauncey Depew-ess."

"I'm opposed to your marrying that youngster," said her father. "He'll never amount to anything. He's a weak kneed—"

"Oh! papa!" the plump young woman interrupted, "you really have no idea how strong his knees are."

Young Mothers

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"I wish to let you know the great benefit my wife derived through taking your 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mr. Robert Harden, of Brandon, Manitoba, Box 236. "It was a case of childbirth. We had heard so much of it that my wife decided to try it. (I may say my wife is thirty-three and this was her first child.) She commenced to take 'Favorite Prescription' five months before her child was born. We have a fine, healthy girl, and we believe that this was mainly owing to the 'Favorite Prescription' taken faithfully according to directions. We shall certainly recommend it wherever we can."

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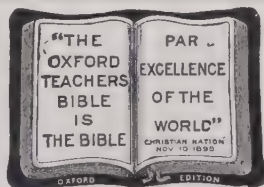
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Dr. Parkhurst in an interview given *The Great Round World* puts his convictions on the excise question into the following pithy sentences:

Dead things should not be permitted to remain above the ground too long before they are buried. Laws which cannot be enforced practically ought to be wiped off the statute books.

The man who finds himself going contrary to any law and knowing that he will not suffer for so doing is more likely to feel contempt for law's authority.

A proper law must be an expression of the judgment and determination of the people.

The object of law is not to furnish ideals, but to be obeyed. It is an expression of will, of purpose. As soon as law is so high that it cannot be obeyed, the respect of people for law in general is impaired.

If a law is not enforceable—that is, if it does not formulate a purpose of the people, it should not be retained.

The Raines Law is a scheme devised to secure monetary revenue for the State. One-third of the net proceeds from the tariffs imposed by the law accrue to the State Treasury. This operates to reduce the general taxes. And our virtuous temperance friends up-country are reconciled to the system because it is ostensibly a check on the sale of intoxicants, and particularly because it helps reduce their tax-bills.

The money that accrues from the Raines Law is blood money, for it really comes from the violation of the law and the sale of virtue.

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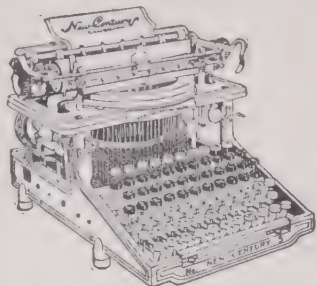
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Weekly---Continuing The Christian at Work.

Volume 72

New York, Saturday, March 29, 1902

Number 1832

For Terms See Prospectus on Page 527.

The Question of
Cuban Sugar.

The conference of leaders of the dominant party at Washington has agreed to grant Cuba for a single year a "reciprocal reduction" of 20 per cent. upon imports. Whether the proposition is carried out or not depends upon the Senate, which has yet to act upon it. But if adopted let us see what the effect will be. According to the statement put forth by Governor-General Wood, than whom there could be, it would seem, no better authority, at present prices a sack of sugar weighing 300 pounds costs the Cuban planter \$6 to produce. He sells it in Havana for \$4.80 and thus loses \$1.20 on every sack of sugar he sells. The reduction of 20 per cent. in the duty, agreed to by the dominant majority, in the House, will amount to \$1 and a fraction of a cent over on every sack of 300 pounds. If that entire reduction reaches the pocket of the planter he will then get \$5.80 for his sack of sugar—20 cents less than it costs him to produce it, according to General Wood, who declares that a 33 per cent. reduction of duty would only leave the planter a profit of 48 cents per sack if the whole reduction went to him. President Palma has declared that a less than 50 per cent. cut in the duty will not give the Cuban sugar growers "a living chance." And Oxnard, the beet-sugar champion, declared in 1899 that if the world's sugar came in duty free American beet-sugar growers could successfully compete with it. With these figures before him and the application of the "Rule of Three," the reader will have no difficulty in determining the exact status of the Cuban sugar question.

✦

That New Tunnel
for New York City.

Last week there was laid before Mayor Low the bill just passed by the Legislature giving the Pennsylvania Railroad the right to construct a tunnel under the North River for the purpose of establishing a station and terminal in this city. In briefest terms the bill authorizes the Board of Aldermen, with the approval of the Board of Estimate, to grant to the Pennsylvania company the right to bring its road into the city by a tunnel "either with or without limitation as to period of enjoyment, and with or without provisions as to the rates, fares and charges." It likewise provides that the grant "shall contain and be subject to conditions requiring payment to the city of New York by the railroad corporation of a reasonable annual compensation therein prescribed, which shall be readjustable at intervals of not less than twenty-five years." This last provision puts a stop to the Tammany practice of giving away great franchises for nothing. Whether the franchise should be illimitable as to time and as to "rates, freights or charges" are matters to which Mayor Low will undoubt-

edly give close scrutiny before approving the measure. At the same time it is to be recalled that the city is providing \$35,000,000 to build the subway, whereas the Pennsylvania proposes to bore beneath the North River and under the streets of New York, entirely at its own expense, to a central position commanding access to and from all points. The people of this city need railway competition, and the traveling and mercantile community stand in particular need of direct railway communication with the South and West without the annoying delays and transfers incident to crossing the North River on ferryboats. The opening of the new station in the busy center of the metropolis will prove a boon to the people and give an immense stimulus to trade and traffic. The sooner it becomes an accomplished fact the better it will be for the denizens and business men of this congested metropolis.

✦

The General of the Army
and the War Department.

The sooner the tension between the General commanding the army and the War Department can be removed the better. When some time ago Secretary Root meted such a severe reprimand to General Miles no explanation was given, nor outside limited circles is the matter understood at all. But the old antagonisms seem to have been revived by his appearance before the Senate Committee of Military Affairs when he denounced the present bill for creating a general staff, and even put forth insinuations of favoritism. The simple truth is, the present condition of affairs is chronic. Whoever has been the commanding general and whoever the secretary, from the days of General Sherman and Secretary Stanton, it has continued, and indeed existed long before the days of either. It is fairly to be inferred that it is a necessary accompaniment to the system of divided command and divided responsibility in accordance with which the army has been operated. It exists in countries like England, where the "Horse Guards" and the War Office are centers of divided authority, and does not exist in countries in which there is a general staff. And General Miles, personally, was treated with all consideration in the project of law, which provides that so long as he continues to be on the active list of the army he shall continue to be chief of the general staff, an office that, in Germany, was made illustrious by Moltke. But the controversy should be ended, even if to do so it is necessary to retire the General before his time.

✦

A State May Prohibit
Dealings in Options.

A decision of the United States Supreme Court just rendered upholds the constitutionality of the statute of the State of Illinois prohibiting the practice of trading in "options" in that State. The penalty for violation of this law is a fine of from \$10 to \$1,000, or from one to five years' imprisonment, or both. The contest carried on

for years is now finally settled. Apart from the great traffic in options carried on here in the East—especially by Mr. Russell Sage, of this city, the business flourishes in Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Louis, and Kansas City, and a few years ago also flourished in Chicago. It is under the ban in the last-named city, and the probability is that the law will continue to be enforced. Trading in options is merely the purchase of a right of buying grain or a specific stock, or "putting" it to the option dealer at a specified price within a fixed period of time. The price is determined by the market quotations of a particular date, and the buyer loses or gains, according as the market falls or rises above the price he has contracted to pay. The iniquity of the system is that the gamblers in bargains sometimes make combinations that effect changes in the market prices of grains and other products, much to their own advantage, but to the lasting injury of the hard-working men whose livelihood depends upon raising the actual commodities which the traders are handling only in name.

✦

Russia and France
versus
England and Japan.

The diplomatic event of the week is contained in the announcement of a co-joint arrangement entered into between Russia and France as the reply of these two governments to the joint declaration recently put forth by England and Japan. Couched in the usual diplomatic phrasing, the declaration reads as follows:

"The allied Russo-French governments are wholly pleased to discern that the Anglo-Japanese convention supports the essential principles which, according to the reiterated statement of France and Russia, constituted and still constitute the foundation of their policy. Both governments believe that the support of these principles is also a guarantee of their interests in the Far East.

"They are compelled, however, not to lose from view the possible inimical action of other powers, or a repetition of disorders in China, possibly impairing China's integrity and free development, to the detriment of their reciprocal interests. They therefore reserve to themselves the right to take measures to defend these interests."

Naturally the publication of the Petersburg Note gives great satisfaction to the Russian and French press.

✦

What It
All Means.

This Note, indeed, tells us nothing that was not believed—that Russia and France would surely operate together in the Far East—but it constitutes a distinct official announcement that Russia and France together have taken up the gauntlet thrown down by Great Britain and Japan; that they regard the treaty entered into between the governments of King Edward and the Mikado as directed against themselves. According to the terms of the pact, "if either Great Britain or Japan, in defense of their respective interests (in China and Corea), should become involved in war with another Power, the other contracting party will maintain strict neutrality, and use its efforts to prevent other Powers from joining in the hostilities against its ally," and "if, in the above event, any other Power, or Powers, should join in hostilities against that ally, the other contracting party will come to its assistance, and will conduct war in common and make peace in mutual agreement with it." In other words, it has come to be understood that in the event of Russia and Japan coming to a clash, Great Britain would stand by to see that France took no hand in the encounter; or would be ready, in case the French Government did join with Russia in hostilities against Japan, to take up arms on the side of the last-named Power. Until

now this view had not been confirmed; it is now officially declared. A direct corollary is that, in the event, which many competent observers consider inevitable, of Russia and Japan going to war at an earlier or later date, hostilities will not be confined to these two Powers, but will extend to France and Great Britain. Thus, a conflict between Japan and Russia would precipitate a war the magnitude of which it would be impossible to overestimate. We add that the Russo-Franco Note simply announces such a status of affairs in the Far East as prevails in Europe, only that in place of England and Japan, we had substituted Germany and Austria—Italy having almost dropped out of the Dreibund. The measure, on the surface, seems to threaten ultimate war, but it may prove a harbinger and guarantee of peace.

✦

Why the Treaty
Was Signed.

A bit of recent history is given in the last issue of the *Contemporary Review*, by Mr. Alfred Stead, who gives the real reason why the British Government signed the treaty with Japan. It was this: The Japanese Government managed to impress Lord Lansdowne, the British Foreign Secretary, with the impressive necessity for checking Russian designs in Manchuria, upon the nature of which the Marquis Ito was able to throw some light. Mr. Stead declares that a secret convention was entered into between Russia and Chinese plenipotentiaries in 1900 which gave Russia the right to occupy the Moukden Province of Manchuria indefinitely. In February last year, Count Lamsdorff made a statement regarding the rumor as to the secret convention, which implied that it was without foundation, but a close reading of the statement makes it quite consistent with the existence of such a convention as Mr. Stead describes. Another point of interest about the Anglo-Japanese treaty is the possibility of China becoming a party to it, and if this happens it may be a first step toward a great international treaty regarding the Far East, similar to the great treaty of Paris in connection with the Near East. At any rate, in the opinion of this writer, it tends toward international peace, and not, as some other writers have been declaring, toward war in the near future.

✦

A Railway for
Greater Syria.

All interested in the Holy Land, if not wholly surprised, will still be interested in the fact that a great railway is projected to run through the heart of Asia Minor, and on by the vast plain of Mesopotamia to Bagdad. Steam locomotives will also soon be traveling the Accadian country and the supposed site of Paradise itself. The Sultan has issued an Irade granting concessions to German capitalists, who are, under agreement with the Financial Bureau of the Porte, to complete a railway of 1,300 miles, from Konieh to Bagdad, in eight years. This will be a continuation of the line which already runs from Smyrna through Ephesus and Aidin, to Konieh, through the famous carpet-making district, which is also one of the most beautiful and fruitful countries on earth. The extension will pass over the two ranges of the Taurus Mountains, some little distance north of Tarsus, the native city of Paul the Apostle. It will go by way of Mardin, Moarash and Berejik, to the banks of the Euphrates, which river it will cross, and will traverse the northern portion of the Mesopotamian plain, till it strikes the Tigris, the western bank of which mighty stream it will follow till Bagdad is reached. It is stated that the ultimate objective

point will be Koweyt, on the Persian Gulf; but as this point is 1,800 miles from Smyrna, much water will flow between the banks of the Euphrates before this splendid undertaking is completed. The line runs somewhat south of Diarbekr, the famous central strategic point of Asia Minor, which is regarded as Russia's coveted aim in the near future. It is expected that when the Sultan's great railway is completed the majority of the shares will be held by British shareholders, as is the case with the Suez Canal, though constructed by France.



Surrenders
in Luzon.

The long maintained resistance in Balangas and Laguna provinces, Luzon, seems to be over. First we had the news of the surrender of General Lukban with his force. This was promptly followed by the announcement by the insurgent, Guevarra, that he would continue to defend "the cause." Then General Lukban undertook to arrange with Guevarra for a cessation of the fighting, and now despatches from Manila state that General Lukban's efforts have been successful, and that General Smith, in command of the United States forces in the Island of Samar, and Guevarra have agreed to an armistice to facilitate the collection of Guevarra's men, with their rifles, when the formal surrender will be made. A later dispatch states that 400 rifles have been surrendered, so that the resistance in Balangas and Laguna is virtually over.



The death of Judge Noah Davis removes one who was a conspicuous figure in the city and in the State forty years ago. He was a man that always attracted attention, was a great lawyer, possessed of profound learning—severe yet just. He had filled several important political offices, and at one time came within two votes of succeeding Roscoe Conkling in the Senate. He presided at the trial of Tweed and of young Frank Wolworth, the grandson of the Chancellor.



Of course, as there was nothing of the heroic in Prince Henry's visit here, there is nothing to arouse enthusiasm on his return. On the other hand, this seems to have died out, but the cartoonists are getting in their shafts of ridicule, and the bitterness of the agrarians remains. Happily for us, there is very little, if any, bitterness existing between political parties here, though Germany seems to have her fill of it.



It is Rear-Admiral Crowninshield now, the Senate having last week unanimously confirmed the nomination. The promotion was every way deserved. The young will always love to read of the daring of this young man in forcing the yacht he commanded into the thick of the Santiago naval battle. The confirmation of Crowninshield without discussion indicates a complete abandonment of the Sampson-Schley controversy by the Senate, which is itself a healthy sign.



Mr. Dillon called Mr. Chamberlain a "liar" in the House of Commons on Thursday of last week. For this he was promptly suspended—in which condition he may remain for some time. Singularly enough there were forty-eight sitting members who, by their votes, showed that they regarded

an offender using the term liar qualified to participate in a parliament of gentlemen.



Good should come out of Governor-General Wood's visit to this country. Arriving here with President Palma and Secretary Tamayo, also in Washington, there should be a conference between these gentlemen and Senators and Representatives which should secure some lasting benefit to Cuba, which the present crude and inadequate measure certainly cannot supply.



Doubtless the Pope is mistaken in supposing that a mission will be sent from Washington to the Vatican. There is no occasion for such a commission, for Mons. Sharetti is in Washington, and there the negotiations should be held. Besides, the sending of a special envoy to Rome would not be a courteous act to the United States.



Juvenile Criminals and Their Crimes.

That was an astonishing event in the history of juvenile crime that occurred in an English town the other day, and which involved the remarkable sentence to ten years' penal servitude of a thirteen-year-old boy. He was convicted of pushing a smaller boy into a reservoir—where he was drowned—after robbing him of a watch that he wanted. The judge—only to think of it—expressed his regret that the offender was not a year older, so that he might sentence him to death for murder! In England the crime and the Judge's *obiter dictum* have provoked wide discussion as to whether there is no better way of treating child criminals; especially is the remark of the court, in passing sentence, universally condemned. The case brings up anew the subject of juvenile criminals and their crimes, and serves to recall some recent instances of infantile malice in the United States.

A very few years ago a boy of sixteen years named Robert Alden Failes was convicted of manslaughter in Newark, N. J. The crime was proved both by the boy's own voluntary and frank confession and by corroborative testimony. It was shown that the boy had planned the murder two weeks before, with the utmost deliberation and coolness, and that within a few minutes after the deed he was easy and unmoved in his bearing. During the trial the boy was apparently the least concerned person in the courthouse. Another case is that of a boy in Philadelphia, seventeen years of age, who was convicted of felonious assault, with attempt to kill; he was sentenced to a brief term of imprisonment. Still another case occurred in Georgia some ten years ago, when a boy of fourteen was convicted of murder in the first degree. Instead of hanging him he was sentenced to the reformatory, where he probably now is. And here it may be recalled that against a great deal of opposition many years ago the boy Pomeroy, eighteen years of age, was convicted in Boston of murder, and sentenced to death; and that subsequently the humane and discreet Governor commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. He is now a man of forty, making shoes for the State. One more case it that of a boy of eighteen, who shot a policeman. What shall we do with these young felons?

For one thing, these boy criminals never fail to put in an appearance, and never will. One of the most celebrated of English barristers—Mr. Justice Hawkins—in his "Pleas of the Crown" once declared that infants under the age of

discretion ought not to be prosecuted at all. Both English and American law, we may add, allows this matter of discretion to remain as a question of fact, which is wise, for everybody knows there are young sexigenarians and decrepit infants.

As to this matter, perhaps we may profitably go back to the jurisprudence of Rome for a lesson. The Romans fixed twenty-five as the arbitrary age of majority, defining infancy as under seven, childhood as under fourteen and adolescence as running thence upward. There were two classes of childhood—from seven to ten and a half, and thence to fourteen. By the Institutes of Justinian no child under ten and a half was liable to punishment. But by English and American law the capacity for wrong-doing or contracting guilt is not so much measured by years and days as by the strength of the delinquent's judgment and character. Pike's "History of Crime" mentions a boy of nine who was reprieved for killing a companion, and one of ten who was hanged for a similar crime. At Abingdon, England, during the last century, a boy of eight was hanged for firing two barns, because it appeared that he was instigated by "malice, cunning, and revenge." "But," says the great Blackstone, "in all cases of malice, in order that it may bridge the chasm of doubt, the proof should be clear beyond all contradiction."

In the last analysis of the subject we shall doubtless find that it is impossible to decide arbitrarily the age at which full responsibility begins. Strict justice and humanity will be best served by adherence to the English and American plan of judging each case on its merits, the tendency in the first offence being toward leniency. But the whole matter, distressing in all its phases, furnishes food for reflection and carries a solemn warning, withal, as to the genesis and development of crime, where the moral education of the youth is neglected. Never so much as now, when crime abounds, when crime-fostering literature can be had for a few cents, and when our educational institutions are becoming secularized, are the calls so loud and the demands so imperative for the moral and religious education of the youth. It is in religion and not in the reformatory that the salvation of the youth of the country lies.



Christian Weakness.

There are times in the experience of many Christians when their prayers seem to lack power with God, and their words to lack power with men. Afflictions drag them down, temptations cast them down, and when they would seek to lift up others heavenward with them, their feeble spirit is forced downward by the stronger earthly tendency of theirs. Surely the matter is one of such importance as to demand a serious consideration.

In truth, there is no need that the Christian should ever be weak. And true it is that in himself he is utterly without strength, and can do nothing. Apart from Christ, he is helpless beyond the power of words to describe. But, then, he is not apart from Christ. He is a member of his body, and often does he sweetly experience his gracious presence in his soul, and that he himself is his strength who is "Christ the power of God." In his proper place, and for doing the work to which Christ has called him, all the infinite resources of Christ are as available for him as if they had been stored up in his own bosom. Indeed, he can say with Paul, "I can do all things through

Christ which strengtheneth me." How foolish then, and how needless, for the Christian to be weak.

But further still, the Christian has no right to be weak. God means him to be strong. He charges him to be strong. He has made provision for his constant strength. He has given work to do that needs a strong man, for when suffering, he is called to suffer "according to the power of God," or, when fighting, to fight "even with the power of his might." What a sin, then, it is for a Christian to be a weak Christian. It hinders his work. It is wrong to the Church, and it is a wrong, also, to the world, to whom he should be an example of Christian endurance, courage, and faith.

"Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong?
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us in prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee."

After all, the true question is not one about our weakness, but his strength. The Christian is not sent a warfare on his own charges, but is "called to the fellowship of the Son of God." Like a branch in a tree, he is set in him, to draw all his life juices from him, and to turn the sap which he supplies into spiritual fruits to the glory of his Father.

The Christian is weak in everything, because weak in faith. In trying to live on his own beggarly resources he is starved when by faith he might be living in kingly affluence upon his. He measures the might of his spiritual enemies against his own and quails before them, when, in the offered strength of God he might easily tread down his foes. He reasons instead of listening, and purposes when he should be promptly obeying. The Christian should realize not only his utter death in self, but his joyful life and strength in Jesus. Christ is looking not for strong ones, but for weak, yea, for the very weakest. He still chooses the weak things of the world and the foolish to confound the mighty. Why, then, may he not use us, the very weakest of all. Let the weak and discouraged Christian lay himself at the feet of the Christ, and beseech him to work in and through him. And let his prayers be, "Though my eyes weep again thy tears of tender mercy over sinners! with my feet run after the lost, and cry to them with my voice, and yearn over them with my heart! In my weakness use me for anything that even the weakest may do."

What, then, shall the Christian, in his weakness and despondency, do? He must seek to live a life of prayer. There, if anywhere, lies the victory. The weakest saint when upon his knees is a giant in his battle for God. Joshua-like service in the valley is a failure only because Moses-like meetings on the Mount are relaxed. Strength prayer. Thus waiting on the Lord, he shall renew his strength, and through in himself as weak as ever, his lowly life work shall be in a measure done. And he shall feel all the way along in the doing of it, that it is not by himself, but by the grace of God which is vouchsafed him. There can be no failure, even for the weakest Christian, who will draw from that ever proffered and all-sufficient supply. Set no limits to your expectations from God's grace in Christ Jesus. Do not limit the Holy One of Israel. Expect great things from God, and this will give your heart to attempt great things for God.

Things of To-Day.

Easter.

Easter is the first Sunday after the "paschal full moon"—that is, the full moon occurring upon or next after March 21st—which is the beginning of the ecclesiastical year in the Latin and Anglican churches. But if the full moon happen on a Sunday Easter Day is the Sunday after. March 22d is the earliest possible day on which Easter can fall. The celebrated mathematician and astronomer, Prof. A. de Morgan, in an interesting account of the method of calculating the proper date of Easter Day, reminds us that it is not the actual moon in the heavens, nor even the "mean moon" of astronomers, that regulates the time of Easter, but an altogether imaginary moon, whose periods are so contrived that the new (calendar) moon always follows the real new moon—sometimes by two or even three days. The effect of this is that the 14th of the calendar moon—which had from the time of Moses been considered "full moon" for ecclesiastical purposes—falls generally on the 15th or 16th of the real moon, and thus after the real full moon, which is generally on the fourteenth or fifteenth day. One object in arranging the calendar moon was that Easter Day might never fall on the same day as the Jewish Passover. Nevertheless, this coincidence happened in 1805 and 1825, and it will occur again next year. The Jewish festival never occurs before March 26th or later than April 25th. The Christian festival, as has been stated, never takes place earlier than March 22d or later than April 25th. It fell on the earliest date in the years 1761 and 1818, and on the latest in 1886. In the coming century it will not fall at all on the earliest possible day, but it will fall on the latest possible—in 1943.



In voting to continue the subsidies to the French missions in the Orient the French government testifies, as M. Delcasse declares, to the indebtedness of France to religion for her influence abroad.



We have already noted the fact that changes are pending in the International Sunday School Lessons. Rev. Dr. A. F. Schauffler outlines their character. In the first place, the course which is running now, and which is supposed to cover the Bible in six years, has been laid out on biographical lines, and it is believed that in this way a course has been secured which is more popular and interesting than any that have previously appeared. Then, a "Beginner's Course," distinct from the ordinary course, has been prepared, and this is supposed to begin next September. The first month is occupied with the story of creation, then come lessons on "God's loving care," Thanksgiving, Christ's birth and youth, the lessons of the spring, Easter, the life everlasting, the Christian virtues. The committee has also in preparation an advanced course for Bible classes. This will be submitted to the next International convention, which meets at Denver in June.



There seems to be something barbaric in the continued use of the garrote under American régime for inflicting the death penalty. It is only a step from there to the guillotine.



A few hundred years hence the passage from our times to the better time coming will probably be described as the passage from savagery to civilization.



The schoolmaster is abroad in a different sense from what Lord Brougham declared in Parliament sixty years ago. In the Philippines there are one hundred and fifty thousand children in the public schools. There are now 769 American teachers and between 3,000 and 4,000 native teachers. The course of education is upward and onward in those tropical lands where every prospect pleases and man is not wholly vile.



Among the latest offerings of literature we have to note a series of letters written by Ernest Renan to his mother, while he was undergoing instruction with a view to entering the priesthood. These have been secured by the *Revue de Paris*, which publishes a first substantial instalment. The letters date from 1838, when the young Breton, just turned 15, entered the Seminary of St. Nicolas at Paris, to 1846, when he was at St. Sulpice. The early

letters reveal an impulsive, romantic, intensely affectionate nature, enthusiastically devoted to his mother, his confessor, his professors, and often desperately home-sick. In the very first letter, however, there is a touch of disappointment and implied criticism. Young Renan says: "I have been much chagrined, my dear mamma, to see that no mathematics at all are to be seen in the seminary. . . . I believe, however, that natural history is to be seen there, but that is not precisely mathematics, and more, I am not sure whether it is studied." This is prophetic of the "rift within the lute" which developed itself in after years, and led Renan, in the end, to abandon the priesthood, and become the chief apostle of romantically destructive criticism.

Here is a hint for our city authorities. In Paris stray dogs are placed in a lethal chamber, which is depressed into a six-foot opening under ground; carbonic acid gas is turned on, and in forty seconds every dog is dead without a struggle. By the system prevalent in this city, involving the use of common gas, the dogs suffer sometimes for two and three minutes before death ensues.



We really do not think that the faculty of Yale would do wisely to abolish free tuition to theological students on the ground that "it is a mistake in the treatment of ministers to coddle them too much." No doubt the reason given would fit many cases. On the other hand, to erect this bar would deprive many poor and self-respecting young men of an opportunity which so many have embraced with good to themselves and to the greater good of the church.



The United Presbyterians are asking for ten cents each from all of their members for the general enterprises of the denomination, and we hope they will get it, as no doubt they will.



From the recently published report on the vital statistics of Massachusetts it appears that while the native-born population of the State is more than double that of the foreign born (native, 1,959,022; foreign, 846,321) of the children born during 1900, 23,006 were of native, and 36,062 of foreign parentage. The process of assimilation, however, is going right on, and no misgiving for the future may be entertained on this score.



Over two million white children of the South not in the Sunday-school is something to set one thinking. But no section of the country can afford to throw stones at another in this matter.



According to *The Christian Commonwealth* of London the narrow gulf which divided the Nonconformity of Dr. Newman Hall from the Evangelical wing of the Church of England finds accentuation in the fact that his two sons are clergymen of the Church of England. One, the Rev. F. H. Hall, is the popular Dean of Oriel College, where the founders of the famous Oxford Movement were wont to foregather with Pusey, Manning, Keble, Wilberforce and Newman as the leaders. The other son is the Rev. E. Vine Hall, one of the Minor Canons of Worcester Cathedral, and a composer of a good deal of church music.



According to the Paris correspondent of *Le Christien Française* Pope Leo actually has the honor of having had one of his works entered on the list of forbidden books. It is a volume written in 1874, when he was Archbishop of Perugia, on "The Very Sacred Blood of the Holy Virgin." The congregation of the Index smelt heresy in this work, and therefore placed it among the writings which good Catholics must avoid. It is still on the Index, but the author's name has been removed. It is doubtless considered undesirable that one who is now held to be infallible should be known to have at one time gone seriously astray in doctrine.



The late Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, the English historian, was very fond of retailing the hackneyed old historical anecdotes that garnish the school books, and he would commonly append the comment: "Now, that story is not true; I have reason to know, indeed, that it is pure fiction; but for our purpose it is better than the truth, because the truth cannot be rounded off and polished so nicely to suit one's conception of character or of circumstance." For similar reasons he was instant in praise of historical novels. "A genius like Scott or George Eliot (especially in 'Romola')" he

would say, "has many advantages over the plodding historian, and can often arrive by the intuition of genius at truths which the most laborious research could never reveal; and, on the whole," he would add, "historical fiction is much more trustworthy and incomparably more respected than many so-called histories." And yet, Gardiner's own "Puritan Revolution" and "Thirty Years' War" are histories that no romances built on those lines can equal. He seems to be an irrefutable witness against his own opinion.



There is pertinency, as it seems to us, in the criticism visited upon Secretary Hay's memorial address on William McKinley, where he speaks of McKinley as having "died like a gentleman." Rev. Dr. Allen, whose exception to the statement we print elsewhere, would substitute the statement that McKinley died like a Christian, which certainly expresses the deeper truth. When McKinley said "God's will be done," there was less of mere gentlemanliness about it than spiritual-mindedness, evincing entire submission to the Divine will and the possession of the spirit of Christ. We add in this relation that we have never liked Dekker's much-quoted remark that Christ was "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." There is something finical about such a designation applied to Christ, as it is clear that there have been many true gentlemen before the time of Christ and since—men unwilling to needlessly wound the sensibilities of others. Besides, applied to Christ the remark savors of a pretty compliment daintily offered the Master by one who, denying His Messiahship and His divinity, would think to make Him one other such person as himself!



Dr. Joseph Parker's plea and plan for a United Congregational Church in lieu of the existing aggregate of Congregational Churches does not seem to be generally received with favor in England. Several church meetings have been held, at which the preference was clearly shown for the existing name of Congregational Union. Dr. Parker's reputation and power, however, were never so great as now; he has become the fad in London, and the proper thing to do is to go and hear him, as Lord Rosebery and several members of the British Cabinet have recently done. Dr. Parker's strength largely comes from the fact that he has steadfastly exhibited the courage of his convictions and has refused to moderate or withhold the expression of opinion in deference to certain court circles. Besides, Dr. Parker is a great preacher—he is a genius in the pulpit—and is now reaping the reward that comes from a long period of continuous growth, until now he is in the maturity and splendid climax of his powers.



With reference to the appointment by the Overseers of Harvard University of the Rev. Dr. Edward C. Moore, D.D., pastor of the Central Congregational Church, of Providence, to be the successor of the late Professor Thayer in the Harvard Divinity School, there is a significance in this appointment which has interest for all having interest in religious thought. Dr. Moore has been a constant advocate of Christian brotherhood—the brotherhood of all men in Christ—and in that view the denominational differences have not stood for much with him as with some. To Dr. Moore church governments are human devices carrying little more importance than the particular architecture of the house one lives in. Dr. Moore goes to Harvard wholly untrammelled, for one thing; the negations or agnosticians—if we may use the word—of Unitarianism will not be voiced by him. In the course of a recent farewell discourse Dr. Moore took occasion to present some outline of his purpose. He declared it his conviction that the years spent in the pastorate were the noblest part of his fitting for the work to which he is now called. He looked forward to the academic career before him not as affording a chance for mere scholarly seclusion in pleasant surroundings, but with the earnest purpose "to do the little that one man can do to keep the school in real touch with the life of our churches." Dr. Moore goes to Harvard as a Congregationalist, but with the conviction that the church of Christ is something far larger than any one sect. Harvard needs just the elements Dr. Moore will bring it, and the Central Church itself does a noble thing in consenting to the surrender of a pastor who has been as much to them as Dr. Moore has been.



While Russia is not often charged with neglecting her own interests, at the same time, according to a letter just received from a lady medical missionary in Manchuria, the results of the Russian

occupation are far more beneficent than is generally supposed. Before the Boxer outbreak Russia interfered but little with internal affairs, and although Russians were present in the larger towns and cities, the responsible authorities everywhere were Chinese. Since Moukden, the capital, fell into their hands, the Russians have much to the gain of natives and foreigners alike discharged the function of rulers to some extent. Moukden has been described by Mrs. Bishop as "the most satisfactory city in China," but it was only when it came under Russian control that it had the luxury of cleaned and lighted streets. With the restoration of normal order and security, the reins of government are being handed once more over to Chinese officials. The country as a whole is now fairly tranquilized, missionaries are returning to their work under encouraging conditions, and the outlook generally is more favorable than before the Boxer trouble. The correspondent whose letter is quoted by *The Christian World*, of London, is so impressed with the good done by the occupation that she hopes the Russians will "keep their hands on affairs a few months longer." We give these impressions as being worth attention, representing, as they do, the judgment of one on the spot.



We have already noted the increase of the Protestant movement in Austria. The latest advices from Vienna show that the "Los von Rom" (movement against Rome) is showing signs of increasing vitality. In Turn, a well-known Catholic center, thirty-nine conversions have been recorded since the beginning of February. In Chodan, on Sunday last week, thirty persons formally joined the Protestant Church. They were inducted by Pastor Feller, of Karlsbad. In Eger, in Northern Bohemia, twenty-five former Catholics are being instructed in the Protestant faith. They will formally leave the Catholic Church on Palm Sunday. From Styria and Carnatia most encouraging accounts come. A German society, with its headquarters in Berlin, has been formed for circulating the Scriptures gratis among the Roman Catholics of Lower and Upper Austria.



Current Comment—In Brief.

Equality is a dream never to be fulfilled here or hereafter, except in the value of souls, and in the love which God has for all; but in that life beyond the differences will come from the choice which we make here.—*Lutheran Observer*.

Though the sufferers by the explosion of the Maine have no legal claim, and though the pension laws may not cover such cases, it is plain that Congress should be liberal to those dependent upon the men who lost their lives in the Maine, and to the survivors who met with injuries.—*Christian Advocate*.

The time is now past when all colored people herd themselves together without regard to moral distinctions. There are colored circles where it would be just as impossible for a person of known questionable character to enter as would be true of white society. Perhaps there are few indications that so clearly mark the progress that the race is making as the fact that the line is all the time being more closely and tightly drawn between the good and the bad.—Booker T. Washington.

Our fathers paid attention to this subject in their day. They gave a prominent place to Bible study and the careful perusal of wholesome and spiritual books and periodicals in the afternoon or evening. Now the novel and the Sunday press are the pabulum upon which too many feed, either before or after the morning discourse. Let pastors and elders look more into this matter, and do their utmost to secure a reformation in this respect, and put the best of literature into the household.—*The Presbyterian*.

The modern rented pew system gives occasion for the unbeliever to blaspheme. The student tells of the increasing habit of wealthy folks in New York of renting their pews for six months and surrendering them when they leave town for the summer. This is a habit not confined to wealthy New Yorkers. It is increasing everywhere, and among the well-to-do as well as among the very rich. It is a habit that causes those responsible for the administration of church finances to lie awake nights.—*Cumberland Presbyterian*.

Why should there not be a general, persistent, sweeping spiritual campaign everywhere? Is this not the business and work of the church and the ministry? This pastor would see all others encouraged and stimulated. He believes that the Lord's arm is not shortened. He is sure that he is mighty to save.

What are the churches doing to-day but carrying on just such a campaign? Sometimes we search "too high for things close by"—as, perhaps, in the present instance.

By the First Train North.

By Henry Kalloch Rowe.

Feathered harbingers of early spring:

Due to arrive during March—

Bluebird—blue above, reddish below.

Robin—dusky above, reddish below.

Purple grackle—iridescent black.

Red-winged blackbird—black, with flame-colored shoulders.

Fox sparrow—large, fox-brown, heavily streaked.

Flicker—prevailing color yellow-brown, crescent on breast.

Kingfisher—blue above, light below, crested.

Purple finch—light crimson.

It is past the Ides of March, and by the calendar and by the weather spring has come. But the truest harbinger is the bluebird. I remarked early that this was just the kind of morning to bring the birds, and it was not five minutes later that the first bluebird of the season sang his matins under the window. What a feeling of indescribable peace and satisfaction does it bring to us when that sweet note sinks into the soul and stirs its quiet depths and brings to life some glad consciousness that has lain dormant these four months past. The first birds and the first flowers are the dearest because they are so novel and so few. It will not do to congratulate ourselves that winter is over; more than a foot of snow was on the ground three days ago and it will come again, and chill March winds will sweep over the moist meadows and creak among the pine branches, but it rained last night—one of those warm, soaking south rains—and March is come and the bluebirds are here, and that is enough for me. This bird with the blue of the sky on his back, the warm red of the earth on his breast, and the joy of heaven in his song, is the prototype of the blessed days to some.

The bluebirds always catch the first train from the south. From Florida and way stations they alight in our fields and pastures and gardens and herald the coming of the minstrel choirs. Now watch for the robins. Some of them have remained about Boston all winter, but they are not in evidence as they will be in our orchards and dooryards. Some day soon, when you are walking in an old pasture or along the edge of a wood, you will find him huddled in a scrub oak or pine away from the chill wind, or you will catch his cheerful note from fence-row or stone wall on the border of yonder field. Everybody knows the rusty breast of the robin and his dusky back, and the tyro in ornithology is thus far having an easy time of it with the crow and the English sparrow, the robin and the bluebird.

But he strolls farther out into the meadow one of these enticing mornings, and he hears a "conkaree" from the cat-tails, and the next minute the reeds and bushes are alive with grackles and red-wings. A crow or a blackbird—that big fellow on yonder limb? A little of both, if you please, sir. Call him a crow blackbird and you have it, for to common folk this smaller brother of the crow goes by that name, though your more learned and esthetic ornithologist, mindful of the sheen of his neck and shoulders in the sun, prefers to call him purple grackle. But the grackle's smaller brother, the red-wing, should not confuse you, though he looks all black as he sways on that slender twig, but wait until he spreads his wings and you catch sight of that spot of flame that glows on each shoulder and you will love him for his beauty if not for his vocal powers, and you will forget that he is so closely related to the grackle and the crow. You may even fancy that if he would only cultivate the bright spot of his plumage he might in time evolve out of his dusky mantle until like the tanager there was no black left but the wings and tail. He would not have to spend any of his time in cultivating his voice to effect such a transformation, for "conkaree" and "oaklee" are preferable to the "chip-gang" of the tanager.

But your self-constituted committee of welcome to these new arrivals will hardly have become introduced before another section of this first train will pull into the station and the amateur ornithologist will begin to think that the whole family of Browns has come to take up quarters in this neighborhood. Gray-brown and rufous-brown, streaked and spotted and darned and patched, the sparrows are by every roadside and in every thicket and bramble and stump-strewn pasture. Every sparrow was an English sparrow to him before, but here is the sweet-voiced soprano of the brookside, the song sparrow, with converging

streaks on the upper breast, as if his colors like his voice had focused all the best upon his throat; over there is the large fox sparrow clad in his fox-brown mantle, and stopping off for a couple of weeks on his trip from Cuba to Alaska and the Canadian Northwest; with him the tree sparrow, his dainty breast adorned with a jet-black pin, is discussing the best route to the North, and getting the news that their cousins, the field sparrows, the vesper sparrows, the swamp sparrows, the chipping sparrows, the white-throated sparrows, and the white-crowned sparrows, are all on the way. This news is calculated to strike dismay to our youthful enthusiast with note book and opera glass, but courage! only the vanguard of the procession is here yet.

By the middle of March one may look for flickers, screaming halloo to their winter cousins, the downy and hairy woodpeckers. Their golden wings with crescent-marked and spotted breast, together with their large size, make them conspicuous objects, to say nothing of their loud tattoo on tree trunk or branch. Not infrequently they vie with the bluejay in making vocal the winter days, but most of them are among the early spring arrivals.

A flash of blue on an April sky
And I see a kingfisher darting by,
A sudden leap and a splash of foam -
And he bears a fish to his sand-bank home.

The kingfisher, belted and crested like a medieval knight, his shield a bar of azure on a white ground, is common along the watercourses in March as well as in April, and is one of the most picturesque of the whole feathered tribe. The purple finch, whose appearance suggests a bath of pokeberry juice, is one of the many birds which are not infrequently seen in midwinter, but which increase rapidly in numbers with the advent of early spring. This finch, one of the sparrow family, though one would not think it from his bright coloring, has the characteristic musical ability of most of his family. Known as the "linnet," he is sometimes kept like a canary as a cage bird. His beauty and voice are at their best, however, in the open air, and to see him among the leafless boughs of March adds much to the pleasure of a winter landscape.

The procession of birds has begun. Look out for the uniforms and listen to the music. It is one of the things that are worth while, for it is soul-inspiring.

RANDOLPH, Mass.



About People.

It is said that President Roosevelt contemplates writing a history of Texas as soon as he finds the time. The President is now superintending the publication of a book on the wild animals of the United States.

King Alfonso's coronation is to be commemorated by the issue of thirteen new kinds of postage stamps, each of which is to bear the head of one of the thirteen kings of the same name who have ruled over Spain.

M. Hamard, the French sculptor, has just completed at Paris the model of a statue of Marshal Rochambeau, to be presented to the city of Washington as a companion to the statue of Lafayette. The work of casting the bronze will begin this week. The statue may be ready to ship to America in April.

During the year 1901 the Pope figured as legatee in over seven hundred wills throughout the Catholic world, the aggregate amount thus left to him being \$600,000. The largest single legacy to His Holiness was \$30,000, bequeathed to him by a wealthy Italian manufacturer, and the second largest \$20,000.

Previous to appointing Gen. Joe Wheeler to a command in the war with Spain, President McKinley consulted the late Senator Davis, of Minnesota, about the matter. "I think it would be a splendid appointment," said Mr. Davis. "I am a living witness of Joe Wheeler's grit and persistence. During the civil war he chased me like the devil through five States."

The twin-screw cruising yacht of the Hamburg-American Line, the Prinzessin Victoria Luise, which sailed last week on her third cruise from this port this season, took among her passengers Dr. and Mrs. Lyman Abbott and Miss Beatrice Abbott. Dr. and Mrs. Abbott and Miss Beatrice will remain abroad six months and visit various places of interest, Sicily among them, of which they will see as much as possible. Dr. Abbott goes abroad for a rest, which is greatly needed, as it is richly earned.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

State Senator L. H. Humphrey died from pneumonia at Albany on March 18th.

An American company has started to put electric lighting into Nicaragua's four principal cities.

Announcement of the gift by Mr. Carnegie of \$175,000 for a library at Albany has been made.

Two men were carried over a twenty-foot falls in the Apetuck River in Connecticut on Sunday last.

Señor Concha, the new Columbian Minister, presented his credentials to President Roosevelt on Monday.

The House on Saturday passed 229 private pension bills, the largest number ever passed by it at one sitting.

Messages from Cape Town show that Cecil Rhodes is daily growing weaker, and that the end is not far off.

John D. Rockefeller took in \$8,000,000 on Saturday in the shape of dividends, and it was a half-holiday, at that.

The National Railroad of Mexico has been incorporated in Utah, to operate a road from Laredo to the City of Mexico.

The New York Central Railroad proposes to abolish grade crossings and make other improvements in the Bronx Borough.

The Ship Subsidy bill passed the Senate on Monday by a vote of 42 to 31, six Republicans voting against and one Democrat for the bill.

Pension Commissioner Evans is to retire, it is announced in Washington, and a higher office will be given to him by the President.

Six robbers early Thursday broke into the Exchange Bank at Minooka, Ill., wrecked the safe with dynamite and secured about \$3,000.

Secretary Shaw has announced that purchases of Government bonds by the Treasury Department would be discontinued for the present.

Of the 180 school inspectors appointed by Borough Presidents Cantor and Swanstrom, of Manhattan and Brooklyn, seventy-five are women.

The severe storm in the Northwest has been followed by intense cold, and there was much suffering and some loss of life in the Dakotas and Montana.

Deep snow in the Thunder Mountain region, Idaho, has caused such a scarcity of provisions that a relief party was sent out on snowshoes to get supplies.

Fire insurance rates on all manufacturing and mercantile risks have been advanced 25 per cent. throughout the country east of the Rocky Mountains, except in New York City.

The police made a raid on a poolroom in this city on Monday and found it full of women, all of whom wept and prayed, and a few of whom fainted; all but three were released.

Fire destroyed, with loss of life, on Tuesday night last, the Phoenix Line pier, in Hoboken, N. J., together with the steamer British Queen, and several other lighters and barges.

The General Assembly of Kentucky has adopted and sent to the Governor for approval a bill taking from the women of Kentucky the right to vote in school trustees' elections.

John Voghte, 70 years old, a farmer of this place, while laughing at a joke told by one of his family at breakfast, on Tuesday morning, burst a blood vessel and fell to the floor dead.

The bill making the metric system the legal standard of weights and measures of the United States has been favorably reported by the House Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures.

The bodies of nineteen of the twenty victims of the steamer Providence disaster have been recovered from the waters of Lake Palmyra. The only body missing is that of Dr. N. A. Lancaster.

Hugh O'Neill, one of the foremost dry goods merchants of New York City, died March 16th, at his home, 143 West 57th street, from a complication of diseases. He had been in poor health for over a year.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated on Monday by the Irish societies; a parade with 15,000 men in line was held and a number of city officials were guests; Pontifical Mass was celebrated at the Cathedral.

Grover Cleveland, the only living ex-President of the United States, quietly celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday with his family at his house, in Bayard avenue, Princeton, N. J., on March 18th. His health is good.

James Donaldson and William Broadbent, two of the best-known wool growers of Eastern Montana, have been found guilty of stealing sheep, and sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary. Both men are wealthy.

Mrs. S. P. Leese, who was a resident of New York City for many years before her death, has bequeathed to the Central University of Kentucky, at Danville, \$25,000, and to the S. P. Leese Institute, of Jackson, Ky., \$15,000.

The E. I. Dupont, De Nemours & Co.'s powder plant, five miles west of Keokuk, Ia., was much damaged by an explosion, March 10th. Two men were killed outright, a third will die, and three others are seriously injured.

Denbigh Hall, a part of Bryn Mawr College, which was destroyed by fire, is to be rebuilt at once. The alumni have been asked to contribute as far as their means will permit, and the trustees have given orders for the reconstruction of the building.

Seventeen thousand bales of jute, stored in a one-story shed, running from West and Noble streets to Milton street on one side and Oak street on the other, in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, were destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The jute, which was owned by the American Cordage Company, was valued at \$50,000.

Seven brave life-savers, practically the entire crew of the Monomoy Station on the south end of Cape Cod, Mass., met death on Monday at their posts of duty, and with them into the treacherous sea which capsized the life-boat went five men from the stranded barge Wadena, whom they had vainly tried to bring in safely to the shore.

Rhode Island having changed its time of holding its State election from April to November, leaves the Oregon election the first one to occur this year. The latter takes place June 2d, when a Governor, minor State officers, a full Legislature, two members of the National House of Representatives, and a host of local officials will be chosen.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

The new Spanish Cabinet is announced; most of its former members remain in office.

It was reported from Hong-Kong on March 18th that General Ma had been defeated by the rebels.

The strike of dock laborers at La Rochelle, France, is ended, the employers having accepted the demands of employees.

General Chakir Pacha, a brother of the late Turkish Grand Vizier, was arrested, March 5th, by order of the Sultan, at Prinkipos Island, Sea of Marmora.

The French Chamber of Deputies, for the first time in many years, held sessions on Sunday in order to dispose of the Budget, which was adopted by a vote of 398 to 64.

A conference of the Ministers of the Powers at Peking on March 17th decided on the principle of restoring the Chinese Government at Tien Tsin, thus reversing the decision of the military commanders.

The King of England will give dinners to the poor in the week of the coronation ceremonies to the number of 500,000. His Majesty has notified the mayors that the sum of \$150,000 has been placed at their disposal.

The Vatican has received confidential news, says the Rome correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*, of a serious situation in Ireland. The Fenians have for some months been engaged in an active propaganda with a view to organizing for a general rising. It is believed the Vatican will instruct the Irish clergy to hold aloof from revolutionary agitation.

To the number of foreign countries which have been represented at Roanoke College, Turkey in Asia is soon to be added, the faculty having received a letter from two young men living on the Black Sea, who write that they will leave for America in the summer, and ask to be enrolled in advance for next season. These students, Manong Khidichian, an Armenian, and Yani Macrides, a Greek, who have already made considerable progress in their course of study and in acquiring English in an Armenian college, propose to graduate from Roanoke and then take a theological course in some American seminary, with a view to becoming missionaries in their own country. The faculty of the college are also corresponding about other Koreans who wish to enter Roanoke soon.

Easter Morning.

By William G. Haeselbarth.

Glad we welcome the return
Of the glorious Easter dawn!
How our hearts within us burn
On this Resurrection Morn!
Through the world's dark, gloomy night,
How the hearts of men did crave
For some sign, however slight,
From beyond the voiceless grave!

On that first glad Easter Day,
When the Christ rose from the dead,
Doubts and fears were swept away,
And a new light 'round them shed.
Now, with that first Easter, blend
New-born hopes with pleasures rife—
Death no longer is an end,
But an entrance into life.

Like the stone that sealed the tomb,
So all doubts are rolled away;
Gone the darkness and the gloom,
Dawns a bright and glorious day!
Now, at last, from the beyond
Comes there One with power to speak,
One who died and can respond
To the knowledge that they seek.

Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!
Sin and death have lost their sting!
They who trust in His sure word
He will save to Himself bring.
Let us join our grateful songs
With the notes the angels sing;
Praise alone to Him belongs—
Our Redeemer and our King!

NYACK, N. Y.



The Resurrection Morning.

The observance of Easter is an annual reminder of the resurrection of Christ. Upon this great fact hinged the truth of the gospels and the life of the infant church. No wonder the Apostles put it in the foreground of their ministry, and clung to it in the face of scourgings, imprisonments, torture and death. It meant too much to this sin-ridden world for such brave-hearted men to let it lie in obscurity. Even the enemies of Christianity recognized the importance of the fact of the resurrection, and did their best to disprove it. If the Apostles could prove that their Master rose, and left His tomb empty, except for the grave clothes and the napkin, then they could give the death blow to Judaism and enthrone Jesus as the promised Messiah. The third day after the crucifixion had dawned, and as the chief priests had feared, the sepulchre was found empty; the body of Jesus was gone. That was a fact which no one could or did deny. Somehow in the darkness of the night, or in the gloom of the early morning, the body had disappeared; the rising sun found a company of loving women waiting with embalming spices, but the tomb was empty.

It took but a moment for the disciples to recognize the fact of the resurrection. They had not expected it, for unbelief, ignorance and grief had all conspired to render them less acute than the enemies of Jesus; but now, with an empty grave, a hundred hints and mysterious sentences acquire significance, and the whole truth flashes upon them at once. Even that strange tryst on a mountain in Galilee, which they had thought could never be kept, now becomes significant. Jesus is risen, is risen from the dead, and as one after another come in, breathless and excited, to declare that they have seen the Lord, a great joy and content fill every heart, and faith conquers grief.

The fact of the empty tomb also confronts the enemies of Jesus, too, but they endeavored to explain that. They said

that the body was stolen and the grave robbed. Here the Jews overreached themselves, and what an improbable tale they invented. Surely the body had not been stolen by the enemies of Jesus, for it was to their interest that it should remain just where it was, to prove Christ's imposture. His enemies would never have given a semblance to His resurrection by robbing the grave. If they had robbed it, what an easy proof of his continued death it would have been, to have produced the body. But that poor mutilated body, with the nail prints and the ragged wound in the side, would never be in their power to be displayed stiff and rigid in death.

Who then had stolen it, His disciples? So it was claimed, but how could it be proved? The Roman guard that had been posted at the sepulchre was sadly in their way, for it was not likely that a band of trained soldiers could have been overmastered by a company of unarmed, frightened men. It was a preposterous and incredible story to claim that they were asleep, for no one ever heard of a Roman sentinel asleep at his post; far less likely that a whole guard was asleep; they knew it would bring upon them certain death.

The resurrection of Jesus was necessary as the final seal to Christ's great mission. When He died did it bear the semblance of triumph that He who gave life to others should yield to the last great enemy, that He who saved others should be unable to save Himself, that He who declared Himself the Way and the Life should, motionless and dead, go the way of all flesh?

Thus this grand attesting fact was wanted, for the Prince of Life was reputed dead; the Captain of Salvation conquered. For three days only did the powers of darkness triumph, and then yield up the God they were powerless to hold. The resurrection of Christ is the evidence, the seal, the pledge of a finished and accepted work. The crowning miracle of history puts the final seal to the work of atonement. The healing of diseases, the restoring of sight, the opening grave at His death were all not so great a proof of His Godhead as His breaking from the tomb, and rising triumphant over death and hell and the grave.

We can thus pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death without a fear, since Christ passed there before us, robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory.



Typical Elders and Deacons.

By the Author of "Clerical Types."

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CHAPTER V.

A SILENT DEACON.

Deacon Ward was called "the silent deacon" merely because his voice was never heard in prayer meeting. There is a tradition to the effect that when a young man he tried to give his experiences in meeting, when he was seized with stage fright. All his ideas vanished into thin air; he stood working his lips and swinging his arms, but not a word could he utter. He sat down overwhelmed with confusion and shame, and never again could he be induced to repeat the experiment.

Once afterward, when he was urged to give his experience at a revival meeting, he refused, giving as his reason, "There are privacies of the soul upon which no man has any right to intrude." He hated all display of feeling, looking upon it as the sign of a shallow nature. He was wont to

say, "The less water there is in a kettle the sooner it begins to blow off steam."

There was about Deacon Ward a vast amount of reserved power. He seldom took any part in discussions, yet his word was waited for. People would ask, "What does Deacon Ward think about this?" He was something like Moses, who was said to be slow of speech, the very opposite of his brother, Aaron, who was a silvery-tongued orator. Yet it is of Moses, and not of Aaron, that it is said, "He was a man mighty in word and in deed." When he did speak every word weighed a ton, for not only was it the expression of a strong personality, but it was backed up by actions. If Deacon Ward's words were few, they meant much, and they always found translation into deeds. He was like the good deacon that Spurgeon tells of who was asked to meet with some of the brethren and sisters and pray for a poor widow who was in distress. He could not come. When the meeting was in progress it was interrupted by a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened there stood a boy in a smock frock, who said: "My father could not come to the meeting, but he sent his prayers, and they are out there in the cart." His prayers were found to be in the shape of flour, bacon, potatoes and other substantial articles which the widow needed to relieve her necessities.

The common estimate of Deacon Ward was expressed in the words, "He is the paying not the praying deacon." And yet that description was hardly fair. He was a praying man, but when he prayed he entered his closet and shut the door. The statement that he was a paying deacon was certainly correct. He was a generous giver, but not an ostentatious one. He did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame.

The worst thing that was said of Deacon Ward was that he was a slow coach. A trifle slow he undoubtedly was, but he was sure. He pulled at a heavy load like a strong and patient ox. He supplied the needed inertia to keep things from going too fast. He was not so much a drag on the wheels of progress as a check upon the excesses of radicalism. He was a born conservative, and often formed a necessary breakwater to keep the church from being swamped by newfangled ideas.

One hardly realizes how much the silent members contribute to the strength and security of the church. The ocean waves pounding upon the shore with thunderous noise seem to be making great havoc, but scientists tell us that erosive forces caused by rains and the action of the atmosphere are from thirty to forty times greater than that of the ocean.

Deacon Ward wore well. He was frugal in the expenditure of his emotions. He saved his superlatives for great occasions. As the old adage runs, "He kept his breath to cool his pottage." He was long-winded in work, if not in speech. If he did not run, neither did he creep. From day to day he kept on the even tenor of his way, jogging along without haste or delay. When he spoke it was with the velvet mouth. But sometimes his silence was oppressive. Instead of the soft answer which turneth away wrath, there was no answer which kindleth wrath. When hurt he consumed his own smoke. He suffered long and was still. It would often have been better for himself and for others if he had spoken out. Utterance would have brought him relief, and in many instances it would have helped to clear the air and bring about a better understanding.

One thing which tended to Deacon Ward's popularity was

that he was a good listener. His mind was kept open to suggestion. He was deferential to the opinion of others. He generally had his own way, because he did not appear to seek it. When he died people remembered that he never spoke ill of anybody. What they forgot was that he never spoke good of anybody. He was merely silent. Silent generally when he ought to have been silent; but silent sometimes when he ought to have spoken. Still his life was vocal, and it always rang true. The good deeds with which his life was filled were more expressive and eloquent than any words could have been. He went from us as he had lived; going out without a word, and meeting the mysteries of the unseen with the hushed reverence that his life of silence had bred.



The Shepherd and His Sheep.

By Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D.

If I were asked what occupation is most characteristic of the Old Testament Scriptures, I should say the Shepherd. If I were asked what is the occupation that is most characteristic of the New Testament, I should say the Fisherman. The Prophets were shepherds, the Apostles were fishermen. The Old Testament moves among the scenery of Judea; the New Testament among the scenery of Galilee. The hills of Judea are the pastures of sheep; the sea of Galilee is the haunt of fishes. Moses received the revelation of the Old Testament while tending his father-in-law's flock at the back of Mount Horeb, beside the burning bush; Peter, James and John received the call to become disciples while mending their nets beside the Sea of Galilee, and in connection with the miraculous draught of fishes which they caught in its waters. And all the disciples were made Apostles by the significant repetition of the miracle of the great draught of fishes that was taken in the same place after the resurrection.

We see a wonderful significance and appropriateness in these two occupations being so intimately associated with the revelations of the Old and the New Testaments. The shepherd life among the mountains, far away from the busy haunts of men, lends itself to meditation, to the seeing of visions and dreaming of dreams in the sleep that is among the lonely hills; and this is the kind of life that suits the prophet and enables him best to carry out his mission. The fisherman's life, on the contrary, is spent upon the troubled waters, continually changing, calling for activity, energy, and fertile resource, and he has to dispose of the produce of his toil where men most do congregate; and that is the kind of life that suits the apostle best and is best adapted to enable him to fulfil his mission. The prophet is a man of leisure and insight, who sees into the heart of things, who penetrates the haze of the future, and has the harvest of a quiet age, which is the bliss of solitude. The apostle is one who mixes in the business of life, in the streets and openings of the gates; and like a stream coming to the homes and hearts of men, the heavenly lessons he has learned high up among the cloudy heights.

The relation between an Eastern shepherd and his flock is peculiarly close and tender. There is a friendship formed between them to which there is nothing analogous in our Western life. He goes before them to their pastures. They know him and answer to their names, and they follow close behind him, sure of his care. He carries the lamb in his bosom; encourages the weak that are not able to keep up with the rest and gently leads them; and should one of them go astray he searches for it until he finds it, tracking it by the tufts of wool left on the briers and thorns. Thus tending of the sheep keeps the well-spring of affection ever fresh and full in the shepherd's heart. It helps to educate him, to evoke his self-denial, patience, tenderness and courage. It brings him into close contact with Nature in her varying moods. It throws him back upon his own thoughts, and shuts him up to the simplicities of life. David was trained in this way while keeping his father's flocks on the hills of Bethlehem for the great responsibilities of his later years. And He who put into David's heart the thought that the Lord stood toward himself in this tender relation has appeared among men and claimed for himself the title of the Good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep—Who leads us into green pastures

and beside still waters, and Who appears to the eye of faith through the door opened in Heaven a lamb as it had been slain.

What divine instinct led Jesus to select His disciples and apostles from the fisher-folk? Why did He not go to the lonely hills of Judea and summon the shepherds there to follow Him that He might make them shepherds of men; that by the shepherd's rod, like Moses, they might do miracles of grace and accomplish the world's deliverance as he had accomplished the deliverance of Israel? Just for the same reason that He Himself did not act like John the Baptist, the last Prophet of the old dispensation, living a lonely wilderness life, far away from human society, but went where the crowds of life were thickest, and the varieties of life were greatest—on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. He did not want shepherds to preach the Gospel, though the shepherds had prepared the way for it and heralded its coming, and heard the angels singing its first song on the plains of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will to all mankind." Not only in the old primeval shepherd realm of the East, amid calm, lonely, lethargic scenes of nature and Arab tents, camels and palm trees associated with the infancy and early youth of our race; but also amid the stimulating scenes of the West, amid the arts and sciences of Greek civilization and Roman dominion, amid the bustle and commerce of cities, did He wish His many-sided cosmopolitan Gospel to be preached. He could not have said to shepherds on the lonely hills, the boundaries of the world shutting men out, "Go, ye, into all the world, and preach the Gospel unto every creature," but to fishermen on the wide waste of waters that flow through and amid all lands, uniting them together.

There was no other occupation so fit to have disciples taken from it as the occupation of fishermen. One might have expected Jesus to have been prepossessed in favor of those who practiced the trade to which He Himself belonged, and in which He had been brought up, viz., the trade of a carpenter. While He worked at His father's bench in Nazareth He must have known many of like occupation and associated with them; and there were masons and farmers, and persons of other occupations in this town who could have furnished from their ranks disciples to follow Him. But all these industries had disabilities which rendered them unfit for His purpose. They had trades' rules and prejudices and associations which made their own interests more important to them than anything else outside of these. They had frequent trade disputes, the ancient equivalent of modern strikes, and they were always actuated by party spirit. But fisherman were free and independent. They were contented to do their own work day by day. They were at leisure from their own dreams and fancied wrongs or rights and party interests to give attention to the claims of the new religion. They were fitted from their habits of exposure to endure hardness. Their occupation upon the uncertain and treacherous waters and alternate storms and calms made them quick and agile in their movements. It made them also feel more dependent upon God, and brought their relations to Him into strong relief. They got their meat more directly from God than even the farmer got it from the soil of his fields and the rain and sunshine of Heaven.

EDINBURGH, Scotland.



The Resurrection of Jesus.

By Wm. E. Haeselbarth.

The resurrection of Christ is the most important article of the Christian religion. It is the cornerstone of the entire fabric, to remove which is to topple into ruins the entire structure. Christ frequently said that he would rise again. And without it His mission would have been useless. If Christ did not rise, then we have no Savior. We are still dead in our sins, under the wrath of God, and under the sentence of eternal death. But, blessed be God, in all this world's history no more fully and completely attested fact than that the same Jesus who was crucified upon Calvary, and whose body was laid in Joseph's tomb, did rise again from the dead in the same body in which he was laid to rest, and openly manifested Himself to His disciples and followers.

Surely, the doctrine of a resurrection is no strange thing. It is clearly and repeatedly taught in the Old Testament:

Job declares—19:25,26: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Isaiah declares—26:19: "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in dust."

Daniel declares—12:2: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake."

In Hosea, 13:14, God says: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave. I will redeem them from death. O, death, I will be thy plagues; O, grave, I will be thy destruction."

The Psalmist declares—17:15: "As for me I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

We find the New Testament in all its parts full of this precious doctrine.

Jesus, who declared, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," said: "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice and shall come forth."

John declared—5:28: "All that are in their graves shall come forth—they that have done evil and they that have done good."

The Apostles—Acts, 4:2: "Taught the people and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead."

There will be two resurrections. The saints shall rise first.

I. Cor., 15:23: "Every man in his own order; Christ the first fruits, afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming."

I. Thess., 4:16: "The dead in Christ shall rise first."

Rev., 20:4-6: "They lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. This is the first resurrection."

Sinners shall rise last.

Rev., 20:5: "The rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished."

John, 5:29: "All shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

Nature of the body given in the resurrection.

Like the body of Jesus.

Phil., 3:21: "Who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body."

I. John, 3:2: "We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him."

Rom., 6:6: "If we have been planted together in the likeness of His death we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection."

It is a spiritual body.

It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.

I. Cor., 15:50: "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God. We shall all be changed."

It is an immortal body.

II. Cor., 5:14: "That mortality might be swallowed up of life."

I. Cor., 15:54: "When this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

How are the dead raised up?

By the power of assimilation.

I. Cor., 15:26: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body shall be. But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body."

By the power of God.

Rom., 8:11: "He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you."

John, 6:44: "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw Him, and I will raise Him up at the last day."

The resurrection necessary to complete the redemption of the saints and establish the universal Kingdom of God.

Rev., 1:18: "I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold! I am alive for evermore. Amen! And have the keys of hell and of death."

Rom., 8:23: "We ourselves groan within ourselves waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body."

John, 6:39: "This is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day."

To declare and execute the final judgment of God.

Rev., 20:13: "The sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead that were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works."

Luke, 14:14: And thou shalt be blessed * * * for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise;
Some are now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Over the cross, the grave, the skies.

NYACK, N. Y.

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for April 6, 1902.

Saul of Tarsus Converted.—Acts IX. 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Repent ye, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out."—Acts III. 19.

SAUL THE PERSECUTOR.

Saul was remarkably little in stature, being but four feet and a half in height. His Roman name, which he went by in Rome, was Paul—little. He was born in Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, a free city of the Romans, and himself a freeman of that city. His education was in the schools of Tarsus first, which was quite an Athens for learning, and there he acquainted himself with the philosophy of the Greeks. Then he was sent to the university at Jerusalem to study divinity and the Jewish law, his tutor being Gamaliel, an eminent Pharisee. He was an inveterate enemy to Christianity, and did his utmost to root it out, by persecuting all who embraced it. And yet so ill-informed was his conscience that he thought he ought to do what he did against the name of Christ, and that in doing so he did God service.

BREATHING OUT THREATENINGS AND SLAUGHTER.

"And Saul, yet"—this phraseology takes the mind back to the brief record of Saul's persecution in 8:3, and implies that some time had elapsed, probably several months. The natural inference from the whole narrative is that the incidents related in the preceding chapter were taking place while Saul was continuing the persecution with increasing intensity, and that his pushing on to Damascus followed the Samaritan revival and the conversion of the Eunuch. Paul, breathing out threatenings and slaughter—that is, breathing threatening and murder against the disciples: this represents the intensity of his bitterness and activity. He is now like one panting with rage. He is full of violent hatred against Christians. He has pursued that course so long and so earnestly that a fanatical and destructive fancy has become as it were a part of himself. He went, of his own accord, to the high priest, probably Caiaphas, who continued as acting high priest till after the passover of A. D. 36, and desired, asking for himself, letters, official documents, commanding him and clothing him with authority to execute his purpose.

THE MEMORABLE JOURNEY.

As he journeyed he came near to Damascus. He was pushing rapidly on and glad of being so near his destination, and the full accomplishment of his fell purpose. It is noteworthy that Saul was arrested in the height of his fury, and quite near the end of his journey, and the consummation of his purpose. God often deals so with transgressors, as we have examples of in Pharaoh, Abimelech, Absalom, Sennacherib and Haman. Saul was pleasing himself with the thought that he should devour this new-born Child of Christianity there. The poor saints at Damascus, who had notice of his coming, and were apprehensive of their danger, were trembling with their fears, as poor lambs at the approach of a ravaging wolf. But Christ has many ways of delivering the godly, and sometimes does it by a change wrought in their persecutors, as in this case. It is for us at all times to rest in and trust in Him.

SAUL'S VISION OF CHRIST.

Here it is only said, that there shined round about him a light from heaven, but it appears by what follows, that the Lord Jesus was in this light, and appeared to him by the way. Whether he saw Him at a distance, as Stephen saw him, in the heavens, or nearer, in the air, is not stated. It is not inconsistent with what is said of the heavens receiving Christ till the end of time, to suppose that he did upon such an extraordinary occasion as this make a personal visit. It was also necessary to Paul's being an apostle that he should have seen the Lord; and so he did. This light shined upon him suddenly, when he was not at all thinking of any such thing, and without any previous warning. Christ's manifestations of Himself to poor souls are often very sudden as well as very surprising, as the disciples whom Christ called to Himself more than once found.

THE LIGHT FROM HEAVEN.

It came from the fountain of light, from the God of heaven, who is the Father of lights. It was a light above the brightness of the sun, for it was visible at midday and outshone the sun in his meridian strength. It shone round about him. No matter which way he should turn he finds himself surrounded with it. The devil comes to the soul in darkness, and by it gets and keeps possession of it. But Christ comes to the soul in light, for He is Himself the light of the world. Hence, all Christians are said to be "the children of the light and of the day." Filled with awe and remorse, Saul is overpowered, and falls to the earth. And he heard a voice saying unto him—it was not merely a sound, but an utterance, saying to him, intended for him alone. Yet it was not spoken in Saul's soul, but audibly, for his companions also heard the sound of the voice.

THE SEARCHING QUESTION.

The voice said: "Saul, Saul," repeated for emphasis, "why persecutest thou me?" Mark how Jesus identifies Himself with His disciples. It is also the utterance of one suffering wrongfully, implying that Saul's conduct was without excuse and positively wicked. Christ feels the sufferings of His saints. Saul strikes in Damascus, Christ suffers in heaven. And Saul answered: "Who art thou, Lord?" Saul may at first have thought it was an angel. But he will soon know of a surety who it is that speaks to him. "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." Again He identifies Himself with His disciples, not only collectively, but also individually. He presses home upon Saul's conscience that he is a persecutor of the risen and glorified Jesus, the Lord and Savior. Before Saul is made a saint he is made to see himself a sinner, a sinner against Christ. An humbling conviction of sin is the first step toward a saving conversion from sin.

THE SURRENDER OF SAUL.

And Saul, trembling and astonished, said: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The question implied a recognition of Jesus as a Divine Master, and a submission to Him. How differently was Saul to enter the city from what he had expected. Not as a proud representative of the Sanhedrin, but as an humble disciple of the despised Nazarene, to be instructed by one of those whom he had expected to bring bound to Jerusalem. "It shall be told thee what thou must do." It appears from 26:16-19, that the Lord here made known to Saul his mission as a minister and as an apostle. It was reaffirmed by Ananias, 22:14, 15, and further confirmed by our Lord to Saul in a trance in the temple, 22:17-22. This seems the most natural way to harmonize the three narratives. The account of Luke in this chapter would naturally be the shortest; that before King Agrippa the most intense, and that before the Jewish mob the more particular regarding the words of Ananias, "a devout man according to the law."

LED TO DAMASCUS.

Saul arose—was raised. For a time he lay upon the ground overpowered with the glory of the divine presence. His companions rose from their prostrate condition, ready to help him. His obedience is partially passive, but not entirely so. There was the act of the will, an effort in rising and standing, opening the eyes, and walking into the city. This obedience is always the first indication of an inward change. When his eyes were opened he saw no man, for he was totally blind. And they led him by the hand into Damascus. Not as he had expected, as a leader to seize and imprison, but led by the hands of others, blind, trembling and helpless, through the gateway of the city, and the street called Straight, to lodge alone in the house of Judas.

THE VISION OF ANANIAS.

For three days, probably that day, the next, and the day following, according to the Jewish reckoning it may have been either one whole day and portions of two others, or three whole days, he was without sight, neither did eat nor drink. He fasts and prays alone. Christians are afraid of him. The Jews cannot sympathize with him. The remembrance of Stephen and the disciples whom he had persecuted fills him with shame and deepest distress; his opposition to and hatred of Jesus fills him with penitence. How the words of Jesus, "Why persecutest thou me?" must have rung in his ears!

• The Up-to-Date Point of View.¹ •

What Must a
Christian Believe?

Under date of February 15th we allowed another pen to answer this question for us, not supposing that it would be held as an opinion of THE CHRISTIAN WORK. The part we wished to particularly emphasize was overlooked by many of our readers, and, as a general reply to numerous letters since received in regard to this item, we repeat as our own "Point of View" that when a church or a minister takes the position that none can be a Christian unless he believes certain things it is well to go back to the Scriptures themselves for the correct solution. To the question, "What must I do to be saved?" the ancient and authoritative answer was, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." We still hold to this belief as a part of the inspired word. Paul does not mention any other beliefs or lack of beliefs that are absolutely essential to salvation. He evidently holds, with Brother Mason, that "there is a wideness in God's great field of truth," and he would not condemn to everlasting punishment many who fail to believe many other things some of us would like to have them believe. This led to the remark that with churches and clergymen of a certain stripe it was "clearly a great heresy to say that belief in the Lord Jesus is sufficient for salvation." Two centuries ago theologians declared that it was "unsafe and unsettling" to have astronomy taught in our universities, and a modern theological seminary which fears criticism, "higher or lower," as you may choose to call it, is only the counterpart of a two-century-old theology and calculated to instill the idea that ignorance is the mother of devotion. No church can afford to take such a position, and when it does it becomes the worst enemy of the faith it aims to defend.

Misunderstood
Japan.

Perhaps no country in the world has suffered so much, directly or indirectly, at the hands of the imaginative bookmaker and magazine writer as Japan. Certainly authors, notably Sir Edwin Arnold, have painted Japan as a terrestrial Paradise, inhabited by a race of charming and guileless and painfully polite angels, endowed with consummate æsthetic taste; as a land where every prospect pleases, without the drawback of even the slightest tincture of vileness among its humanity. This is a well-intentioned but serious misrepresentation; and, naturally enough, we have had to pay for the untruth in the picture. This fashion of writers aroused the spleen of other writers, who have exerted themselves to correct the error by limning Japan and the Japanese in the blackest of colors. Of course, the truth lies midway; in the matter of virtue and vice, average Japanese human nature lies much closer to average European and American human nature than is generally supposed.

Ping-pong.

When a new game suddenly becomes "the rage" it is safe to predict for it the fate of the American naval hero. There are reasons for believing, however, that ping-pong is a real addition to our enduring games. It is not a first-class second-class pastime like quoits or archery, but it ranks with tennis, golf and billiards. Ping-pong is nothing else than lawn tennis reduced to the dining-room table. The rackets, balls and nets are miniatures of its grass-court parent. The rackets are little battle-dores, and the ball is of white celluloid and of such egg-shell weight that it will not scratch the most polished table or break the bric-à-brac. The scoring is the same as in lawn tennis. The only difference between the two games is that in ping-pong but one ball is allowed for the service, and no ball can be hit on the volley—that is, every stroke must be returned on the first bounce. One might imagine that this might make the game monotonous and unskillful,

but, like golf, its virtues only reveal themselves to the devotee. There is a great deal more exercise in ping-pong than in billiards, though one does not have to play in flannels. A swallow-tail coat or a V-shaped corsage are possible costumes; and as the game does not demand unusual strength, endurance or running, but only a quick eye and wrist, a woman can play it about as well as a man. We recommend ping-pong, therefore, as an ideal social sport for evenings and rainy days, and especially for those persons who lead sedentary lives and who cannot enjoy sunshine athletics. Like golf, the veriest novice can enjoy it, and like golf, the "crack" can always find room for improvement. It thus satisfies the mind as well as the body. Although ping-pong does not afford so much variety or such opportunities for the display of delicate skill as billiards, it has the great advantage of being within the means of the slenderest purse and of furnishing a greater amount of exercise. In the words of the advertisement, Uneda ping-pong!

The Way to
Be Brave.

The sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look around cheerfully, and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. If such conduct doesn't make you soon feel cheerful nothing else on that occasion can. So to feel brave, act as if we were brave, use all our will to that end, and a courage fit will very likely replace the fit of fear. Again, in order to feel kindly toward a person to whom we have been inimical, the only way is more or less deliberately to smile, to make sympathetic inquiries, and to force ourselves to say genial things. One hearty laugh together will bring enemies into closer communion of heart than hours spent on both sides in inward wrestling with the mental demon of uncharitable feeling. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, and keeps it fastened in the minds; whereas, if we act as if from some better feeling, the old bad feeling soon folds its tents like an Arab and silently steals away.

Ideals of
Journalism.

Ideals in daily journalism are changing, we infer, after reading the confessions of a provincial editor in the March *Atlantic*, and the article by Mr. Phillips in the *Saturday Evening Post* (March 1). The provincial editor is selling his news columns and his editorials as he does his advertising space; and the city daily, so far from being a guide, or even a mirror, has now become designedly an "active, incessant, omnipresent public irritant;" at least so it would seem from the confessions of these journalists. "News" is to be created now when it cannot be found. We had supposed as much from reading the "yellow organs" somewhat carefully of late, but we did not suppose the admission would be so frankly and unblushingly made. Of course, forewarned is forearmed, in this as in all other matters, and the burden of detecting which "news" is "created" and which discovered is none the less heavier because it is proclaimed in advance that it is to be imposed upon us. Of course, a way of relief is still open, and that is to patronize journals which are still content to await events, and not attempt to force the hand of destiny by rushing in where angels—and well-bred mortals—fear to tread.

The Fly in
the Ointment.

That cold water should be the only beverage at the banquets and lunches given in the Prince's honor was hardly to be expected in view of his nationality, his place in society and the customs of the day at dinners of state. But it has been surprising and depressing to find both of the Sundays he has spent in this country so spent as to give the impression that he is a pagan and not a member of the Lutheran Church, visiting in a land where Sunday is a day for worship and rest. Nor is the responsibility for

¹ This department is an open court in which, numbered alphabetically for convenience, will be found original "Up-to-Date" items, short articles, news, facts and opinions of our own and other people. We especially welcome letters, comments and opinions from our readers and contemporaries, and while great freedom may sometimes be allowed in matters of opinion, it must be clearly understood that THE CHRISTIAN WORK holds itself responsible only for its own. The responsible source of information for each "Point" other than its own will be given in every case. In the above these authorities are as follows: a, Y. Ozaki in *North American*; c, *The Independent*; d, *American Friend*; e, f, *The Congregationalist*; g, h, k, *Review of Reviews*; i, *The Evangelist*; j, m, o, *The Literary Digest*; l, *The Observer*.

this to be laid only at the Prince's door, and at the door of those wealthy persons in New York who made his last Sunday evening in the country the occasion of a dinner party, nor at the door only of those Germans in New York who sang German songs to him last Sunday morning. Responsibility for it lies with the Department of State, over which preside Hon. John Hay and Hon. David J. Hill, who arranged the program, together with the German ambassador. Last Sunday noon the representatives of the United States, who had been charged with the duty of acting as the Prince's escort, gave him a farewell lunch at the University Club in New York, and thus in a way committed themselves and the nation they represented to the habit of making Sunday a day for social functions and good-fellowship.

Spain's Loss
Is Her Gain.

There does not remain in the minds of a single American any ill-will against Spain, any against China, nor

is there any unfriendly feeling toward the Filipinos. It is true, we were obliged to punish Spain in connection with some necessary police work in Cuba; but that was quickly over, good relations have been fully restored, we are sending a special representative to bear our congratulations on the coming of age of the young King, we have just completed a new treaty of commerce with Spain, and our officials are on the best of terms with the Spaniards who remain in Cuba. Now that the government at Madrid has given up its rule in the western hemisphere, Spain will have no better friend than the United States, and in the due course of time Spanish trade with this country and with the Spanish-speaking South American republics will develop proportions far greater and far more beneficial to the Spanish people than at any previous period.

Philippine
Discussion.

The great feature last month of the Senate's consideration of the Philippine question was Governor Taft's

testimony before the committee on the Philippines, which occupied several days, and which covered almost every phase of the governmental, military and general conditions now existing in the islands. In the main this testimony was very optimistic, while it was infused with high intelligence and evident candor. The proposal to make a tariff reduction of 25 per cent. on imports from the Philippines was met with an amendment offered by Senator Foraker to make a 75 per cent. cut. Governor Taft has urged the great importance of giving the Philippine government power to pass corporation laws, so that various improvements may be entered upon, and he also urged the immediate purchase of the agricultural lands held by the friars. The general debate in the Senate took a very wide range, the Democrats, aided by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, making many speeches in favor of the adoption of a distinct policy looking to the future independence of the islands. It is gratifying to note at least that the whole discussion has shown in clearer light than ever the exceptionally capable and high-class nature of the government we have already established at Manila.

A Tribute to
Dr. McLaren.

The famous Manchester preacher was 76 years old last month, and thus seen to be pressing our own Dr. Cuy-

ler closely. Like his American friend, Alexander McLaren is still vigorous and active in many spheres. One of the Manchester papers happily describes him as combining wisdom and vigor, and proceeds in the characterization thus: "First, he is a Christian; secondly, he is an orator; thirdly, he is perhaps the best expositor of the Bible we have—he has the Book in his heart and on his tongue; and, lastly, he believes what he preaches." Coming from a paper which does not class itself as "religious," this sketch shows the appreciation in which Dr. McLaren is held by those who know him.

Do Animals
Think?

Notwithstanding the tendency of recent students to deny that the mental processes of animals are in any way

comparable to man's, L. T. Sprague answers this query in the affirmative in *The Outlook* (January). He says:

"Romanes, whose studies in this field have been most profound and comprehensive, has found unquestionable evidence that they (animals) possess every one of the emotional faculties of man, excepting those only which refer to morals. But others have even found traces of this, and Herbert Spencer, the great philosopher

of evolution, while boldly denying religious sensibilities to all tribes of men, traces the genesis of religion itself. Indeed, evolutionary psychologists now assure us that the mind was born of feeling—in Huxley's phraseology there was an 'evolution of intellect from sense.' Where now shall theologians draw the line below which soul is not? But however all this may be, we may fairly conclude with Romanes that 'there has been no interruption of the development process in course of psychological history; but that the mind of man, like the mind of animals—and indeed like the mind of everything else in the domain of living nature—has been evolved. For these considerations show not only on analogical grounds any such interruption may be held as in itself improbable, but also that there is nothing in the constitution of the human mind incompatible with the supposition of its having been slowly evolved, seeing that not only in the case of every individual life, but also during the whole history of our species, the human mind actually *does* undergo, and *has* undergone, the process in question.' Nor is there any loss to ethics here, as some have feared. For at the very most, the psychological distance between us and those animals which serve and obey and fear us is not great as space and time are measured by the student of cosmology, and if it teaches us anything, the new science teaches us a broader charity, a loftier justice, and a deeper friendship toward our speechless kindred."

The Visit of
Prince Henry.

It is a somewhat curious fact, and certainly well worth noting, that the visit of Prince Henry to this country

has been taken with profound seriousness by the whole of Europe, and has been characterized as the most important international event since the consummation of the Franco-Russian alliance. In this country, on the other hand, it has been taken with easy good-nature, in the spirit of friendly hospitality, and without the slightest implication of political meaning—except, as we explained last month, that the exercise of international hospitality always has the useful result of diminishing prejudice and mitigating the rivalries that to some extent are inevitable between stirring and ambitious modern nations. There is no possible reason why there should not be abundant good-will and mutual appreciation between the peoples of Germany and the United States. Each country owes a great deal to the other, and there has never been a breach of any kind in their official relations.

Cheer for
Temperance Workers.

Mr. John G. Woolley, the noted Prohibition leader, has just returned from a seven-months' tour about the globe. The tour was undertaken distinctly with the purpose of studying the condition of the liquor traffic in foreign lands. During this long journey Mr. Woolley has visited Samoa, Tutuila and New Zealand, and other islands of the South Seas, and has delivered over ninety temperance addresses. What such an alert investigator has to say regarding the present state of the temperance cause must have great weight. In general Mr. Woolley finds that the world is advancing in temperance, theory and practice. More specifically he notes that among the greater nations America is at present the farthest advanced in the struggle for prohibition. "In Great Britain the laws on the liquor traffic are better obeyed, but there is less legislation. England will view the liquor traffic as its next great question in politics." Having gone up to spy out the land, Mr. Woolley returns in no timorous mood, but with the courage and hopefulness of a Joshua or a Caleb. The leader of a great crusade must always be optimistic if he is to be successful.

Where Strong
Men Come From.

It would, perhaps, be invidious to say that the best and finest specimens of physical manhood to be found in the

United States are the product of Western climatic conditions, but certain facts brought out in the examination of recruits for the United States Navy seem to warrant that conclusion. Dr. Edward R. Stitt, an assistant surgeon in the navy, whose special duty it has been to examine candidates for the naval service, declares that he has been struck with the marked physical superiority of the young men coming from the Middle West over those who have lived on the Atlantic Coast. The differences would appear to be due to the different climatic conditions of the two localities. The young men from the East show the tendency to catarrhal affections and diseases of the throat and lungs, from which the Western men are comparatively free. But the most conclusive evidence of the superiority of one class over the other is found in the figures obtained in physical measurements. Of 163 men, natives of the Eastern Coast cities, the averages were: Age, 20.3 years; weight, 9 stone 3 pounds; height, 5 feet 6 inches;

chest expansion, 34 inches; circumference of arm, 11.5 inches, and circumference of thigh, 19 inches. Among those born in the Middle West, numbering ninety-two, the average weights were: Age, 20.5 years; weight, 9 stone 5 pounds; height, 5 feet 7 inches; chest expansion 3.4 inches; circumference of arm, 11.5 inches, and circumference of thigh, 19.5 inches. Of all the 251 recruits enlisted for one ship about a year ago, all coming from the West, the following averages pertained at the time of first examination: Age, 21 years; weight, 9 stone 13 pounds; height, 5 feet 6.6 inches; chest expansion, 3.2 inches; circumference of arm, 11.7 inches, and circumference of thigh, 19.7 inches. These figures give a new and more literal meaning to the phrase about going West to "grow up" with the country.

Prince Henry and
Fisk's Singers.

Prince Henry gave the "nigger-haters" of Nashville, Tenn., a bad quarter of an hour while the club of jubilee singers from Fisk University were singing before him at his special request. His attention was centered on the singers; he shook hands with Mrs. E. S. Moore, the well-known missionary of the A. M. A., the only survivor of the original band of jubilee singers who had been entertained at the German court when he was a boy; he rebuked the white "hangers-on" who were indignant that he centered his attention on the negroes; and as he rode away on the train it was to the singers from Fisk that he raised his cap in formal salute.

Dr. Newman Hall.

Dr. Newman Hall, who died in London on February 18th, at the age of 86, is described by the *Rochester Post-Express* as "the most famous clergyman of the Congregational Church, and one of the world's greatest pulpit orators." His sympathy with the anti-slavery cause during the period of the Civil War made him very popular in the North, and when he visited the United States in 1867 he received an ovation. He opened the first Congress after the war with prayer, and was greeted with great public receptions in many leading cities. Dr. Hall was personally acquainted with some of the most famous statesmen, clergymen and authors in this country, and, though, the majority of these have passed on before him, his death is still regarded as an event of national interest.

Wireless Telegraphy's
Latest Feat.

The daily press announces that the steamship *Philadelphia*, of the American Line, on her latest westward trip across the Atlantic kept in touch with the wireless telegraph station in England for more than 2,000 miles of her course. Intelligible messages were exchanged for more than 1,000 miles; but at the last the signals consisted only of the letter S—the same that was used by Marconi in his transatlantic experiments. Another steamer in the wake of the *Philadelphia* failed to receive the signals, a fact that shows, as Mr. Marconi asserts, that he has succeeded in making a transmitting instrument that will affect only the one receiver to which it is "tuned."

Frederic Harrison.

Frederic Harrison is one of the most prominent agnostics, as he is one of the foremost writers of the time; yet, despite his unbelief, in a recent issue of the *Nineteenth Century* he pays his tribute to the excellence of the Bible. "I need hardly tell you," he says, "to read another and greater book; the book which begot English prose still remains its supreme type. The English Bible is the true school of English literature. It possesses every quality of our language in its highest form—except for scientific precision, practical affairs and philosophic analysis. It would be ridiculous to write an essay on metaphysics, a political article, or a novel, in the language of the Bible. Indeed, it would be ridiculous to write anything at all in the language of the Bible. But if you care to know the best that our literature can give in simple noble prose, mark, learn and inwardly digest the Holy Scriptures in the English tongue." One of the latest, this is also one of the finest tributes to the supreme excellence of the "book of books," and, coming from one who is a disbeliever in the supernatural, it is an acknowledgment of the literary value of the Scriptures. Skeptic though Mr. Harrison is, nothing from his gifted pen would be more interesting than an appreciative article upon the excellencies of the Bible as he sees them. We hope he may give us such an article in the not distant future.

Nature and Science.

The Moon and the Weather.

Scientists, observes the *London Express*, are very fond of exploding our cherished theories, and they are now telling us that we are quite wrong in supposing that the moon has any influence in controlling the phases of the weather. Let us look at some of the popular beliefs of the past. If it rains on St. Swithin's Day we are told to expect rain for forty days after. Another belief is that the condition of the weather depends upon the day of the week on which the new moon chances to fall. New moon on Monday, or moon day, is everywhere held as a sign of good weather. Friday's new moon is much disliked, while Saturday's is unlucky for the new and Sunday for the full moon. In Scotland the farmers believe that a misty moon is a misfortune, and an agricultural maxim among them teaches that—

If the moon shows like a silver shield
You need not be afraid to reap your field;
But if she rises haloed round,
Soon we'll tread on deluged ground.

The country people in Scotland foretell the changes in the weather from the changes in the appearance of the new moon. If she "lies sair on her back" it is a sure sign of bad weather, or when her horns are pointed toward the zenith. It is the same sign when the new moon appears "wi' the auld moon in her arm," a superstition referred to in the famous ballad of Sir Patrick Spens:

O ever alack! my maister dear,
I fear a deadly storm;
I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if ye gang to sea, maister,
I fear we'll suffer harm.

There is also a belief prevalent among sailors and seafaring men that when a large star or planet is seen near the moon, or, as they express it, "a big star is dogging the moon," this is a certain sign of stormy weather. But now stern science comes along and tells us that we must no longer heed such sayings, justifying her verdict by strings of cold facts which prove that even though these saws seem correct, in nine cases out of ten statistics prove that to be a mere chance. It will probably take a generation or two before seafaring folk and those who dwell much in the open cease to believe in the influence of the silvery orb of night.



Speed of the Carrier Pigeon.

Some years ago Griffit made some observations (recorded in *The Field*, February 19, 1887) in a closed gallery on the speed attained by "blue-rock" pigeons and English pheasants and partridges. The two first-mentioned flew at the rate of only 32.8 miles per hour, while the partridge made but 28.4 miles, and these rates were all considerably in excess of what they made in the open. The carrier pigeon is a rather fast-flying bird, yet the average speed is not very great. Thus, the average made in eighteen matches (*The Field*, January 22, 1887) was only 36 English miles an hour, although in two of these trials a speed of 55 miles was maintained for four successive hours. In this country the average racing speed is apparently about 35 miles an hour, although a few exceptionally rapid birds have made short-distance flights at the rate of from 45 to 52 miles an hour. The longest recorded flight of a carrier pigeon was from Pensacola, Fla., to Fall River, Mass., an air-line distance of 1,183 miles, made in 15½ days, or only about 76 miles a day.—*Popular Science Monthly*.



Electricity and the Human Body.

Writing in the *Century Magazine* Dr. Matthews sums up these results obtained by himself and Dr. Loeb: First, that the chemical stimulation of protoplasm is really an electrical stimulation; second, that the poisonous action of inorganic salts is due to the electrical charges of the salts and probably to the movements of these charges; third, that the negative charges stimulate protoplasm, while the positive prevent stimulation, and if not counteracted by the negative will destroy life; fourth, that muscle contraction is probably in its essence an electrical phenomenon and that the conduction of a nerve impulse is almost certainly an electrical phenomenon; fifth, for the first time we have a physical explanation, which agrees with all the main known facts, of the nerve impulse and changes in irritability; sixth, we have secured a physical explanation of the way in which an anesthetic produces its effect; seventh, we are led to the hypothesis of the identity of stimulation by light and by chemicals.

The Last of the Buffalo, or American Bison.

Secretary Wilson Reports the Melancholy Passing and the Almost Utter Extinction of This Noble Beast.

In response to a resolution of the Senate, dated January 30, 1902, Secretary Wilson submits the following reply to the President of the Senate:

"First—The American Bison is on the verge of extermination. Scarcely a handful now remain of the millions which formerly roamed over the plains of the West.

"Second—So far as the Department is aware only two small herds of wild buffalo are in existence in the United States—one in the Yellowstone Park, the other in Lost Park, Col. During the past autumn several of the latter herd were killed, and while the Department has no recent information as to the exact number of animals in these herds at the present time, it has reason to believe that the Yellowstone herd does not exceed twenty-five and the Lost Park herd eight or ten individuals."

In this connection the following article, giving a detailed description of the manner in which several specimens were obtained for the National Museum, will be of especial interest to our readers at this time.—EDITORS THE C. W.

How the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution Provided Specimens for the National Museum.

I am really ashamed to confess it, but we have been guilty of killing buffalo. Under different circumstances nothing could have induced me to engage in such a mean, cruel and utterly heartless enterprise as the hunting down of the last representatives of a vanishing race. But there was no alternative. The Philistines were upon them, and between leaving them to be killed by the care-for-naught cowboys, who would leave them to decay, body and soul, where they fell, and killing them ourselves for the purpose of preserving their remains, there was really no choice. Perhaps you think a wild animal has no soul; but let me tell you, it has. Its skin is its soul, and when mounted by skilful hands it becomes comparatively immortal.

Nowadays it is such an honor to kill a buffalo that whenever a cowboy sees one he chases it, in order to be able to say that he has "chased buffalo;" and, if he possibly can, he shoots it to death, in order that he may carry back to his camp five pounds of lean buffalo hump, and have his name go thundering down the ages. It would be an interesting psychological study to determine the exact workings of the mind of a man who is capable of deliberately slaying a noble animal in the full knowledge that he can make no earthly use of it, but must leave its magnificent skin, its beautiful head and several hundred pounds of fine flesh to the miserable coyotes and the destroying elements. If such an act is not deliberate murder, then what is it? And yet, there are hundreds of intelligent men who can do such things, and others who can even kill half a dozen tuskless elephants in one forenoon, and call it "sport."

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

Foreseeing that the great American bison is absolutely certain to be exterminated in a few years, the distinguished Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution determined a few years ago to step in ahead of the cowboys and hunters before it became too late, and secure a large series of specimens of all ages and both sexes for the National Museum. It was also determined to lay in store specimens for other museums that will want them just as soon as it becomes too late to collect any. Inasmuch as the specimens of bison then in the National Museum were few in number, and far below the standard in quality, it was vitally necessary that we should secure, at all hazards, a series that should be the finest extant. It happened that the subscriber was charged with the duty of finding and collecting the specimens required.

In May, accordingly, we set out on a voyage of discovery, greeted at every step by the cheerful assurance, "The buffalo are all gone; you can't get any anywhere." Wondering whether we would find our game in Montana, Texas or the British possessions, we decided to try Montana first, and to the great astonishment of the natives, as well as ourselves, were lucky enough—thanks to Dr. J. C. Merrill—to go straight to a tract of country which, ever since 1883, has furnished safe hiding, feeding and breeding grounds for about seventy-five head.

The people of Miles City and also the army officers at Fort Keogh were all totally ignorant of those animals, and but for the information that came to me from Stillwater, 187 miles farther west, I might never have heard of them at all. When we

reached Miles City, on the 10th of May, the good people of that place were so sure there were no buffalo anywhere in that part of Montana they almost talked us out of going any farther in that direction. When in the very depths of uncertainty luck came to our rescue. We met a big-hearted ranchman from the Little Dry—Mr. Henry R. Phillips, of the well-known LU-bar Ranch—and in a quiet but mighty convincing way he said:

"There certainly are a few buffalo in the bad lands west of our range, for one of our men killed a cow on Sand Creek on the 6th of this month; and about thirty-five head have been seen. If you go up there and hunt them, and stick to it, you're almost sure to get some in the end."

That settled it. We begged Mr. Phillips to "accept the assurance of our profound consideration," as the diplomats say, and immediately pulled across the treacherous Yellowstone for the headwaters of Little Dry Creek. Through the kindness of the Secretary of War we were furnished by the quartermaster of Fort Keogh with field transportation, camp equipage, and a small escort, and no matter how hard Lieutenant Thompson may have thought we were going on a wild-goose chase, he was an officer and a gentleman, and therefore could not say it, at least in our hearing.

THE START.

With our great ark of a six-mule wagon loaded to the wagon bows, we toiled slowly northward through the bad lands up the Sunday Creek trail. We were thirty-five miles from Miles City when we saw our first antelope, and forty when we came to the first bleaching bones of a buffalo. The former had been exterminated up to that point, and the buffalo bones all picked up and sold for fertilizer. While in camp at the water-hole at the Red Buttes, a benighted teamster was guided to us by the light of the lantern that shone on the coyote I was skinning. The wayfarer proved to be an ex-buffalo hunter, now a humble gatherer of buffalo bones, operating along the Missouri River. He said that he and his brother had several wagons in the business, and last year they shipped by the river steamers about two hundred tons of crushed bones at \$18 per ton.

The time was when a buffalo hunter would have scorned the idea of gathering up dry bones for a living. Indeed, it often happened that his royal highness would not even deign to skin the buffalo that his own rifle brought down. But, thanks to his own reckless improvidence, "Othello's occupation's gone." The buffalo were nearly all dead, and he must choose between punching cows and picking up bones. To this extent the slain buffalo is his own avenger. At various points along the line of the Northern Pacific Railway westward from Jamestown, Dakota, buffalo bones still lay piled in great heaps beside the track, waiting for shipment. They are the only monuments that remain to the American bison, which, to quote the great original observation of every tenderfoot, "once roamed in vast herds over these boundless prairies." In a short time even the bones will all be gathered up and nothing whatever remain to mark the presence upon this earth of 8,000,000 bison at one time save what can be found in the museums, zoological gardens, or the tertiary deposits

of the earth itself. Could any war of extermination be more complete or far-reaching in its results?

WHERE THE MILLIONS HAVE GONE.

From the Red Buttes onward you see where the millions have gone. This was once a famous buffalo range, and now the bleaching skeletons lie scattered thickly all along the trail. Like ghastly monuments of slaughter these ugly excrescences stand out in bold relief on the smooth, hard surface of the prairie, from the huge bull skeletons lying close beside the wagon trail to those far back in the bad lands, where they are merely dark specks in the distance. They lie to-day precisely as they fell four years ago, except that the flesh is no longer upon them. The head stretches far forward, as if for its last gasp, and the legs lie helplessly upon the turf with precisely the same curves as when they moved for the last time.

Now and then you come to a place where the hunter got a "stand" on a "bunch," and from his hiding place in the head of a gully or among the rocks fired leisurely with his 40-120 Sharp's rifle, at the rate of a shot every two or three minutes, until every buffalo of the bunch had fallen. Here you can count seventeen skeletons on a little more than an acre, and near by are fourteen more that evidently fell at the same time. The powerful effect of the strong, parching winds and the intense, dry heat of summer has literally stripped the flesh from the bones, but the skeletons lie precisely as they fell. The bones are still held together by a few dried-up ligaments, but are bleached as white as snow. Sometimes we found immense skeletons that were absolutely perfect, even to the tiny carpal and tarsal bones, the size of a hazel nut. Of these dry skeletons we selected eight of the finest and largest, and they are now cached in the storage-rooms of the National Museum against the great famine for bison that will soon set in.

Beyond the Red Buttes we were seldom out of sight of bleaching skeletons, and often forty or fifty were in sight at one time. The skinners always left the heads of the bulls unskinned, and the thick hide has dried down upon the skulls harder than the bone itself, holding the tangled masses of the shaggy frontlet firmly in

place until it bleaches brown in the sunshine and is finally worn away by wind and weather. Many of these heads are so perfectly preserved, and with their thick masses of wavy brown hair are so fresh-looking, that the slaughter of the millions is brought right down to the present, and seems to have been the work of yesterday. We can endure the sight of the bones reasonably well, for we expected it; but these great hairy heads make us feel our loss more keenly. At first it is impossible to look at one without a sigh, and each group of skeletons brings back the old thought, "What a pity!"

Our six-mule team dragged its slow length from the Yellowstone up the Sunday Creek trail to the top of the big divide between the Yellowstone and the Missouri, and down the north side until we reached Little Dry Creek. Twelve miles up the creek we came to the Lubar ranch, and eight miles beyond it we went into permanent camp on the edge of the supposed buffalo country. We sent our team back to the fort, and my old friend, George Headly and I began to hunt buffalo.

In that immense country, so bare and inhospitable, so broken up into bad lands, and so beset by buttes of all sizes and shapes, it seemed like an utterly hopeless undertaking. There were more than a thousand square miles of country to hunt over, and it was merely claimed that there were thirty-five head of buffalo in it somewhere, provided they had not gone else-



HEAD OF OUR FINEST BULL.

From Specimen in the National Museum, Mounted by Wm. T. Hornaday.

where. We were forced to admit that if we ever found our game it would be as much by chance as by systematic hunting. Some of the natives said we "might ride six months without ever seeing buffalo, let alone killing any!"

A STREAK OF LUCK.

I assert once more that I was born lucky instead of rich. If you don't believe it now in two minutes more you will.

Just two days after we went into camp and began to hunt something happened that none of us had ever dared think could, by any concatenation of circumstances, happen to us at all. *We caught a buffalo bull alive!* I would like to change the subject just here, and leave your imagination struggling with a mighty (and maney) old bison of the olden time, with lassos whizzing through the per-



LOOKING FOR BUFFALO.

turbed atmosphere, horses bracing back on their haunches, ropes singing like Aeolian harps, and chunks of mother earth flying heavenward from the heated hoofs of the terrible bull. But I can't do it. I cannot tell a lie, at least not without being found out in it; so the truth must prevail. It was only a poor little bull calf—less than a month old—a young thing that couldn't leave its mother; but she was able to leave him, and although it was by no means a cold day he got left. His mother and her friends coolly ran away and left him in the bad lands to shift for himself or die, if he preferred. We found him in a barren hollow between two high buttes, as lonesome-looking a waif as ever was left to the mercies of a cold world.

When he saw us riding toward him he started to run, but he was weak, and before he had gone a hundred yards we were up with him. We sprang off and undertook to catch him in our arms, but he pluckily butted first one of us and then another; then he butted the mule Private Moran was riding, and was so generally lively that the cowboy who completed our party, Irving Boyd, had to throw his rope over him, and haul him in. He struggled and kicked as much as he was able, but the poor little fellow was so thin and so weak with hard running after his mother that he was easily tied.

"SANDY."

To all of us he was a genuine curiosity. Instead of being dusty-brown, like most buffaloes over a year old, he was a perfect blonde. His thick, wavy coat was of a uniform bright sandy color, and "Sandy" was his name from that moment. Although we had not bargained for any live buffalo, the capture of such a prize called for our best efforts in prolonging its life.

The first difficulty was to get the little fellow to camp without injury. We tried to lead him, but he was so backward about coming forward he would not lead at all. As for driving him one could as easily have driven a German chancellor. Losing patience at last, George Headly gathered the little bull up in his arms and started to carry him to our camp, across hill and hollow, a mile and a half!

The pluckiness of this maneuver astonished the little buff. As his carrier strode manfully through the sage brush surprise gave way to passive admiration and his struggles ceased forever. But

the calf had the best of it and at the end of a hundred yards George threw up his contract and called for his horse. With the blankets that were tied behind our saddles he fixed up a very ingenious pad in the seat of his saddle, and laid the calf across it, with a pair of legs dangling on each side. In this way he and Private Moran carried the calf to camp, while Boyd and I hastened on to look for the other buffaloes that had so lately been in those hills.

The calf reached camp in good condition, and from that time on was perfectly tame. It refused to drink condensed milk, so the next day we sent it down to the ranch, where Mr. Phillips's milch cow nourished it one moment and tried to kick its brains out the next. It came very near dying, and would have succeeded, but for careful treatment. Partly by good luck and partly by good management we actually got the little beast safely to Miles City, on our return, and took it on to Washington, alive and in excellent health. With an abundant supply of good food, over two gallons of

good milk per day, it grew rapidly, and soon became quite fat.

For some weeks we kept it picketed on the lawn in front of the National Museum, housing it every night in our Annex Building to keep it from being stolen for veal. Its strength increased with its size, and by the first of July my assistant had to measure his strength with it whenever he housed it at night. As soon as its picket rope was untied from the pin it would head for the door of the Annex, and start under a full head of steam, with its attendant racing after, rope in hand.

One evening just after a hard rain, Andrew went out as usual to be run in by "Sandy." A little later we were startled by a loud cry of "Here!" in angry expostulation, and we ran to the open window. Down the slope came the buffalo at a mad gallop, head down and tail in the air, the mud flying from his heels. After him raced Andrew, hanging helplessly to the rope, his long legs reaching wildly for more ground. As the calf reached the lowest part of the ground he lunged forward to clear a puddle of water, and down went Andrew, bows foremost into the mighty deep. He held tightly to the rope, however, and, rising to what was expected of him, the calf snaked Andrew along through the mud, and quite up to the door. He left a trail like that of an alligator.



ROBBED BY PIEGAN INDIANS.

He arose with mud on his garments and blood in his eye. Going up to the now quiet and demure-looking calf, he gave the rope a vicious jerk and muttered between his teeth:

"Confound your hide! You son of a gun, if I wasn't so attached to ye, I'd kick the life out o' ye!"

Alas for human expectations. In order that the little buffalo might grow to be a very big one we sent him to a farm near Washington to fatten on fresh milk and blue grass. He ate voraciously and grew rapidly, but as has been the case with many other distinguished foreigners, life in Washington proved too rich for his blood.

About the middle of July he ate a great quantity of damp clover, and before any one found it out he was dead. Of course, we preserved his skin with great care and mounted it, so that even

the Big and Little Dry, the two Porcupine Creeks, and the Snake Creek would neither be exterminated nor driven out of the country before September. Accordingly, the 24th of that month I came back in Miles City again, this time accompanied only by Harvey Brown, a scientific senior of the University of Kansas.

OUR SECOND OUTFIT.

This time we knew precisely the nature of the work before us though the extent of it was involved in doubt. We hoped to get twenty buffalo, and we hoped to get them within two months, so as to get back on the right side of the Yellowstone before the terrors of a Montana winter should catch us afield. I had previously engaged Irvin Boyd to go with me as guide, hunter and "foreman," and at my request he had engaged two other cowboys who knew that country—Jim McNaney and L. S. Russell—to take a



From Photograph.

TROPHIES OF THE HUNT.

Engraved by T. Schussler.

Mounted by the author in the U. S. National Museum.

though we lost our live buffalo of great size (to be), we have for our group of mounted specimens what we believe to be the only young calf of this species in any museum. At the time of his death his age was three months, his height at the shoulders two feet nine inches, and his weight 121 pounds.

OUR SUCCESS.

Our field work in May and June was really an exploration for buffalo, in fact as well as in name, and as such was a complete success. Besides the catching of the calf we got two old bulls; but, as we had feared, they had begun to shed their winter pelage, and consequently their skins were unfit to mount. Their bodies and hindquarters were as bare as a turtle's back, but their heads and shoulders were well haired. After taking their heads and complete skeletons we resolved to hasten home at once and return in the fall to collect the specimens we desired. Just as we were hauling in the skeletons a cowboy came galloping up to our wagon to say that there was a bunch of eight buffalo within a mile and a half of us, and, if we cared, we could easily kill some of them. It was a temptation, though not a strong one, since the skins were worthless; and so we begged all the cowboys of that country to leave the buffalo unkilld until fall, and then we would return.

From what we saw and heard we felt well assured the buffalo then known to be on the high ground around the headwaters of

the Big and Little Dry, the two Porcupine Creeks, and the Snake Creek would neither be exterminated nor driven out of the country before September. Accordingly, the 24th of that month I came back in Miles City again, this time accompanied only by Harvey Brown, a scientific senior of the University of Kansas.

The worst feature of all was the absolute necessity of hauling grain into the very heart of the buffalo country to feed all those horses. We took 2,000 pounds of oats to start with, and later on we were obliged to send for as much more. Of provisions we took two months' supplies of everything except meat, resolved to live on freshly killed game, or starve in the attempt. The quantity of provisions seemed to me unnecessarily large, as compared with a soldier's rations; but I soon found that all ordinary calculations as to the capacity of the human stomach must be declared "off" in Montana. It seemed to me that of all the destroyers of food I ever saw, Montana cowboys and United States soldiers are absolutely unsurpassed, unless it be by the Great Eastern tenderfoot. Out of regard for the feelings of my companions, I will not mention the 500 pounds of flour, 50 pounds of lard, 200 cans of corn and tomatoes, the keg of pickles, or 2,240 pounds of wild meat—

buffalo, antelope and deer—we ate in two months. The boys are all rather sensitive on that score, and remarks are not in order.

TOW'S RANCH.

The fifth day from the Yellowstone found us at Tow's ranch—the H V—on the Big Dry, ninety miles from town, at the mouth of Sand Creek, which comes down from the southwest. The narrow, level bottom of the Big Dry has a little cotton-wood timber in it, and at that time its foliage was as yellow as gold. How pretty it did look, and how merrily the leaves danced and rustled in the bright sunshine! In the most tantalizing way they invited us to pitch our tent under their shade and enjoy the blessings of wood and water to our hearts' content. But it could not be. Without wasting a moment we loaded the six-mule wagon with dry buffalo skeletons and started it back to the fort, stored half of our

country on both sides of Sand Creek, but saw no signs of buffalo until the 13th of October.

A DISCOVERY.

On that date, while one of our cowboys—L. S. Russell—was escorting our second load of plunder across the High Divide, he came upon a bunch of seven buffalo lying in the head of a deep ravine, but although he fired at them several times and chased them two or three miles, they all got away and ran due south. It was not long before other discoveries confirmed our surmise that the buffalo we were after were in the habit of hiding in the heads of those great ravines whenever they were disturbed on their favorite feeding-grounds farther south.

I will always gratefully remember how Irvin Boyd and I were rewarded in the wildest and most rugged of those ravines at the



From Photograph of Group in the National Museum.

Engraved by R. H. Carson.

BUFFALO COW, CALF (FOUR MONTHS OLD), AND YEARLING.

freight at the ranch, and with as heavy a load as our team could draw, pulled up the Sand Creek trail.

It was our purpose to go to the head of that stream, and beyond it, in case buffaloes were not found earlier. The tract of country which it was necessary for us to hunt over thoroughly in order to find our game, was about forty miles long, east and west, from half-way up Sand Creek westward to the Musselshell, by twenty-five miles broad, from the Big Dry southward. It included all sorts of country, save mountains, but not one running stream. West of the head of Sand Creek was a lofty, level plateau, about three miles square, which, by common consent, we called the High Divide. It was the highest ground anywhere between the Big Dry and the Yellowstone, and was the starting point for streams that ran northward into the Missouri, eastward into Sand Creek and Little Dry, and southward into the Yellowstone. On three sides it was surrounded by wild and rugged butte country, and its sides were scored by intricate systems of great yawning ravines, steep-sided and very deep, and bad lands of the worst description.

In the course of two weeks' hard hunting our hunt had progressed up Sand Creek as far as this High Divide, and to the first stream west of it, called Calf Creek, where we found a hole of wretchedly bad water, and went into permanent camp, 135 miles from Miles City, as the trail ran. We had laboriously hunted the

close of a long day's ride through the rough country lying to the north of the High Divide. It was the last day of October—windy, cloudy and cold. We had "struck buffalo" before that, and in two weeks had actually killed ten; but several days had passed since the death of the tenth, and we were getting anxious again. The hunting was done by the three cowboys and myself. Jim McNaney, a splendid shot and a genuine buffalo hunter, with a record of about 3,200 head, slain for their hides in three years, had killed five of the ten head, while L. S. Russell was credited with three. Boyd and I were behind in the race, and aside from our desire to get buffalo by all possible means each man was ambitious to keep up his individual score. Boyd and I held many a little confab *sub-sagebrush*, and swore by the great horn spoon that those other fellows should not get any farther ahead of us. We would find buffalo or kill our horses in the attempt. Of course Jim and "Russ" rode early and late to keep their lead, as well as to contribute to the general success.

Well, on that last day of October, Boyd and I set out early and rode northeast from our barren and uncomfortable camp on Calf Creek into butte country that had not been visited for some days. A mile and a half from camp we came upon a herd of antelope, and I managed to kill a splendid buck, which we wanted for its skin. After dressing the carcass we spread it out upon the



SPIKE BULL.

From the group in the National Museum.

grass, back uppermost, to wait our return, and went on. Two miles farther we came upon another and larger herd of antelope, but I will kindly draw the veil of silence over the events that culminated in our scaring the herd quite out of Dawson County. We rode until noon, halted for half an hour to rest our horses on the sheltered side of a butte about twelve miles from camp, tightened our belts in lieu of luncheon, and then began to ride the side of our circle which would take us back to the tent.

We had planned to wind up our hunt for that day with a ride along the edge of the High Divide, and an examination of the long succession of ravines that such a course would bring to view. By the time our tired and panting horses had climbed to the level of the lofty plateau, and we had carefully scanned with the glass the great stretch of hilly country that lay spread out before us like a relief map, the approach of a dull and sunless twilight warned us that we must hasten on or get benighted. At our feet the steep slope of the divide was cut and furrowed into a succession of great yawning ravines that seemed interminable. The ridges that lay between them were sharp and high, and at the bottom the crooks and turns were so many that a score of buffaloes might hide in them and easily escape our most vigilant watch.

A FRESH TRAIL.

It was so near night that we had given up all hope of finding anything that day; but as a matter of principle we stuck to the hunt. Presently, as we approached a group of three high buttes that formed the landmark we were making for, we came upon the trail our wagon had made when it crossed over, and also something else much more interesting. It was the tracks of two buffaloes! We were on the alert directly. The tracks led in the direction we were going, and presently we saw the prints of iron-shod hoofs close beside them.

"Look at that!" said Boyd; "blamed if them other fellers ain't a-tracking up these yere very buffalo!"

"It looks like it, sure enough. But we haven't heard a shot, so they haven't found them yet."

It is needless to say we were somewhat excited. We followed the trail whenever we could see it, but on that hard turf it was only once in a great while that a hoof print was visible. We watched the heads of the ravines down on our right, and hastened on to cover as much ground as possible before it should grow dark. As we rode up a grassy slope which led up to the base of the "Three-peaked Butte," we came suddenly to a point from which we could see a long distance down a fearfully deep and rugged ravine. We looked down it, and on the steep side, 300 yards away, saw plainly two buffaloes!

"Git down! git down!" exclaimed Boyd, in a stage whisper, as he fell on his horse's neck. I got down and we instantly wheeled our horses off to the left and rode back again out of sight of the black-looking animals. Once out of their sight we spurred into a swift gallop and swept down the slope, around a little butte, off to the left, and then along a ridge that ran down parallel to the ravine which sheltered our game.

"We're far enough now!" whispered Boyd at last, as he halted, swung himself quickly out of his saddle, and dropped the reins of his bridle upon the ground. This

is the Montana method of tying a horse. If the reins are dropped the horse cannot walk or run without getting a foot caught, and thus he stops himself. We left our horses standing, and hurried across the edge of the ravine which held our fate. The wind was still in our favor, and we hoped to find the game still there.

With guns in readiness we stole softly forward to a rocky point that afforded us a view. If the buffaloes caught sight of so much as a hat brim they would be off like an express train. Cautiously we looked up and down, and there they were above us, standing quietly. We backed out, made a little detour under cover of the ridge, and came out higher up, almost opposite our game. Only the two were to be seen, a cow and a yearling calf; but there might be a big bull at the bottom of the ravine out of sight.

The cow was to the left of the calf, and since I was to the left of Boyd she was mine. The pair were about 200 yards away, and



WHERE THE MILLIONS HAVE GONE.

the light was very bad. We lost not a second in getting our rifles in shape to fire.

"Are you ready, Boyd?" said I.

"Yes, all ready," he replied.

"Then here goes," said I, and we both fired.

"Mine's down!" I cried, triumphantly, as the old cow fell over broadside the instant the rifles cracked, and lay there kicking. The backbone had been struck.

"Mine ain't down yet, blast it!" said Boyd.

As he fired the calf rushed forward down the bank, and was out of sight directly. In an instant I was reloaded, and a few seconds later a buffalo ran up the bank to where the cow lay kicking, as if to take a look at her.

"By Jove, there's another one!" I said, and as Boyd was not ready I drew a bead on the new-comer, banged away, determined to kill all that came in sight. Standing by himself he looked so large that I thought it must be a third buffalo, but my eyes deceived me. It was only the calf. He fell in his tracks and never rose again. There were no others anywhere about, and having killed all we saw our record was perfect.

The cow was shot squarely through the backbone, and my wish to bring down a buffalo with a single shot had been granted. It was the first specimen that had so fallen. Boyd's shot hit the calf, of course, but the wound being not immediately fatal it required further treatment.

THREE-PEAKED BUTTE.

I doubt if any buffalo ever fell in a wilder spot. The rugged and scarred bare walls of the ravine sloped steeply upward like the sides of a letter V for a hundred feet on one side and two hundred on the other, to the top of the "Three-peaked Butte," while below the ragged chasm extended in similar form as far as we could see. In getting those skins out the following day we had to carry them up to the top of the ridge and along the rugged crest for nearly a quarter of a mile in order to reach the wagon.

This sudden turn of luck was delightful, and we rejoiced greatly over our opportunity to make the other boys feel bad. But our success lacked something in flavor. One of our buffaloes was a calf, and the cow had a flesh wound in one of her hind legs, which showed that some other fellow had "drawn first blood." That was a sad blow, and for a time we felt a little dispirited. But we decided to "josh" Jim and Russell a little, at all events, and not tell any more than we were obliged to.

We disemboweled our buffaloes and started for camp, four miles away, just as it began to grow dark. A raw, cold wind swept through the bad lands full in our faces, and we were glad to catch the first glimmer of the beacon light that Brown and McCanna always hung out whenever any of us failed to get in before dark.

The other boys were in, but with no blood on their whiskers, while we were covered with gore and glory. While we were unsaddling in front of the tent, and the cook was getting our food up from the fire, where he had faithfully kept it hot for us, we quietly told him and Brown just what our luck was. But we had great fun "joshing" Jim and Russell. We found them smoking their after-dinner pipes and playing draw-poker.

"TWO BUFFS THIS TIME."

"Well, what luck?" they demanded.

"Two buffs this time," we answered carelessly. A pause, while we helped ourselves to baked beans.

"What were they like?" said Jim, meekly.

"A bull and a cow," I answered with nary a smile.

"Did the bull have a nice head?"

"Yes, he had a beautiful head," which was true enough.

Our two rivals looked very sober. Boyd looked at me and smiled in spite of himself; and although I managed to preserve a serious air, the others became suspicious. If they asked me whether the cow was wounded when we found her, what could I say without lying out and out!

I believe Jim must have divined my thoughts, for he demanded directly:

"Had either one of 'em been shot before?"

"No," I answered readily, "neither of 'em had ever been shot before."

The cow had been shot *behind*, and we were saved!

But Boyd and Brown laughed right out.

Jim and Russell were on the *qui vive* at once.

"Now, fellers," said Jim, briskly, "I know there's something

queer about them buffalo. Blamed if I believe you killed any at all!"

"Yes, we did, Jim, honest Injun, just as I tell you. We'll show you their skins tomorrow to prove it."

"Well, what's them fellers a-laffin' at, then?"

"Why," chimed in Boyd, "I'm a-laffin' at the way we came right along in you fellers' tracks, and saw buffalo that you didn't see at all!"

This was a terrible blow to our rivals, and although they tried to prove an alibi, Boyd held to the point, and demonstrated that we had followed them by only half an hour, to the very point where our game was discovered.

THE CHANGED CONDITIONS.

In days gone by hunting buffalo was tame work, owing to the great abundance of the animals and their stupidity. There was no more glory in killing an old bull than in wringing a rooster's neck, for familiarity had bred contempt. But with the approach of extermination, and "the struggle of the species to harmonize with its environment" (by the kind permission of the evolutionist) conditions have changed, and now the chase of the buffalo is sport of the very top-loftiest kind. If you don't believe it, get on a cayuse, ride up and down for a week or two through the bad lands until you find one, then see if you are smart enough to kill him. Until you have learned by sad experience what to expect, I will back the buffalo to get away from you three times out of five.

Those that still survive have been chased and shot at so often that they are ready to run on the very shortest notice. Constantly on the alert, they almost always see the hunter before he sees them, and then away they go. Sometimes the first sight of your game is across a mile of bad country, and the fact that it is headed straight from you, and running at full speed is proof positive that it is running away from you in particular. If you have with you an old hunter like Jim McNaney he will teach you that it is folly to ride straight after, for the horse is yet unborn that can carry a rider across Montana bad lands up to a buffalo that has a good, long start. Under half a mile it is sometimes possible; but Jim's plan, which never failed *him* at least, was to apparently abandon the chase, make a wide circuit, ride mercilessly, and, in the course of three or four miles, cut in ahead of the buffalo, and lie in wait for him behind the crest of some ridge. It takes hard riding, but it can be done without killing a horse. Once L. S. Russell, on his pet horse, Selim, an ungainly old beast with a gait like an elephant, but staying powers like a steam-engine, actually overhauled in a fair stern chase an old solitary bull who had a start of half a mile, and killed him.

THE EXCITEMENT OF THE HUNT.

We had great sport on that hunt, because we couldn't help it. In our eagerness to succeed in our task the sad fact that we were hunting the last representatives of a mighty race was for the time being lost sight of. The difficulties we encountered in finding and killing our specimens wrought up our interest in the hunt to the highest pitch; and if ever trophies were earned those were, twice over. It has often been my luck to be compelled to hunt animals that were hard to find, and hard to kill when found, but none of them ever cost so much hard work per head as did those same buffalo.

But for the fact that we had marvelously good fortune it would have taken us till mid-winter to make our success complete, and we would have almost perished in the terrible weather that followed. As before stated, we saw the first buffaloes on the 13th of October. On the day following all four of us took the trail of the band that Russell started, followed it due south about twenty miles, and finally sighted it with the field glass just at noon. The original bunch of seven had been joined by an equal number, and they all lay on the level top of a little butte in the bad lands, sunning themselves and resting. We sneaked up to within two hundred yards of them, fired a volley at them as they lay—and did not even kill a calf! Instantly, they sprang up and sped off at astonishing speed, heading straight for the sheltering ravines around the sides of the High Divide. We had a most exciting and likewise dangerous chase after the herd, across a vast prairie-dog town, honeycombed with holes just right for a running horse to thrust a leg in up to the knee and snap it off like a pipe-stem—and across fearfully wide gullies that either had to be leaped or fallen into. Jim McNaney killed a fine old bull and a beautiful 2-year-old "spike bull" out of this bunch, while I managed to bring down a cow, and,

in partnership with Jim, another fine old bull, making four that day, all told.

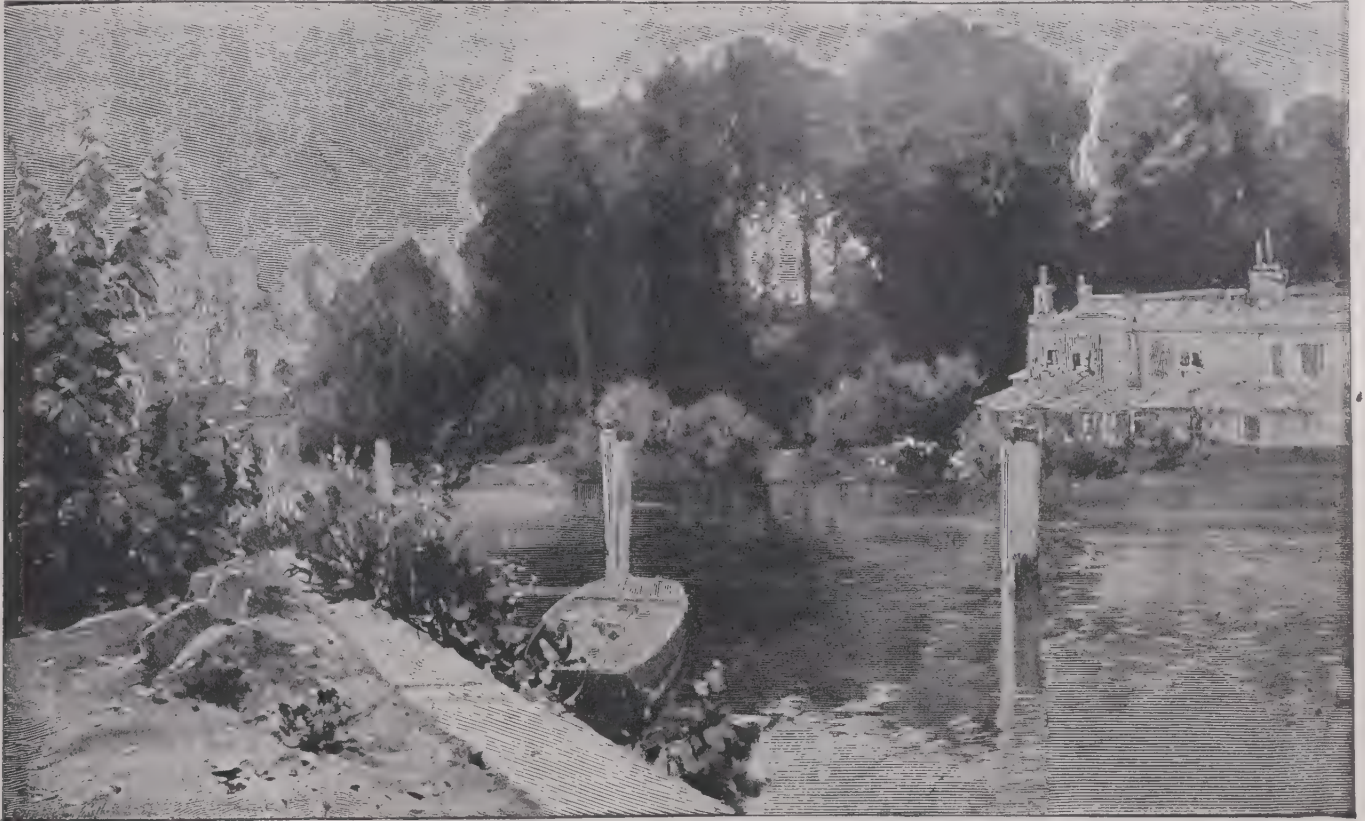
FOUR MORE BUFFALOES.

Two days later when we were on the spot with the wagon to skin our prizes and haul in the hides four more buffaloes were discovered within two miles of us, and while I wrestled with the skin of my big bull to keep it from spoiling, the cowboys went after the live buffaloes and killed them all. They consisted of two fine bulls, an old cow and a yearling. The finest bull fell about eight miles from our camp, and when we got to it with the wagon at noon the next day, to prepare both skin and skeleton and haul them in, we found that during the night a gang of coyotes in human form (Piegan Indians) had robbed us of our hard-earned spoil. They had stolen the skin and all the eatable meat, broken up the bones to get at the marrow, and cut out the tongue. And to injury the sneaking thieves had added insult. Through laziness they left the head unskinned, but on one side of it they smeared the hair

with red war paint, the other side they daubed with yellow. And around the base of one glossy black horn they tied a strip of red flannel as a signal of defiance. Of course, they had left for parts unknown, and we never saw any of them afterward. Had we but caught them in that act, taken them red-handed, literally, as the world there would have been a shooting match between whites and reds.

The ninth buffalo was the one Russell overhauled in the stern chase already mentioned, and the tenth was discovered by Boyd and Jim McNaney feeding in a ravine, and killed at long range by the latter. Then came the two that Boyd and I fell foul of on the last day of October, and which made two more than half our required number during our first month in the field. But it happened that the most exciting episodes and the grand prizes were reserved for the last half of the hunt, and of these more anon.

[The second instalment will appear in our next monthly magazine number.—EDS. THE CHRISTIAN WORK.]



ON THE THAMES (LONDON).
From the water-color painting by F. Hopkinson Smith.

F. Hopkinson Smith as a Water-colorist.

By Perriton Maxwell.

An annually recurring event in the New York art world that has come to be one of its recognized institutions is the exhibition every winter of the water-colors of F. Hopkinson Smith. The artist's showing of aquarelles at the Avery galleries last season was numerically and artistically stronger than in previous years. To a greater variety of subjects he has added a less impulsive and more painter-like technique; indeed, his latest harvest of Venetian subjects depend more upon actual execution with the brush than upon the tone of the paper on which they are drawn—a hitherto favorite trick of this artist.

The thirty-nine water-colors, constituting a summer's work of Mr. Smith in England, Holland, Turkey and Venice, are indisputably among the finest and most representative things he has ever placed upon exhibition. When it is remembered that this man's real work in life is the building of lighthouses and seawalls—with novel-writing and lecturing as a mere avocation—it is a matter of marvel that he should accomplish anything of genuine artistic

worth. The gods gave him many gifts, however, and he has worked earnestly to improve the quality of them all, so that his reputation as an artist alone rests upon a solid foundation of accomplishment.

Perhaps the most interesting pictures in Mr. Smith's recent display at Avery's were the careful presentments of English rural scenes, painted at various points along the Thames, where that unique stream forgets its grimy passage through London, and flows in crystalline splendor through some of the most entrancing landscapes in all Europe. In his aquarelle of the Thames at its narrowest point, showing a typical English country house and its background of deep, umbrageous foliage, Mr. Smith has caught the full, sweet flavor of British rural tranquility. It is like a sonnet of Wordsworth done into form and color by one in closest sympathy with nature's somnolent morning mood.

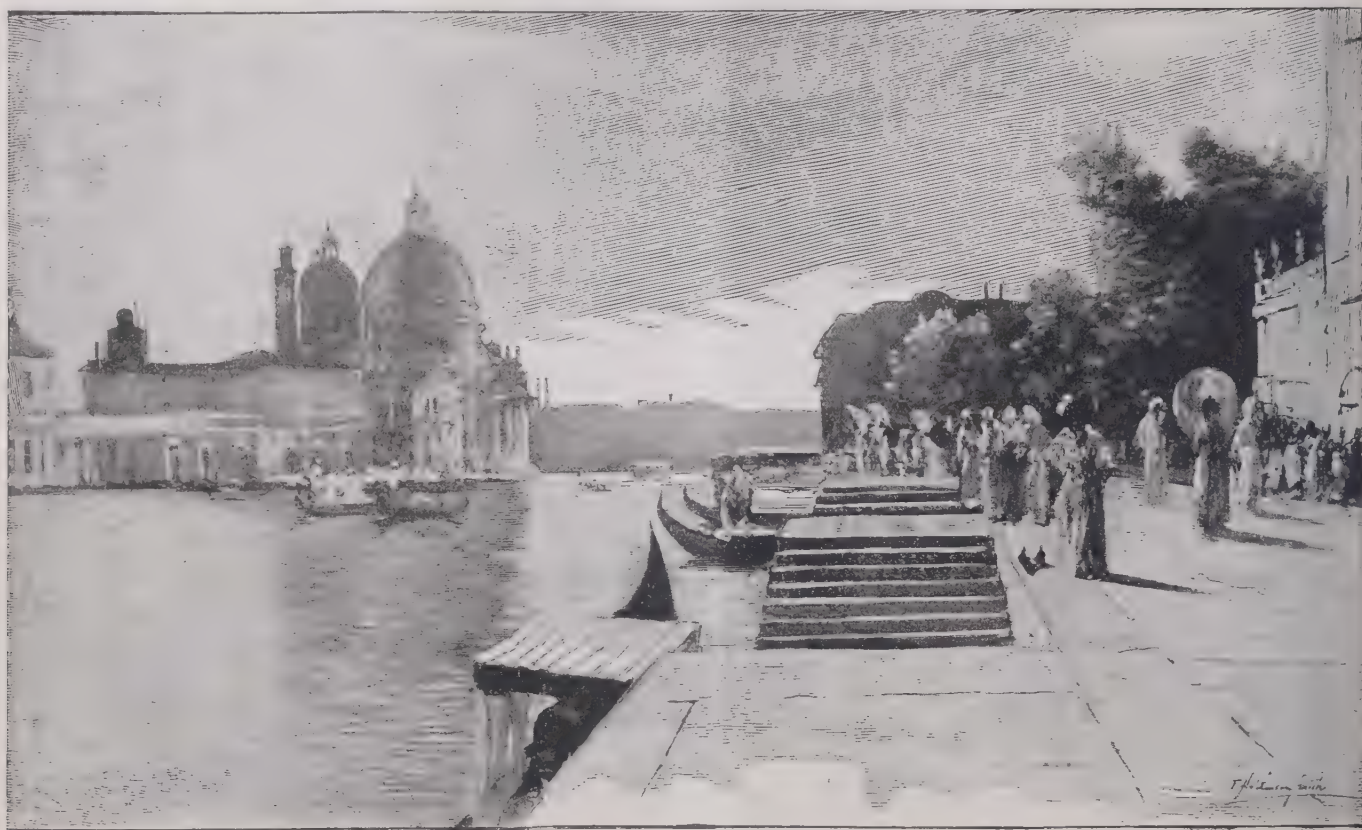
This is a journey into a hitherto unexplored region for Mr. Smith, and one would have premised his failure to depict with fidel-

ity the gray charm of the English landscape after so many years of revel in the color riot of Venetian and Oriental scenes. Perhaps a part of his success in this new and hazardous field of pictorial expression is due to his studies under the mauve skies of Holland; or perhaps it is only because he has set himself to do whole-heartedly, and with unbiased vision, whatever seems worth the doing. Be the cause and motive what they may, the fact remains that he has obtained a result that is quite beyond criticism.

The dominant note of all Mr. Smith's aquarelles is individuality; he secures with simple directness of line and color an effect which no amount of "teasing" or elaboration could realize. He goes about his business of painting the thing before him with the fixed purpose of pinning to paper its essentials—and only its essentials. There is no wastefulness in his work, no worrying over the petty and non-important. His view is large, swift, but always comprehensive. He obtains a supreme effect with a small amount of effort; he is a studious impressionist, who leaves much to the imag-

among the harsher contrasts made by man and nature; the greater his skill in avoiding the blunt displeasing tincture of things, the higher his sense of artistic proportion. The picture lover does not want a kaleidoscopic jumble at second hand; a colored photograph lacks feeling and betrays neither intellect nor sympathy. While it is true that Mr. Smith has not run the gamut of color that dazzled his eyes in Ottoman byways he has perhaps erred on the side of realism and has become too much absorbed in the verity of hues to thresh out upon his palette and employ only what was harmonious.

First and last, however, Hopkinson Smith is the keen artistic reporter, scenting a pictorial fact from afar and making it live on paper with relentless fidelity. In his latest pictures of England and Venice he has touched the high-water mark of his achievement; and in the decision of his touch, the freedom and play of his brush, he has proved himself a masterhand at one of the most exacting of all esthetic trades—the making of aquarelles.



ALONG THE RIVA (VENICE).

From the water-color painting by F. Hopkinson Smith.

ination without galling the eyesight of the spectator or lapsing into wanton slovenliness.

The method of combining opaque pigments with "pure wash" or transparent coloring has been tabooed among the older and more conservative water-colorists, but this is the method which Mr. Smith after many years' experience in his favorite medium has finally adopted as the most satisfying in representing natural textures. He declares himself addicted to no especial means of attaining the end he seeks. In his own picturesque language, he would "as lief paint with a shoe-black's brush," if by such a tool he could realize in a pictorial embodiment the scene confronting him. It must be said in his favor that his ideals seem fully realized by whatever medium he chooses.

Among the most pleasing examples of Mr. Smith's industry shown are his "Sunday Morning," "Along the Riva," and "Where the Fishermen Live," all transcriptions of Venetian life, and the English landscapes before mentioned. His pictures of Scutari and Stamboul and incidents on the Bosphorus palpitate with color that seems a bit too hard and hot, though much must be allowed for the superabundance of positive shades and the conflict of primary hues which we know actually exist under Oriental skies.

But we look to the artist who essays the reflection of this life for a more careful discrimination in the selection of his values from

The Canals of Beautiful Venice.

The well-known lecturer, Mr. John L. Stoddard, who has traveled and lectured all over the English-speaking world, considers Venice as the ideal city to visit, and from which to receive pleasing and lasting impressions. He says that few experiences in life are more enjoyable than the traveler's first sail on the canals of Venice, that city which perhaps more than any other has towered up to the horizon of our imagination since childhood, and whose very name serves as a spell to stimulate our fancy and enthusiasm. The Grand Canal is the princely avenue of Venice. It winds through the city in a graceful curve, bordered for miles on either side by marble palaces and churches, some of which, though crumbling to decay, still attest the magnificence of bygone days.

One can hardly imagine anything more unreal, yet beautiful, more like a vision in some happy dream than these grand, stately buildings of the past, glittering in the moonlight and floating thus in splendor on the sea. Late though the hour be, lights are sure to be gleaming from some of these palaces through the basement, and if we bid our gondolier halt a moment beneath the magic lights and shadows of their balconies, we may often hear the tinkling sound of the guitar or the voice of some unseen musician.



SUNDAY MORNING (VENICE).
From the water-color painting by F. Hopkinson Smith.

"I stood in Venice
On the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the waves
Her structures rise

As from the stroke
Of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings
Around me, and a dying [expand
Glory smiles

O'er the far times,
When many a subject land
Looked to the Winged Lion's marble
When Venice sat in state [piles,
Throned on her hundred isles."

—Byron.



RIO GIUSEPPE (VENICE).
From the water-color painting by F. Hopkinson Smith.

to the crevices of the rock. Without saying a word, Polly the Kanaka slipped over the side, and struck out with swift, overhead strokes for the foot of the cliff. As soon as I saw what he was after, I shouted loudly for him to return, but he either could not or would not hear me. The fellow's seal-like ability as a swimmer was, of course, well known to me, but I must confess I trembled for his life in such a weltering whirl of rock-torn sea as boiled among the crags at the base of that precipice. He, however, evidently knew what he was going to do, and though taking risks which would have certainly been fatal to an ordinary swimmer, was quite unafraid of the result.

We all watched him breathlessly as he apparently headed straight for the biggest outlying rock—a square, black boulder about the size of an ordinary railway car. He came up to it on the summit of a foaming wave; but just as I looked for him to be dashed to pieces against its adamantine sides, he threw his legs into the air and disappeared. A stealthy, satisfied smile glowed on Samuela's rugged visage, and as he caught my eye, he said jauntily, "Polly savee too much. Lookie him come on top one time!" I looked and sure enough there was the daring villain crawling up among the kelp far out of reach of the hungry rollers. It was a marvelous exhibition of coolness and skill.

Without waiting an instant, he began to stalk the goat, dodging among the bushes with feet that clung to the steep sides of the cliff as well as the animal's. Before he could reach her she had winded him, and was off up the track. He followed without further attempt to hide himself; but despite his vigor and ability, would, I fancy, have stood a microscopic chance of catching her had she not been heavy with kid. As it was, he had all his work cut out for him. When he did catch her she made so fierce a struggle for life and liberty that in the endeavor to hold her he missed his insecure foothold, and the pair came tumbling over and over down the cliff in a miniature avalanche of stones and dust. At the bottom they both lay quiet for a time; while I anxiously waited, fearing the rash fool was seriously injured; but in a minute or two he was on his feet again.

Lashing the goat to his body and ignoring her struggles, he crawled out as far among the rocks as he could; then at the approach of a big breaker he dived to meet it, coming up outside its threatening top like a life-buoy. I pulled in as near as I could venture, to pick him up, and in a few minutes had him safely on board again, but suffering fearfully. In his roll down the cliff he had been without his trousers, which would have been some protection to him. Consequently, his thighs were deeply cut and torn in many places, while the brine entering so many wounds, though a grand styptic, must have tortured him unspeakably. At any rate, though he was a regular stoic to bear pain, he fainted while I was "dressing him down," in the most vigorous language I could command for his foolhardy trick. Then we all realized what he must be going through, and felt that he was getting all the punishment he deserved, and more. The goat, poor thing, seemed none the worse for her rough handling.

The mate gave the signal to get back on board just as Polly revived, so there were no inconvenient questions asked, and we returned alongside in triumph, with such a cargo of fish as would have given us a good month's pay all 'round could we have landed them at Billingsgate. Although the mate had not succeeded as well as we, the catch of the two boats aggregated half a ton, not a fish among the lot less than five pounds in weight, and one of a hundred and twenty—the yellow-tail aforesaid. As soon as we reached the ship, the boats were run up, sails filled, and away we lumbered again toward New Zealand.

As the great mass of that solitary mountain faded away in the gathering shades of evening it was impossible to help remembering the sufferings of that afflicted family, confined to those trembling, sulphurous, ash-strewn rocks, amid gloom by day and unnatural glare by night, for all that weary while. And while I admit that there is to some people a charm in being alone with nature it is altogether another thing when your solitude becomes compulsory, your paradise a prison from which you cannot break away. There are many such nooks scattered about the ocean, where men have hidden themselves away from the busy world, and been forgotten by it; but few of them, I fancy, offer such potentialities of terror as Sunday Island.

We had hardly lost sight of the land, when Polly's capture gave birth to a kid. This event was the most interesting thing that had happened on board for a great while, and the funny little visitor

would have run great risk of being completely spoiled had he lived. But, to our universal sorrow, the mother's milk failed—from want of green food, I suppose—and we were obliged to kill the poor little chap to save him from being starved to death. He made a savory mess for some, whose appetite for flesh-meat was stronger than any sentimental considerations.

To an ordinary trader the distance between the Kermadecs and the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, roughly represents a couple of days' sail; but to us who were apparently incapable of hurry under any circumstances, it meant a good week's bludgeoning the protesting waves before the grim outliers of the Three Kings came into view. Even then, although the distance was a mere bagatelle, it was another two days before we arrived off that magnificent harbor where reposes the oldest township in New Zealand—Russell—where rest the mortal remains of the first really Pakeha Maori, but which, for some unaccountable reason, is still left undeveloped and neglected, visited only by the wandering whalers (in ever-decreasing numbers) and an occasional trim, businesslike and gentlemanly man-o'-war, that, like a Guardsman strolling the West End in mufti, stalks the sea with never an item of her smart rig deviating by a shade from its proper set or sheer.

In a comparatively new colony like New Zealand, where the marvelous growth of the young state can be traced within living memory, from the privations of the pioneer to the fully developed city with all the machinery of our latest luxurious civilization, it is exceedingly interesting to note how the principal towns have sprung up arbitrarily, and without any heed to the intentions of the ruling powers. The old-fashioned township of Korora-rika, or Port Russell, is a case very much in point. As we sailed in between the many islets from which the magnificent bay takes its name, for all appearances to the contrary, we might have been the first discoverers. Not a house, not a sail, not a boat, broke the loneliness and primeval look of the placid waters and the adjacent shores. Not until we drew near the anchorage, and saw upon opening up the little town the straight-standing masts of three whaleships, did anything appear to dispel the intense air of solitude overhanging the whole. As we drew nearer, and rounded-to for mooring, I looked expectantly for some sign of enterprise on the part of the inhabitants—some tradesmen's boat soliciting orders; some of the population on the beach (there was no sign of a pier), watching the visitor come to an anchor. Not a bit of it. The whole place seemed a maritime Sleepy Hollow, the dwellers in which had lost all interest in life, and had become far less energetic than the much-maligned Kanakas in their dreamy isles of summer.

Yet this was once intended for the capital of New Zealand. When the large and splendidly built city of Dunedin, Otago, was a barren bush, haunted only by the "morepork" and the apteryx, Russell was humming with vitality, her harbor busy with fleets of ships, principally whalers, who found it the most convenient calling-place in the southern temperate zone. Terrible scenes were enacted about its "blackguard beach," orgies of wild debauchery and bloodshed indulged in by the half-savage and utterly lawless crews of the whaleships. But it never attained to any real importance. As a port of call for whalers it enjoyed a certain kind of prosperity; but when the South Sea fishery dwindled Russell shrank in immediate sympathy. It never had any vitality of its own, no manufactures or products, unless the wretched coal mines adjacent, with their dirty output, which is scoffed at by the grimmest tug afloat, could be dignified by the name.

Remembering, as I did, the beauty, the energy, and prosperity of the great New Zealand ports, some of them with not a tithe of the natural advantages of Russell, I felt amazed, almost indignant, at its dead-and-alive appearance.

Our anchor was no sooner down than the captains of the James Arnold, Matilda Sayer and Coral lowered and came on board, eager to hear or tell such news as was going. As we had now grown to expect, all work was over immediately the sails were fast and decks cleared up, so that we were free to entertain our visitors. And a high old time we had of it that afternoon! What with songs, dances and yarns the hours flew by with lightning speed. Our Kanakas, too, were overjoyed to find compatriots among the visitors, and settled down to a steady stream of talk which lasted without intermission the whole night through. It was a wonderful exhibition of tongue-wagging, though what it was all about puzzled me greatly.

(To be continued.)

The Christian Life

Resurrection.

By Anna D. Walker.

Oh! what grandeur is in this,
Jesus resurrection is;
Oh! what solace in this lies.
In His rising we shall rise.

Soul, by faith the scene behold,
When the stone is backward roll'd;
Oh! what glory, Oh! what power
Is there centered in that hour.

In the stillness, from the tomb,
Lo! He comes and Day doth bloom.
Sun, 'tis time for thee to shine
To greet the Conqueror divine.

Exultant Morn, awake to sound,
To break the silence all profound;
Vanish, Day, Oh! vanish, Night,
The Darkness hide, 'tis time for Light.

Oh! saints, arise from sorrow low,
And let a song of gladness flow;
Come, let us praise with one accord
The triumphs of our risen Lord.

The grandeur of the theme should teach
The sweetest notes of song to each;
The greatness of our joys should raise
The noblest, gladdest hymn of praise.

Courage, ye saints, since Jesus rose
Ye need not fear your host of foes;
O'er Death and Hell with Him we'll reign—
He died, but, oh, He lives again!



The Risen Life.

By Rev. Dwight Mallory Pratt, D.D.

When the angel rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre he gave the world its first real vision of life. While the Master was with His disciples they did not discover the secret of his power. His perfection evoked from them spontaneous and rapturous confessions of His divine Sonship. Yet even this adoration did not penetrate the mystery of His being or interpret the meaning of His earthly ministry.

Such interpretation was possible only after the resurrection. Christ's conquest of death unveiled His personality and the purpose of His life. The resurrection was a spiritual process, and only incidentally physical. Through the body the spirit of Jesus made its undying life known. While the physical passed under the power of death, the spirit survived unchanged. It devoted the three days to a special work of ministry in the spirit world, and then reasserted its life and life-giving power, by revivifying the once tenanted but now decaying body.

This mighty and mystic miracle has challenged the skepticism of nineteen completed centuries. Merely as a physical phenomena its realities would still be questioned. But the proof of the Easter miracle lies in its spiritual revelation.

The supreme purpose of Jesus was not to demonstrate that a dead body could live again, but that the living spirit could not die. He thus brought immortality to light. He also brought life to light; the life that can vanquish sin and death. The soul that experiences the touch of His life is raised from the dead, long before the body itself has suffered death. Sin is death—the soul's death. The new birth, which makes the soul alive, is the soul's Easter. Regeneration is only the resurrection reproduced and interpreted in the believer's experience. What Jesus accomplished for Himself physically, He accomplishes for us spiritually. In His case death, the wages of sin, could only touch the body. Had it penetrated His soul it would have dethroned His power. A holy personality is ever and everywhere the sovereign of death. Over genuine saints the second death has no power. A purified soul is a perfectly emancipated and victorious soul. Every one who is born of the spirit sees the stone roll away from the door of his soul's sepulchre.

To dwell upon the physical phenomenon of Christ's resurrection is to postpone our hope and fruition to some far-off, undetermined day. To interpret its spiritual message is to enter at once into resurrection life and to have the guarantee of future blessedness in our present experience. They who now are risen with Christ live in reality the heavenly life. They are dead to sin and alive unto God. In their innermost being they know and feel the power of the "endless life."

Easter is not so much the door to future bliss as to present salvation. Life now is the only assurance of the life that shall be, and for which every weary and sin-hardened heart eagerly longs. Only through the spirit's resurrection before death can there be any bright anticipations of the body's resurrection after death. Immortality is a boon only, as sin is dethroned and purged away. The sting of death is sin. Death has no sting when sin is blotted out. In fact Death then is no longer Death.

"What seems so is transition—
A suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

The truth the world most needs to learn is the truth which Paul made his supreme desire. The hidden truth of Easter. "That I might know Christ and the power of His resurrection." The apostle was thinking of no future miracle. He was rather coveting a more complete knowledge of Christ, through a fallen and more perfect experience of His redemption. For him the power of the resurrection lay in his own emancipation from spiritual evil.

The discovery and joy of Easter lie in the new birth. That miracle of the inner life interprets Christ's mystic miracle in the garden.

What an hour to the doubting, trembling heart, when it stands for the first time in the presence of its risen Lord, hears from His lips the blessed words, "Fear not," and, with a new vision of truth and a new sense of life, rapturously exclaims "Rabboni!"

In the presence of a world not yet conscious of His nearness or power, Jesus is still standing, waiting for blind eyes to open and dull hearts to understand. The ills and woes of humanity will never cease until it sees in the risen Christ the power that can regenerate sinful men, and make a dead world live. Easter, as a present experience, is the world's only hope.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

The Home Life

The Message of Easter.

By Emma Graves Dietrick.

Do you hear it—the message of music
That's voiced from the souls of the birds?
How it sings us the story of Easter
In tones that are sweeter than words!

And the clouds, and the sea, and the mountains,
They tell us in eloquent way
Of the story of Jesus arisen,
That gives us a glad Easter Day.

And the lilies! Oh, list to their message
That's whispered in fragrance and bloom,
Of the life that is perfect in purpose—
A heart where the Master has room.

For the message of Easter is courage,
That lives thro' earth's darkness and cold;
And faith that is firm in its holding,
And love that can never grow old.

And the love of the Christ that's arisen
Still lives in the hearts of His own,
While the story of Easter is echoed
In blossom, and odor, and tone.

Till out from our failures and losses
New strength shall arise for the fray,
And the rest of this life shall be truer
Because of each new Easter Day.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.



The Glamour and the Truth of Easter.

We read that our word "Easter" comes from the heathen goddess Ostara, Ostern, or Eastre, who was the personification of the East, of the morning, or of the spring. April was dedicated to her, and was called Eastermonath among the Saxons and Angles. We many of us know that in the early Church Easter was identical with the Passover.

The Christian Easter season was at first a kind of thanksgiving observance, lasting eight days; it afterward was cut down to three days, then to two, until we now have our one Easter day commemorative of the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

We also read that many years ago, after the austerities of Lent, people gave themselves up "to enjoyment, popular sports, dances and farcial entertainments." Even the clergy in some places recited from the pulpit humorous stories and legends calculated to excite the "Easter smile."

It is interesting to read of the glamour and the superstition which for centuries has surrounded the solemn yet really joyful day. The story of the resurrection is indeed the one great, chief, supernatural event of all history, either ancient or modern. Perhaps it is not surprising that around it should cluster many stories and legends, giving rise to certain other believed-in phenomena, not explainable along the line of natural cause and effect. There is one sign or omen much trusted in among the people of the East that has a touching significance when we look at it seriously. To see a lamb looking out of a window on Easter morning

was a good sign, especially if it was looking toward the house. If it was not looking toward the house it was not so favorable an omen. But to meet a lamb at any time was considered a lucky thing, as, according to the popular notion, the devil can take any other form than that of a lamb or a dove.

Were we inclined in this enlightened day toward any superstitious beliefs whatever, we surely think that the ones last named would appeal with some strength not only to religious sentiment, but to a kind of sensible reasoning. Jesus Christ was the Lamb of God. The most evil spirit and influence known to man, the devil, we should indeed find it hard to believe could ever assume the form of an innocent and sacrificial animal such as the lamb represents to the devout mind. A dove once seemed the embodiment or the visible sign of the Holy Spirit, as it hovered over the head of our dear Lord at the time of His baptism. It is a worthy belief in very truth that the supreme spirit of evil could never take the form of this "sweet messenger of peace."

This is a poor, piteous, minor chord, that sounds its unceasing monotone in all these outreachings and fantasies—if you like—of the mind. It is the cry for comfort, the heart's unhushed cry for the good sign, the consoling omen, the tangible help that frail man feels the need of as soon as he begins to realize the verities of life. And it is no more a sign of shallowness than it is of thoughtfulness, that around this great and significant event, the resurrection of our Lord, should gather certain strange beliefs and traditions, grasped at by the over-credulous, and trusted in by those whose real knowledge is but limited, yet who find great attraction and interest in this most hopeful and inspiring event, that sinks deep into the human hearts almost everywhere.

It is a beautiful and inspiring definition of Easter, that which connects it with the East, with the morning, the sunrise, the spring! It is full of the idea of morning land, of sunrise, of spring. Oh, how like a breath from heaven, the very name of "Easter" greets the ear of the mourner. We never know how truly and how deeply we have *believed* in the resurrection and the third-day morning until our eyes have been strained toward those Gates of Pearl in eager longing to know more and ever more of the dearly-loved ones who have "entered in." All the imagery of the Bible that is brought to bear upon the blessed "Place" where there is no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying, is studied and scanned as never before, after a part of our very selves, as it were, has become a citizen of that fair country which, though unseen, is yet close at hand.

It is no wonder that untaught people were glad and full of joy once the resurrection season was upon them. The sun had arisen in their minds, the morning had dawned, sadness and sighing and darkness had fled, and the time for bud and bloom of gladness of heart had come. In a broader, more satisfying sense we rejoice to-day when the Easter lilies are in bloom, when the Easter song is in the ear, and the helpful, hopeful promise of spring tells its significant and inspired story on every hand.

And it is true! true! There is a Morning Land, there is a Sunrise Path up to the Eternal City. Christ showed the way when through the portals of the tomb He became for us all the resurrection and the life. Oh, *believe* in Him!

"May Easter Day to thine heart say,

'Christ died and rose for thee!'

May Easter night on thine heart write,

'Oh, Christ, I live to Thee!'

The Children.

"Quaker Ladies."

An Easter Story.

By H. K.

They were quaint old-fashioned garden lilies, and they grew in the oldest of gardens. They were low, modest lilies, very sweet and fragrant, wearing the quaint Quaker color, but dappled and splashed over with a bit of brightness here and there that well became them. They were fond of growing in companies and opened thickly together, so that when the sun shone and they were at their best there was a great space of shimmering beauty over which the bees held high carnival.

So few people had occasion to visit this old house and garden, for they were far out in the country and off from the way of travel, that in time they became, together with their mistress, quite out of date. When good Mrs. Marlow, one springtime, however, found her favorite bean seed quite the worse for having been kept so long, she remembered at once the old house in the country and its old-fashioned garden, wherein grew beans quite as wonderful in their way as the lilies in theirs.

So taking little Meg, the wee daughter of the house, she walked the whole, long country way and up the lane that seemed to have no end, until at last they came upon the old house and garden tucked quite comfortably in between the bit of woodland on the one side and the sheep pasture on the other. Meg's little legs were very weary, but she forgot everything but the rare old garden, with its old-time lilies, then in full bloom, and the bees that came and went from the brown hives close by.

Meg touched the wee crocus with her little forefinger and peeped in to see if there could be any fairy hidden away in the yellow cups, and stooped to smell the "Quaker ladies." When she came away it was with her white apron pretty well laden with specimens of each and yellow daffodils in the bargain.

All this happened a year ago, and it was springtime again and Easter was drawing near. Aunt Meg was making mysterious preparations in the home which little Meg prudently ignored, since she was pretty sure they related to a certain rabbit's nest which appeared under the juniper in the yard and holding a motley variety of eggs that were always divided between the children.

But there were other preparations going on in which Meg was equally interested—at the church—for she was an earnest little body who was keenly alive to all pertaining to this other home of hers. When Saturday came busy hands were arranging lovely Easter offerings about God's altar, and most of these were of fragrant flowers, whose beauty well adorned the sacred place.

Meg, among a number of other children, was watching, and now and then lending such assistance as small feet and hands could offer. There was a lack of lilies, so the ladies said, among the rest. If they could but have some more lilies.

The child heard them. Over and over again she said softly to herself, "I wish I could get them." All the rest had given something. Meg alone had come empty-handed. 'Tis true she had her pennies, saved long for the purpose, for to-morrow's treasury, but no lilies.

While the small mind wrought at the problem there came to her the fragrance of a memory—of a long, long country lane, up which she had tramped so wearily going, but out of which she had come radiant with her load of lilies.

It was early in the afternoon. Out she stole and down the country road leading from the place, running sometimes, and never stopping, until the entrance to the long lane was reached far out in the still country. She stopped for a bit to rest and wondered what they would say at home if they knew.

When she came in sight of the old house everything looked very much alone, and only a great tortoise-shell cat stretched its lazy length along the porch floor and blinked at her in the sun. She was not afraid of this and stepped softly up to the door, knocking timidly. No one came, though she knocked again and again.

She peeped through the palings of the low fence—yes, there they were, the lovely lilies—"Quaker ladies," indeed, in their shining silvery garb—scores of them—and nobody but the brown bees about.

To gather them together and to hurry back over the way she had come was the next thing to be done, and all unconscious that the gift she was bringing would have lost its preciousness in the sight of the Master, because of its unlawful procuring, she came in the twilight to the church itself, to find its doors still open and light enough for her to put the beautiful lilies just in the empty space that needed them, where they shone like a fair crown among the others.

When Meg arrived at home some time later a very muddy and weary, yet a happy girl, she kept her secret to be revealed upon the morrow, and, after a hearty supper, betook herself to bed, from whence she was to arise the next morning to search for the rabbit's nest beneath the juniper.

How happy she was next day to hear the exclamations of wonder and delight over the lilies, and hugged her secret close the while she listened.

"Sister," said Meg, the elder, at the dinner-table that day, "there are a dozen or more of those 'Quaker ladies' of old Hannah's in the church, and no one knows how they came there. Could old Hannah have brought them herself, do you think? It is just possible that some one else procured them from her and gave them, not wishing it known."

Little Meg's face turned of a lively red during this conversation. She exclaimed, exultantly: "I got them all myself and put them there!"

"You?" said her mother, amazedly. Then the whole story came out.

"Meg," said her father, in a voice quite the reverse of approval, "you did not take them without permission, I hope?"

"She would have been sure to give them," said Meg, defiantly.

"That does not make it a right thing to do," said her father, and, turning to her mother, said: "I think Meg had better stay at home to-night from the Easter services and to-morrow she may take what money she has in her bank and walk out to old Hannah's and make it all right with her about the lilies."

But somehow, I hardly know how it was, old Hannah herself happened to come in that very Sunday afternoon and told mother how some one had been at her lilies the day before and taken ever so many of them. Meg was brought in and made to tell her story amid sobs and tears, and good old Hannah made her a present of the lilies upon the spot.

Dear little Meg sat and looked hard at the lilies in the evening, trying to get as much comfort out of them as she could, in spite of events, and laid all her store of pennies in the basket when it came 'round, and really felt quite happy, after all, since the lilies were her own to give now as well as the money.



Easter.

One starry night, a mother mild
Was bending o'er a little child.
Within a lowly manger bed
Lay pillowed the dear baby head;
While herald angels
Sang His birth
To wond'ring mortals on the earth.

But now, ah, me! that mother dear
Is bending low beside a bier.
The Babe who came on Christmas Day,
To tread awhile the earthly way,
Lies silent in the
Tomb's cold bed,
And bowed with grief that mother's head.
But hark! Again the angels sing,
Again glad news to earth they bring.
Oh, sorrowing mother, dry your tears,
Dismiss your gloom, dispell your fears;
Rejoice! The Lord
Stands at your side;
He lives again, the Crucified.

Oh, blessed day when Christ was born,
Thrice blessed Resurrection Morn.
Let all the little children sing
Sweet carols to the risen King.
The bitterness of
Night has passed—
Triumph and joy have come at last.

OUR POST-OFFICE.

A DEAR LITTLE WOMAN.

SHELTER ISLAND HEIGHTS, March 7, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I thought I would write you a letter, I have never written to you before. I am a little girl 11 years old. My mother is sick and I take care of my little sister, and my sick mother. I have a doll and her name is Mary.

I have THE CHRISTIAN WORK and I like to read the little letters in it. I go to school and I am in the third reader. It is a nice school and there are five nice teachers in it. May I be one of your grandchildren as I have no other grandmother.

My mother has been sick for four years.

Your loving grandchild,

MINNIE LENARD.

You are a dear little woman and we all have a cordial welcome for you here. I am sure it must be a great comfort to mamma to know that she has such a trustworthy little daughter. I trust the dear mamma may soon recover, she has had a long, tedious time, to be sure.

AT GRANDPA'S.

CORTLAND, N. Y., March 7, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I wonder if you ever get tired of reading and answering your grandchildren's letters. I will be 8 years old the 28th of May. I go to school. I like my teacher very much. I go to Sunday-school, too. I have been attending it ever since I was 2 years old. I have a pet kitten. Her name is Velvet. I am invited to a birthday party to-morrow. I am to take my dollie with me. My papa and mamma are going to a banquet to-night, so I am staying at grandpa's. I think I will stay here until to-morrow night. My grandma has a horse and I enjoy going out driving with her very much.

From your loving grandchild,

MARLEA EASTMAN.

No, indeed, you dear little May-blossom, I do not get tired of my children, so you need not be afraid to write to me again. When your birthday comes 'round perhaps you will have a party, too—a regular May-party; how nice that would be? I am pretty sure that your little guests would want to crown you "Queen of the May." The weather will soon be pleasant for driving through the country, and grandma and you will be making the most of it, I fancy.

CLEVER.

SWYGERT, Ill., March 3, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I am a little girl nearly 9 years old. I go to school, and I have to go three-quarters of a mile to get to school. At school I study reading, arithmetic, language, geography and spelling.

Your loving grandchild,

JENNIE BLAIR.

You have quite a little walk to school, but that is good for you, if you start in time so that you do not have to hurry. I think you must be a very clever scholar; six studies are a good many for such a little grandchild.

A WEE TOT.

LYKENS, Pa., March 13, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I am a little girl five years old. My papa takes THE CHRISTIAN WORK and I enjoy the little letters. Please print this, as I wish to surprise papa, who is not at home,

Your friend,

EDNA WEIDLER.

Here you are, little Miss Five-year-old, to make your bow to papa. You are such a wee tot that Grandma will have to give you a place close to her side.



One time on Easter Monday night
Wee Elsie dreamed about a bunny;
She told it to mamma next day,
It was so very funny.

She thought her Easter rabbit grew
Till he was taller far than she.
Now, wasn't this a curious dream,
As funny as could be?

A NEW GRANDCHILD.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., March 13, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I have not written to you before. I think the answer to the riddle is, the cork cost 10 cents and the bottle \$1. My mother has taken THE CHRISTIAN WORK as long as I can remember. I hope my letter will not find its way to the waste basket.

CATHERINE FRANKLIN.

There's no "waste basket" in THE CHRISTIAN WORK for any San Antonio grandchildren—no, indeed. One of our biggest editors visits San Antonio frequently, and he cannot say enough in praise of the people, their kindness and hospitality. I am sure you have all won his heart. I shouldn't be surprised if he had seen you, and if so this letter will be a pleasant surprise to him. I think you have guessed the right answer to the riddle.

In the Library.

"V. R. I., Queen Victoria: Her Life and Empire," by the Marquis of Lorne (now Duke of Argyll), has recently been published. The book is an interesting biography of the social side, and gives an insight into the character and home life of the late lamented Queen. Beginning with her childhood, it tells many interesting incidents which show how strong and just a nature was born in the woman, who for so many years ruled England so wisely and well. But the author has made the mistake of giving too many trivial incidents, which render the volume tedious and wearisome. Some one less intimately acquainted would undoubtedly be better fitted to write a history which may be used and referred to as a text-book; but no one could compile a book in which high esteem, love and reverence stand forth so prominently. In this respect the Duke of Argyll is eminently fitted for the task he has undertaken, and all readers must honor and revere the noble woman whose intimate life he tells. Harper & Bros., New York and London, publishers.

"The Silent Pioneer," by Lucy Cleaver McElroy, is a thrilling story of pioneer days in Kentucky. The tale begins quietly. The hero, Major Armstrong, starts for the home of Esther Irvine, to whom he is engaged, intending to bring her back as his wife. From that instant peace and quiet know him no more; for, on the morning following his arrival at the Irvine cabin, Esther is stolen by "Brave Heart," chief of the Shawanees, who has formally proposed to her father for her hand and been refused. Armstrong starts at once in pursuit, riding a wonderful horse named Omane, and is also accompanied by an equally wonderful dog called Olaf. This latter having the peculiarity of being dumb, it is from this animal that the book derives its name. Adventures follow each other with such rapid succession that the reader is breathless. The dog Olaf rescues Daniel Boone from the death-clutch of an Indian. Thereon he joins the major in the chase and figures prominently, giving one an insight into the kindly nature and strong character of that well-known pioneer. They fight Indians, fire and wild animals without a pause. If they do try to sleep for a brief space, they are sure to be rudely awakened by something. At one time Daniel says, "Never sence ther day I was bawn have I seen devilment ater devilment happen, jest one right ater enurther, lack it's been er happening on this trail." The reader's opinion coincides exactly with Daniel's. At the same time it must be admitted that the hair-breadth escapes, while smacking of the incredible, are well told and smoothly constructed. The sagacity of horse and dog (both of whom are far in advance of the ordinary human being in intelligence), taxes one's credulity to an almost painful degree. Yet in spite of what might be termed glaring improbabilities, "The Silent Pioneer" is an intensely interesting

story and will delight a large class of readers. The book is well illustrated by W. E. Mears. T. Y. Crowell & Company, New York City, publishers.

Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. will shortly publish Mr. Charles Burr Todd's monograph on Colonel Aaron Burr, under the general title "The True Aaron Burr." In later life Colonel Burr took into his law office several young men of brilliant parts whom he educated for the bar, and some of whom he adopted. To these young men who had his confidence he was fond of talking of the men and events of his career. Some of these men Mr. Todd was privileged to know, and to him as a collateral descendant of Colonel Burr, and the historian of his family, they repeated his reminiscences and talked more freely of his plans and purposes as revealed by him than they would have done to a stranger. Edward Everett Hale, who has made a study of Burr, thinks Mr. Todd has gotten hold of some curious and original documents.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, will bring out immediately another volume in their Nuggets series, entitled "Good Cheer Nuggets." The excerpts are from Maeterlinck, Prof. Le Conte, Victor Hugo and Horatio W. Dresser, and have been selected by Miss Jeanne G. Pennington, compiler of the "Don't Worry Nuggets" and some others of this popular little series. With its hopeful authors and its happy title it should make an apt Easter gift.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. announce that a fourth volume is to be added to their successful "Southern Sketches" series this spring. Previous volumes were devoted to Georgia, Tennessee and South Carolina and in the new work Dr. Samuel Minturn Peck has described the people of Alabama through the medium of a collection of short stories. Dr. Peck is a native of the State, and should be able to handle the local color with considerable deftness.

There is an unusual amount of interesting discussion of varied educational matters and comment upon striking personalities in the educational field in *The World's Work* for March. A number of editorials touch upon educational topics. Longer articles that will attract college and school people are Prof. Hill's description of the American Desert, Dr. See's story of an Astronomer's Night's Work, Theodore Water's article about Professor Hallock's experiments with the earth's interior heat. The career and personality of Dr. W. H. Maxwell, the superintendent of Greater New York's schools, furnish a model for school superintendents the country over, and Dr. E. C. Branson's description of the work the Atlanta State Normal School is doing to solve the Real Southern Problem is a significant contribution to the general knowledge of Southern educational conditions. Full-page portraits of Dr. Maxwell, Nicholas Murray Butler, the new president of Columbia, and Dr. Remsen, the new president of Johns Hopkins, will interest educators.

"An Easter Morning in the Seven-

teenth Century," the subject title of the cover of the March issue of *The American Queen*, makes us remember that Easter is almost with us, coming as it does on the 30th of the month, and rouses our thoughts to visions of Easter gowns, hats, etc. *The American Queen* has taken cognizance of her readers' wants, and in well-written articles by practical and experienced dressmakers suggests to them the latest dress materials, trimmings, accessories and millinery, and pictures in large variety the latest and best styles. Each department is up to its usual standard and the several complete stories, written by John Strange Winter and others of equal note, are copiously and beautifully illustrated.

If "The Seven Churches of Asia" have hitherto seemed too far away to be of interest to twentieth century Christians they will seem so no longer, for the Revell Company is about to issue the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan's Brick Church lectures or addresses, under the foregoing title. It is only necessary to name this author to say that the addresses are at once profound, scholarly, and immediately applied to our life of to-day. They will stir up the Church as well as inspire the individual.

(Continued on page 517.)

A BLIND WANDERER.

Didn't Know That Food Could Restore Her.

A well known writer uses Grape-Nuts as a tonic when feeling the effects of extra heavy work. She writes, "Grape-Nuts should be taken regularly as one would a tonic. I eat mine cold in the morning, with hot milk or cream poured over it, and it is delicious, nourishing and strengthening."

Some time ago I said to a lady friend who was a great sufferer from dyspepsia and has been an invalid for five years, and who was a mere skeleton, 'If I had only known you sooner you need not have suffered all these years.' She looked at me in surprise and asked me what I would have done. 'I should have put you on Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food,' I replied quite confidently. 'Did you ever hear of it?' Oh, yes, she had heard of it but never tried it as she had never had her attention called to it especially and had not thought it applied to her needs.

'Now,' I said, 'If you will just set about it and try Grape-Nuts for a week, three times a day, I will guarantee you will rise up and call me blessed.'

She took my advice and followed it faithfully. When I saw her about a week later she looked like a different person although she had only gained two pounds in weight, but said she felt so much better and stronger and has greatly improved in health and strength since using the food.

She is getting well and you can imagine her delight is unbounded. My own experience and that of others is sufficient evidence of the scientific value of a food that supplies nourishment to the system and builds up the brain and nerve centers." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

(Continued from page 516.)

It is a pleasure to note the continued success of Dr. Orison Swett Marden's book, "Pushing to the Front," published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. It has had a wide sale in this country, and its uplift on the young men must have been vast, for it is full of inspiration and counsel for the ambitious. Last year an authorized translation was made for use in the public schools of Japan. Six editions in that language have already been issued, and to-day, "Pushing to the Front" is the best known book in Japan. In New York City, at a recent dinner given to young men, a prominent merchant purchased one hundred copies of the book and caused a copy to be placed at each guest's plate.

"Moser's Der Bibliothekar," edited, with notes and vocabulary, by William A. Cooper, A.M., Assistant Professor of German in the Leland Stanford Junior University, (American Book Company), under its title of "The Private Secretary," has won a host of friends in this country. There is no local coloring, and hence it is easy of comprehension by American pupils. Its genuine humor stimulates the student's interest in the text, and it has proved a favorite wherever used in schools. The language, while offering no great difficulties, give an acquaintance with colloquial German which is most helpful. The notes furnish all needed help and the vocabulary is complete, affording explanations of constructions and idioms.

The Harpers will soon publish a nature book entitled "Wild Life of Orchard and Field," by the well-known naturalist and author, Ernest Ingersoll. The work is a thoroughly revised and much enlarged new edition of Mr. Ingersoll's admirable book "Friends Worth Knowing," in which the author gives a full account of the habits and nature of the timorous little animals that hide themselves in our woods and fields with such success as to elude all ordinary observers. A number of pictures from new photographs have been added to the volume. Like most naturalists, Mr. Ingersoll began making his observations when a mere boy, and even at that age spent whole nights in the dark woods, so that he might be on hand early in the morning to discover which birds and squirrels were the first to awake.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston says, "Mr. Stockton's 'Kate Bonnet' seems to me the very best example yet produced of historical romance. It deals with that piracy which for a time was deemed almost as legitimate a trade along our coasts as mercantile traffic itself. It has all of romance in it that history can anywhere afford. It has strenuous action without limit, human passion without stint, and picturesqueness far beyond anything that ordinary human history can rival.

"To all this wealth of material Mr. Stockton has added the still worthier wealth of his imagination and of his humorous perception. I do not know anywhere a book that better repays reading than 'Kate Bonnet.'"

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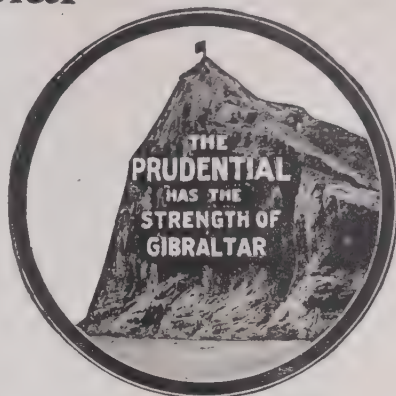
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DR. KILMER & CO., Binghamton, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN:—In justice to you I feel it is my duty to send you an acknowledgment of the receipt of the sample bottle of Swamp-Root you so kindly sent me. I had been out of health for the past five years with kidney and bladder trouble. Had our best physicians prescribe for me. They would relieve me for the time being, but the old complaint would in a short time return again. I sent for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and I found it did me a world of good. Since then I have taken eight small bottles, bought at my drug store, and I consider myself perfectly cured. It seemed as though my back would break in two after stooping. I do not have the smarting and irritation, nor do I have to get up during the night to urinate, as I formerly did, three and four times a night, but now sleep the sleep of peace. My back is all right again, and in every way I am a new man. Two of my brother officers are still using Swamp-Root. They, like myself, cannot say too much in praise of it. It is a boon to mankind. We recommend it to all who are suffering from kidney and bladder diseases.

My brother officers (whose signatures accompany this letter), as well as myself, thank you for the blessing you have brought to the human race in the compounding of Swamp-Root. We remain, Yours very truly,
Officers of the 58th Police Precinct, Greater New York.

JAMES COOK,
HUGH E. BOYLE,
JOHN J. BODKIN.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince any one.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for many kinds of diseases, and if permitted to continue much suffering with *fatal results are sure to follow*. Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable. Makes you pass water often during the day, and obliges you to get up many times during the night. Unhealthy kidneys cause rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints and muscles; makes your head ache and back ache, causes indigestion, stomach and liver trouble; you get a sallow, yellow complexion; makes you feel as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste away.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy that science has ever been able to compound.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

EDITORIAL NOTICE—Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is so remarkably successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all of our readers who have not already tried it may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling all about kidney and bladder troubles, and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. In writing be sure and mention reading this generous offer in THE CHRISTIAN WORK, New York City, when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Among the Churches.

Two hundred and thirty conversions were recorded during the last week of the Smiley meetings just closed at Cairo, Mich. These converts not only enrolled their names and the churches of their choice, but deliberately came forward and publicly confessed Christ. Many of these were heads of families, many of them men. One had reached his eightieth year. The evangelists are now conducting the campaign in Watertown, N. Y.

A suggestion most significant for mission schools containing foreigners comes from an exhibition given last week by a Chinese Sunday-school in Brooklyn, N. Y., connected with Dr. Myers' Baptist Temple. By the use of The Rational Method in Reading, a system of phonetics originated by the late superintendent of Brooklyn schools, Edward G. Ward, more than two score of Chinamen have gained an understanding mastery of English. Such feats as the pronouncing of the names of the books of the Bible, containing sound-combinations hitherto considered impossible for a Chinaman, gave convincing proof of the teaching value of Superintendent Ward's method. As a suggestion to all classes containing foreigners, adult or children, the success of this Chinese school is most pertinent.

The Presbyterian Church of Duncan, Pa.—Rev. J. N. Wagenhurst, pastor—has just closed a most successful year of church work. A new parsonage has been built. At the March communion twenty-one new members were received into the church, nineteen of them being on profession of faith. The present membership is two hundred and fourteen.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Lemberger, treasurer of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in the United States, has been informed by cable that the school for girls at Zendia, Japan, which is maintained by the Church, has been totally destroyed by fire. The school took care of seventy-five girls, all of whom were saved. The loss is estimated at \$5,000, which is partially covered by insurance in a London company. The school was established about fifteen years ago, and enjoyed the favor of the Japanese Government, which at first was opposed to it. Miss Lena Zurfuh, superintendent of the school, is now in this country.

Rev. Dr. J. Alexander Jenkins, pastor of the First Congregational Church, of this city, who recently declined a call to the pastorate of Immanuel Congregational Church, of Brooklyn, has received a second call to Brooklyn and will accept it.

Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman lingers in gradually failing health in St. Augustine, Fla. He can no longer walk, but is able to be carried into the sunshine each day. He is full of patient endurance and unselfish thoughtfulness for others.

On Easter Sunday more than twenty art windows will be unveiled in the churches of New York and its suburbs. Twelve of these will be in the "Little

Church Around the Corner," in 28th street.

Rev. Douglas Kellog Turner, a member of the Society of the Descendants of the Mayflower, for twenty-five years pastor of the Neshaminy Presbyterian Church, died in Hartsville, Pa., March 8th, in his seventy-ninth year.

Rev. Dr. Rudolph Duenger, who was in the Reformed Church ministry since 1834, died from apoplexy in Ashland, Pa., March 17th, aged ninety-four.

Rev. Samuel A. Diehl has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Salem (Md.) Lutheran charge, to take effect April 1st. Rev. Mr. Diehl will go to Bendersville, Penn.

The Fourth Reformed Church, Philadelphia, Pa.—Rev. P. J. Kain, D.D., pastor—rejoiced at the March Communion when thirty-three new members were received. It is hoped to have as many more join at the next communion.

The Conference of Missionary Workers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South has decided to raise sufficient funds to support five additional missionaries in Korea.

The Reformed Church at Fairview, Kan., has been undergoing repairs. The work was recently finished. The church contains a memorial window to the late Rev. and Mrs. D. N. Frantz, who were killed by a falling tree last fall.

The Board of Home Missions of the Northwest and Central Synods of the Reformed Church recently received \$1,000 as a legacy from Samuel Stockmeier, of Timothy, Wis.

Rev. John V. D. Meulen, D.D., of Ebenzer, Mich., has, on account of continued ill-health, resigned the pastorate of his church.

Rev. J. Frederick Berg, pastor of the Brick Church of Montgomery, N. Y., has accepted a call to the Reformed Church at Port Richmond, S. I.

Rev. James Le Fevre, D.D., who for twenty-seven years has ministered to the Church of Middlebush, N. J., greatly surprised his consistory and people this week by asking to be relieved of his charge on the last Sunday in June, when he will have completed a ministry of forty-five years.

Rev. W. W. Dornam, of Quincy, Mass., formerly pastor of the United Presbyterian Church of that city, has accepted a call to the Winthrop Congregational Church of Holbrook, Mass. The church has been without a pastor since the resignation of Rev. Warren F. Low, a year ago. The installation will take place on April 2d.

Mrs. J. Blair Scribner, of New York City and Saratoga, has purchased for \$10,000 the John E. Hodgman cotage on Fifth avenue, Saratoga, N. Y., and will present it to the Second Presbyterian Church to be used as a parsonage.

The Union Park Congregational Church of Chicago has voted unanimously to extend a call to Rev. Dr. W. T. McElveen of the Shawmut Church, Boston. The va-

cancy in the pulpit of the Union Park Church is due to the retirement of the Rev. Dr. F. A. Noble on account of advancing years.

Rev. William M. Hindman, D.D., of Lincoln, Neb., who aided so efficiently in the tent evangelistic work in Philadelphia last summer, has accepted a call to Kenton, Ohio.

Rev. Charles I. Truby, for the past seven years pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Fowler, Ind., has received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Winchester Church.

Rev. Dr. Henry Hopkins, of Kansas City, Mo., will be inaugurated president of Williams College on June 24th.

Bishop Spalding of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Denver, Colo., died at Erie, Pa., March 9th, at the home of his son in that city, of pneumonia, aged eighty-five years. He went there because of the serious illness of his son, Rev. Frank S. Spalding, who has typhoid fever. The diocese of Colorado, by Bishop Spalding's death, comes to the control of Rev. Mr. Olmstead, of Philadelphia, who was recently chosen coadjutor.

Heins & Lafarge, architects, have completed the plans for the improvement of Grace Church, and it is probable that the work will be soon begun. The church corporation now owns three building lots fronting in Fourth avenue, adjoining the memorial to Mrs. Levi P. Morton, and the original plan for the frontage in that thoroughfare, modified by the present needs of the church, are to be carried out, at a cost of about \$140,000. The plans involve a considerable enlargement of the chancel, the construction of a room for choir practice, the doubling of the residence and study accommodations for the assistant clergy, the building of a dormitory for non-resident choir boys, and an enlargement of the basement accommodations for the system of heating and ventilation, already one of the best in New York.

Rev. H. S. Gekeler, of Xenia, Ohio, has been elected pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Dayton, Ohio.

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The Housekeeper.

Easter in the Home.

"Oh, its daffodil time! You can hear from the hills
The lyrical lift of the water-fed rills;***
And the meads are released from the thrall of the rime,
For it's daffodil time, oh, it's daffodil time!

"These are the Easter bells.***
Across the hilltops, down the sparkling dells***
There comes the golden jonquils' trumpet call.
Oh, Easter bells, ring in the glad, new days!
God's smile, the sunshine, lieth over all."

As Christians we must feel that Easter is the most solemnly-joyous anniversary of all the year. Christmas comes with a much merrier sound for the young people, but few there are who reach and pass middle-life without realizing the unspeakable comfort and inspiration of hope that comes through Easter day. And in our homes it should be a bright, inspiring day. The mothers of young people will realize that many home lessons must be kind of object lessons, not so much being said on certain occasions as is taught in various telling ways. Decorate the table if you can with a few jonquils or daffies. They are so bright and cheering, so pleasantly suggestive of lightsome days to come after the long reign of winter, that both the young and the old will feel the enlivening influence of the sunny, soft-leaved things. All our holidays are assuming a degree of importance far in excess of anything ever known in our country before. And the Church is taking recognition of Lent, Easter, and even of Christmas, in a new and pleasing way. Is the world growing younger instead of older? Or is it that as we grow older as a nation we grow wiser in discerning some of the crying wants and needs of the "poor race of men"? We are strongly inclined to believe that the world does indeed grow young, and also that men and women show wisdom according as the common wants and yearnings of humanity at large are recognized and met. There are some tendencies making themselves quite prominent at Easter time that we do not condemn as wrong, that we should feel reluctance at calling improper, perhaps—and yet there is an instinctive shrinking from having the tendency deepen into a matter of recklessness. Allusion has been made before, if we mistake not, on this page, to secularizing the holy term, "Easter," by applying it to all kinds of finery, merchandise, and, even the commonest articles. "Easter bonnets," "Easter suits," "Easter gloves"—and we have dreaded lest the market men and grocers take up and apply it to what they offer their customers.

It may be that the old time legends of the Easter eggs have started this custom, but there have been many beautiful stories told in connection with the eggs. We have one in rhyme, purporting to tell the

origin of the Easter eggs: telling how a bird, whose nest held "four eggs of ivory white," looked down upon the cruel sufferings of our Lord and—

"Her heart sigh broken with a sudden pang
And out of the depth of her sorrow she sang,"

and so sorrowful was her lay that the grief of the world has ever since been expressed at times in song. But when she saw the dear Lord rise all glorious from the tomb, she poured forth a song of such ecstasy and rapture that

"Notes, climbed notes, till higher, higher,
They shoot to Heaven like sparks of fire,"
and the white-robed Angel of the Sepulchre says,

"Sweet bird, be forever blest,
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-covered nest."

Then the pretty story concludes,
And ever, my child, since that blessed night
When death bowed down the Lord of Light,
The eggs of that sweet bird changed their hue

And burn with red, and gold and blue—
Reminding mankind, in their simple way,
Of the Holy "marvel of Easter day."

Such sacred little stories are of great value, because—parables as they are—they make an impress on the heart that is pure and abiding.

We wish our housekeepers could manage—and many of them are born managers—without preaching, to yet remind the young people that Easter is a Commemorative Day—that it marks the great miracle of all the ages, when the fact was proved, through the Resurrection of Jesus Christ our Lord, that life is meant to be an immortal thing; and that Easter means rising into a New Life, yet a continuation of the old one.

It can scarcely be too often said or dwelt on with too much emphasis that such impressions as are made on the youthful heart and in the home are to be the most abiding ones the children will ever receive. Do not let so sweetly-solemn a day as Easter deteriorate into a kind of Church holiday—made up of solos, annual refurbishing of one's warbrobe and an indistinct idea of a resurrection story. Make the last, the most deep and important fact—the fact and blessed signification of Easter; and how this can be done, our intelligent home-matrons will not be at a loss to discover at daffodil time, sweet daffodil time, with its "glad new days," when Easter bells—

"Ah, goldenly, ah silverly, they ring,
The resurrection chime of each fair spring."



Rev. Dr. George C. Heckman, pastor emeritus of the First Presbyterian Church of Reading, Pa., died in that city March 5th, aged seventy-seven years.

Rev. R. Howard Taylor, of Germantown, Philadelphia, has received a unanimous call from the First Presbyterian Church, of Canonsburg, Pa.

Prudence in All Things.

Oh, the city is sounding with beautiful bells,
When your system is full of quinine.***
The universe whirls with a whiz and a whirl,
The stars and the planets rush on till you feel
Like the dull, helpless hub of a hurrying wheel;
You long to keep still,
And you try with a will,
For you fear the results of a general spill.***
And your dreams—they are full of such dreadful dismay—***
You try to get rid of these fancies malign,
But you can't, when your system is full of quinine.

—Washington Star.

Many older readers of this page will remember the little "medicine closet" that frequently in old houses used to be set in the wall high up, where childish fingers could never reach. And we know of one modern house where the housewife had just such a closet built in a small ante-
(Continued on page 521.)

THE NEW WOMAN.

Made Over by Quitting Coffee.

Coffee probably wrecks a greater percentage of Southerners than Northern people, for Southerners use it more freely.

The work it does is distressing enough in some instances; as an illustration, Miss Sue W. Fairall, 517 N. Fourth st., Richmond, Va., writes, "I was a coffee drinker for years and for about six years my health was completely shattered. I suffered fearfully with headaches and nervousness, also palpitation of the heart and loss of appetite.

My sight gradually began to fail and finally I lost the sight of one eye altogether. The eye was operated upon and the sight partially restored, then I became totally blind in the other eye.

My doctor used to urge me to give up coffee but I was wilful and continued to drink it until finally in a last case of severe illness the doctor insisted that I must give up the coffee, so I began using the Postum Food Coffee, and in a month I felt like a new creature.

I steadily gained in health and strength. About a month ago I began using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food and the effect has been wonderful. I really feel like a new woman and have gained about 25 pounds.

I am quite an elderly lady and before using Postum and Grape-Nuts I could not walk a square without exceeding fatigue, now I walk ten or twelve without feeling it. Formerly in reading I could remember but little but now my memory holds fast what I read.

Several friends who have seen the remarkable effects of Postum and Grape-Nuts on me have urged that I give the facts to the public for the sake of suffering humanity, so, although I dislike publicity, you can publish this letter and my name if you like."



Both of These Men Want Money.

We Will Deal with the Man on the Left.

THE Oklahoma farmer can fearlessly take mortgage loans at big interest, and takes it from us. Oklahoma is the richest farming region in the whole world. More money is needed for its development.

There is no risk in placing money there on mortgage. One-third the value of the farm is as far as we go, taking positively no risk, for a single crop has paid for the whole farm.

And these farms are fast increasing in value. Climate and soil permit such diversification of crops here that no farmer can have a bad year.

It is a land populated by honest, pious, intelligent folk, whom it is never necessary to compel to pay a debt.

Our record is one of security. We have gone on loaning money on choice farm land throughout the panic of 1893, and have never lost a cent piece for a client. Nor are we holding today any real estate seized under foreclosure. Again, we attract the prudent borrower by our offer of letting him begin to pay off the principal after one year, although the loans run many years. We have the very best class of borrowers, men who borrow to better themselves.

We send our clients their interest or the returned principal on the day due without fail.

Our references are the Kansas National Bank and the National Bank of Commerce in this city.

As an example of what big investors think of our methods we proudly refer to the Union Central Life Insurance Company, of Cincinnati, for whom we have placed \$2,475,294.15 up to January 1, 1902.

Money invested on your own approval of the surety, or returned within fifteen days. We have invested millions, without any accident or loss, for banks, insurance companies, trust companies and individuals.

WINNE & WINNE, Winne Building, Wichita, Kansas.



(Continued from page 520)
room over a set bowl. This of course had to be an outside affair, and had little double doors easily opened or fastened; but for safety and convenience, there can be no better contrivance for having simple remedies near at hand and yet well out of reach of little curious and mischievous fingers. We have more than once heard judicious people among housekeepers say that they never allow certain remedies to be lacking in the medicine closet wherever it may be. And this is greatly the part of prudence, especially where there are children in the family. The very helplessness of little people makes it incumbent on those whose care they are in to keep on hand the safe and effective remedies that will often very soon relieve a cruel pain. And where a physician has once prescribed for and aided a child or grown person who is subject to a particular ailment, it becomes easy when the attack is repeated to do without the expense of calling a doctor, if only the remedy is remembered and kept constantly on hand. Now this may appear the simplest of advice, almost too simple and patent to be offered, and yet it is astonishing in how many cases even with sensible people the remedy of the physician will be forgotten or the prescription lost, and so the doctor must be called in again. What cures once will generally cure again, and the prudent housewife will have a

sharp eye to the family purse and not "run up a doctor's bill" except when the usual dose or application fails; then the wise woman will not fail to call aid from outside in good season. We also have heard very judicious people say that they did not care to have certain drugs on hand in any considerable quantity, as it was a temptation to run to the laudanum mixture or the quinine pill-box on every slight occasion. There may be sound common sense in this, and yet, are not most of our housematrons too self-contained and too self-controlling to really fear anything of this kind? Up to a certain point we almost know them to be. But pain is a great weakener of the will and of the sensitive nerves of women. And so there does come an inclination after a time to take a little more and a little more of the bromine, or the "anti," or the quinine, until the will is at last deplorably weakened and the powerful drugs do not strengthen so much as they weaken the system. We remember the case of an active, expert housekeeper, the mother of three rollicking children, who grew so uncertain in disposition and changed in manner as she grew a little past middle life, as to cause a relative to remark that she feared the bright, intelligent lady was really growing "queer" in consequence of taking "altogether too much of these bromines or bromas" for slight ailments. "They go to her head, we fear," she added. And how many of us have heard it said of one and another sufferer from colds and slight fever at-

tacks: "She is undermining health and strength with the use of too much quinine." "Oh, I always stop taking it when my head begins to buzz," said one lady who was a prey to sudden colds; and another remarks, "You can always tell when it is better to stop taking quinine, because then your ears begin to ring."

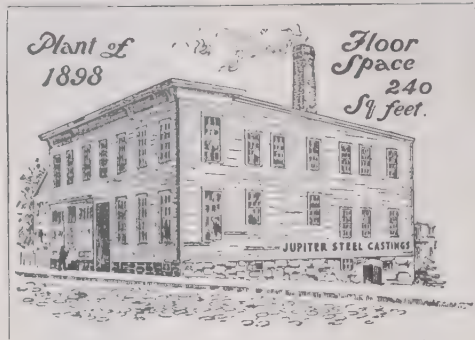
How long is it probable that even the best of constitutions could stand constant doses of these strong, effective drugs without having the remedy prove worse than the ailment before many years? We think that heads of families—which means, in this case, wives and mothers—should regard this matter conscientiously, and look to the habit of using powerful medicine in time, just as they would guard against doing themselves wilful injury in any other direction. Habit is a tremendously unyielding thing. It is far, far easier to resist forming one that it is to break one up once it has become established.

Have the medicine closet, Dear Housekeeper, by all means, and have it high and easily closed; but guard against too frequent visits to the quieting bottle or the pill-box. When the system is full of quinine, or any other buzz or whirl producing effects, neither hands nor head are in a condition to guide or superintend affairs of the household. And we say this because there is a tendency on the part of many well-meaning women to rush for the medicine or drug that will quickest relieve a pain, without stopping to bestow due thought on the aftermath. Many a pain would wear itself away without becoming too hard to be borne, which is driven away by subtile, temporary cures that had far better be let alone. It is against too free use of these that we would warn the judicious housekeeper.

A GREAT INDUSTRY

FOUNDED ON THE

Transformation of Waste Product.



SINCE the days of Tubal Cain, up to a few years ago, it was necessary to produce the strongest parts of metal work by hammering. In the olden days the heated metal was laid on one flat stone and hammered with another, or with a primitive sledge. The flat stone developed by slow stages into a block of metal, at first square and unhandy, but as time passed and men developed ingenuity, the block grew a nose and became an anvil, by means of which the blacksmiths of old shaped curved articles. They fashioned horse shoes, linked chain armor and welded blades. From the old-time armorer, the blacksmiths, and the other workers of metal, whose sturdy blows rang music from the anvil, is descended the ponderous trip-hammer—ponderous, yet so delicately adjusted that a blow can be struck as light as air, and one so mighty that a block of granite is crushed to powder. Invention has succeeded invention until the rude flat stone has developed into a die carefully and laboriously cut and

shaped by hand, into which the glowing metal is forced, not by the sinewy arm of a modern Tubal Cain, but by the power of steam, through tendons of steel or by the pressure of water squeezing the metal into shape. All are modifications of the old brawny arm and skilful hammering method. Slow, expensive, and subject to ruinous misplaced blows and defective machinery, it is a process that is still retained only because none better had been discovered. Even with the most modern machinery, with the aid of wonderful trip-hammers, of powerful hydraulic presses that mould metal as a sculptor models clay, the process is costly and slow, the machines, enormous or delicate, and requiring adjustment, whether one or fifty pieces are to be produced. The die must be cut with the finest skill by hand out of steel as hard as flint. And after all this the article must often be tempered, annealed or planed before it is ready for use. Such is the old process of steel production—the process of Tubal Cain, grandson of Methuselah.

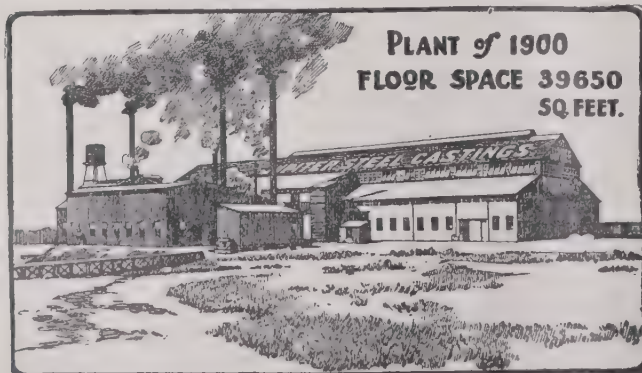
The New Steel Process

Is a short cut to the result wanted. From the enormous melting furnace to the finished article is but one step by the Jupiter Steel process. Scarcely five years ago two metallurgists discovered a method by which scrap steel (discarded machinery, old boiler plates, broken crank shafts and the like), melted and mixed with certain ingredients and poured into a simple mould of special sand, produced steel equal, in strength and temper, to forgings vastly more expensive. By this means old scrap steel of little value is transformed into tools capable of holding the finest edge or into immense castings of the greatest strength and toughest fibre. Like all great and successful inventions its simplicity makes it profitable. All the time-wasting, expensive processes of forging, tempering and annealing are avoided. Carefully measured ingredients are introduced into the boiling mass of steel scrap and the finished cast will have all the qualities of the best tool steel or the forged and turned engine crank, as you wish. The secret lies in the mixture which the modern alchemists, Messrs. Whall and Lundin, have discovered; and the United States Steel Company own the patents thereon in this country and in twenty-three foreign countries.

The public is slow to take advantage of a revolutionary invention, but once its efficiency is proved the public rushes to profit by it—as in the case of the trolley and the telephone.

The plant of the United States Steel Company is at Everett, almost within the city limits of Boston, in the very heart of the manufacturers of New England who are taking more and more advantage of a manifestly good opportunity to exchange their broken steel machinery for new parts cast within a short distance of their doors. Not only is the cost of the parts reduced but valuable time and freights to and from the steel mills of Pennsylvania are saved.

So popular has Jupiter Steel become that it is necessary to enlarge the plant to five times its present capacity, the main building being two hundred feet long by one hundred and thirty feet in width; and government work and local orders have multiplied until there is on hand sufficient work of the most profitable description for six months ahead. The works are in charge of Mr. Eugene Edwards, formerly superintendent of the steel casting plant of the well-known General Electric Company at Lynn, Mass.,



and Mr. Benjamin A. Franklin, until recently superintendent of the steel casting department of the Midvale Steel Company of Pennsylvania (valued at \$20,000,000). Their combined and long experience gives the Company the advantage of a rare combination of expert talent.

The foreign patents, now being negotiated, show conclusively a source of dividends eventually equal to the entire capitalization of the

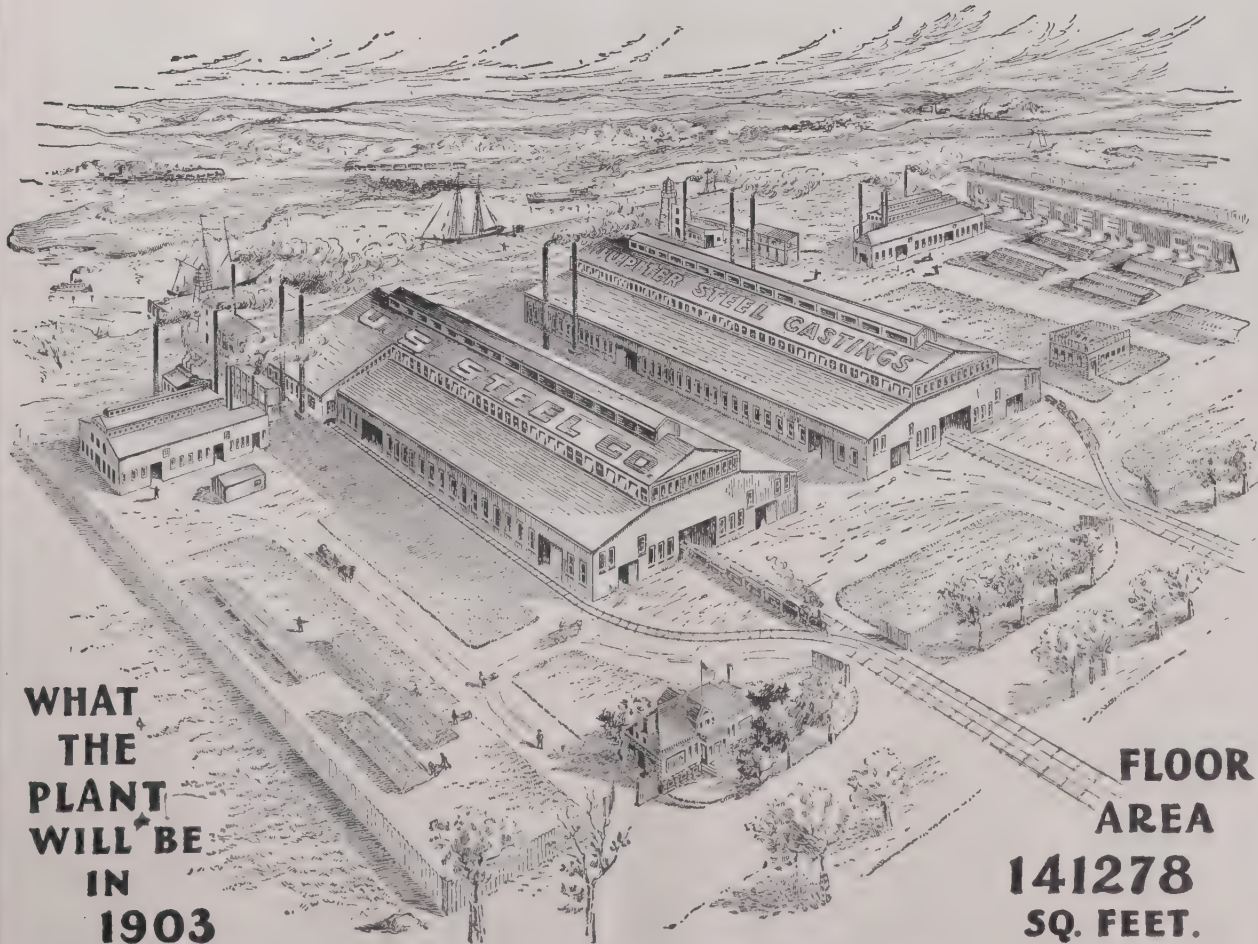
Company. Of their recent offering of forty thousand shares at **\$5.00 Per Share**, over twenty-nine thousand shares have been subscribed for, and any intending investors should take prompt action if they desire to take any more of the remaining stock at the same price, full paid and non-assessable. All accepted subscriptions will draw the full regular quarterly dividend of 3 per cent., payable April 28, 1902, the Company having paid regular **12 Per Cent. Per Annum** dividends since December, 1899.

We desire to call the attention of those interested to the fact that this Company has **no bonds or preferred stock** and that there is, therefore, no opportunity for any interests combining and "freezing out" smaller stockholders. The Company has always been conducted from the standpoint of obtaining the confidence of stockholders, large and small, for that policy will certainly bear best fruits in the long run. Also that there are in the treasury two hundred and ten thousand shares of stock, and that the Company owns seventy-four acres of good manufacturing land, finely located and having unexcelled railroad and water facilities. The officers of the Company are not stock brokers or promoters, — just plain business men engaged in establishing what is destined to become a large and profitable New England industry, in which they invite you to participate. Upon request, they will be pleased to send a full prospectus of the Company, together with photographs and a record of what has been accomplished in the past two years, and such information as an investor may desire, and bank reference, if required. Preference will be given to subscriptions in the order of their receipt.

Make all Checks, Drafts or Money Orders Payable to

THE UNITED STATES STEEL CO., 185 Oliver Street,
Boston, Mass.

PLANT of 1901-2
FLOOR SPACE 67630
SQ. FEET



WHAT
THE
PLANT
WILL BE
IN
1903

FLOOR
AREA
141278
SQ. FEET.

The Doctor.

Smallpox and Vaccination.

The Chinese vaccinate, whenever they venture to do it, in the nose. No wonder it is rarely practised. Smallpox, consequently, in China, and in all countries where vaccination is not general, is a devastating scourge of terrible malignity.

Vaccination is about the only really known specific known to medical science. That there are people who are opposed to it is nothing against it. There are many who are opposed to God himself.

It should be understood that the vaccination sore may become inoculated by any other germ, as any exposed surface on the body may. That, however, has nothing to do with the value of vaccination, pro or con. If it "take" properly vaccination is beyond all reasonable question, as far as a human being can be, a complete protection against smallpox. Where it does not protect absolutely, any attack will assuredly be only a partial one.

Vaccination should be universally enforced wherever possible.

No man, it is recognized, should be permitted to maintain a nuisance whereby he exposes his innocent neighbors.

So a non-vaccinated neighbor is a nuisance—nay, a menace. Should he take smallpox—while he may not expose you, if you are vaccinated—yet he involves you with your neighborhood and business in panic to your detriment.

Of course if vaccination were a serious disability, there might be some excuse; but when properly done, it should not more than inconvenience for a short time. The advantages and safety are so great that it becomes a material necessity to enforce vaccination.

Smallpox has been virtually suppressed in civilized armies. The Japanese army used to be decimated by it. The German and English armies are almost without knowledge of it.

Near a lodging house in New York a case of smallpox occurred this winter. All inmates were vaccinated, save two who refused; these two alone took the disease.

Stanley, in Africa, employed a lot of carriers. Smallpox got among them and made awful havoc. His own company, all of who he had vaccinated, escaped any infection.

The proofs of its value are myriad. The untoward results, sometimes accruing simultaneously, as in New Jersey, this winter, and in Philadelphia and St. Louis, are clearly explainable, and have been proved not due to vaccination, but to human baseness or carelessness.

Vaccination should not bear that onus.

Every five or seven years at least every one should be vaccinated.

Is it, in my opinion, much preferable to use the vaccine of a private firm whose name and reputation it means ruin to smirch.

There is too much politics mixed with municipal vaccine.

It is absolutely impossible, in the present status of the New York Health Board,

for the health of the community to be safeguarded. I care not how clean the head of it may be. Any experienced doctor here knows that, to his sorrow.

Vaccination is better let alone unless inflammation is excessive; when this occurs, a solution of bichloride of mercury may be used to carefully wash it. A solution of the strength of one of mercury to 4,000 of water will do, as frequently as four or five times a day. If there be very painful inflammation, two grains of mercury to a pint of warm water will do.

Vaccination should have a shield covering it. Boiled water and soap are sufficient to prepare the spot for vaccination.

I think it proper, and indeed necessary, to say that we are likely to have a large accession to the ranks of smallpox for the next few years, unless the people are more generally willing than at present to be vaccinated.

Hundreds of thousands are coming from the least desirable parts of Europe. They will be an increasing danger, unless vaccination becomes more popular among the better classes.

KENNETH F. JUNOR,
458 E. 29th Street, Brooklyn.



Christian Endeavor.

Growing in Grace.

Sunday April 6th.—I. Peter ii, 1,2.

By Lina Jeannette Walk.

"Give me, O Lord, a heart of grace,
A voice of joy, a shining face,
That I may show where'er I turn
Thy love within my soul doth burn."

The tests of grace are very much the same as the tests of nature. To have hardy, healthy, flourishing plants or flowers we know that the conditions and surroundings for their growth must be favorable. A glimpse into the florist's window at this season of the year furnishes a forcible illustration of this. The beauty of form and color, the wealth of foliage of each spring blossom shows that it has been provided with all that was necessary for its development, and that it has responded with its best in producing a most beautiful perfection.

To grow spiritually, then, the soil of the heart must be ready for the seeds of goodness which the Heavenly Gardener is waiting to sow there. The weeds of worldliness must be removed or they will spring up and choke the good growth. There must be the sweet, pure air of Christian surroundings, the refreshing dews of communion with the Holy Spirit, and the sunshine of the near presence of God, and there must be a realization and knowledge of the Lord and Savior which comes only by Bible reading, meditation and prayer.

These are the essentials toward progress in the growth of grace; but with all these favorable circumstances it is possible for us to stand still and do nothing ourselves toward becoming more Christ-like and growing in the image and likeness of God.

Growing in grace is the putting off of

the old earthly life of sin and folly and taking up the new and real life in Christ Jesus. This is a slow process, for as Holland says:

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

Every day gives the opportunity to mount a step of this spiritual ladder; foes in one form and another are constantly tempting away from the path of right and duty, and it is only through the grace of God that we are able to fight and conquer the evil in our lives. But just as we struggle to overcome wrong, and the worries and frictions which beset us, so shall we be granted the power to rise above them to that higher and better plane whereon Christ stands.



Temperance Cause.

Temperance Matters Across the Line.

By Rev. J. P. Gerrie.

Perhaps no country within the past fifty years has made more marked progress in temperance matters than the Dominion of Canada. The decrease in drinking is everywhere apparent. In the earlier days of Canada it was almost impossible to hold a "logging bee," a "barn raising" or a social gathering of friends or neighbors without a plentiful supply of liquor. Now all is changed. In country districts are many buildings once used as taverns, but now closed or turned into private dwellings. The reduction, too, in liquor licenses during the last twenty-five years is significant of the onward march of temperance. Since 1875 the tavern licenses have been reduced from 4,793 to 2,621; the shop licenses from 1,307 to 308; the wholesale licenses from 52 to 21, and the 33 vessel licenses have been done away with altogether. These figures apply to

(Continued on page 525)

ADD UP THE GAINS.

In consumption, as in other diseases, the results secured from continued treatment with Scott's Emulsion come from the accumulation of many small gains.

A little gain in strength each day—a little gain in weight each day—if continued for weeks, amounts to something.

Scott's Emulsion can be taken for weeks and months without the least disturbance.

It gives itself time to do good. It makes new flesh and strengthens the lungs.

Send for Free Sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

(Continued from page 524)

the Province of Ontario, where there are 756 organized municipalities—141 of which have no tavern license, while 435 have only 1 or 2, and 625 are without a shop license. Ontario no doubt stands at the front in the increasing temperance sentiment, but other provinces are making a like forward movement.

Prohibition now is the goal in view. Manitoba, as already intimated in your columns, has long been a storm-center. When the legality of the last prohibitory measure, passed twenty months ago, was assured after a long and weary conflict in the courts, it was thought that no obstacle remained in the way of the act becoming a law at the end of the license year; but a reckoning must be made with the politicians. Premier Rablin now proposes a referendum, and this is the prohibitionists are determined shall not be submitted, inasmuch as the act is already on the statute books—as in the Province of Prince Edward's Island, where it will be allowed to take its course. The outcome of the Manitoba situation is being watched with interest.

Ontario, however, is the chief center of activity for the time being in the prohibition campaign. On February 12th Premier Ross introduced to the Parliament now in session in Toronto a referendum measure, similar to the Manitoba act, which will be submitted to the electors on October 14. A majority will then be required, not only of the total votes cast, but one equal to more than one-half of the votes polled at the provincial elections which will take place before that date. Members of the Dominion Alliance are taking strong exceptions to this condition because the referendum is unlikely to call out so large a vote as the elections. The president and secretary have issued a circular for a provincial convention to consider the question, in which they contend that "as the votes polled at a general election are more than the votes polled on a question submitted, prohibitionists will be thus handicapped so as to make their success almost impossible." There are other members of the Alliance who are seemingly not apprehensive, and prohibitionists generally anticipate a victory, the culmination of which will come in May, 1904, when the measure will become a law.

Wise is the man who can keep appearances up and expenses down.

A Secure Investment.

The proposition of Messrs. Winne & Winne, of Wichita, Kansas, advertised elsewhere in this paper, has been stated by them in this way: We take your dollar and lend it to a progressive, provident farmer in southern Kansas or Oklahoma, where there are the most fertile fields in the world. He takes it for a term of years, paying such a rate as will net you 6 per cent.

What if he fails? His land is there and is worth from two to three times what we loan on it. But not desiring any foreclosures we loan only on the best land and to the best people. Moreover, failure is well-nigh impossible, as the great diversity of crops does not permit of a so-called "bad year."

The record of this firm seems to have been unusually secure and successful. In their many years' experience they have never lost a cent for a client. Such a record inspires confidence, and the reader who would secure a good 6 per cent. investment would do well to communicate with this firm.

Men are more self-respecting than women are. No man's bosom friend ever knows how badly his wife treats him.

WHAT GOOD HOTEL IS NEAR THE DEPOT?



THE GRAND UNION HOTEL
Directly opposite the
Grand Central Depot,
42d Street and Park Avenue,
NEW YORK.

Offers every inducement to the traveler seeking a comfortable and convenient hotel. Every street-car transfers past its door. Fine Cafe and Restaurant. European plan. We attend to your baggage.

Rates, \$1 a day and upwards

In answering advertisements found in these columns the writer will confer a favor on the advertiser as well as the publisher of the paper by mentioning the name of THE CHRISTIAN

Avoid Imitations



JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE WASHING COMPOUND
THE GREAT INVENTION
FOR SAVING TOIL & EXPENSE
WITHOUT INJURY TO THE
FINE COLOR OR HANDS.
NEW YORK.


For Everything Washable Use Without Soap

5% PER-ANNUM

On Sums of \$50 Upward

Interest from Day of Deposit to Day of Withdrawal, Interest Paid Quarterly by Check.

WE have nothing to interest speculative investors, but we earn 5 per cent. for conservative depositors, and furnish every safeguard known. Our investments are in gilt-edged real estate securities. Capital paid in, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$1,500,000; Surplus, \$175,000. Regularly inspected by and under absolute supervision of the State Banking Department. Endorsed and recommended by many prominent clergymen, professional & business men. Write for detailed information. Industrial Savings & Loan Co., 1133 Broadway, N. Y.



STATE OF MISSOURI
Bureau of Mines Mining and Mine Inspection

WRITE for copy of very Important Official Letter from the BUREAU OF MINES, MINING and MINE INSPECTION, State of Missouri, regarding the

STANDARD LEAD & SMELTING COMPANY,

Now Earning and Paying Dividends at the rate of

20 per cent. PER ANNUM, 5 per cent. QUARTERLY.
EXTRA DIVIDENDS WILL BE DECLARED AT THE NEXT QUARTER.

We are offering a small amount of this stock at Par. \$1.00 Per Share.
For Prospectus and List of References, address

DAUGHERTY & ALBERS, BANKERS, 69 & ALL ST., NEW YORK.

20,000 CHURCHES

Lighted by the FRINK System of Reflector with Electric, Gas, Welsbach, Acetylene or Oil. LICENSED to manufacture electric and combination gas and electric fixtures. Send dimensions for estimate. **I. P. FRINK, 551 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.**

GRIP'S LEGACY

How the After-Effects of This Disease May Be Driven Away.

Mr. Robert G. Yates, of No. 55 Clark street, Dubuque, Iowa, was left miserable with the after-effects of the grip until he took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They restored him to perfect health. He tells the story as follows:

"I was taken with the grip on Christmas Eve, 1890, and suffered from it for three months. When I was over that, it left me a physical wreck. I was restless and sleepless, with constant pains in my limbs. I fell away in flesh, lost my appetite, was tired out for no reason, and became generally miserable.

"Finally, when things were looking pretty blue for me, one day I noticed a piece in the paper about a man living in Kansas who had been cured of a somewhat similar complaint of some years' standing by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. So I decided to try them. I felt better before I finished one box. I kept on taking them and they cured me. Now I am past sixty-three years of age; I enjoy perfect health, and, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I can do a good day's work again. I am as hale and hearty as many men much younger than I, have a splendid appetite and can go to sleep a few minutes after retiring.

"I might also add that before I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I had suffered for about seventeen years with rheumatism, but I have not felt any of it since. They are a wonderful medicine and I have no doubt but that they saved my life."

With each recurring epidemic of the grip it is more evident that the disease leaves in its wake a train of stubborn ailments that often baffle the skill of physicians. Loss of flesh, thin blood, nervousness, shortness of breath, exhaustion after slight exertion—so that it is often difficult to walk up stairs—these are a few of the symptoms of after-effects of the grip. More serious results often follow and grip has come to be regarded as the highroad to pneumonia, bronchitis and even consumption.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box; six boxes for two dollars and a half, by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.



CROSSES

Are the most Churchly for Monuments. Correspondence solicited for work to be erected this Spring, executed in either GRANITE, MARBLE or STONE. Send for Photographs and Illustrated Hand Book. Every question answered for the Church or Cemetery.

J & R LAMB

59 CARMINE ST., NEW YORK.

In answering advertisements found in these columns the writer will confer a favor on the advertiser as well as the publisher of the paper by mentioning the name of THE CHRISTIAN WORK.

Just for Fun.

The Mending Basket.

She's a charming little witch,
And she does a fancy stitch
On a crazy patchwork cushion that is the
envy of her mother;
But it would make you smile
To behold the wondrous style
In which she stitched a patch upon the
trousers of her brother.

—Chicago News.

Hicks—You say you haven't a single superstition. Would you ever start on a journey on Friday?

Wicks—Never! Saturday is pay day.

Mistress—I am not quite satisfied with your references.

Applicant—Naythur am I, mum; but they's the best I could get."

Jimson—He married a saleslady, you know.

Jameson—Yes.

Jimson—Well, the very next day she began calling "Ca-a-sh!" and he says she has kept it up ever since.

Miriam (looking up at a June sky)—The moon is the mother and the stars are her children.

Margaret (gravely)—Well, if they are, the poor mother has a heap to contend with.

"Poor man," said the inquisitive old lady, "I guess you'll be glad when your time is up, won't you?"

"No, ma'am, not particklerly," replied the prisoner, "I'm up for life."

First Lady—Dear me, I never saw Mrs. Potts look so pale.

Second Lady—Nor I; she's probably been out in the wet without an umbrella.

A Temperance Story.—"You seem rather hilarious to-day," the lathe remarked to the buzz saw.

"Yes," replied the buzz saw, "the man who runs me brought some whisky into the shop with him a little while ago."

"Well?"

"Well, I took two or three fingers at his expense."

Down in Atlanta the Beau Brummel of the smart set has been ill, and all the town is laughing over the wit of a local wag who perpetrated a rather cruel joke at Mrs. Brummel's expense. "What's the matter with Bob?" a friend asked him. "Painter's colic," he replied. "Where on earth did he get it?" "Off Mrs. Bob's cheeks."

"Talk about absent-mindedness! Jenkins is the most absent-minded beggar I know."

"What's he done now?"

"Why, he wrote the combination of the safe on a piece of paper to keep from forgetting it and then locked the paper in the safe to keep from losing it."

"Wasn't it wonderful the way that violinist played a tune on only one string?"

"Wonderful? No. Why, my wife harps on a single string days at a time."

"Don't Speak."

To the motorman," is a sign to be seen on the front platform of many cars. It requires all his thought, all his energy and all his strength to pilot his car through crowded streets. The strain tells on him, and some when he gets "rattled" and has an accident. The surest way to sustain the physical strength and nervous force required by the motorman or railroad man is to keep the stomach in a condition of sound health. When the stomach becomes "weak," food is imperfectly digested and the body is deprived of its necessary nourishment. The nerves are "unstrung" and the body is weakened.

The timely use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery when the stomach is "weak" will re-establish the body in vigorous health. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, nourishes the nerves and purifies the blood.

"I suffered for four years with pain in my stomach so that at times I couldn't work nor eat," writes Mr. Frank Smith, of Granite, Chaffee Co., Colo. "I wrote to you about my sickness and was told to use your medicine, which I did with good results. I only used four bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and must say that I am entirely cured, and feel like a new man, and I can highly recommend your medicine to any sufferer."

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OFFICE, NO. 119 BROADWAY.

Ninety-seventh Semi-Annual Statement.

JANUARY, 1902.

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks,	\$ 743,517 01
Real Estate	1,638,892 06
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate,	128,750 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents,	771,067 62
Interest due and accrued on 1st Jan., 1902,	53,663 04
Bonds and Stocks,	11,924,960 00
	\$15,255,869 73

LIABILITIES.

CASH CAPITAL,	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	5,060,677 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims,	1,288,849 85
Net Surplus,	5,906,342 88
	\$15,255,869 73
Surplus as regards Policyholders,	\$8,906,342 88

JOHN H. WASHBURN, President.
ELBRIDGE G. SNOW, Vice-President.
AREUNAH M. BURTIS, } Secretaries.
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specialty. Send postal Card for our book, "Traveler's Guide."

Odds and Ends.

Over head and ears in debt—the man who owes his hatter.

A man seldom knows what he doesn't want until after he gets it.

It's only the history of nations that repeats itself. Your personal history is repeated by the neighbors.

The songs that live longest are those which are most frequently murdered.

The best society is seldom the best company.

Some churches may not be built on a rock but it takes rock to complete them.

Wireless telegraphy is great—in fact, it is out of sight.

A good dinner without a good appetite is an aggravation; a good appetite without a good dinner is an agony.

The fact that every man has his price accounts for the ease with which most of us are sold.

All men who look sad aren't dyspeptic. Some of them are married.

Regular attendance at church is not conclusive proof of piety. Many people can't sleep at home.

Pride may keep one warm, but heavy underclothing is a good substitute.

Those who dream of better days usually have bad days all their lives.

Nowhere is a rising young man more sure of appreciation than in a crowded L. car.

Fire bells are better than church bells to bring out a crowd, and simple belles than either.

It may not be business-like to read the postscript of a woman's letter first, but it is business.

A man is always struck by surprise when he tells the truth and it works better than any lie.

An entertaining conversationalist is the man who likes to listen.

Short friends often make long accounts. Man's loose actions often get him in a tight place.

Consistency is often but another name for contrariness.

When a man is spoiling for a fight he is naturally too fresh.

A practical man is the one who carries out the plans of a theorist.

Selfishness is the result of a misdirected search for happiness.

Fireproof buildings are provided with fire escapes just the same.

A heated argument is one of the things a wise man quickly drops.

Possibilities of genius are few when compared with impossibilities.

Only a fool man believes that a woman believes everything he tells her.

A small boy with an armful of snowballs can make a strong man tremble.

The gas bill may be a light affliction, but getting it receipted is a heavy one.

A thief who steals a woman's purse gets away with a lot of samples and other trash.

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Books Received.

Any of the books mentioned in the list below (and all others excepting subscription books) will be mailed, postpaid, to our subscribers at a special reduction of ten (10) per cent. from the retail price. Address, THE CHRISTIAN WORK, 90 Bible House, New York City.

- Good Cheer Nuggets. Gathered by Jeanne G. Pennington. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. \$1.
- A Political Primer of New York City And State. By Adele M. Fielde. The League for Political Education. 50 cents.
- The Cosmos and The Logos. By Rev. Henry C. Minton, D.D. The Westminster Press. \$1.25.
- Der Bibliothekar Moser. By W. A. Cooper, A.M. American Book Company. 45 cents.
- Tartairn De Tarascon. By Alphonse Daudet. American Book Company. 45 cents.
- The Jew as a Patriot. By Madison C. Peters. The Baker & Taylor Company. \$1.
- Psychic Research and Gospel Miracles. By Rev. E. M. Duffin and T. G. Allen, M.D. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.50.
- The Young Man in Modern Life. Beverley Warner, D.D. Dodd, Mead & Co. 85 cents.
- Michael Ross, Minister. By Anna E. Holdsworth. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- First Aid in Accidents. Chas. R. Dickson, M.D. Fleming H. Revell Company. 50 cents.
- Through the Bible with a Guide. By Rev. David L. Holbrook. Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.
- Heavenly Harmonies. By Malcolm James McLeod. Fleming H. Revell Company. 50 cents.
- The Secret Place. By R. Ames Montgomery, B. A. Fleming H. Revell Company. 50 cents.
- The High-Caste Hindu Woman. By Pandita Ramabai. Fleming H. Revell Company. 75 cents.
- Thoughts for the Sundays of the Year. By Rt. Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.
- The Black Cat Club, Negro Humor and Folklore. By James D. Corrothers. Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.
- Letters from Egypt and Palestine. By Mattie Davenport Babcock. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.
- Ringing Question. By George Clarke Peck. Eaton & Nains. \$1.
- Meditations for Quiet Moments. By Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A. Fleming H. Revell Company. 50 cents.



Contentment should be measured by the number of things you are willing to do without.

Toadstools are often mistaken for mushrooms and gall is sometimes mistaken for genius.

Women defend the wearing of corsets on economic grounds; there is less waist.

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EDITOR'S NOTE Medical Institute has been a fixed fact, and it will remain so. It is as standard as American Gold.

The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

In answering advertisements found in these columns the writer will confer a favor on the advertiser as well as the publisher of the paper by mentioning the name of THE CHRISTIAN WORK.

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CHRISTIAN WORK

Illustrated Family Newspaper

Volume 72.

APRIL 5, 1902.

Number 1833

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Entered as second-class matter at New York, N. Y., Post-office.

It is a grand thing to train the human mind in the academy and in the college and university to great intellectual achievements. It is a grand thing for you to leap, as it were, by the lighting of your thought, from crag to crag of discovery. It is well to make paths for tender feet through the morasses and over the mountains of study. These bring honor and power. But it is also well to remember that the diplomas of colleges and universities can never bring pardon for sin; that all the scholarships and all the titles in the world can never bring peace to the dying. Oh, brethren, it is this discipleship with the Man of Galilee who trod the wine-press alone, and carried His cross up Calvary's hill; this discipleship with the man Christ Jesus, that constitutes the moral and spiritual power in our work. That power it is yours to impart to the children under your care. Aye, this is grander than all human achievements.

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THE CHRISTIAN WORK

Weekly---Continuing The Christian at Work.

Volume 72

New York, Saturday, April 5, 1902

Number 1833

For Terms See Prospectus on Page 559.

The State
Legislature.

After the shortest regular legislative session in the history of the State, the Legislature on Thursday of last week adjourned sine die and passed into history. Among the several measures considered by that body, it passed amendments to the Lunacy and Charity laws which will, it is estimated, result in a saving of \$1,000,000 a year, without diminishing the real efficiency of these State institutions. It increased the free-school fund \$250,000 and the good-roads fund \$400,000—both expenditures in the right direction. It passed a law against Anarchy, increasing the penalty for attempts to murder; a law compelling appeals in capital cases to be disposed of within six months, and a law doing away with costly receiverships. And it amended the Corporation Tax law in its bearing upon outside corporations, so that it will, it is expected, add \$1,500,000 to the State's revenues and promote incorporation under our own law. At the opening of the year in the early part of the session, the Legislature showed a disposition to yield to the greed of builders and landlords in nullifying the safeguards last year secured for tenement-house reform; but owing to opposition of the city officials, to the protest of the press and to the firm attitude of the Governor this retrograde action was prevented. This is one of the most gratifying achievements of the session. The failure to do anything, even to initiate the improvement of the canals, was the most conspicuous sin of omission of which the Legislature was guilty. The Legislature also refused to do anything by way of ameliorating the disgraceful conditions prevailing in the Raines "hotels." On the other hand, it put a stop to the cruel practice of pigeon slaughter, and killed the bill for allowing timber cutting in the State's forest preserves. The tunnel legislation passed will secure the early carrying out of the great plan of the Pennsylvania Railroad for "annexing Manhattan Island to the continent," and will apparently provide, at some distant and uncertain date, for safety and comfort in the Central tunnel. On the whole, the record of the Legislature is one of the most satisfactory made in many years.

✦

The Passing
of Rhodes.

The name of Rhodes will always suggest the name of that other imperialist, Clive. The latter, a clerk in the Indian Government service, saw a coming British empire in India, while others were leaving the country because of the hard work and the heat. "There is going to be fighting here," he remarked one day to a fellow clerk, and so he stayed, and now has gone down to history as Lord Clive. It was some such task Cecil Rhodes thought to perform for Great Britain in South Africa, and now the same result has apparently been reached. Not, however, in his direct way,

but as the reflex result of the Boer war, largely caused by the Jameson raid, which Rhodes winked at, and which was the grand mistake of his career. To go back for a moment, Rhodes, like Clive, looked ahead and saw future possibilities. Clive was only a poor clerk, but Rhodes had acquired great wealth in mines. This wealth the Englishman used as a means of colonizing. As soon as he had secured chief control of the diamond output he began to disclose the proportions of an imperial statesman. To the north and east of Kimberley lay vast tracts of land, under the control of certain tribes, and at the center of his mapped-out scheme of empire lay two republics, whose policy was to isolate their civilization. It would be unjust to say that at this time Rhodes pictured the disappearance of these republics through a war; the inspiration of the Jameson raid came later. But, with a very settled conviction of Boer rivalry animating him, he began that rapid acquirement of outlying territory which brought Mashonaland, Matabeleland and Rhodesia under the British crown. In the negotiations and wars with native tribes he was altogether too clever for Mr. Kruger, and the outcome was to surround the two republics, except on the eastern side of the Transvaal. Then after a five years' premiership of Cape Colony he left office in 1895, after which followed his lamentable connection with the Jameson raid. Whatever may have been Rhodes' faults, his great achievement cannot be belittled by preaching nice distinctions that had no answering affinity in a crude environment, and whose observance might have lost the game. The problem confronting Rhodes in that environment was one of race survival in the pitiless Darwinian sense, in which he heartily believed as the divine order of nature. If South Africa was to be won at all for British rule, it had to be won quickly from alert and unscrupulous competitors. It was won, and in the main History will approve the record.

✦

The Irish Land
Purchase Act.

The introduction by the government of a bill in Parliament for the purchase of Irish farms from the owners by the government to be resold to the Irish farmers is the first open confession made in some time by the government that there is solid ground for the increasing discontent manifested of late by the Irish people. Tory Ministries have been accustomed to take their cue in Irish affairs from the late Benjamin Disraeli, who held that the grievances of the Irish people were mostly "sentimental" and imaginary, due, as he once said, to their "proximity to a melancholy ocean." When, therefore, a Tory government brings forward a bill appropriating \$15,000,000 for buying out Irish landlords and enabling the tenant farmers to become the owners of their own little holdings, it may be taken for granted that, as Secretary Wyndham admitted, there is "an acute crisis" in the agri-

cultural conditions of the green isle. Singularly enough, as if the Irish would not permit anything to be done for them save on their own terms, the Irish Nationalists in Parliament declare that the pending measure will fail of its professed purpose because it does not "compel" the big landlords to sell, but only provides for buying the estates of such of them as are willing to sell. But as the Salisbury government represents first of all the noble landowners of the three kingdoms it could be hardly expected to bring in a bill compulsorily to expropriate them. We add that compulsory purchase has been gaining strength lately simply because the Irish landlord, in very many cases, is an alien so far as concerns local life and interests with which he might be supposed to be closely identified.



Congress Considers a
New Immigration Bill.

A new immigration bill introduced in Congress bids fair to remove many existing abuses. Among its provisions the bill aims to close all our ports to paupers, anarchists, epileptics and persons who have been insane within five years previous to coming here, and persons who have had two or more attacks of insanity at any time previous. The bill also provides that inspection shall be made from time to time of all reformatories, insane hospitals, charitable institutions, etc., and that all aliens found therein who have become public charges shall be deported. The regulations applying to contract labor are more stringent than in the present law. They now include persons who have been induced to come to the United States by "offers, solicitations, promises or agreements," and also the words, "those who import or attempt to import," which will enable the officials of the Government to punish the contractor even if the laborers are not landed. In case this bill becomes a law the head tax on immigrants will be \$1.50 each in place of \$1 as it is now. Not a few think the head tax should be increased beyond these figures.



Mormon
Polygamy.

We have already noted the reported resistance of the Mormons to the statute prohibiting the practice of Polygamy, as reported by the Minister's Alliance of Salt Lake City, and which has inspired the Alliance to petition the House judiciary committee in behalf of a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy. The reports dwell at length upon Mormon colonization schemes, which have a two-fold purpose, namely, to enable "believers" to practice polygamy where they will be free from Gentile scrutiny, and to anticipate hostile legislation in Congress by securing the balance of political power in the sparsely-settled States of the West. The statements made in the report seem to show that polygamy persecuted in one State betakes itself to another or to a foreign country with the firm intention of persisting in the practice. The lull following the Roberts case in Congress was probably more apparent than real, unless the evidence gathered by the committee is wholly unreliable. It is likely that public opinion will hesitate as to which side has the stronger claim to credulity? It is to be hoped that, if this evidence is true, legislation by Congress will take more practical steps to check polygamy than it has done in the past. We have no longer the excuse that it is an isolated pest; it is, under the present favorable conditions, infectious, and those who are bringing the facts to light should

receive the hearty appreciation of the people for the good work they are doing.



The New "Manhattan"
Suspension Bridge.

With the near completion of the the second bridge spanning the East River and connecting New York and Brooklyn, the advent of spring brings, with its other indications, the first signs of the new East River Suspension Bridge No. 3, in the form of the great caisson, which one day last week was floated down the river to the site of the Brooklyn towers. The name, that of "Manhattan," was officially bestowed next day by the Board of Aldermen. With all things going smoothly, the bridge itself should be completed within five years. When it is finished it is more than likely to take rank as the most important structure in the scheme of interborough communication, owing to the location of its terminals. Its long diagonal reach will also give it conspicuity. Full three miles in length, including its approaches, the bridge will begin at the heart of the Bowery at Canal street. Its Brooklyn end will be in Fulton street at DeKalb avenue. Four trolley tracks, rails for electric elevated trains, and a roadway for drivers will be provided, besides promenades. It will undoubtedly supply a great relief to congested travel when it is opened, while it will also create new business. It is intended to make it more beautiful than any of its predecessors.



Armistice in
South Africa.

Negotiations are already in progress in South Africa, with what result remains to be seen. According to despatches, provision has been made by which President Schalk-Burger, of the Transvaal, and his associates have an opportunity to conduct peace negotiations with the various commanders. The British have granted President Schalk-Burger and his companions a safe conduct through their lines and back, so they can consult with Mr. Steyn, of the Orange River Colony. Owing to the rigid censorship in South Africa the details of the situation are very meager and unsatisfactory. About all that can be stated positively is that an armistice has been declared and that negotiations are in progress.



The Idyll
of Anatolia.

Of all the countries that offer the most fruitful rewards to the spade and pick of the archæologist, probably Anatolia, or, as it is better known to English-speaking people, Asia Minor, is doubtless that one. The great peninsula which juts out westward from Asia and almost touches Europe, thus furnishing a broad bridge for invaders, has from early ages been the constant scene of great events, and is full of the débris not only of ruins of many periods, but of many races. It needs, more perhaps than any country in the world, continuous exploration, not by one explorer, but by groups of them, antiquarians, artists, historians and Orientalists. Professor Ramsay, recently discussing the question before the Royal Geographical Society of London, expressed the conviction that besides being the route through which everything Asiatic has reached Europe, it was, in or before the dawn of history, the seat of a great empire, with wide external influence, and with an art, a religion, and a language of its own. Information is gradually being acquired as to them all, the most salient fact apparently being that the Ana-

tolians differed from the remainder of the world in believing not in the fatherhood, but in the motherhood of the ultimate Creator. Some day all Europe will be quarrelling over Anatolia, much the richest and biggest prize open to the Powers without crossing great breadths of sea. It is one of the most fertile lands in the world, and covers precisely the area of France.

✦

The Steam
Turbines.

As the reader is aware, the steam turbine gives a constant rotary motion and none other; therefore, no bar or piston-rod is required, as in present-day railway and marine engines, to change the lateral to a rotary motion. The advantage is great; uniformity of motion is provided. There is no "eccentric," no possibility of "getting on the center," no "pounding" of the rails, as with the present locomotive. A construction company in this country has already built, or is now building, eight turbines of from 750 to as high as 2,500 horse-power. These Westinghouse-Parsons machines, as they are called in this country, have been giving most excellent results, and the 2,500 horse-power turbine, which has now been employed for about a year in an electric light and power plant at Hartford, Conn., is the largest turbine and probably the most economical steam engine in the world. It is only the conviction that nothing of an experimental nature must be allowed to enter into the equipment of the new rapid transit subway's power plant that prevents its equipment with the steam turbine. As it is, only six engines of the reciprocating type have been ordered, and the balance of the order has been left open, with the expectation of installing the turbine when there is a demand for the full power of the station. Incidental evidence of the widespread appreciation of the fact that we are on the eve of revolutionary changes of motive power came to our notice the other day in the case of one of the largest steam yachts that has ever been planned in this country. At the eleventh hour the owner requested that the plans be held in abeyance for another season until the performance of the new British turbine yachts could be noted.

✦

An Imperfect Bill.

The bill passed by the Senate to insure the protection of the President, in its present shape is a bad bill. For it establishes a new principle and proscribes a mere attempt at murder with the same punishment as actual murder. As a consequence, no hope for life is to be found in this Draconian code for a would-be assassin. Consequently he will make sure of his attempt, and if it is necessary to kill several others to secure the end, he will not hesitate. The act should be entitled "An Act to induce would-be assassins of the President to make sure of their work." The House should vote it down.

✦

The Senate in
the Doldrums.

There is no question that the failure of the Senate to pass a canal bill is the occasion of great disappointment throughout the country. The Senate—as for that matter both houses of Congress—have all the hydrographic, scientific and financial information attainable. Never was so thoroughly an equipped and expensive expedition sent out in the public service as that sent out by Congress to examine and report upon canal routes at Nicaragua and across Darien, and placed under the direction of Admiral Walker. It made an exhaustive report and recommended

the adoption of the Nicaragua route. The Hepburn bill, providing for the Nicaragua route, passed the House with only two dissenting votes. Then came up questions of territorial grants and clear titles. These could have all been settled by treaty had the Senate passed the bill proposing to leave the matter to the President. But no; the Senate would not pass the bill, with the result that this great project, demanded by the interests of two hemispheres, and especially of our own country, is sent over to the short session, when nothing can be done. If the present session of the Senate adjourns without providing a canal measure for the country it will receive the indignant disapproval of the people.

✦

Branch Banks.

In favoring the establishment of a system of branch banks, former Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage advocates the plan that has worked so successfully in Canada. In times of stringency a branch bank in the country could utilize the resources of the parent bank in the city; and especially where money is needed for moving crops would the possession of this resource be most valuable. The wonder is that the plan was not long ago incorporated in the banking system, though probably the scheme would rouse the opposition of the smaller country banks. But the gain to the country as a whole would be great.

✦

The vote by both Houses of the French Parliament of \$100,000 to defray the expenses of President Loubet's visit to Russia shows the pact to be real, and that the French people and Russia accept it to the full. That was a very effective piece of parliamentary work when M. Delcassé, in introducing the bill, read from the Czar's letter of invitation this extract: "Under the sweet and deep impression of our never-to-be-forgotten stay in France last year, the Empress and I like to hope that the highly esteemed President of the Republic will shortly procure us the real pleasure of seeing him again by coming to stay a few days with us. It will be pleasant to you, I think, to receive in person on this occasion the unanimous testimony of the warm and sincere sentiments uniting Russia to friendly and allied France." It is small wonder that these utterances have aroused enthusiasm throughout France. They form, also, the very best "card" for the present government in the elections to be held next month.

✦

The provisions of the Ship Subsidy bill, which has passed the Senate with six Republican votes against it, are restricted to the largest and fastest vessels from fourteen to twenty knots and over, and the rate gradually ascends from 1½ cents on the lower grade vessels to 2 7-10 cents on the higher for every registered ton carried 100 miles. Contracts are to be awarded after open competition to the lowest bidder, and only to ships built and owned in this country and officered by American citizens. The bill now goes to the House, but it is doubtful if it passes that body during the present session.

✦

Friends of humanity in New Jersey are fearful that the bill to prevent the shooting of trapped pigeons may fail of passage at this session of the Legislature in Trenton. With the example of New York before them it is to be hoped they will succeed in passing the bill. Men and women of good hearts and sound feeling should see to it that New Jersey shall not suffer a reproach from which

New York has been relieved. The shooting of trapped birds is indefensible cruelty, and New Jersey will surely become its chief center unless the Legislature at Trenton takes proper action.



It is a \$50,688,267 River and Harbor bill that confronts Congress at the present time. Having passed the House it will doubtless call out thorough discussion in the Senate. A like measure was passed by the House at the last Congress, and was defeated in the Senate by an extremely long speech made by Senator Clark, of Montana, who got the floor during the closing hours and talked until the time for taking action had expired.



The full text of the Danish treaty for the acquisition of the Danish West Indies by this country gives the consideration as \$5,000,000. It is significant, and happily so, that Article VI. provides that in case differences of construction arise which cannot be adjusted by diplomacy the matter "shall be submitted for adjustment to the permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague."



The vote of the House Committee to postpone indefinitely all pending measures relating to the Sampson-Schley controversy is wise and timely now. Let the House pass it without delay.



Biblical vs. "Scientific" Revelation.

A minister in this city recently preached a sermon from his pulpit, in which he defended science as a revelation in preference to the revelation of the Bible. He summed up the case as follows, having reference to the book of Genesis:

"Will you go to a story like that, or to the patient laborers like the long, magnificent roll of scientists who study biology and see the origin and development of the different forms of life? Here are the words of God, in the stars, in the earth, in human history, human life. And those that have got themselves into books or church creeds, or into the conscience, have only been transcribed fragmentally from this larger book of God that is being eternally written and is never completed. The word of God is any truth, is every truth, which is discovered by the growing intelligence of man."

The intelligent reader familiar with the revelations of science and the views of scientists will not fail, we think, to perceive the absurdity of this method of argument; indeed, the scientists themselves would be swift to repudiate it. Take one illustration, for instance. One minister says "the words of God are in the stars." Now it is true that many a scientist, regarding them, can exclaim with the psalmist, "When I consider the heavens the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" The motive, however, that leads one to make this observation is not the study of science at all, but is born of faith; the religious side of man's nature exists quite apart from his reasoning and independent of his intellectual nature; he does not "believe" because of a logical process, but because of an intuition that science itself cannot explain. Only to recall Tyndall, has our preacher forgotten the historic stir which was caused when that man of research said at Belfast to the British Association that he turned his telescope to the stars and "did not discover God was there?"

And there is another view of the matter—that view

which shows us that, mistaken as theologians may have been in drawing their conclusions in the past, the scientist is a good rival in inaccuracy; none have at times been so insistent, even to the point of annoyance, as some scientists have been. When once engaged in disputation with some very dogmatic Puritan divines, Cromwell, losing his patience, exclaimed, "I beseech you in the bowels of our Lord Jesus Christ, conceive it possible you may be mistaken." On the other hand, the modesty of the greatest men of science is well known. Once Sir Isaac Newton did some charlatan the honor of patiently listening to his demonstration of the falsity of the law of gravitation, saying quietly, "It may be so." But it cannot be said that the scientific temper of the present day is represented by this incident. Few can forget the attitude of Professor Huxley toward those who were in any degree disposed to criticise adversely the gigantic structure known as Darwinism. A sort of scientific athanarian creed was launched at the head of all doubters, even great men of science like Agassiz being treated in a contemptuous way not at all to the credit of the vaunted scientific predilection for fairness. We honor Darwin and we accept the vast body of facts concerning variation he has accumulated; but the structure as a whole—is it intact? Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace says that Darwinism does not in the least degree explain the growth of the moral and intellectual nature of man, which is, on the Darwinian theory, the crowning of the edifice of physical evolution. Professor Weissmann contends with great learning that acquired habits are not transmitted in generation—another breach in the structure. Yet it was proposed to force Darwinism as a whole down our throats as science. Again, we do not believe it can successfully be maintained that there is such a thing as a science of biology. That we know something about certain manifestations of life is clear; but a science of life? No; we have no such thing. It is all unproved, all uncertainty. Such a thing may be—we must not rest in a negative and declare it cannot be—but God has not yet revealed it, and what God has not revealed no man has acquired—our city preacher to the contrary, notwithstanding.

As to the inadequacy and incertitude of much that is offered us under the sacred name of science—and real science is only one form of truth—the evidence is always at hand. Notice, for instance, the successive transformations through which geology has passed, and its complete disagreement with physics as to the age of our planet and its probable future duration. Recall, too, the early dogmatism of the Sanskritists, who would have us form out ethnology on language only, and then think of the pulverizing effects of craniology and archæology. Think of the shattering of the old dogmatism about early Roman history as a consequence of the actual unveiling of Republican Rome! The German professors who were so sure that they had exploded the primitive history of Israel, and, in some cases, the story of the Gospels, have passed away; but their places have been taken by successors, who are just as sure of the historic reality of Abraham and Cæsar, and of the general historic structure of the Gospels as of either.

The truth seems to be that, in an age dominated by material science, claims have been made for science which can scarcely be allowed. While theology has been brushed aside as baseless and irrelevant, physical science has been proclaimed sovereign over civilized mankind, and a feverish desire has been made evident to teach it as a body of definite

dogma to the imperfectly civilized peoples, thus greatly confusing their moral and intellectual attitude. We do not say that theology has not greatly erred at times in her method and pretensions; but if she has, like error has been made by science.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be this—we must realize that science is a living body of truth, not a dead system of dogmatism, and that it is only a fruitful instrument of culture when it is so conceived. The modern man of science must abandon the spirit of Haeckel—the “It-must-be-so” of the dogmatical fanatic—and cultivate the spirit of Newton, the “It-may-be-so” of the philosopher of Nature. And when he has done all, the man of science must admit the possibility that his “facts” may be illusions, and the world of phenomena a veil thinly covering a far deeper reality.



Getting Together.

They are getting together, Christians are, closer together than ever before; there can be no question of it. One characteristic peculiar to denominations in this country is the dominance of congregational feeling and conviction. In the four episcopal denominations in this country—the Protestant Episcopal, Reformed Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal and Roman Catholic—this responsiveness to the feeling of the congregation has become strikingly manifest. Why, the extent to which the “Americanizing” of the Roman Catholic Church has been accomplished in this country is regarded with profound interest, and even anxiety, by the Catholic countries of Europe.

For nearly two centuries revival methods have been in favor in the non-episcopal denominations which, until the last half of the century just passed, were refused by the Roman Catholics and the Episcopalians. But to-day these last-named denominations have adopted revival methods, which, however, they call “missions.” Notice, too, another matter: liturgical forms and a liturgical service are finding their way into non-episcopal churches. These churches—Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist—observe Easter and Christmas; they are even giving place to a Good Friday service, as they should; for a light-hearted, joyful celebration of Easter, with no regard for the sorrows of Calvary, becomes a travesty. Not only so, but Presbyterian ministers go into “retreats” for a short time, and, as they say, to their great spiritual profit and happiness. Very clearly the gradual passing of the week of prayer—instituted at the first of the year when the rest of the Christian world is feasting—the passing of this week into Holy or Passion week seems to be only a question of time. Indeed, it has been remarked that since the epoch made by Bushnell’s “Christian Nature,” all the churches have been steadily tending toward the adoption, under one name or another, of the method of preparing candidates for confirmation in a pastor’s class of catechumens.

Then notice the modification of extreme statements of doctrine with the advance of negatives by way of qualification and modification. And to-day we see Americanism offering a doctrine of free will born of grace, not of nature; and we see over a dozen Methodists occupying Presbyterian pulpits in Greater New York. What conclusion is possible under the circumstances but that the denominations are getting together? Right here we record the utterance of Dr. Leonard W. Brown, who not long ago declared his conviction that, “We all owe an immense debt to our heretics for

having helped pry up the ox-cart on which we have been transporting the ark, out of the deep ruts of ancient controversy.”

Lastly, it is to be noted that the denominations are getting together in their terminology. At the meeting of the Presbyterian Alliance in Philadelphia, these were declared to be the characteristics of churches distinctively Presbyterian: 1. Loyalty to the person of Christ. 2. Their character as witnesses. 3. Their catholicity. 4. Their connection with civic liberty. 5. Their educational development. 6. Their missionary character. Now it is the simple truth that every one of these six characteristics can be just as truly and as fully applied to Episcopal, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist or any other churches regarded as Evangelical. Certain it is they are no more the property of the Presbyterian than of any other Evangelical denomination.

Are the churches then getting together denominationally? Hardly; but they are becoming more nearly “one” in the spirit of the Master’s prayer; and that is more than denominational name, creed or polity.



The Embryotic Cuban Republic.

Cuban matters are slowly but surely crystalizing, and according to present arrangements, Tuesday, May 20th, will be the birthday of the new republic to the south. That day is to be the beginning of Cuba’s independent existence; but although the withdrawal of American troops is to take place immediately after the inauguration of the new government, 800 artillerymen are to remain under instructions which imply that an American military force is, for the present, at least, to be within beck and call of the Cuban President. They are to be on duty in the coast fortifications, but after the latter are manned by Cuban troops our artillerymen are to be transferred to the naval stations which are guaranteed us under the provisions of the Platt amendment. It will be seen that the principle of American military occupation is by no means surrendered; on the contrary, it will be continuous from its first day to that time when in the judgment of Congress there shall be absolutely no need of the oversight and protection of the island by the United States. The object of keeping a small force of artillery in Cuba is, to quote the words of General Wood, “to enable the new government to organize and substitute therefor an adequate military force of its own, by which time it is anticipated that the naval stations referred to in the statute and in the appendix to the Constitution will have been agreed upon and the said artillerymen may be transferred thereto.”

Without pomp or ostentation, and with a simplicity that marked the setting up of our own Government in 1789, the new republic will establish herself and fling out her national flag to the breeze. History, we may well believe, will not have recorded a quieter transfer of authority than, in all probability, will take place on the 20th day of May. The fact is, the Cubans have thoroughly learned the lesson of administration so patiently inculcated; and Estrada Palma, long resident in the United States and a conscientious student of the principles of democracy, will address himself to his task with a sober sense of responsibility. We know from his own lips the kind of government this modest civilian, so different from the typical Spanish-American dictator, will give his people. Public education is to be his chief care. “I shall urge upon my countrymen,”

he has said, "the expenditure of every possible dollar of our revenue in providing common schools for the people." As to every other government function, the utmost economy will be practiced.

The upbuilding of the Cuban government by our own government at Washington is an act which we can only regard with thanksgiving and pride; and what better answer could it offer to the tirades of foreign cynics and a few English Tories, that "America would never give Cuba independence"? And what other country, we may ask, similarly situated, would treat Cuba as we are treating her, and would not have absorbed her into its national domain? Be this as it may, we may assume that this much will always be said of this country—that in its dealings with Cuba it kept full faith with the little State which it could so easily, and, in the view of not a few, so justly have made its own. Whether or not we have builded too fast, and handed Cuba over to its new officers too early, is for time to determine. We have only to add that when our authority is relinquished in favor of that of President Palma and his countrymen, it will be with the best of wishes for their political and moral advancement and commercial and industrial prosperity, for which latter we are largely responsible by the very terms of our treaty with Cuba. That responsibility we cannot escape if we would.



Things of To-day.

The time of the singing of birds is come, but the voice of the turtle dove is not yet heard in the land. The bluebird, as usual, came first with his song. Frank M. Chapman, of the Museum of Natural History, says that the robin may put in an appearance as early as February 20th. But isn't this a stay-over robin, Mr. Chapman?—anyway, it seems to make a record. We cannot, let us say, depend upon the birds to tell us when we are to have an early spring. If we could we should not have so many premature announcements. The signal for spring is not the robin, or bluebird, or sparrow; Jack Frost is the fellow who tells the story. When he goes, then the birds come to stay, and are not apt to be overtaken by a blizzard and killed by the hundreds, as sometimes happens. But the song sparrow, and the field sparrow, and the vesper sparrow—each is a dear in his way. It doesn't matter much which one it is, but some still morning his sweet song begins without overture, and looking up you see the little fellow on a bare limb by the roadside, his throat distended and his whole soul in his ecstasy. If you are not familiar with his appearance you might take him for an English sparrow, but a closer inspection shows him to be smaller, slimmer and longer in the tail. He makes a sorry toilet and a spick-and-span oriole or a trim cedar-bird would pass him by with a twitter of contempt. Nevertheless, poets sing his praises, and he holds the enchanted ear until in the high trees the unsurpassed melody of the unseen thrush is heard. From Mexico and the Isthmus the wood thrush comes, bringing his ecstatic song with him, but arrives in this latitude never earlier than the 30th day of April, nor ever later than May 1st. What marvelous punctuality!

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will guide my steps aright.



It is anticipated by close observers of Russian university life that the revolutionary elements among the students are bound to break out during the coming spring and summer. At the present time things are fermenting so rapidly that serious disturbances are expected daily. The February riots which have just been quelled show how widespread the disaffection is. It is not only in the university that the students are meditating trouble, but in every educational establishment in the country, including even the ecclesiastical seminaries. A well-informed German newspaper states that the number of students arrested in Petersburg alone during the end of February and the first days of March was 1,470. Of these

235 have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment from one month to three. Among the 235 are students of the university, agricultural school, mining academy, technical school, engineering school, land-surveying school, pedagogic academy, law seminary, music academy, dentists' school, and midwifery institute. In other university towns the arrests have also been numerous: In Kieff, 480; in Kharkoff, 320; in Odessa, 170; in Moscow, 80; in Kazan, 35. The total number of arrests falls little short of 3,000 for the whole country. This does not include the workmen who have been put in gaol for openly taking part with the students in their demonstrations. According to German accounts, and Germany is usually well informed on Russian internal affairs, the total number of arrests, students and workmen, exceeds 5,000. For the spring and summer we are promised still more serious things.



What will strike many people as a queer problem has recently come into prominence in the discussions of the German theological world and promises to attract attention wherever the methods of modern scholarship have been applied to scientific theology, namely, the question whether the theological faculties in the universities should not cease to be distinctively Christian bodies and be made schools of religion in general. The matter has been urged to such a degree that no less a person than Dr. Harnack has made it the subject of an official address, and we are glad to see that he opposes the view. Those who want steady companions of religion are chiefly they, we imagine, who are not settled in any one religion. On the other hand, real believers in Christ are more concerned about their own life and the exemplification of the teachings of Christ seen in that life than in discussions over "scientific standards" and "critical canons." No, the theological faculties should not be "secularized." Rather they should be utilized for furthering the interests of Christianity exclusively and alone, although not along the lines of the old theological statements, which have not been able to solve the spiritual problems with which they deal. This solution can be reached only by a restoration and reapplication of the original Gospel.



A smallpox patient named Coleman in the hospital at East St. Louis recently broke out into a frenzy. Tied to a cot Coleman continued to struggle and rave. Opiates were administered, but without effect, and Dr. Smith finally admitted that he was "powerless to do anything more." Charles Hatfield, an attendant, said: "I have a violin at home. Perhaps if I played some music it would calm Coleman." Hatfield ran and got the violin, and began playing "Over the Waves," a waltz melody. Soothed by the strains, Coleman gradually quieted. The violinist kept on playing, and the knotted cords in the patient's muscles relaxed slowly. His hand fell to his side. He rested his head upon his pillow, and stretched his limbs as far as he could, bound as he was, heaved a deep sigh, and sank into a sound sleep. He slept for several hours and when he awoke the fever had abated and the patient was rational and passive. The method might not always work so well. We have heard violin playing that continued a little longer would have had just the contrary effect and driven one into a condition of frenzy.



Our weekly contemporary, *Public Opinion*, reprints part of an article by Thomas Chalmers in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, in which he speaks of "the general apprehension that the days of the great revivals are gone." On the next page of this paper, and directly back of the article, Mr. Geil's article is reprinted from THE CHRISTIAN WORK, giving an account of the great revival prevailing in Australia, during which 50,000 homes have been visited, while "the churches are throwing themselves into the work with unprecedented earnestness and zeal, not alone in the metropolitan area, but also in the immediate vicinity of the city." It isn't often that a mistaken opinion and its refutation are presented.



The criticism from the pen of the Rev. Dr. John K. Allen, upon Secretary Hay's declaration in his address on McKinley that Mr. McKinley "died like a gentleman," editorial comment upon which appeared in our last issue, will be found on the next page. It was inadvertently omitted in the hurry of going to press last week. The reader will be glad to turn to it now.



A Mr. Verill, of New Haven, Conn., claims to have succeeded in making photographs which show all the natural tints and colors.

"Still the Abodes of Cruelty."

That the dark places of the earth are still the habitations of cruelty, as declared by the Psalmist, is illustrated by the revelations of the Woelffel Expedition, which, formidably armed and with a force of good fighting men, recently traversed a region of dense forests back of the Ivory Coast in West Africa, finding there a large number of cannibals comprising several tribes. They are only about 120 miles from the coast and within a week's journey of the French posts. Cannibals have seldom been found in Africa so near the sea. As a rule, they do not live within 500 miles of the ocean, and most of them are still farther inland. There are no cannibal tribes, for example, on the lower part of the Congo River, though the middle and upper Congo basin is the greatest hot-bed of cannibalism in the world. The expedition encountered several cannibal tribes and did not fail to catechize them. When the white men of the Woelffel party asked these cannibals why they indulged in the practice of eating human flesh they replied that men were in the habit of washing their bodies three times a day, and their flesh therefore is cleaner and sweeter than that of cattle, which are never washed. These natives have guns and powder, which they procure from Liberia or the Gold Coast. As they have no bullets they use large pebbles in their guns.

When Mr. Stanley sent Captain Coquilhat to occupy the station he had established among the fierce Bangalla cannibals of the Middle Congo, says the report, he found the natives ever ready to defend the practice of eating human flesh. "This is horrible," said Coquilhat one day to a chief whom he saw at his meal. "On the contrary, it is delicious, with salt," was the reply. Another time the Belgian soldier expressed his abhorrence to a chief who was about to sit down to a cannibal banquet. The latter replied to his protests:

"When you kill a goat I do not interfere. This dead man here is my property. I did not steal nor capture him, but I bought him with good cloth, and I will eat him if I please."

One day Coquilhat pointed out the differences between man and mere animals and tried to convince the natives that to eat a man was to make a very bad use of him, and to degrade their species. A bright fellow in the crowd called out in answer:

"All you talk only shows that human flesh is the best sort of food, while the flesh of mere animals is a vile sort of nutriment."

The practice still widely prevails over tropical Africa, in man, islands of the Pacific, in Northern Australia, and among the natives of some South American tribes. It is gradually being extirpated, however, in all regions where the whites are acquiring important influence. It is not found, for example, in the neighborhood of any of the white stations in the Congo basin, where it is now a crime punishable with death. As fast as the influence of the State is extended over the country the eating of human flesh is discontinued. Thus the great Bangalla tribe, which gave Stanley his hardest fight when he descended the river, has entirely abandoned cannibalism; many of the native employees of the State come from this tribe.

Nor are these, unhappily, the only instances of the kind to be noted. Far otherwise; like examples are too abundant for citation. One other instance, however, may be recorded. This time the locality changes to this hemisphere—even to the Yuma reservation in Arizona, where "Padre," a "big medicine man," was recently offered as a sacrifice in accordance with their customs, and has expiated the sins of the tribe, which are held responsible for an epidemic of smallpox. The "medicine man" divined the Indians' intention several days ago, and fled to the mountains, but in a half-starved condition wandered back to the Indian village, and pleaded for mercy. He was promptly bound and conveyed by a delegation of Indians to Mexico, where he was tied to a tree and tortured to death.

From this it will be evident that cruel practices have not yet ceased from off the earth, and that the partially informed cannot be too cautious in making their picturesque statements regarding the prevalence of ameliorating conditions throughout the world. Indeed, if the world could be renovated and restored to Edenic conditions by the offices of a cheerful, chirpy optimism it is safe to say the millennium would have been ushered in long, long ago.



It is reported that the entire force under Marshal Su, 20,000 men, had deserted and gone over in a body to the rebels of Southern China.

Dying "Like a Gentleman."

I do not doubt that it was in every way a worthy speech which the Secretary of State made the other day before a distinguished audience in honor of President McKinley, but for myself I will say that the last expression in it jarred upon me. He said that McKinley "in his last hour taught us how a gentleman could die." That is too nice; it is over-refined—it is inadequate. If Mr. Hay did not want to say that McKinley died as a Christian could he not at least have used a more robust phrase and said that he died as a manly man? "How a gentleman could die"; is that all he taught us? I will take you to many an elegant home along an avenue where a heathen lives in the heart of this Christian land, an accomplished gentleman, and I will show you in him how a gentleman can die; but when the decencies have been observed and the proprieties regarded in his way of dying, it will not be great—it will not be impressive. The death of McKinley was such a death as only a man who had entered into the spirit of Christ could have died. The unworldliness of the spirit, the glorious surrender, the peace and trust, showed one who had grown up to a degree toward the stature of the Christ in whom he put his trust:

God, give us men!

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands:

Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor and who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking—
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

May God not only give us such men to live before us, but may He make us into such men; may He make them for Himself and His kingdom, and fill heaven with them.—Rev. John K. Allen.



About People.

Edward Tuck, the retired New York and Paris banker, and former Vice-Consul at Paris, has given a large sum of money for the establishment of an American hospital in Paris. Ground for the institution has been purchased, and the building is to be finished in 1904. It is to be for the exclusive use of Americans. Mr. Tuck two years ago gave \$300,000 to Dartmouth College in memory of his father.

Dr. Herbert F. Fisk, principal of the Academy of Northwestern University, who asked the boys under him to quit smoking cigarettes or leave the school, has received assurances from a number of the students that they would give up the use of tobacco. None of the boys have left the school because of the principal's talk. Fisk learned that out of 300 young men 22 per cent. of the whole number made more or less use of tobacco. Among the seventy-five having the highest standing only two were tobacco users, or 3 per cent. Among the second quarter in scholarship there were eleven, or 14 per cent. Among the third quarter fifteen, or 21 per cent., while among the lowest quarter there were forty-two, or 57 per cent.



Current Comment.

Of "The Sins of the Church" says *The Congregationalist*:

Unquestionably, such sins exist. One concerns church discipline. Paul rebuked the Corinthians for tolerating one whose gross sin demanded his exclusion from fellowship. So in the messages to the seven churches we find the complaint of a failure to remove the unworthy. This is a conspicuous sin of the present time. Church members addicted to intemperance or immoral practices, guilty of business dishonesty, utterly neglectful of their church covenant, are allowed to remain in good and regular standing. Nothing is done for years, perhaps, until there is a general revision of the roll, when a large number of names are removed. There is no discipline about it whatsoever.

Let us beware of intellectual pride, and remember that the test of all right-thinking is the manner in which that thought inspires action and shapes character. The modern church needs right opinion, intellectual orthodoxy must be had; but the supreme need is men and women whose lives have been changed by the molding force of that which they believe. We need men and women in our churches who hold right opinions, but far more do we need men and women who are held to courses of every-day righteousness by their opinions.—*Zion's Herald*.

The contrast between Mayor Low's present attitude and that announced by him before the receipt of the letter from the nine directors who wrote to him on the subject indicates that he is somewhat lacking in the courage of his original convictions as to what should be required of the Central Railroad management and how much should be left to its sense of duty to the traveling public.—*New York Times*.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

A million postage stamps were disposed of at one sale in the Chicago Post-office on Friday.

Two men were killed and eleven were injured in a train wreck at Coveseville, Va., on March 22d.

The War Tax Repeal bill and the bill to protect Presidents were passed by the Senate March 21st.

The President has nominated Nevada N. Stranahan to be Collector of Customs at New York.

The St. Clair River and Lake are free of ice, making the earliest opening of navigation ever known from Detroit.

The Senate in executive session has confirmed the nomination of Capt. A. S. Crowninshield to be a rear-admiral of the navy.

The House Committee on Naval Affairs voted to take no action on the numerous Schley bills and resolutions pending before it.

A railroad company to operate car lines forty miles long in the Bronx and on Long Island was incorporated at Albany this week.

President Roosevelt has accepted the invitation to deliver the memorial address at the National Cemetery at Arlington on May 30th.

A dog, which it was declared by Oak-street people was intoxicated from drinking beer, severely bit a little girl on Saturday last.

President Roosevelt has offered the vacant Civil Service Commissionership to James R. Garfield, son of the late President Garfield.

An important feature of the plan of civil government in the Philippines will be the establishment of the silver standard in the islands.

The estate left by C. P. Huntington is estimated at between \$28,000,000 and \$29,000,000, and the transfer tax will approximate \$800,000.

It has virtually been decided that General Palma shall be inaugurated as President of the island republic of Cuba not earlier than May 20th.

Fear is expressed that there may be further cave-ins under the rapid transit tunnel in Park avenue, and special precautions are being taken by the officials.

The first train on the Pennsylvania system equipped with electric lights left Pittsburg on the 21st inst. Storage batteries under the cars furnish the power.

The New York State tax of 1902 will be the lowest in the history of the State, thirteen one-hundredths of a mill, practically a total abolition of direct tax.

John S. Rhea, Democrat, from the Third Kentucky District, was unseated by the House on Tuesday, and the seat given to J. McKenzie Moss, Republican.

A caucus of Democratic members of the House of Representatives adopted resolutions declaring that Congress should express sympathy with the Boers.

Sixteen horses, including ten of P. F. Collier, were burned to death in a fire at the Monmouth Hunt Club stables, near Oceanport, on Saturday morning last.

The wall of the subway excavation in Park avenue, between 37th and 38th streets, this city, caved in on Friday last, carrying away the sidewalk and the fronts of two houses.

Secretary Long has adopted the recommendation of Rear-Admiral Bradford that all ships in the navy be fitted with masts for use in connection with the wireless telegraphy system.

The Attorney-General of the United States has ruled that the public lands in Porto Rico, formerly belonging to Spain, by virtue of the treaty of Paris now belong to the United States.

The bill preventing live-pigeon shooting and imposing a penalty for raising pigeons for target practice was passed in the New Jersey House of Assembly on Tuesday by a vote of 43 to 6.

Flames destroyed the large piano factory of Hardman, Peck & Co., in 48th street, near the North River, this city, on the evening of March 20th, causing a loss estimated to exceed \$250,000.

April 9th has been set apart as President's Day at the Charleston Exposition. The feature of the day will be the presentation to Major Jenkins by his former chief of the Rough Riders of a sword from South Carolinians.

Noah Davis, at one time Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, and a prominent figure among older jurists of this city, died

at his home, 46 West 56th street, March 20th, from old age and a bronchial difficulty.

The Secretary of the Treasury has sent to the Senate the report of a commission of medical officers of the Marine Hospital Service appointed to investigate the origin and prevalence of leprosy in the United States. The report shows 278 cases of leprosy in the United States, of which 155 are in Louisiana.

Oscar Doerflinger, who was a chemist in the laboratory of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, was accidentally shot and killed by his brother William at Huntington, L. I., March 23d. They had just returned from a duck-hunting trip, and had put in at the hotel landing in front of their summer home. William was handing a gun to his brother, when it was discharged. The full charge entered Oscar's left breast and passed through his heart, killing him instantly. William was almost insane from grief. He tried to kill himself, but was restrained.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

The Dominion Government has offered a fourth contingent for service in South Africa.

The French Chamber of Deputies has passed a bill voting 600,000 francs for exhibits at St. Louis.

Being a fugitive from American justice appears to give a man a certain distinction in Canadian society.

Acting Governor Wright, of the Philippines, says there is no insurrection in 95 per cent. of the archipelago.

Emperor William ordered that a new yacht in the service of the admiralty at Wilhelmshaven be named the Alice Roosevelt.

The House of Commons adopted without discussion a motion of Mr. Balfour to limit the expulsion of John Dillon to a week.

Marconi has selected Table Head, Cape Breton, as the site for a wireless telegraph station on the Atlantic coast nearest to England.

The Landsting, at Copenhagen, voted to ratify the treaty providing for the cession of the Danish West Indies to the United States.

The warehouses of Elder, Dempster & Co., at Las Palmas, Canary Islands, have been damaged by fire to the extent of £60,000.

It is reported from Salonica that the Turkish authorities have arrested Pastor Tsilka on suspicion of complicity in the abduction of Miss Stone.

The Turkish Government has refused the demand of the United States for the repayment of the \$72,000 paid the brigands as the ransom for Miss Stone and Mme. Tsilka.

In an attack by strikers on a jail in Batoum, Transcaucasia, on March 22d, thirty of the attacking party were killed by a volley from soldiers who were guarding the jail.

The French Government, through Ambassador Cambon, requested the State Department to institute negotiations for a parcels-post treaty between the United States and France.

The Dowager Princess Marie of Wied, Prussia, died March 24th. She was born January 29, 1825. The Dowager Princess was the mother of the Queen of Roumania, known by her nom de plume of "Carmen Sylva."

The Turkish Government has directed its Ambassadors to solicit the friendly intervention of the Powers at Sofia concerning the differences between Turkey and Bulgaria in relation to Macedonian affairs.

M. Santos-Dumont has accepted an invitation from the officials of the St. Louis Exposition to go to St. Louis, assist the authorities in the organization of the proposed balloon contests, and select a site on which to erect a balloon shed for himself.

On the assertion that Leon Gabriel, who was executed in Port-au-Prince, was a native of France, the French Minister in Hayti has requested that a French war vessel be sent to Port-au-Prince to enforce any claim that may be made for reparation.

A conjoint Russo-French declaration has been sent to all the Powers, announcing the satisfaction of the two governments with the purpose of the Anglo-Japanese convention, and announcing their intention to respect the integrity of China, but reserving the right to take measures to protect their interests there.

In the postal-fraud cases in Havana, C. F. W. Neely was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$56,701, W. H. Reeves to ten years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$35,516, and Estes G. Rathbone to ten years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$35,324.

Life as a Stormy Pilgrimage.

The atmosphere is full of rainstorms, electric storms, blizzards and everything else that is breezy and upsetting; moral and social atmosphere we mean. There is no rest to the wicked in this life, nor to any one else. Perhaps it has always been so; it certainly is so now. No one can come into any kind of touch with the great life of mankind as it is now being lived without being drawn into disquiet per force of sympathy, if nothing else. To feel one's-self a part of times as perturbed as these is quickening and educating, but it is disquieting; and storms, moral cyclones, social and political tornadoes, we are bound to have. It is a part of the Divine scheme for the clarifying and renewing of the race. Quiescence is fatal. Stagnation is putrefaction. Divine energies are steadily at work in history, as cosmic energies are at work upon the sea, working upheaval and filling the air with flurry and phosphorescence. Perhaps the angels can watch such things and even be a ministering force among them, and keep a smooth face and unbristling composure, but you and I cannot. The Lord could sleep during the storm at Gennesaret and let one of the disciples come and call him. But we are not the Lord. We are part of the storm and not the might of Him whom the winds and the tempests obey. Added to this such tumbling times and yawning opportunities give us a terrific sense of our limitations; so much that might be done if we only knew how; so much scope for wisdom and power if we only had it. One must be either more or less than a man to witness the struggles of our restive generation, and not be stirred into turmoil by the challenge and the contagion of it. And this is going to last. No prognostications of rising barometer or clearing weather are going to be bulletined. What the weather bureau calls "storm-center" is everywhere. For you and me to talk about "rest" under these conditions is aside from the mark. The coming year will be the last year over again. The doves let loose from the ark window returned with no olive leaf or other sign of receding water. "This is not your rest. Ye are not yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you."

At this season of the year, too, it is particularly proper to mention one other reason why we cannot rest, and that is, the unknown possibilities of evil which momentarily impend. "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." The captain on the bridge, with his steamer rushing into impenetrable fog at the rate of twenty knots an hour, takes no naps. The unexpected is always happening. Not one of us but may be on the verge of a terrific surprise. There is no weather bureau that undertakes to tell when and where the lightning is going to strike. The stroke came down among us with the suddenness of lightning this past year, and may be trusted to repeat itself in the year to come. There are no exemptions. And there are not only the pathetic uncertainties of life, there are beside the sad certainties of life; burdens that cannot be thrown off, and that will be lifelong burdens; mistakes made that can never be rectified; wounded spirits that can never be healed; disappointments that cannot be cancelled; infirmities of the flesh that must endure till the resurrection morning; sorrows that cannot be spoken; loneliness that must last till the heavenly reunion, and that no fellowship here can come to quite satisfy. We are not attempting to put upon life a tint darker than it naturally wears; but the last year has not been to us a

restful and satisfying one, and the coming year will certainly not be any more so. We only want to construe life in its true character; not go on treating it though it were a place where we can rest, when experience tells us that it is not a place where we can rest and when Scripture tells us that it is not a place where we were intended to rest.

May our meditation, blessed by the Holy Spirit, constrain us to look upon life, not as a home, but as a pilgrimage route leading toward home; our cry be unto God that He will daily make us equal to the uncertainties and disquietudes that make up so much of our present living; that our tenting experience may qualify us for residence in the coming city which hath foundations, where the tears shall be wiped away from our eyes, and weariness be forgotten in rest that is eternal, sacred, sure.

C. H. Parkhurst.



Typical Elders and Deacons.

By the Author of "Clerical Types."
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CHAPTER VI.

THE NO-TALENT MAN.

One evening at prayer-meeting the subject under discussion was the parable of the talents. The five, the two and the one talent men were all considered in turn, when Deacon Strong arose and said: There is another class not mentioned in the parable, and that is the no-talent man. To that class I belong; I cannot teach in Sunday-school; I cannot help in the singing; I cannot take part in meeting. I do not possess a single talent." A candid friend who was present at once made reply: "You are mistaken, deacon; I know of one very important talent which you possess." "What is it?" he eagerly asked. "I would like to know about it." "It is the talent for making money. Pick you up and drop you down anywhere at four cross-roads, and you would begin to trade and get gain. That is your talent, and you ought to consecrate it to God just as fully as the preacher or missionary consecrates his." This was a center shot, for in money matters the deacon was very close. To get money from him for benevolent objects was like stripping the bark from a hickory tree. The only sure way of fetching him was to appeal to his vanity. If he was called up first, and if he was made to feel that he was expected to set the pace so as to make the undertaking a success, he would give handsomely, but if he was asked to come in at the tail of the procession he would do nothing at all. Another way to work him was to play off his business rival against him. If a hint was dropped as to what his rival intended to do he would always "go one better." But these were unworthy motives; and after the prayer-meeting incident referred to it was no longer necessary to appeal to them. Upon that evening there was born within him a new sense of stewardship. He came to see that it was his bounden duty to render unto the Lord according to what he had. He had discovered his talent.

One of the first places where this change of mind and heart became visible was in the home. The deacon had been slaving for his children, scraping money together to leave it to them after he was through with it; but small thankfulness did they feel for what the dead hand was to minister. Now he began to make investments in their present happi-

ness. He made the home more attractive; he gave substantial help to the children who had married, and who were in the thick of the battle; he gave to his younger children educational advantages for which they longed, but of which they had almost ceased to dream. When spoken to about the radical change in the scheme of his life, his reply was: "I have discovered my talent, and I am trying to use it to the best advantage."

In his benevolence the deacon adopted the tithing system. He gave a tenth of his increase unto the Lord; the rest he kept for himself. Some things he counted as offerings which to others would have been looked upon in the light of personal expenses. But perhaps this was as far as he could have been expected to go; and it nailed him down to a definite course. He had to keep up a constant fight to adhere to this rule. His old selfish nature was made to squirm every time that it lifted its protest against a generous deed. By and by it became easier to give. When impulse died habit survived.

The deacon was sometimes urged by his friends to give up business. They would say, "You have made enough money to enable you to retire and enjoy yourself; you ought to slip your head from under the yoke, and give your place to another." Against this he had always two reasons to urge. "In the first place," he would say, "while I have something to retire *on*, I have nothing to retire *to*. Business has been my one absorbing interest in life; I get lots of solid pleasure out of it; were I to give it up entirely, I would be like a tree plucked up by the roots. And, besides, to give up business would be to kill the cow that gives the milk. I want to continue in business so that I will have more to give to the Lord; as I am prospered His cause will be benefited. If money-making is my talent, I mean to work it for all it is worth."

It was the same thing about the making of his will. When the light came he was led to see that the will which he had already executed was altogether unsatisfactory. He put the matter thus: "Think of the shame and confusion which would overwhelm me if, on going to meet my Lord and Master, to render up to Him the account of my stewardship, I had left him out of my will." So he at once made a new will, supplying the omission.

It can hardly be said that Deacon Strong's view of stewardship is the highest one. But it has helped him. It has brought him a few steps into the right way, and it has brought into his life a new joy. But the deacon is growing. He is beginning to get the first glimmerings of the larger truth, that no distinction ought to be made between things that are secular and things that are sacred, or between things that belong to ourselves and things that belong to the Lord; he is beginning to see that all things are sacred, and that everything that we have belongs to the Lord. When he entered upon his new experience one of the brethren wittily remarked: The deacon has taken the Lord into partnership with him; but he has made Him the junior partner of the firm." This was at the beginning, and it marked a decided advancement. Formerly he had said: "All that I have is mine, and I will give out of it to the Lord just what I please." Afterwards he came to say: "Part of what I possess belongs to myself, and part belongs to the Lord; I will try to do fairly with the Lord, and give Him what is His due." There are indications that he is being gradually led on to the higher ground, where he will be able to say: "Nothing that I possess is really mine; all of it belongs

to the Lord; I hold it as His trustee, to be used for Him as He may direct." The law of tythes is his schoolmaster, leading him to the free and joyous consecration of all to Christ.



Hinds' Feet on High Places.

By Alexander McLaren, D.D.

There is nowhere a grander piece of imaginative poetry than the ode called the "prayer of Habakkuk the prophet" which closes his Book. It describes with awe-struck vividness the coming of Jehovah for the deliverance of Israel. The mountains reel, sun and moon stand still, as His arrows fly and His lightnings flash. He "threshes the nations," and saves his people. But after the stormy sublimity comes a sweet strain of quiet trust, like soft flute music after Beethoven symphony. And the last result of the tremendous divine manifestation is the singer's individual grasp of Jehovah as his very own, his joy and his strength. "Jehovah, the Lord, is my strength, and He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and will make me walk upon mine high places."

Now highly imaginative as these expressions of personal trust are, they admit of being brought down to very plain, homely facts, and they put very strikingly the results in ourselves of true communion with God. They suggest three aspects of what our experience may be, if we too will "rejoice in the God of our salvation." Such communion brings God to a man for strength. A psalmist has a parallel to Habakkuk's words (Psa. 18: 32, 33), with a significant variation, for while he says, "It is the Lord that girdeth me with strength," Habakkuk goes much deeper with his "The Lord is my strength." God not only gives strength, as one might put a coin into a beggar's hand, all the while standing apart from him, but He is our strength, in that deep, intimate way of imparting, which one man had learned by his experience of inward weakness, and declared in profound and eternally true words, when he said: "I can do all things *in* Christ strengthening me within." We are too apt to deprive ourselves of the lofty consolations and mysterious inflowings of power which we are meant to possess, by not opening our eyes to see, and our hearts to receive, what is really the central blessing, which Christ gives, the communication of actual divine life which is meant to dwell in, and manifest itself triumphantly through, our weakness. This ancient believer, in the morning twilight of revelation, saw clearly and felt blessedly what many of us, in its noon-tide, but dimly apprehend and seldom experience—that God, in some deep, mysterious fashion, was entering into his spirit, and perfecting strength in his weakness.

But the singer had felt more than that, and he goes on to say: "He will make my feet like hinds' feet," that is, He will give light-footedness in the else weary path of plodding life. The stag is the very emblem of elastic, springing ease, of light bounding gracefulness that clears every obstacle of sure-footed swiftness. And that is how men who live near God, and have His strength in them because they do, will go along their life-path. What a contrast to the way in which most of us get through our day's work? We plod along, heavy-footed and spiritless, like a ploughman in clayey furrows, with a pound of soil clogging each boot. The monotony of our constantly recurring small duties, the ups and downs in our spirits, the stiff bits of road that we have all to pass some time; and, as days go on, the stiffer muscles which make us like to walk rather more slowly than

we once did—all these make our feet very unlike hinds' feet. But God with us will overcome monotony, and difficulties, and decaying natural strength, and our course may be, not like that of some heavy-footed animal, as a bear (which is named in Hebrew, "the plodder"), but like that of the deer, bounding sure-footed and swift on the free hill-side.

The same thought is suggested by Paul's word about having our feet shod "with the alacrity that comes from the Gospel of peace." Communion with God, and the happy possession of the Gospel which brings peace within, will make us always ready to run, and that with light hearts. Of course, conditions vary and spirits fluctuate, but still, if we only keep in touch with God, we may rejoice in our life's course "as a strong man to run a race," cheerily welcoming every duty and casting ourselves into all tasks. Fellowship with God does breathe vigor into us, and a buoyancy that comes because His angels bear us up on their hands. Unless that is so, and our Christianity makes us ready for our work, what is the good of our Christianity to us? All work not done in fellowship with God tends to become either too heavy to be tackled successfully, or too trivial to call out our best energies; and in either case to become a grind or a plod. But if He is our strength, nothing will be too formidable to undertake, nor too small to be worth effort. Nothing will be unwelcome; the rough places will be made plain and the crooked things straight, and we shall run and not be weary when there come moments requiring special energy, and "walk and not faint" through the else tedious hours of commonplace duty.

But not only so, for the singer goes on to say, "He will make me to walk upon my high places." One has to think of the herd on the sky-line of the mountains, far above danger and hunters, able to keep footing on cliff and precipice, and tossing their antlers in the keen, pure air. A wave of the beholder's hand and they are miles away. So, if we keep in loving touch with God in Christ, and day by day, even when "the fig tree does not blossom, and there shall be no fruit in the vine," will still rejoice in the God of our salvation, He will lift us high, and we shall "mount up with wings as eagles." Communion with God not only helps us to walk and to run, but to soar. If we keep fast hold of God it will be with us as with some heavy body attached to a balloon and therefore lifted, though leaden in weight. Such communion will make the high places native to us. In so far as we can reach them in this life, they will be *our* high places, and we shall be at home in lofty thoughts, in high aspirations, in Heavenward-tending efforts. We could never have climbed there by ourselves, but if we put ourselves in His hands, He will bear us up, and our lives will be "hid with Christ in God." Are we familiar with these upper ranges of thought, of experience and of life. Do we feel more at home there than down among the swamps, where are mists and miasma? The mass begins with the *Sursum Corda*, "up with your hearts," and that is the exhortation that we all need. The way to get them up is to cleave to Jesus Christ, and then He will, even while we are traveling on the low road of this earth, "set us at His right hand in the heavenly places," and make them our "high places."

It is safe up there. The air is pure. The poison mists cling to lower levels; hunters do not climb thither; their arrows or their rifles will not carry so far. It is only when the herd ventures down the hill that it is in danger. But that elevation will not lift us, so as to make us despise

the path of lowly duty. Our souls may be "like stars, and dwell apart," and yet may lay "the humblest duties" on themselves, and while we abide on the high places we may "travel on life's common way in cheerful godliness." Communion with God in Christ will make us strong, light-footed and high-hearted, and yet it will keep us at desk or mill, or study or kitchen, or office or nursery, or shop, and we shall find that the highest places are reachable while engaged in every task of the lowliest life, and that they who, as it were, come down on life from above can strike with tenfold force. So we may live on high and work down here, till at last we hear a great voice saying to us, "Come up higher," and shall ascend to the hill of the lord, where the upper springs flow, and where we shall fear no snares nor hunters any more forever.

FALLOWFIELD, Manchester, England.



Odd Ways of Birds.

Problems of Migration—Birds That Never Come to the Ground—Manners of Birds—The Methods of Food-getting.

By Olive Thorne Miller, Author of "Little Brothers Of The Air," etc.

It is not without significance that the Sphinx is represented with wings, for the bird, with the marvels and mysteries of his life, is still a wonder to us. Early in any really close study of his life and habits one is struck with this fact. Years of careful observations and study "without a gun" will be necessary before we shall be familiar with his many extraordinary ways, and still more before we shall be able to understand the eccentricities of a life which appears at a casual glance so simple.

The whole subject of migration, for example, is wonderful and full of problems, which have furnished material for miles of manuscripts and bushels of books and are still unsolved. And Herr Gätke has added one more, having discovered that the birds always travel with perfectly empty stomachs.

The remarkable feat of sinking the body in water to any desired depth, and holding it there without motion, and without clinging to anything, is another unexplainable secret. Geese, ducks, sandpipers and cormorants are all expert in this maneuver.

The air would naturally appear to be the domain of winged creatures, yet many of them are almost equally at home in the water. A fish itself might envy the speed and ease with which the penguin and ouzel dash about in their native element. Hardly more than a fish does that strange creature the petrel need to come to land; eating and sleeping on the waves, his only tie to earth is the necessity of a cradle for the helpless young. Whole families of sea birds pass their lives in and on the ocean, and come to the shore only for the nesting season.

We smile at the idea of a sea bird who is as much at home on water as on land needing or wishing to ride, yet the tropic bird is said occasionally to vary his wing exercise by alighting for a sail on the back of a tortoise which he finds lazily floating on the surface. And Major Bendire tells of a little owl at the West caught riding on the back of an unwilling gopher, with an air of such composure that the observer was convinced that it was a common exploit of the bird.

If it seems strange to think of birds spending their lives on the water, it is almost as odd to know of whole families who spend theirs in the air and never come to the ground. In some of the tropical forests, where trees are between two and three hundred feet in height, the upper branches and the air above them are the home of countless birds and insects and monkeys. More than two hundred feet from the earth below, they find not only light and air, but food in plenty, and even water in the various reservoirs of the giant plants and creepers.

Birds have many extraordinary habits with which we are so familiar that we fail to realize their singularity. The strange habits of the European cuckoo, shirking the pains and pleasures of nest-making and rearing a family, and even in the cradle—it

is said—evicting the rightful nestlings to secure exclusive care; the hornbill, walling up his mate—with her assistance—during the process of brooding and feeding the young, and many others.

Some persons will, perhaps, scoff at the idea of a bird's polite manners, and we shall hear again the old complaint of those who have no real acquaintance with birds in their homes, that we make them too human, but let me present a few trustworthy facts. Explain them who can. Many of our winged fellow-creatures welcome the approach of their mates by a sudden opening and closing of the wings. The several king-birds whom I have studied, first flew around in a circle of a few feet, added a note or two of greeting, and then lifted the wings with an air that "spoke louder than words." The sea eagle, according to Audubon, answers the note of his mate, by opening his broad wings, bending the body in a low bow, and uttering a cry. That we have not seen more of such things in bird life is, probably, because we have not studied them closely enough. The bows and genuflections of the burrowing owl of the West, as one passes his mound, which gives him the name of "How-d'y-do owl," and the well-authenticated and oft-repeated account of the cedar bird's offering a delectable morsel to his neighbor, in some cases passing it back and forth among several, both call for explanation from the skeptical.

It is certainly a most peculiar thing for a creature with wings to go over the ground on "all fours," yet there are at least two well-known birds who progress in that way "on occasion." One is the common grebe, so illy fitted for land travel that when there is occasion for haste he simply drops to the ground and uses the wings as a second pair of legs, quadruped fashion.

In association with one another, birds show as much individuality as men. There are birds of solitary tastes who are never found with their kind, excepting with a mate in nesting time, and others who mate for life and are always found in pairs. Again there are species who separate by sexes, each sex forming a flock of its own and remaining thus except during the period of nesting. Our red-winged blackbird is an example. Still others of the tribe live always in a crowd, not even in nesting time separating from their fellows. This is the habit of grackles, martins, swallows and others. They are not associated for mutual protection, for most of them are abundantly able to take care of themselves, but evidently for pure love of society. One of these communities is as sociable and talkative as a sewing society or an afternoon tea.

It would be most interesting, if we had space, to note the various ways of food-getting in the bird world. Some of the large sea birds get it by robbing other birds, and the English sparrow is rapidly becoming expert in the same business. He began, where I saw him, by taking food from young birds who were being fed by their parents, and now it is not uncommon to see him snatching from the robin the worm he has just drawn out of the ground. He is not so big as the native bird, but he is a good deal quicker.

There are birds, on the other hand, who confer benefits by their way of feeding, relieving animals of their parasites. One in Africa attends to the camels, elephants and cattle, and it is very droll to see the business-like way in which he goes over the big creatures as a woodpecker goes over a tree, examining every part, hanging head down from ears or legs, while the knowing beasts stand perfectly still. Our own cowbirds are indefatigable in their attentions to cattle. Perhaps that is the reason they haven't time to make a nest and rear their own young.

Many birds feed their mates while sitting, but that bird of odd ways, the hornbill, has a unique way of presenting his offering done up in a neat package. He swallows the fruit as he finds it, but not for his own benefit, for when he comes to the nest he recovers it snugly wrapped in the lining of his gizzard. This is so extraordinary that we might be excused for doubting it, if it were not abundantly confirmed by authentic witnesses.

Another African bird has what might be called dinner parties, where a number assemble and by dancing about in a shallow lake, stir up the inhabitants, fish, frogs, etc., and then dine upon them. We have often heard of the trick of carrying a hard shell to a height and dropping it to break it and feast on the dweller therein, but one of the clever crow family has a gentler and quite as successful a way. He simply taps on the door of the recluse—often a hermit crab. Of course that brings him out to see what it means, with the usual result.

The shrike is the recipient of much abuse and undeserved persecution because he has the curious habit of hanging up his cold

meat on thorns for future use; thus, in fact, emulating our butchers, whom we do not think of despising for the same offense.

There are many strange ways of administering food to the young, from the robin who drop it into the mouth to the flicker who rams and hammers it down till one is horrified at the sight, but the most curious is the way of a penguin. She comes in from the sea with a supply, then sticks her bill up into the air and delivers a long, noisy harangue, as if calling the world to witness. Meanwhile the youngster creeps up to her and waits till the speech is finished and the mother bends her head down with mouth open. Then the infant thrusts his head into her mouth and appears to suck something from the throat.

It has long been known that Nature performs wonderful cures in the animal world; broken bones are joined, bullets encysted, the severest wounds healed and the patient able to live sometimes for years afterwards. But it remained for a modern naturalist to assert that the bird himself assumes the office of surgeon. Professor Fatio, who is endorsed by W. Ward Fowler as "one of the most distinguished of European naturalists," asserted before a scientific society of Geneva, Switzerland, that he has seen many cases of snipe dressing their wounds, even in one case, applying splints to a broken leg. It should not surprise us that a species which has been food for powder for ages should have developed some surgical skill.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Nature and Science.

Subterranean lakes have recently been discovered in the Eucla district, Australia. They lie about thirty feet below the surface and contain an abundant provision of potable water. This discovery is of great practical importance to this especially arid district. It is of scientific value also, as it affords an explanation of the disappearance of certain rivers.



M. Redelin has discovered the remains of a mammoth associated with palæolithic remains of man near Brignoles in lower Provence. In a cave under rocks there were found four chipped flint implements associated with a portion of the molar of *Elephas primigenius*, part of the frontal bone of a human skull with the jawbone, teeth, etc. The discovery comes to fill a blank in the prehistoric records of Provence.



Experiments made at the Polytechnic Institute of Worcester on the coefficient of expansion of Portland cement show that for temperatures between eight degrees and seven degrees C. the coefficient is 0.0000051 per degree F.—0.0000081 per degree C.—which is very close to the coefficient of wrought iron.



One hundred and seventy-two out of 670 members of Parliament have notified their approval of the compulsory adoption of the metric system of weights and measures throughout Great Britain. The Decimal Association points out in a circular that in the interests of trade the reform should be made at once. It makes very slow progress in this country, however, outside of scientific circles.



Cute men some of our Nebraska farmers are—and sturdy men, too. It may come as a surprise to some, but it is nevertheless a fact, that raising wolves is a temporarily flourishing industry in the State of Nebraska. The State pays a bounty of \$4 for each wolf-scalp. Wolves becoming scarce under this law, some farmers have found it profitable to breed them in pens for the bounty market. One thrifty fellow was found to have raised a hundred wolves last summer.



M. Stazzano has heretofore noted several facts going to show that the aurora borealis is of terrestrial origin; that it is intimately connected with phenomena classed as meteorological; and now shows from statistics that low pressures of the barometer are the sign of the most direct connection, auroras increasing in frequency with low pressures. They act not only to extend the auroral zone, which, in both hemispheres, follows the line of low polar pressure, but also the period of the low pressure influences both the diurnal and the monthly period of the aurora.



Remarkable results have been attained in the explorations at Abydos during the past year. The consecutive order of seventeen kings has been established and the foundations of Egyptian history settled on a firm basis. The historic character of King Mena has been demonstrated and a long line of a dozen kings after him has been fixed. The explorers have seen and handled the gold, crystal and ivory with his name and engraving and even the kings preceding them are now better known than half the Saxon kings of England.

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for April 13, 1902.

Peter, Æneas and Dorcas.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." Acts IX, 34.

PETER'S ITINERARY.

We have in this lesson an account of the visit of Peter to the churches that were newly planted by the dispersed preachers. He passed through all quarters. As an Apostle he was not to be the resident pastor of any one church, but the itinerant minister of many churches, to confirm the doctrine of inferior preachers, to confer the Holy Ghost on them that believed, and to ordain ministers. He was like his Master—always on the move—and went about doing good. He came to the Saints at Lydda, a city in the tribe of Benjamin. The Christians we called Saints, not only some particularly eminent ones, but every sincere confessor of the faith of Christ. There was a great revival in Lydda. Step by step we see how God was leading on Peter toward the opening of the door to the Gentiles—Lydda, Joppa, Cæsarea.

THE CURE OF ÆNEAS.

The case of this man was a most deplorable one. He was sick of the palsy, and his case was an extreme one. He had kept his bed eight years, and no doubt both he himself and all about him had despaired of any relief for him. Christ chose such patients as those whose diseases were incurable in any course of nature, to show how desperate the case of fallen mankind was when He undertook their cure. When we were without strength, as this poor man, He sent His word to heal us. His cure was admirable. Peter said unto him: "Æneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." Peter does not pretend to do it himself by any power of his own, but declares it to be the act of Christ. He directs him to look up to Christ for help, and assures him of an immediate cure. He does not express himself by way of prayer to Christ that he would make him whole, but as one having authority from Christ, and that knew his mind, he declares him made whole.

THE WONDERFUL EFFECT IN LYDDA.

All that dwelt at Lydda and Saron saw him and turned to the Lord. It is hardly probable that every individual person in those countries was cognizant of the miracle and thus wrought upon by it, but very many, the generality of the people in those places. They made inquiry into the truth of the miracle; they saw him that was healed, and saw that it was a miraculous cure wrought upon him by the power of Christ, in His name, for the confirmation of that doctrine of Christ which was now preached to the world. They all submitted to the convincing proof, and turned to the Lord—to the Lord Jesus. They turned from Judaism to Christianity. They embraced the doctrine of Christ and submitted to His ordinances, and turned themselves over to Him to be ruled and taught and saved by Him.

TABITHA.

But we have following a still greater miracle wrought by Peter for the confirming of the Gospel—the raising of Tabitha to life—when she had been for some time dead. She lived at Joppa, a seaport town in the tribe of Dan, where Jonah took shipping to go to Tarshish. Her name was Tabitha, a Hebrew name, the Greek for which is Dorcas. She was a disciple, one who had embraced the faith of Christ and was baptized. She was eminent above many for works of charity. She showed her faith by her works—her good works—which she was full of. Among other good works which she abounded in was her alms deeds. What her hands found to do of this kind she did with all her might, and persevered in. This is the life and character of a Christian disciple, and it should be also of every disciple of Christ. For if thus we have much fruit, then are we his disciples indeed.

THE UPPER CHAMBER.

But Tabitha was removed in the midst of her great usefulness. She fell sick and died. Her friends and those about her did not presently bury her, as usual, but they washed the dead body according to the custom and they laid her out in her grave clothes in an upper chamber, probably used as the public meeting room for the believers of that time. And they laid this body there, that Peter if he should come, might raise her to life with greater solemnity in that place. So they sent to him two men, desiring him not to delay coming to them. Peter at once responds to their earnest entreaty and goes to Joppa, and is there conducted by the disciples

to the upper chamber in which the body of Dorcas lay where also it would be kept according to custom if the burial was delayed.

THE WEEPING BENEFICIARIES.

The widows who had enjoyed her benefactions stood by Peter weeping, thus manifesting their great sorrow. What a contrast to the outward show of the professional performers which Jesus rebuked at the raising of Jairus's daughter! They were showing the coats, or rather tunics and mantles, the specimens of her works and gifts. The tunics were undergarments worn next to the skin and extending to the knees. The mantles were outergarments, or cloaks, which were also used as a covering by night. All which Dorcas made, or was accustomed to make, when alive. Her gifts were the work of her own hands, and, therefore, so much the more precious. They were memorials of her devotion to her charitable work. She is fittingly called Dorcas in a Greek narrative, and this indicates that she was known by both her Hebrew and her Greek name.

RESTORED TO LIFE.

Peter put them all forth, not violently, but constrained them to retire. How natural to imitate his Saviour, and whose example could he better follow? Like Elijah and Elisha, he would be alone with God in prayer. He could unburden his soul only in secret; none but the Divine ear must hear the pleading and agony. Having obtained assurance of answered prayer, and that the power of the Lord Jesus was about to be exerted through him, Peter turned to the dead body, and, in faith, uttered the command: "Tabitha, arise!" It was natural that Peter, being a Jew, should use her Aramean name, that being the colloquial language of the country. Peter speaks to the body as to a living person, being assured of returning life and expectation of being obeyed. Mark the process of obedience: First she opened her eyes, an evidence of restored life; then, seeing Peter, she sat up; then Peter gives her his helping hand of welcome and congratulation and raises her up. With what truthful simplicity and how graphically is the scene described!

MIGHTY FAITH.

Those disciples had a mighty faith. How it shames the poor, weak faith of the present day! There had been no cases of resurrection, so far as is known, in the ten years that had elapsed since the resurrection of Christ. Yet those humble disciples believed in a living God and a living Christ, and that, now that there was need of a resurrection from the dead, God should grant it, and he did. Peter gave her his hand, and lifted, or rather raised, her up, helped her to her feet, in order that he might permit her to see her friends, not a dead body, as she was just before, but living, having all the active signs of life. It will be noted that two terms, "saints and widows," are used. It probably indicates that some of the widows are not profound disciples. They could hardly have continued strangers to Christ after such a demonstration as that.

THE EFFECT OF THE MIRACLE.

The miracle soon became known throughout the whole city. The tidings went everywhere, that the well-known Dorcas, who had been sick, had died and remained dead for a time till Peter came, and that in the name of Jesus Christ, he had raised her to life. So undeniable were these facts, and so deeply did they impress the people, that many believed in the Lord Jesus as the ground of their faith, whose Messiahship had been thus signally attested. "A wonder, indeed, when we look at Peter, but no wonder at all when we think of Jesus Christ, the Divine Agent. It is Divine power that works in daily order, and Divine choice can alter that order in an individual instance. Hence, let but the Deity of Jesus Christ be granted and the whole matter is explained.

SIMON, THE TANNER.

Luke shows both how Peter came to Joppa, and how he was there when Cornelius sent for him. When he first came there on an errand of mercy he doubtless thought his stay would be a short one. But the wonderful miracle wrought through him, the reception of the Gospel by the people, and the opportunity offered for preaching in a large seaport town led him to remain many days. Upon coming to Joppa he was entertained by the disciples. But after a little while, when he determined to remain for a considerable time, he lodged with one Simon, a tanner. This Simon was probably a disciple. He may have had some possessions, so that Peter enjoyed his hospitality. His house was by the seaside, and its traditional site is still pointed out. His occupation was in ill-repute among ancient nations, especially the Jews. The latter considered concealment of this fact before marriage, or entering into it after marriage, a ground for divorce. The residence of Peter with Simon seems to indicate that Peter was less scrupulous than most Jews, and perhaps also that the disciples were held in slight esteem in Joppa.

• The Up-to-Date Point of View.¹ •

Likes the
Open Court.

—a—

As an old-time reader of your excellent paper, I want to express my high approval of your new department, the Open Court,

where you can give the rest of us a chance to speak occasionally and express our opinions whether you fully agree with us or not. I am an Episcopalian, and, naturally, like to "talk back" once in a while, and I think in religion, as in business, it takes a little competition, and even opposition occasionally, to get the best results. While your paper is a progressive one, remarkably so, I think, for a religious paper, it has always been very conservative in its editorial columns, to a degree that sometimes makes some of us feel that a little more latitude in the expression of opinions, for which you should not be held with too tight a rein as responsible, may sometimes be desirable. No one man has all the truth, and even editors may be mistaken at times, I presume. Any question upon which the intelligence of fair-minded and honest men is divided, so that an equal number or even a respectable minority favor a different conclusion, is an open question, and should be so regarded, and both sides be allowed to state its case. At the same time the authority for any such statement, whether an individual or an editorial utterance, should be designated in some manner for any who might like to refer the opinion back to its source. This is admirably done by your original method of designating each source in a foot note which need not be intruded upon the reader except when wanted for reference. The method is something unique, and, if many of your readers are like the writer, it will lead to considerable correspondence with original sources, and thus save your office a good deal of correspondence by furnishing the desired information in advance.

The Power
of the Pulpit.

—b—

Is the pulpit losing its power? It is the old question and may be answered one way or another. But the pastor must ask concerning his own power in the pulpit. Does he "hold" his people? Does he attract to his church? He may put the question in another form: Does he speak to the hearts of his people? Does he enter into their lives? Does he bring a message to them? Does he speak of heavenly things as living realities, and in his words is there the breath of heaven? We should hold this as fixed in regard to men, the higher spiritual things do command their attention. Not at all times, it may be, but the heart does recognize and turn to the words that come from the unseen. There are soul-needs, there are longings after the better things. Selfishness, worldliness, sin may gain possession of the soul, but still there is that relation to God in which the things of God awaken a response. One may be walled all about so that he has no vision beyond what lies at his feet, but the fragrance of the apple blossoms comes to him. The greatest preachers have been remarkable for the simplicity of their preaching. Dr. Hall, Dr. Alexander, Dr. Taylor—their number is legion—preached with the simplicity of childhood, with the simplicity of Jesus. And men delighted to hear them, and went from their ministrations with more of hope, more of faith and more of love.

Do Birds Think
and Reason?

—c—

I have been a careful reader of your paper for more than twenty-five years. I am pastor of the Soldiers and Citizens' Memorial Lutheran Church, on the Antietam Battlefield and near the National and Citizens' Cemeteries, in Maryland. I am delighted with the very great improvement you have lately made in your paper, and am especially interested in your articles on bird life and bird minds. For more than forty years I have admired the birds and carefully studied their habits. I was brought up on a farm, near Bellefonte, Pa., where birds were plenty, and

drive much in the country here, where there are numerous species of birds, and I have, therefore, had many opportunities in this field of delightful study.

The first notes of the robin, catbird, oriole, pewit, or pewee, in spring, leave my room without an occupant. I must see them. In driving to other appointments, not a bird voice escapes my attention. I know their size, and color, and, with two or three exceptions, their name, even if not visible to me. I have the nest of a tailor-bird on my desk. It is built in the fork of a slender limb of a maple which grew in the cemetery. The superintendent cut and handed it to me. The nest is secured to the two prongs of the fork and to branchlets growing out of them, in four places, answering to the four points of the compass, by stems of grass of considerable length. On one side it is secured by carefully wrapping two stems of grass around the main fork, and weaving the ends into the nest, on the other side, in the same way, to the smaller prong, which curves, at the end, towards the main prong. To this curved end the third side is fastened. And now, how about the other side? Two inches from the nest is a twig, or branchlet, on the main prong, nearly parallel with the curved end of the smaller prong. Two stems of grass are bent around this and the four ends carefully woven into the nest. The entire nest is made of stems of grass and four leaves, in as many places, fitted between the layers of strands. The nest is woven throughout as with a bodkin. I said to a lady: "You could not do better." She replied: "Not even as well." That bird had an eye to business. Birds have minds, even judgment.

A Regrettable
Incident.

—d—

When the special carrying Prince Henry stopped at Bowling Green, an old judge mounted the rear platform of the car "Columbia," and in the name of Kentucky presented to the Prince some old peach brandy and some whiskey. The Prince replied that he would drink some of the liquor the first time he was thirsty. One of the papers remarks that this was "a sentiment that pleased the judge and his fellow-citizens and they cheered enthusiastically as the Prince from the moving train waved them farewell." Kentucky should hardly feel proud of such an episode as this. Of all men a judge who had been years on the bench, and had probably sentenced many a man who had committed crime under the influence of liquor, and so has had every reason to become acquainted with the evils due to intoxicants, should know better than to do a thing like that—which to the crowds may seem "smart," but to all thoughtful, well-balanced people will seem sad.

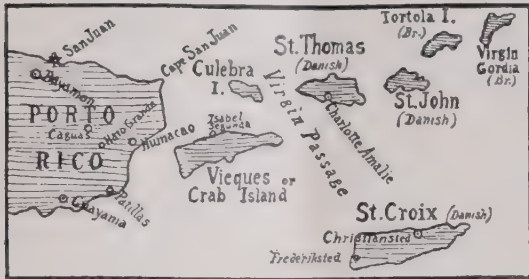
The Danish
West Indies.

—e—

We have heretofore noted the transfer of these islands to the United States, which was accomplished only a week or two ago. As a matter of fact, this transfer had been under negotiations for several years at Copenhagen. Under the terms of the treaty, the transfer is a complete sale, placing the United States Government in the place of the Danish Government in all respects as regards political sovereignty and the proprietorship of lands, buildings, fortifications and other government property which has formerly been the property of the government of Denmark. All movable military supplies—arms, ammunition, etc.—are, of course, to still belong to Denmark. In the matter of the National Church, the United States is not to supersede the Danish Government; but the church buildings and appurtenances will become the property of the congregations actually using them. The public archives, papers and documents that relate to the islands will not be taken away, but the United States agrees to give Denmark authentic copies whenever needed. Two weeks ago we gave a detailed description of these islands, which are small in territorial

¹ This department is an open court in which, numbered alphabetically for convenience, will be found original "Up-to-Date" items, short articles, news, facts and opinions of our own and other people. We especially welcome letters, comments and opinions from any source, and upon any subject of real interest. The responsible source of information for each "Point" other than our own will be given in every case. In the above these authorities are as follows: *b*, United Presbyterian; *a*, A. A. Kerblin, Shanksburg, Md.; *d*, Observer; *k-j*, Theodore D. Bacon, in the Outlook; *k*, London News; *c*, N. Y. Times.

extent, in population, and in resources; but they have strategic value, and our Government has decided that they should not pass from the control of Denmark to that of anyone else. Charlotte Amalie is the best and most frequented port in the West Indies, many vessels of various nationalities using it for coaling purposes. The purchased group consists of the three principal islands of St. Thomas, St. John and Santa Cruz, with numerous smaller islands and rocky points. The population of the entire group is about 30,000 souls. The accompanying map will give a correct idea of these islands, which lie east of Porto Rico. The distance between San Juan and Charlotte Amalie City is seventy-five miles.



The Hague Treaty.

We have already noticed the ratification of this Treaty by the United States, thus coming into line with the European and Asiatic Powers which previously had indorsed the work of the conference. The provisions of the Treaty simply impose a more just and merciful treatment in what at best is a bad business; they prohibit the use of poisons, the treacherous wounding or killing of combatants, the declaration that "no quarter will be given," the employment of weapons that cause superfluous injury, the improper use of flags of truce and unnecessary seizure or destruction of property. Senators Hoar and Teller gave occasion for some lively debate and interesting talk when they discussed whether the conduct of General Funston in capturing Aguinaldo was in conformity to the principles ratified in the treaty. It is not always pleasant to apply reform principles to ourselves.

Evacuation of Cuba.

The order for the evacuation of Cuba was made public by Secretary Root last week in an order to General Wood, directing him to turn over the government of Cuba to its people on May 20th next. The order requires the Cuban Government to assume all treaty obligations, and directs General Wood to continue an artillery force of 800 men, to avoid leaving the island entirely defenseless, unless the Cuban Government shall have opportunity to organize its own force. General Wood also is directed to convene the Cuban Congress before May 20th, and to consult with President-elect Palma and substitute such persons as he shall desire for those now holding official positions in Cuba.

Reasonableness of the Higher Criticism.

The Higher Criticism has arrived. Of that there can be little or no doubt. Not only does it appeal to the general mind by its own reasonableness and by the many difficulties and perplexities of the Bible which it clears up, but the soundness of its methods and of its general conclusions are attested by the universal acceptance which they meet at the hands of the younger generation of scholars. Every new Biblical scholar who appears is practically sure to prove a "Higher Critic;" the exceptions are so few as to prove the rule. As a clincher, we find that this criticism is but the application to the Bible of that method of study which is universal in the investigation of other historical documents, and which has reconstructed the history of Greece and Rome. It is evident that the Bible is no more exempt from these methods or rules than it is from the ordinary rules of grammar. But these methods are not those of historical investigation alone; they are but the application to these questions of the universal method of scientific investigation which has proved so marvelously fruitful during the last century. The analogy is made complete when, as a result of this investigation, the Bible is found to be a product of that great process of evolution which has been found to be working throughout the universe.

Effect of the Higher Criticism.

The effect of the Higher Criticism on theology is simply to bring it into line with other sciences, and to apply to it those same methods of investigation of which this Criticism is itself an example. In a word, theology ceases to be an *a priori* science, professedly making all its teachings the outcome of a deduction from an authoritative code, and becomes an inductive science, such as physics, chemistry, biology and psychology have become, one after another. The teachings of the Bible are not on that account held to be untrue; on the contrary, they have a strong presumption in their favor, and should be held as a working hypothesis, to be used until modified or overthrown by further investigation.

Conclusions of the Higher Criticism.

It (the Bible) is not, nor does it contain, a code of laws or doctrines to be accepted without question, but it is a record of the deepest and truest religious experience that any nation has ever known, and in the teachings of Jesus we reach that beyond which no mind has ever attempted to reach. Other nations and religions have their sacred books, which are not to be regarded as without value in broadening, deepening, confirming or correcting that which we have learned; but, after all that criticism can do, the Bible remains for us incomparably the greatest source of religious knowledge that the world has ever known, made all the more valuable by the searching scholarship that has made it a living book to us. Once more the words of Tennyson, which have their own meed of inspiration, ring true, as a record of the religious value of all search for truth, no matter how much it may at first sight seem to destroy rather than to build up:

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul according well
May make the music as before,
But vaster.



Uncle Sam: "I don't care if it's Panama or Nicaragua; I must dig something."—North American (Philadelphia).

Honor Among Thieves.

And so there is honor among brigands after all, and Miss Stone has been sent into Turkish territory in return for the ransom money. There was some fear lest the brigands might keep both the money and the lady, but they have observed the laws of honor and restored the lady in exchange for the money. The relief which all humane people will feel at this happy termination to Miss Stone's misfortunes will not, we think, diminish the disapproval with which they regard this extraordinary transaction. These brigands have now made a tremendous profit out of this affair, and they will not be discouraged from taking other travelers into their fastnesses. In fact, a traveler in Turkey may now take it that he is a highly marketable commodity for any brigand who cares to pick him up. Perhaps the best way out of this economic deadlock will be for the Turkish and Bulgarian governments to show some en-

ergy in hunting down these excellent financiers, and, perhaps, if they are fortunate, in seizing the spoil which they have obtained.

A Partial Compensation.

The loss of prestige to England by defeat in South Africa is in part balanced by the frank expression of friendship and sympathy by the German Government on the occasion of Lord Methuen's defeat. While public opinion in Germany is bitter against England, there appears to be no question, for the present at least, that the German Emperor has determined to cast in his lot with the two English-speaking nations, and to cultivate closer relations with them. Some have thought this only a step toward securing immunity from the Shantung treaty, which practically closes this Chinese province to any but German capital and manufactures, and to lead the United States to accept without protest a settlement with Venezuela. It is understood, however, that Germany's demands have been so moderated in extent and in the method in which they are presented that there will be no difficulty in reaching an agreement.

Palma is Hopeful of a Bright Future.

Thomas Estrada Palma, the President-elect of Cuba, will leave New York in April for Santiago province, Cuba, in which he will spend a few days, going thence to Havana to be inaugurated May 20th. He says that he will enter upon his duties as President of Cuba confident in the belief that there is a splendid future in store for the island. The people are naturally of an orderly, peaceable disposition, mild-mannered and submissive to law and to order. What they need is the opportunity to work, and with this assured prosperity will come to the people. They are dignified and will respect law and order. President Palma, in closing, paid high tribute to the United States Government. He said: "The Government of the United States has shown a most beautiful example of good faith in dealing with a weak government which it undertook to rescue from its oppressors. Some countries would have sought some pretext for selfish gain in undertaking a work of this character and taken advantage of some technicality for their own aggrandizement, but the contrary spirit has been manifested by the United States, and it has given to the world an evidence of good-will seldom found. The people of the United States have remembered their own Declaration of Independence and have fulfilled a duty to mankind."

Miss Ellen M. Stone.

A letter just received by *The Congregationalist* from Miss Ellen M. Stone and a cablegram from Rev. J. H. House, of Salonica, justify the belief that we shall receive in due time authoritative accounts by them, for use in our columns, of their experiences with the Bulgarian brigands who abducted Miss Stone. A communication from Rev. E. B. Haskell says: "Ransomed captives seem remarkably well. Miss Stone is troubled some by a knee which was hurt by a stumble the night she was liberated. It does not seem serious, however." Miss Stone's message to her mother, just received at the Chelsea home of the family reads thus:

SALONICA, Feb. 28, 1902.

My Own Blessed Mother—With all my heart I thank God for the opportunity to write you once more. Mrs. Tsilka, Baby Elenchie and I are pretty well, and full of happiness and thankfulness to be free. All of our friends, too, are so much rejoiced that we can but marvel at the strong bonds which make all hearts one the earth around. With love to all friends.

Your daughter,

ELLEN M. STONE.

The Liquor Question in North Carolina.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 23.—There has been, and is now, a very strong feeling in North Carolina against the manufacture and sale of liquor. In a number of counties there is absolute prohibition of the traffic in liquor. In the year 1881 the liquor question was submitted to a vote of the people, and there was a majority of 117,000 for manufacture and sale. There was a free vote and a fair count at this election, and the great majority in favor of liquor traffic was given by the negroes. A decided majority of the white men cast ballots for the suppression of the trade. In nearly every county, city, town, and township where an election has been held under the local option law, the liquor men have succeeded only by polling the negro vote nearly solid. The constitutional amendment, which goes into effect on the first day of next July, will eliminate at least two-thirds, if not three-fourths of the negro vote. The

prohibition people are well aware of this fact, and they are preparing to take advantage of the new situation. Already a meeting has been held in this city, and a State anti-liquor league has been organized, and the formation of county, city and town leagues is progressing rapidly. It is intended as soon as possible after July next to petition the County Commissioners under the local option law, for an election in every city and town where there is believed to be an even chance to carry prohibition, and there are few cities and towns, with the negro vote eliminated, that the prohibition people cannot carry.

A Doctor Not "Up to Date."

Some weeks ago a trolley car was held up by a physician and all hands vaccinated on account of an old negro woman who was riding among the passengers and who had the smallpox. Last Thursday a young doctor, who is reported as being "well dressed, and with a Van Dyke beard," while riding in a crowded car of the Third Avenue trolley line in the Borough of the Bronx suddenly commenced staring at another man, who sat opposite, and whose face was covered with little lumps. Finally, the young doctor stepped forward and whispered, as is reported, to the motorman the following:

"I'm a physician. There's a man on this car who has smallpox in an advanced stage. Say nothing, but when you get to 177th street turn into Bathgate avenue and stop close as you can to the Tremont Police Station. I want to get 'em all there, and have 'em all vaccinated before they know what the trouble is."

The motorman was greatly frightened, and turning on full power went with a speed that astonished the passengers through the streets of old Tremont village, till they stopped close by the new castle of the green lights. The doctor quickly explained the situation. The frightened passengers were marched into the building, and Dr. W. W. Tally, Health Officer for the Bronx, was told about it over the telephone, and requested to arrive as quickly as he could. He was soon at work with his lancet and virus, and the work was nearly completed when Dr. Tally said to the stranger:

"Well, doctor, now where is the smallpox patient?" "There he is," was the reply, as he pointed out the man with the marked face, who up to that time had not known that he was the cause of all the excitement. Terror came over his face. Dr. Tally took one look at him.

"Oh, pshaw," he said; "he's got nothing but plain, every-day pimples."

Costly Expectorations.

At last New York is following the lead of Chicago and even Philadelphia, slow, old Quaker City that we sometimes call her, and really making it lively for men who are continually defiling and making filthy our street cars and houses. A few days ago expectorators to the number of fifty appeared in the Court of Special Sessions to answer to the charge of having violated the law by expectorating in public places. Their excuses were singularly similar. Colds caught through the changeable weather were chargeable for the violations of the law. The prisoners had been seized with fits of coughing, and had expectorated because they could not help it, but they took good care not to add that they could easily have done this in an unobjectionable manner and place. There were some variations in the stories, however, one young man stating that he had sworn off cigarette smoking, and to steady his nerves had tried chewing tobacco. He had a very little in his mouth, and had swallowed some a couple of times to his great distress. He could not swallow any more, and spat out the tobacco, whereupon he had been arrested. As he had spent six hours in a cell and promised that he would keep his pledge against smoking cigarettes and at the same time would take another pledge that he would not chew tobacco he was discharged, as were seventeen others who had experienced the horror of several hours in a cell. The others were fined \$5 each and were warned, if ever caught again, they would be given the full penalty of a \$500 fine, a year's imprisonment, or both.

Secretary Long.

President Roosevelt's tribute to Secretary Long in accepting his resignation of the naval portfolio was too emphatic in its directness to permit of any other interpretation than that it was a sincere expression of esteem and confidence, unless the President is to be charged with lack of candor and sincerity. It is decidedly more pleasing to believe that Secretary Long left the Cabinet to the regret, not in accordance with the wishes, of the President.

Our Old Folks at Home.

Submission.

By E. H. Walker,
An Aged Invalid.

Sorely troubled, weak and weary,
Never knowing what is best;
Oh, to see this truth more clearly,
In submission there is rest.
Why should worldly cares perplex me,
When my Father knows it all?
Naught can harm and naught should vex me,
Savior, at Thy feet I fall!
Holy Spirit, teach me ever,
On this blessed truth to rest,
Naught from God my soul can sever,
What He sends is always best.



Age at the Fireside.

By James Buckham.

In how many a country home, throughout the length and breadth of this great land of homes, there sits by the fireside, day after day, summer and winter, some bowed figure and silvered head, waiting for the summons of the prepared mansion over yonder! Perhaps it is the trembling grandsire, whose thin and sluggish blood nothing can warm save the genial glow of that most potent of heaters—the kitchen stove. So there he sits, in his accustomed corner, spreading out thin, tremulous hands toward the fire, or dozing in his easy chair. Or the figure may be that of the gentle, white-haired grandmother, whose shrunken form seems lost in the great, cushioned rocker, as she knits away the evening hours of life, gratefully, cheerfully, busy until the last. Possibly the home may still be blessed by both these aged pilgrims, lingering patiently at their journey's end. But how familiar is the picture of old age at the fireside to us all! Everywhere, at the kitchen hearth of the old farmhouse, some wayworn figure is sitting, glad to be still with the loved ones here, yet not repining at the nearness of the summons to pass on to that other and more enduring home "beyond the sunset sea."

One of the blessings of old age at the fireside is to make home more sacred. I wonder if those of us who have to do with old people fully realize this? We *shall* realize it, after they are gone, no doubt; but we ought to, and we may, realize it now. That silver head is indeed a crown of glory, and it should make every home where it abides a kingly or queenly place. Impatience with old age at the fireside—rudeness, indifference, disrespect, harshness—what desecrations are they; what irreverences; what affronts to the Spirit of God and the finer sensibilities of human nature! If there is a spark of true nobility or spiritual feeling left in any human soul, how inevitably that soul is wounded by any offense to old age! It seems like a desecration of the holiest thing that God leaves with us on this side of heaven. Old age, by something inherent in itself, and by the ripening and correcting and consecrating processes of life, is the most saintly period in personal history—nearest to angelhood—and its presence in a home where hearts are right and spirits uncorrupted must always make that home a more sacred place.

And this is one of the royal gifts with which age rewards us for our care and patience—a home lifted to a higher plane, a better, more blessed home, because a more sacred

home. Do we always take this divine recompense into consideration, when we are estimating the mutual services of the workers and the dependents in any household? Do we always give old age credit for what it is doing for us *on a higher plane* than the service we are rendering it?

The presence of old age makes home a happier place, too, if right and normal relations exist between all the members of the family. Old persons have to be appreciated in order to be a blessing, but when they are appreciated, they certainly are a very great blessing. A home is invariably richer in the opportunities for happiness, and in the quality of its happiness, when old age lingers by its fireside. What happiness there is in the mere perpetuation of a long and happy family communion—no break in the circle, no jar in the music, no shadow across the sunlight! Ah! the peace, the joy, of the unbroken circle of family love; if we could only realize it to the full before that circle is broken! When the time comes that an empty chair is set back against the wall, then we feel how happy we were ere the dear, familiar face passed from our sight. Just to keep even our wayworn loved ones with us—what peace and joy in that alone!

And then there is the joy of serving old people; doing them good without hope of return in kind—one of the sweetest, purest, most exquisite joys imaginable. How the heart glows after a service done in reverence and tenderness to one of God's white-haired saints! There is something about such service that lifts the soul into a kind of humble exaltation, an ecstasy, a rapture of love and affection. There certainly is a refined, unadulterated quality in the joy that springs from reverential service that cannot be approached by any selfish form of pleasure. Old people may be a source of constant joy to those who minister to them, if the ministry is performed in the right spirit.

Old age at the fireside keeps the whole family nearer to God, in closer touch with religious life and feeling—truer in general to the better and more sacred relations of life. This is a service difficult to overestimate. Anything that actually and constantly sanctifies human life is of the greatest and most abiding value. The time will surely come when thousands, who do not at present perhaps realize this blessing will be ready to acknowledge it and bless old age for it. It is a gift beyond price, to any immortal soul, to have been kept in touch with religion, reverence, unselfishness, brotherly love, during long periods of developing and ripening character. And this the sanctifying influence of old age in the home how often accomplishes!

Then may God bless to us, and spare long to us, the silvered head by the fireside! And if there are any who have been wearying over the care and attention required by these aged loved ones (who have long ago expended greater love and care on us), may the lesson come to our hearts that there is indeed a blessing for us in such service, which more than equals any blessings we can render by our serving.



"The time for the singing of birds is come"—the time when nature calls aloud to us and bids us awaken out of the deadness of personal grief, and rejoice in the new manifestation of His beauty that God is making to the world. "Behold, I am alive for evermore, and the dead live to Me." Was not this the secret saying which the new verdure was writing all over the hills, and which the young pattering leaves and singing-birds were repeating in music? It must be well to have ears to hear and a heart that could respond with a little flutter of returning joy and thankfulness.

ANNIE KEARY.

The Home Life

An Easter Song.

By Ninette M. Lowater.

The Easter sun is shining,
Sweet tones in chorus sing
Of Christ, our risen Saviour,
Of earth and heaven the King.

We wreath with flowers His temples,
That they a type may seem
Of the asphodels of heaven,
Where Life's pure waters gleam.

"O, King of peace and glory,
Look on us now," we pray;
"Weighted down with sin and sorrow,
Our burdens here we lay."

But all the skies are brazen,
And heavy is the air.
None soothes away our sorrow,
None listens to our prayer.

Long centuries have vanished—
Like dreams have passed away—
Since in an Eastern manger
Our infant Saviour lay.

With angels for His herald,
The King of Peace, He came;
To-day, He sees earth's kingdoms
Wreathed round with battle-flame.

The burden that we bring Him
Is weight of piled-up gold;
"Give to My poor," He sayeth,
"Care for the child, the old."

Until we shall obey Him
In vain His praise we sing;
What is a flower-decked altar
To heaven's Almighty King?

Though fair we make His temple,
No gift He craves therein,
While His dear poor are starving,
And babes are taught to sin



Left-out Workers.

By H. E. Branch.

"You are not in the Sunday-school now?" I said to a faithful and valuable worker. "No," was the reply; "I was obliged to give up my class during mother's long illness, and when I returned in the fall I found my place in the school filled. There was apparently nothing for me to do; I was of no use in the school, and, more than that, I was made to feel that I was no longer 'one of them.' They had workers enough, or if they had not, strangers were being made use of to the exclusion of those who had served, and so I feel more comfortable to remain at home. But I cannot tell you how much I miss it, and I am sometimes tempted to join another school, in the hopes that, being a stranger there, I will be received into its ranks as a worker. But such a step would be misconstrued and misunderstood, so I am trying to content myself by being an 'idler.'"

This young woman was not complaining, she simply saw and stated a situation as it existed. In every church and Sunday-school is a large contingent of people who, in years

past, have given time, strength and almost their heart's blood for the upbuilding of their church; who have counted it all joy to spend and be spent in its service; but who, through circumstances beyond their control, have been obliged to drop out of service for a longer or shorter period, and who find in an incredibly short time their work is forgotten, and they themselves lost sight of. "New kings arise who knew not Joseph," and work which these faithful ones cherished and loved becomes the charge of some one else; while the ones who trimmed the sails and made sailing easy for the new workers sinks into oblivion. If by chance they go back to their former field, it is to find themselves strangers among their own. It is true, and fortunately so, that the Lord's work does not depend upon any one person. It is, however, a hard and sometimes bitter lesson for us to learn that we are not indispensable anywhere. The work which we lay down is taken up by others, and then in turn by some one else, and so passed on to completion; it may be to a larger and broader growth than we ever dreamed of. But there is a sadness about it all; and it is to be deplored that the young woman's experience should ever be repeated in any Sunday-school. It will not be if the church organizations will but keep in remembrance its faithful and efficient workers. Keep them from having that left-out feeling, which strikes such a chill to one's heart when he finds he is no longer counted in.

Perhaps one lesson to be learned from it all is that it is better not to drop out, but to stay in the ranks of workers if we do not wish to be forgotten. But there is also a lesson for the church organizations—that of having a warm welcome for the returning workers, no matter how long they have been away. Make the strangers welcome, but make the true and tried workers doubly so. Especially those who, through no fault of their own have been obliged to leave the ranks for a time. Make them feel that while their work may have become the work of some one else, yet no one has ever taken *their* place. That they may not say they came unto their own and their own received them not.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Speak Now.

In the long, far-reaching prairie land lay a poor woman who knew probably nothing about the Gospel of Christ; she went from worse to worse in her physical condition, and the doctor, seeing the end, began to tell her something about Jesus and the Christ, about sin, and God's answer to sin. It was a revelation; it was the out-shining and the in-shining of a morning that had never beamed upon the unawakened imagination of these isolated people. When the doctor went away the daughter of the house followed him and said: "Doctor, how long have you known all these things?" "For a long time," said the doctor; "for twenty years at least." "What! you have known them for twenty years, and never named them until now?" Do not tell me, in the unpardonable cant of selfish sensitiveness, that some things are too sacred to be spoken about. There may be, but the Gospel is not one of them. It was created to be told, to be translated into every tongue. Do not gather your arms around your hypocritical hearts, and say, "There are some things too sacred to be spoken about." There may be. But salvation by the blood of the Lamb is not one of them.—
Joseph Parker.



Attention, children! here comes

An Easter Call to Grandma's Children.

By Mary R. Baldwin.

Grandma, peaceful in the old chair
 Its wide arms holding with gentle care.
 Dear to your children, and so true,
 Bringing each week things old and new,
 With a fairy's hand, and a magic art,
 To each child you love with all your heart,
 I ask you to send for the darlings all,
 They will surely come at your early call.
 I whisper close to your old ear,
 In tones so loud that you will hear,
 Of wonders worked in this Southland,
 Where spring flings far with gen'rous hand
 Her gifts, thro' sweet sunshiny days,
 To gladden all the quiet ways.
 'Hind the forests pine trees high
 Lift their green heads up toward the sky,
 And jasmin hangs its bells of gold
 With climbing vines in wealth untold.
 In gardens violets modest hide,
 The waiting lily sheath beside.
 Roses in bud, that long have lain,
 Impatient linger, e'er they gain
 Their perfect freedom in the air
 That, eager, waits a thing so fair.
 Now, grandma, I would like to bring
 Each fragrant, lovely flow'ring thing,
 And pile all high upon your lap,
 Until they reached your snowy cap.
 Then how e'en Southern air would ring
 With echoes as the children sing!
 The mocking-bird would take the strain,
 Warbling it o'er and o'er again,
 And North and South unite as one
 Under a glad, sweet Easter sun.

I thank you for this thought, so sweet,
 It makes my Easter joy complete.

Grandma has received the cutest little Easter greeting from a dear little, wee little grandchild, Catherine Haveland, Bechtel, twenty months old. With it she sends two of her pictures, one taken out under the trees when she was a mite of a baby, and the other taken last winter, I fancy, when the snow-man was around. I would like to show them to the rest of my grandchildren, they are so cunning, but they are arranged so gracefully and artistically, and tied together so prettily to the "Greeting" with dainty blue satin ribbons, that I cannot decide to take them apart. I will copy the Easter greeting, however, and the other verse which came with it, and print it here for you all to read. I shall hang the dainty token where I can see it daily, and I send my love, and the wish that the Easter joy may ever be around sweet little Catherine. Here is the

EASTER GREETING TO GRANDMA.

Dear Grandma, one year ago to you I wrote
 A very tiny, tiny little note.
 Now I'll send this "snap-shot," and you must guess.
 If you say, "Catherine," I'll say, "Yes."
 We'll make believe that here we are meeting.
 Just take this kiss for an "Easter Greeting."

And here is the verse about winter:

WINTER, GOOD-BYE.

Old King Winter, with your frost and snow,
 Do you feel sad to think you must go?
 You've been good to me, I've had such fun,
 But now, dear old winter, you must run;
 For here comes spring that we love so dear,
 The grass, flowers and birds will soon be here.

OUR POST OFFICE.

MABEL'S SISTER.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., March 15, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I am Mabel's sister, and I hope you will let us come and make our visit to you together. Mabel is 12 years old and I am 14. We go to school and study pretty much the same things. I am only one class higher. I am so glad that summer is coming, it will be so nice to take trolley rides. We can get in a car here and go down to the ocean. It's lovely there. I hope you will have room for both of us and that we will not crowd you too much. I send you my love and an Eastern greeting.

Your grandchild,

ESTELLE HATCH ROTH.

It is very pleasant to have you and Mabel at the same time. I am glad to welcome you both. So the trolley has been introduced to Portsmouth? That is a great benefit and advantage to the town, certainly. It runs down to York Beach, I presume, and to Kittery and Rye. The summer is a delightful season in your neighborhood, I know. I had the privilege of spending a few weeks one summer in your vicinity and well remember its attractions.



One of these boys is Johnnie—
 He is no "April Fool";
 He carries an umbrella
 When on his way to school.

The other one is Charlie—
 His hands and feet are bare,
 Whether it's rain or sunshine,
 But little does he care.

INTELLIGENT.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., March 15, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I have a pigeon and it is so tame it will eat out of my hand. My brother has a pocket monkey; it is so small that it will go in his coat pocket. He often carries it around with him. We think you have a very nice paper, and we all read it. The other night when I was reading in the chair the monkey jumped on my shoulder, stretched over and and put his paw on the picture of Cupid with the roses, and began to chatter. He always likes to look at pictures. Isn't that funny? Good-bye, Grandma. Please print this.

Your loving grandchild,

MABEL ROTH.

Grandma saw one of these little pocket monkeys a short time ago. A "Marmoset" I think it was called. It was a gentle little creature, very tame and affectionate and resembled a squirrel. I wonder whether your brother's pet approves of "Cupid." I think he must be an intelligent little creature to notice pictures.



THE CRUISE of The CACHALOT

By Frank T. Bullen
First Mate



CHAPTER XXIV.

BAY OF ISLANDS AND NEW ZEALAND COAST.

Life on board those three ships, though described in glowing terms by the visitors, was evidently not to be mentioned for comfort in the same breath as ours. But we found that our late captain's fame as a "hard citizen" was well known to all; so that it is only ordinary justice to suppose that such a life as he led us was exceptional for even a Yankee spouter. Our friends gave us a blood-curdling account of the Solander whaling ground, which we were about to visit, the James Arnold and Coral having spent a season there that cruise. I did not, however, pay much attention to their yarns, feeling sure that, even if they were fact, it would not help to brood over coming hardships, and inclined to give liberal discount to most of their statements. The incessant chatter got wearisome at last, and I, for one, was not sorry when, at 2 in the morning, our visitors departed to their several ships, and left us to get what sleep still remained left to us.

A pleasant expedition was planned for the next day. Our visit being principally for wooding and watering, both of which it was necessary for us to do ourselves, Captain Count showed his usual promptitude in commencing at once. Permission having been obtained, and, I suppose, paid for, we set out with two boats and a plentiful supply of axes for a well-wooded promontory to prepare a store of wood. Wood-chopping is not usually looked upon as a sailor's pastime; but we had had considerable experience during the voyage, as a result of which most of us could swing an axe in fine style. But the Kanakas beat us all hollow. Delighted to get ashore again, pleased with the fine axes as children with new toys, they laid about them in grand style, the young trees falling right and left in scores. Anybody would have judged that we were working piece-work, at so much a cord, the pile grew so fast. There was such a quantity collected that, instead of lightering it off in the boats, which is very rough and dirty usage for them, I constructed a sort of raft with four large spars arranged in the form of an oblong, placing an immense quantity of the smaller stuff in between. Upright sticks were rudely lashed here and there, to keep the pile from bobbing out underneath, and thus loaded we proceeded slowly to the ship with sufficient wood for our wants brought in one journey. It was immediately hoisted on board, sawn into convenient lengths and stowed away, the whole operation being completed, of getting between eight and ten tons of firewood cut, ferried and stowed, in less than eight hours.

Next day was devoted to watering; but as I have elsewhere described that necessary if prosaic occupation. I will not repeat the story. Sufficient to say that the job was successfully "did" in the course of the day.

All the work being accomplished for which we had come, it only remained to give the crew "liberty." So the port watch in their best (?) rig were mustered aft; each man received ten shillings, and away they went in glee for the first genuine day's liberty since leaving Honolulu. For although they had been much ashore in Vau Vau, that was not looked upon in the same light as a day's freedom in a town where liquor might be procured, and the questionable privilege of getting drunk taken advantage of. Envious eyes watched their progress from the other ships, but, much to my secret satisfaction, none of their crews were allowed ashore at the same time. There were quite sufficient possibilities of a row among our own crowd, without further complications such as would almost certainly have occurred had the strangers been let loose at the same time. Unfortunately, to the ordinary sailor-man, the place presented no other forms of amusement besides drinking, and I was grieved to see almost the whole crowd, including the Kanakas, emerge from the grog-shop plentifully supplied with bottles, and, seating themselves on the beach, commence their carouse. The natives evinced the greatest eagerness to get drunk, swallowing down the horrible "square gin" as if it were water. They passed with the utmost rapidity through all the stages of drunkenness. Before they had been ashore an hour most of them were

lying like logs, in the full blaze of the sun, on the beach. Seeing this, the captain suggested the advisability of bringing them on board at once, as they were only exposed to robbery by the few prowling Maoris that loafed about the beach—a curious contrast to the stately fellows met with in other parts of New Zealand.

So we set to work, and brought them on board again, handing them over to their compatriots by way of warning against similar excesses, although, it must be confessed, that they were hardly to blame, with the example of their more civilized shipmates before their eyes. Sam was energetic in his condemnation of both the Kanakas for getting drunk, and the captain for giving them any money wherewith to do so. The remainder of the watch fortunately concluded their carouse without any serious disorder. A few bruises bestowed upon one another, more in clumsy horseplay than real fighting, summed up the casualties among them. By 10 o'clock that evening we had them all safely on board again, ready for sore heads and repentance in the morning.

During the day I had evolved a scheme, which I had great hopes of carrying out when our watch should be let loose on the morrow. When morning came, and the liberty men received their money, I called them together and unfolded my plan. Briefly, I proposed a sort of picnic at a beautiful spot discovered during our wooding expedition. I was surprised and very pleased at the eager way in which all, with the sole exceptions of Tui and his fellow-harpooner, a Portuguese, fell in with my suggestions. Without any solicitation on my part my Kanakas brought me their money, begging me to expend it for them, as they did not know how, and did not want to buy gin.

Under such favorable auspices as these we landed shortly after 8 A. M., making a bee-line for the only provision shop the place boasted. Here we laid in a stock of such savories as we had long been strangers to, both eatables and drinkables, although I vetoed firewater altogether. Beer in bottle was substituted, at my suggestion, as being; if we must have drinks of that nature, much the least harmful to men in a hot country, besides, in the quantity that we were able to take, non-intoxicant. We also took tea, sugar, milk and a kettle. Thus furnished, we struck for the country, merry as a group of schoolboys, making the quiet air ring again with song, shout and laughter—all of which may seem puerile and trivial in the extreme; but having seen liberty men ashore in nearly every big port in the world, watched the helpless, dazed look with which they wander about, swinging hands, bent shoulders and purposeless rolling gait, I have often fervently wished that some one would take a party of them for a ramble with a definite purpose, helping them to a little enjoyment, instead of them falling, from sheer lack of knowing what else to do, into some dirty, darksome gin-mill, to be besotted, befooled and debased.

I do earnestly wish that some of the good folk in London and Liverpool, who are wringing their hands for want of something to do among their fellow-men, would pay a visit to a sailor-town for the purpose of getting up a personally conducted party of sailors to see the sights worth seeing. It is a cheap form of pleasure, even if they paid all expenses, though that would not be likely. They would have an uphill job at first, for the sailor has been so long accustomed to being preyed upon by the class he knows, and neglected by everybody else except the few good people who want to preach to him, that he would probably, in a sheepish, shame-faced sort of way, refuse to have any "truck" with you, as he calls it. If the "sailor's home" people were worth their salt they would organize expeditions by carriage to such beautiful places as—in London, for instance—Hampton Court, Zoological Gardens, Crystal Palace, Epping Forest, and the like, with competent guides and good catering arrangements. But no; the sailor is allowed to step outside the door of the "home" into the grimy, dismal streets with nothing open to him but the dance-house and brothel on one side and the mission-hall or reading-room on the other. God forbid that I should even appear to sneer at missions to seamen—nothing is farther from my intention; but I do feel that sailors need a little

healthy human interest to be taken in providing some pleasure for them, and that there are unorthodox ways of "missioning" which are well worth a trial.

I once took a party (while I was an A.B.) from Wells-street Home to the South Kensington Museum. There were six of them—a Frenchman, a Dane, a Russian Finn, two Englishmen, and an Irishman. Though continually sailing from London for years, this was the first occasion they had ever been west of Aldgate. The only mistake I made was in going too deep at one step. The journey from Shadwell to South Kensington, under the guidance of one familiar, through the hardest personal experiences, with every corner of the vast network, was quite enough for one day. So that by the time we entered the Museum they were surfeited temporarily with sight-seeing and not able to take in the wonders of the mighty place. Seeing this, I did not persist, but, after some rest and refreshment, led them across the road among the naval models. Ah, it was a rare treat to see them there! For if there is one thing more than another which interests a sailor, it is a well-made model of a ship. Sailors are model makers almost by nature, turning out with the most meager outfit of tools some wonderfully finished replicas of the vessels in which they have sailed. And the collection of naval models at South Kensington is, I suppose, unsurpassed in the world for the number and finish of the miniature vessels shown.

Our day was a great success, never to be forgotten by those poor fellows, whose only recreation previously had been to stroll listlessly upon and down the gloomy, stone-flagged hall of the great barracks until sheer weariness drove them out into the turbid current of the "Highway," there to seek speedily some of the dirty haunts where the "runner" and the prostitute awaited them.

But I have wandered far from the Bay of Islands while thus chattering of the difficulties that beset the path of rational enjoyment for the sailor ashore. Returning to that happy day, I remember vividly how, just after we got clear of the town, we were turning down a lane between hedge-rows wonderfully like one of our own country roads, when something—I could not tell what—gripped my heart and sent a lump into my throat. Tears sprang unbidden to my eyes, and I trembled from head to foot with emotion. Whatever could it be? Bewildered for the moment, I looked around, and saw a hedge laden with white hawthorn blossom, the sweet English "may." Every Londoner knows how strongly that beautiful scent appeals to him, even when wafted from draggled branches borne slumwards by tramping urchins who have been far afield despoiling the trees of their lovely blossoms, careless of the damage they have been doing. But to me, who had not seen a bit for years, the flood of feeling, undammed by that odorous breath, was overwhelming. I could hardly tear myself away from the spot, and, when at last I did, found myself continually turning to

try and catch another whiff of one of the most beautiful scents in the world.

Presently we came to a cottage flooded from ground to roof-ridge with blossoms of scarlet geranium. There must have been thousands of them, all borne by one huge stem which was rooted by the door of the house. A little in front of it grew a fuchsia, twelve or fourteen feet high, with wide-spreading branches, likewise loaded with handsome blooms; while the ground beneath was carpeted with the flowers shaken from their places by the rude wind.

So, through scenes of loveliness that appealed even to the dusky Kanakas, we trudged gaily along, arriving pretty well fagged at our destination—a great glade of tenderest green, surrounded by magnificent trees on three sides; the fourth opening on to a dazzling white beach sloping gently down to the sea. Looking seaward, amid the dancing, sparkling wavelets rose numerous tree-clothed islets, making a perfectly beautiful seascape. On either side of the stretch of beach fantastic masses of rock lay about, as if scattered by some tremendous explosion. Where the sea reached them, they were covered with untold myriads of oysters, ready to be eaten and of delicious flavor.

What need to say more? With oyster-feeding, fishing, bathing, tree-climbing, tea-making, song-singing, the hours fled with pitiless haste, so that, before we had half emptied the brimming cup of joys proffered us, the slanting rays of the setting sun warned us to return lest we should get "bushed" in the dark. We came on board rejoicing, laden with spoils of flowers and fish, with two-thirds of our money still in our pockets, and full of happy memories of one of the most delightful days in our whole lives.

A long night's sound sleep was rudely broken into in the morning by the cry of "Man the windlass!" Having got all we wanted, we were bound away to finish, if luck were with us, the lading of our good ship from the teeming waters of the Solander grounds. I know the skipper's hopes were high, for he never tired of telling how, when in command of a new ship, he once fished the whole of his cargo—six thousand barrels of sperm oil—from the neighborhood to which we were now bound. He always admitted though, that the weather he experienced was unprecedented. Still, nothing could shake his belief in the wonderful numbers of sperm whales to be found on the south coasts of New Zealand, which faith was well warranted, since he had there won from the waves, not only the value of his new ship, but a handsome profit in addition, all in one season.

Hearing this kind of thing every day made me feel quite hungry to reach the battlefield; but, for reasons which doubtless were excellent, although I cannot pretend to explain them, we started north about, which not only added nearly one hundred miles to the distance we had to go, but involved us in a gale which effectually stopped our progress for a week. It was our first taste of the gentle zephyrs

which waft their sweetness over New Zealand, after sweeping over the vast, bleak, iceberg-studded expanse of the Antarctic Ocean. Our poor Kanakas were terribly frightened, for the weather of their experience, except on the rare occasions when they are visited by the devastating hurricane, is always fine, steady, and warm. For the first time in their lives they saw hail, and their wonder was too great for words. But the cold was very trying, not only to them, but to us, who had been so long in the tropics that our blood was almost turned to water. The change was nearly as abrupt as that so often experienced by our seamen, who at the rate of sixteen knots an hour plunge from a temperature of eighty degrees to one of thirty degrees in about three days.

We, with the ready adaptability of seamen, soon got accustomed to the bleak, bitter weather, but the Kanakas wilted like hothouse plants under its influence. They were well fed and well clothed, yet they seemed to shrivel up, looking thinner every day, several of them getting deep coughs strongly suggestive of a cemetery. It was no easy task to get them to work, or even move, never a one of them lumbering aloft but I expected him to come down by the run. This was by no means cheering, when it was remembered what kind of a campaign lay before us. Captain Count seemed to be quite easy in his mind, however, and as we had implicit confidence in his wisdom and judgment we were somewhat reassured.

The gale at last blew itself out, the wind veering to the northward again, (Continued on page 552.)

COFFEE TOOK IT.

Robbed the Doctor of His Cunning.

"I was compelled to drink some Java coffee yesterday morning and suffered so much from its effects that I feel like writing you at once.

I am 61 years old and for a great many years have been a coffee drinker. My nerves finally got into a terrible condition and for about two years I suffered with sinking spells and was so nervous that it seemed as though I could hardly live. I suffered untold agonies. My heart would stop and my kidneys gave me no end of trouble.

About six months ago I gave up coffee for good and began using Postum. I insisted on knowing that it was properly made by being sufficiently boiled, and I prefer a cup of rich Postum to Java, Mocha, or any other coffee.

My sinking spells have left me, my head gives me no trouble now, the kidneys are greatly improved, and, in fact, I feel a great change in my whole body. It is such a comfort to be well again.

I know a physician in San Antonio who had become so nervous from the use of coffee that his hand trembled so badly that he could not hold a lancet, or even take a splinter out, and could scarcely hold anything in his hand. Finally he quit coffee and began using Postum. Now the doctor's nervousness is all gone and he is in good health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

(Continued from page 551.)

with beautiful, springlike weather, just cool enough to be pleasant, and, withal, favorable for getting to our destination. We soon made the land again about New Plymouth, jogging along near enough to the coast to admire the splendid rugged scenery of the Britain of the south. All hands were kept busily employed preparing for stormy weather—reeving new running gear, bending the strongest suit of sails, and looking well to all the whaling gear.

In this active exercise of real sailor-work, the time, though long for an ordinary passage, passed quickly and pleasantly away, so that when we hauled round the massive promontory guarding the western entrance to Foveaux Straits, we were almost surprised to find ourselves there so soon.

This, then, was the famous and dreaded Solander whaling ground. Almost in the center of the wide stretch of sea between Preservation Inlet, on the Middle Island, and the western end of the South, or Stewart's Island, rose a majestic mass of wave-beaten rock some two thousand feet high, like a grim sentinel guarding the Straits. The extent of the fishing grounds was not more than a hundred and fifty square miles, and it was rarely that the vessels cruised over the whole of it. The most likely area for finding whales was said to be well within sight of the Solander Rock itself, but keeping on the western side of it.

It was a lovely day when we first entered upon our cruising ground, a gentle northeast wind blowing, the sky a deep, cloudless blue, so that the rugged outline of Stewart's Island was distinctly seen at its extreme distance from us. To the eastward the Straits narrowed rapidly, the passage at the other end being scarcely five miles wide between the well-known harbor of the bluff, the port of Invercargill, and a long rocky island which almost blocked the strait. This passage, though cutting off a big corner, not only shortening the distance from the westward considerably, but oftentimes saving outward bounders a great deal of heavy weather off the Snares to the south of Stewart's Island, is rarely used by sailing-ships, except coasters; but steamers regularly avail themselves of it, being independent of its conflicting currents and baffling winds.

(To be continued.)



OLD POINT COMFORT, RICHMOND AND WASHINGTON.

Six-Day Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The fifth of the present series of personally-conducted tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, April 5th.

Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond—in fact, every necessary ex-

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Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of Policies.

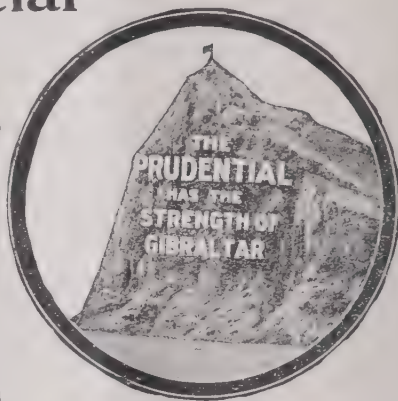
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DEPT. 72



pense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of \$34 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; \$32.50 from Trenton; \$31 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

OLD POINT COMFORT ONLY.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including luncheon on going trip, one and three-fourths days' board at The Hygeia or Chamberlain Hotel, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of \$15 from New York; \$13.50 from Trenton; \$12.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

SPECIAL RATES ANNOUNCED VIA SOUTHERN RY.

Asheville, N. C.

One fare round trip, account Southern Baptist Convention; Washington to Asheville and return, \$14.95. Tickets on sale May 6th to 10th, good to return until May 21st, except that by deposit of tickets with joint agent at Asheville on or before May 15th and payment of fifty cents, an extension to not later than June 2, 1902, may be obtained.

Jackson, Miss.

One fare round trip, account of the annual meeting General Assembly Presbyterian Church; Washington to Jackson and return, \$26.50. Tickets on sale May 12th, 13th and 14th, with final limit May 30, 1902.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

One fare round trip, plus \$2.00 membership fee. Tickets on sale June 27th to July 1st, with final limit July 6th, except

that by deposit of ticket with joint agent on or before July 6th and payment fee of fifty cents, an extension will be made to not later than September 10, 1902.

For full particulars, information, etc., call on or address New York office, 271 and 1185 Broadway. Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 1185 Broadway.

The warmth of a woman's love is only exceeded by that of her temper.

Usually when a man starts on the downward road the brake refuses to work.

A straight ticket doesn't necessarily indicate that all the candidates are straight.

The nearer a girl approaches the age of 30 the more anxious is she to lose her self-possession.

YOU ARE A READER

of CHRISTIAN WORK, and for that reason you are entitled to one bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine for trial, if you need it and write for it. One small dose a day of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine cures the most troublesome cases of constipation and you are at once relieved from the torture and danger of that common trouble. The same wonderful medicine cures the worst cases of stomach trouble and it is a speedy cure for all deprave dconditions of the mucous membranes, including catarrh in the head, stomach, bowels and urinary organs. Send a letter or postal card at once to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and prove by a free trial that Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine cures all stomach troubles, constipation, catarrh, congestion and disease of kidneys, inflammation of bladder and enlargement of prostate gland, to stay cured. Write now for a free bottle. It will be sent promptly, free and prepaid.

In the Library.

The announcement that a volume is on sale consisting of letters sent to the "Men's Association" of Brick Church, New York City, by the late Rev. Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock, has been watched for eagerly by his many friends and admirers. This book has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, and is entitled "Letters from Egypt to Palestine." In the preface, the president of the Association, Henry L. Smith, states that, "The letters are given just as written, with the omission, especially in the first, of a few personal allusions. Dr. Riggs, of Auburn Seminary, the leader of the party, has kindly verified the historical and geographical references." The letters are intensely interesting, and the detail of each day's doings well and graphically told. To all who knew Dr. Babcock personally, these letters must contain something more than a simple history of travel. To such, each line breathes of the loving pastor, the true and loyal (one might add, royal) friend. All lovers of books of travel will find this little volume a helpful and authentic guide; and all lovers of the man, whose beautiful and useful life was so suddenly cut off, will get a closer and more intimate insight into his noble character.

It is with a feeling of relief that one reads nowadays a novel which is *not* historical, and which is also well written. Such a book is "Michael Ross, Minister," by Annie E. Holdsworth. The story is placed in England in a village called "Great Lowlands," and tells of one Michael Ross, a young, unmarried minister of the Independent Church. Unlike most parsons, Michael is possessed of a private fortune, and an abnormal moral nature. This latter causes him "to fear doing right lest he do wrong," and is an unhappy appendage to an otherwise sunny, enthusiastic and happy disposition. He has the misfortune to fall in love with his predecessor's wife, who is miserably unhappy in her married state, and who returns his love. There are many strong scenes between the two, who make a noble fight against temptation. After the death of the old minister—the young wife being free—she and Michael marry and are followed by misfortunes of all kinds; but in the end love meets with its reward, but not until they have both been tried to the uttermost. The character of Ruth Nettlefold is a strong one, in many ways the superior of Cornelia. There are an unusual number of lifelike and amusing persons in the book, which is as good and interesting a tale as has appeared in some time. All novel lovers will find "Michael Ross, Minister," well worth reading and the book should rank among the popular ones of the day. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, publishers.

Thomas Nelson Page in the April *Scribner's* has a humorous story of life around a court-house in an old Virginia town where the ancient traditions survive. The story is entitled "The Sheriff's Bluff."

TRAINED NURSE CURED BY SWAMP-ROOT.

USED BY HOSPITALS—PRESCRIBED BY DOCTORS.

To Prove What Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of CHRISTIAN WORK May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Miss Alice Brown, the well-known trained nurse, is in a position to speak with knowledge. She was formerly with the St. Louis Baptist Hospital, and has had many trying experiences in her arduous vocation. She adds her valuable testimony to the thousands already received by Swamp-Root. She said in a signed interview with a reporter of the St. Louis *Star*:



MISS ALICE BROWN.

"Although a woman in my position can receive plenty of prescriptions from physicians without cost, it was upon the advice of a well-known West End Doctor that I began to take Swamp-Root. No, I will not tell you his name, for he might not like it. But all the same, I took it when I was run down from night work in the sick room. I was

thin and yellow and tired even when I rose from my sleep. Swamp-Root gave me a relish for my food and cleared my blood from its stagnant impurities. Of course, I do not praise Swamp-Root as a cure for all troubles, but it is splendid for the kidneys, stomach and bowels, and relieves female disorders when all other remedies have failed to give relief. I know of many cases in the hospital cured by this wonderful remedy."

Alice Brown

1519 Semple Ave., St. Louis, Mo.,

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease; therefore, when, through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

We often see a relative, a friend, or an acquaintance apparently well, but in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their severe illness, or sudden death, caused by that fatal type of kidney trouble—Bright's Disease.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the great kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients, and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy. A trial will convince anyone—and you may have a sample bottle free, by mail.

EDITORIAL NOTE—If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and a book telling all about Swamp-Root and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the *CHRISTIAN WORK*.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

"Laughlin's Elements of Political Economy." (Revised Edition.) By J. Laurence Laughlin, Ph.D., Head Professor of Political Economy in the University of Chicago. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. Professor Laughlin's brief yet lucid explanations of the principles of political economy have rendered his book most satisfactory for use in high schools. In the revision, among other changes and additions, such topics as the tariff and bimetalism are impartially discussed in their latest phases; a fuller treatment is given to the development of division of labor; and there is added a brief discussion of large production and of combinations of producers. The book represents the best thought of an acknowledged authority, as modified and adjusted to the latest social and political movements in this country; and we can confidently recommend it as a sound and helpful presentation of the subject.

Mary R. S. Andrews (the wife of Judge Andrews of Syracuse), author of "Crowned with Glory and Honor," in a recent number of *Scribner's*, shows another phase of the good story-teller in a most amusing tale in the April *Scribner's*, the scene of which is in a hunting club in Quebec. Frost will illustrate the story.

Cancer, Tumor, Piles, Catarrh, Ulcer and Skin Diseases.

Successfully cured by a combination of Medicated Oils. Thousands of persons come or send to Dr. Bye, of Kansas City, Mo., for this wonderful Oil. Many cases are treated at home without the aid of a physician. Persons afflicted should write for illustrated book showing the various diseases before and after treatment. Physicians endorse this mild method of treatment. Call or address Dr. W. O. Bye, Cor. Ninth and Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

The Housekeeper.

Mistaken Philanthropy.

That much-discussed question, the "servant girl," is still "before the house" and with no nearer a settlement than when it first began to perplex the servant-keeping households of the land.

It has, indeed, of late, become a very serious question, for it is almost impossible when a girl leaves her place to fill it readily with another. This is not because there are no "girls" in need of employment, advertisements for "help" are answered, and "situations wanted" are daily in our papers; but when the candidate appears either she is not favorably impressed with the place, or the wages offered are not what she considers her services to be worth.

Many instances have come to my knowledge recently where girls have applied for situations and have been engaged, but have failed to keep their part of the contract.

Not long ago we were startled by a suggestion from a matron in one of our Western cities that the working time of the house-servant should be based upon the eight-hour plan! Fancy the dismay which would strike the heart of the average housekeeper if this theory were put into universal practice. Possibly in such households as the one the aforesaid lady represents, this policy might be followed satisfactorily. Undoubtedly capital can lighten labor. Where there is plenty of capital there can be an abundance of help and time so arranged and divided that the working hours of each servant should not exceed eight hours per day.

Notwithstanding, in some instances, emergencies might arise even in these households which would necessitate overtime, or if the rule were followed to the letter, extra help would have to be provided, and substitutes are not always procurable at a moment's notice. However, this might be overcome by the promise of extra pay, and, presumably, our Western reformer has considered this possible phase in her unique idea.

But the unfortunate middle class, who can only hire one, or at most two, servants! How is the theory to apply to these? The old saying "Woman's work is never done" is not obsolete, and while science has thrown its helpful light over the domestic sky as well as over various other horizons, showing how and where many things may be simplified and executed, there will ever be, while the family is an earthly representative, the thousand and one little things constantly requiring attention and when least expected.

Eternal vigilance is the watchword in every household that is well cared for, and whether that vigilance is pursued by mistress or maid, or both, it must be at the sacrifice of time and often of inclination as well. Usually, if the vigilance is co-operative the considerate and kind mistress gives her assistant the preference and allows her the moments of rest

after the regular routine of the day's work is ended. The incidentals are usually seen to by the homekeeper herself, particularly if there are children in the family, and long after the maid has gone out for an evening with her friends, or has retired for the night, the busy hands of the mother, are finding something to do.

Science has yet to discover the invention which will take work out of woman's hands altogether, and until then the working hours, no matter how well utilized, must frequently exceed the limit advised by an over-wise philanthropist.

While many organizations should be looked into, and their methods and wages altered in justice to the employee, many more would be better let alone and the frequent strikes, etc., thus averted. Observation proves that in a great many cases dissatisfaction on the part of the employee with his wages or place is prompted or increased by outside interference. From her point of view, the Western matron may think she is doing the servant constituency a great favor by thus suggesting an eight-hour service for them, but the housekeepers know that she has but added a new peril for *them* to face and fight.

Even in the best managed of the average households the work could not be so regulated as to render the eight-hour service practicable at all times. In families given to great hospitality, teas, luncheons and dinners are a frequent occurrence and the assistance of the maid is often required up to a late hour in the evening, and servants who have special grades of work are called upon to aid in other departments. As yet, the domestic problem has not resolved itself into a science and cannot be conducted absolutely upon that principle.

The reasonable, conscientious mistress, and there are many such, will not make a slave of her maid in the kitchen, but will see that she has many opportunities for rest. Most of my acquaintances who have hired help try to impress upon them that when the work is done the time can be used for their own benefit. Of course this does not mean that the help can go out on a visiting or shopping expedition at any hour of the day, but that, between meals, if there are any spare moments, they can be taken for resting, sewing or reading. Except on special occasions, such as wash day, ironing or sweeping day, in small families where dinner is not served till night, there are many spare periods for rest and relaxation if a girl is systematic about her work.

In such families it is the rule, more often than the exception, that the upstairs work is done by the mistress herself, and only on rare occasions is the maid called upon to come above the first flight of stairs. Furthermore, during the month—the time by which a servant is hired—she has two afternoons off during the week and the customary every other Sunday, and in many instances she is even more favored than this. I know

of more than one family where the domestic gets an afternoon, or two, off every week.

Domestic service and labor of other descriptions cannot very well be conducted on the same principles. While it may be true that in some branches of trade or professions the eight-hour system is followed to the letter, there are numerous businesses which demand a longer portion of time from its employees. Emergencies and complications quite frequently arise when it becomes imperative for the employees to work overtime, and often without extra pay. A faithful servant has his master's interest at heart; he is not "an eye servant," and if the business demands any special attention, or makes extra demands upon his time, he readily and willingly does his best without complaint or grumbling.

The servant problem cannot be solved, or rightly adjusted, by any such overzealous interference. It only serves the purpose of agitating and dissatisfying help. For example: Since this question has been discussed from time to time in the newspapers, a servant in a household in which the writer is interested, and one who has her regular afternoons off each month and several additional ones, with frequently whole days thrown in—and a long vacation in the summer, for which she is paid her full wages—electrified her mistress by announcing that she had seen in the papers the item about the eight-hour system and proposed to act upon it. Her employer was inclined to consider it a joke at first, but the servant soon gave her to understand that it was dead earnest, so she promptly dismissed the girl, advising her by all means to find such a situation.

Later, the girl having thought it well over, decided that she was satisfied with her present place—and the "strike," so
(Continued on page 555.)

FOOD AND NEURALGIA.

The Right Food Will Drive It Away.

Good food cures neuralgia and many other diseases if it is the right kind of food and taken regularly, for the proper food will surely rebuild the cellular tissues and build the right kind of cells instead of diseased cells. When the rebuilding is under way the disease leaves.

That is the fact and the base of the food cure. There are hundreds of thousands of cases to prove the truth of this assertion.

A man in Delaware, Ia., Mr. Thomas Craven, says: "My wife has been greatly afflicted with neuralgia and has never found any medicine that would cure her.

I was told that if she could be fed on Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food for a time she would probably get well, so we started on Grape-Nuts. Within a very short time Wife became entirely free from pain and is now, to all appearances, entirely cured of her trouble.

We cannot find words to express our appreciation of the beneficial results from this greatest food in existence, Grape-Nuts.

(Continued from page 554.)

far as she was concerned, was declared "off."

That there are two sides to the servant question all fair-minded women will agree. There are houses wherein the servant is treated as if she were utterly devoid of feelings—a mere machine—where she is made the butt for all manner of ridicule and is obliged to bear the burden of continual fault-finding and complaint, and this when she is conscientiously trying to do her best. It ought not to surprise us, then, that these poor, ill-treated slaves turn at last, and when they find a new place are ready to resent the least opposition or remonstrance. It is but the law of compensation, for, how is the ill-used servant to be assured that she is not to suffer as before? In the best-managed and most considerate places the servant girl is sometimes subject to homesickness and heartache. No matter how kind and thoughtful the mistress may be, the life of a domestic is lonely and isolated, and we should not censure her too severely if she seems unappreciative of the efforts made in her behalf and is ready to give up her situation for a new experiment.

Neither should her faithful services be overlooked in the chagrin and annoyance of losing her. We, who can go where and when we please, who are not hirelings, can ill appreciate the longing for change and companionship which attacks the girl in the kitchen; let us be more lenient with her, and if she grumbles now and then, and frets at her environments, let us put ourselves in her place and judge her accordingly.

The following item lately appeared in a Chicago paper:

"Society women of Wilmette gave a reception last night in favor of their servants in one of the finest of homes in the suburbs. The cooks and maids sipped ices with their mistresses, discussed cultivation of the higher life, and did other things on the plane of social equality. The president of the Wilmette Woman's Club gave a short and motherly address to the young women which tended to put them at their ease. She told them that the work of a cook or maid was as honorable as any other. After the novelty had worn off and the maids had become accustomed somewhat to their new station in life, they made the most of the situation and had a good time."

With such ill-advised interest in their behalf, is it any wonder that the servant girl in this country is mounting "stilts" and filling her head with foolish notions of "rights" and equality. It is all very well to try and lift the servant girl to a higher plane of intelligence and to impress her with the belief that her calling is an "honorable" one. There is no fault to be found with that, but no self-respecting worker has any need or desire to be patted on the back by patronizing superiority. The sentiment of the right-minded and sensible girl in the kitchen, or the one in any other working capacity, is not that she is above her position but that her position, however lowly, can be dignified or degraded by her own attitude towards it.

Hope Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Pa.—Rev. J. Gray Bolton, D.D., pastor—received at its recent Communion twenty-three accessions, twenty of which were by confession. This is the second addition since January, and makes, with the first, nearly forty new members.



The Washington annual meeting of the American Tract Society was held Sunday afternoon, March 16th, in St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church. Rev. Judson Swift, field secretary at New York, presented a brief report of the society's work, and Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackay-Smith preached the sermon.

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is the problem with infants. The growing child has ever-changing needs, but a perfect milk can never go amiss. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the acme of substitute feeding. Send 10c. for "Baby's Diary." 71 Hudson St., N. Y.

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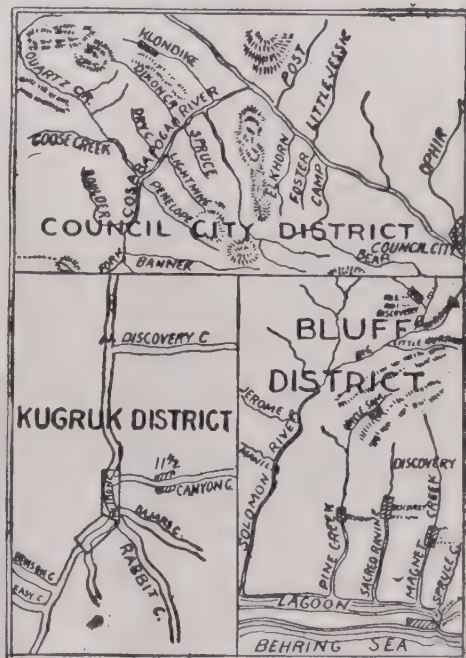
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Christian Endeavor.

Sunday, April 13th.—II Cor. viii., 1-5;
IX, 6, 7; I Cor. xvi., 1, 2.

Giving; Its Law; Its Reflex Influence.

By Lina Jeanette Walk.

A miser once insisted that he was a proportionate giver. He afterwards explained that he "gave in proportion to the religion he possessed." This is the truth in a nutshell, for the more we have of the love of God in the heart, the more we will be filled with the spirit of love to our fellowmen and the greater will be the longing to give whenever we have opportunity.

It is significant how our topic of last week and this one fit into each other. As we grow we give, and giving makes us grow. The conditions of giving and growing are pretty much the same and the quality of the growth is determined by the influence which promotes it. In nature we notice how things go on from strength to strength—"first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." Over and over again this parable is repeated in plant, in flower, in tree. This is the law of giving that growth may continue on and on, from small beginnings to great results.

The reflex influence of giving is evident and its power can scarcely be estimated. Not only is the gift of money to be considered, but the gift of one's-self—the gift of thought, work, energy, time—whatever helps to uplift and make the world better, and mankind purer and nobler. The progress of God's work depends quite as much on these gifts as upon the simple distribution of money. We are not, however, to make gifts of this description a release from almsgiving; we are commanded to give as we are able and if we cannot give liberally we can give cheerfully that which we can spare. The Lord looketh upon the heart and will bless and reward the small-est offering.

If we have given ourselves to God that includes all our possessions. By this act we have entered into covenant with Him to consecrate all that we own to His use, His honor and glory; and if we hold anything back we are unworthy stewards, and the time will come when we shall be called to an account. If we are true Christians we shall not give from a sense of duty alone, but because our delight is in the Lord and our greatest happiness will be in giving to Him the best that we have.

Giving to God always pays. Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman says: "I have somewhere read the story of the old bishop who was praying at the altar when there came in a poor woman crying with bitter tears, asking for help for her son. The old priest responded, 'I have no money to give, but I will give prayers.' 'Prayers will not suffice,' she said, 'I must have alms of money for my boy,' and then, seeing the silver candlesticks

before the altar, she said, 'Let me have these,' and reaching up with trembling hand, the old priest placed them in her hand, and then fell upon his knees to pray that God might forgive him, if forgiveness was necessary. Suddenly he became aware of the presence of great glory, and opened his eyes to find that all the building seemed to be aflame, not with fire, but with the presence of God, and, lifting up his eyes, behold the candlesticks were there, but they were gold! Has not this been the experience of all Christians? We give God our silver and He gives it back to us in gold; we give Him ourselves and He gives us Himself; we let Him have our lives and He returns them transfigured.

"God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son!" What, then, are our greatest and most liberal gifts in comparison with this? Let us make Christ our model, and give willingly and freely—and from love.



Among the Churches.

Rev. Dr. A. Z. Conrad, pastor of Old South Church, Worcester, Mass., has resigned, to take effect May 1st. Poor health is given as the cause of resignation, and he will take a three-years' rest—going to the Pacific Coast in the spring. He has been pastor of Old South Church since Oct. 6, 1900.

Rev. F. D. Penney, pastor of Lincoln Square Baptist Church, also read his resignation, to take effect May 15th, and has accepted a call from Burlington, Vt.

Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has returned to his home, 243 Jefferson avenue, fully restored to health. Dr.

Carson spent his season of rest and recuperation principally at Palm Beach, Fla. Dr. Carson was in his pulpit for the last time on December 12th, when he received into membership ninety-eight persons. He was unable to preach in the evening and was confined to his room for several weeks quite seriously ill. He left January 12th, a month later, on the advice of his physicians, his church having granted him eight weeks' vacation.

Alaska Gold.

The Elkhorn Mining Company of Alaska is offering a small amount of its capital stock for public subscription at par, and those who take advantage of the present opportunity will reap the profits made by the company, and by next season this stock will undoubtedly be sought after at high prices. The properties owned by this company are "highly tried" and have proved to be among the richest discovered in Alaska. They are nearly all "creek" claims, affording a never-failing supply of water, which is an absolute necessity and a most valuable asset. It is the intention of the managing director, Mr. Edward McGettigan, to leave San Francisco on the first steamer direct for Cape Nome, and work will be vigorously pushed during the whole open season, and at the end all the gold produced will be brought direct here to New York City and be placed on view to stockholders at the company's offices—then sold and dividends paid.

"Small capitalization means large dividends" and as only a small proportion of the small capital of this company is to be sold, all the benefits will go to but a few.

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Among the Churches.

At the recent communion of the Reformed Church, of High Falls, N. Y., ten persons united with the church, nine by confession and one by certificate.

At the March communion fourteen were received into the Reformed Church, at East Millstone, N. J., ten of whom were on confession.

At the last communion in the First Reformed Church, Chicago, Ill., Rev. H. Harmeling, pastor, ten united on confession.

There were admitted to the Second Reformed Church, Rev. E. J. Blekkink, pastor, on Sunday, March 2d, twenty-five members on confession and one by letter.

Rev. Dr. Alexander H. Vinton (Episcopal) will be consecrated bishop of Western Massachusetts on April 22d, in Springfield. The consecrator will be Bishop Davies, of Michigan, a personal friend of Dr. Vinton.

Rev. R. P. H. Vail, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Stamford, Conn., has asked the congregation to unite with him in a request to the Presbytery to dissolve the pastoral relation April 1st, when he will have completed twenty-six years in this charge.

At Golden's Bridge, Westchester County, N. Y., the Methodist Episcopal Church was blown down in the fierce gale of March 19th. The bell and steeple were found in the Croton River, a long distance away.

The series of revival meetings conducted by Rev. Arthur J. Smith and Major Fred S. Marquis for the last two weeks in the Sixth Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J., were brought to a close last week. The pastor, Rev. Davis W. Lusk, stated that this had been one of the most successful series of meetings ever held in the church. Over one hundred persons had signed cards, which said, "I desire henceforth to lead a Christian life." Most of these were adults. In closing Mr. Smith disclaimed any credit for the success of the work, but said that the credit was due to the faithful preparation that had been made by the pastor and his helpers. Every house in the community had been visited, and for several weeks before the meetings began there was a series of simultaneous cottage prayer-meetings, in charge of twenty-four men of the church.

Mrs. Henrietta McCague, wife of Rev. Dr. Thomas McCague, died at her home in Omaha, Neb., March 24th. Mrs. McCague and her husband were the founders of the United Presbyterian Mission in Cairo, Egypt, in 1854, now one of the largest missions in that country. She returned to Omaha in 1861, and, with her husband, formed the first United Presbyterian Church in Nebraska. She was identified with the mission work of that denomination for forty years.

Rev. Pierce Butler Thompkins, pastor of St. James' Presbyterian Church, 32d street, near Seventh avenue, died from a complication of diseases on March 18th, at Aiken, S. C., where he had gone in

hope of improving his failing health. He was widely known in negro church work in New York, and his untiring efforts to raise a fund sufficient to build a new church are thought to be largely responsible for his illness. Rev. Mr. Thompkins was born in Parkville, S. C., in April, 1864. He was reared with the idea of becoming a farmer, but his ambition led him to find the means to come to New York and enter the Union Theological Seminary, from which he was graduated in 1894. Two years later he became pastor of St. James' Presbyterian Church, in which he preached his last sermon in October last.

Rev. William H. Sallmon, pastor of the South Congregational Church, of Bridgeport, Conn., has declined a call to the presidency of Tabor College, Iowa.

Twelve churches under the supervision of the New York Presbytery have debts of \$395,000, an average of nearly \$33,000 each. The Presbytery has appointed a committee to raise the money needed to clear off these debts. As Calvary Church, having a debt of \$30,000, has been disbanded, and as its property is worth about \$60,000, it will not be necessary to raise as much as \$395,000.

Arrangements have been completed between the justices of the Court of Special Sessions and the Charity Organization Society by which the services of Miss Ada Eliot, on her return from Europe in August, will be placed at the disposal of the court as probation officer. In this capacity she will be the virtual successor to Mrs. Rebecca Salome Foster, known as "The Tombs Angel," whose death occurred in the Park Avenue Hotel disaster.

Rev. Dr. Thomas P. Coulston, who was pastor of the First Baptist Church, Frankford, Pa., from 1862 till 1890, died after a long illness on March 24th, aged 68 years.

Rev. N. W. Cadwell, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Westfield, Mass., was assaulted by two tramps on the evening of March 24th and seriously injured. When he went to his barn to lock up he found the tramps there and ordered them to leave the place. They refused and turned on him, one of them slashing the clergyman's face with a razor. The attack was so sudden that he had no chance to defend himself. The tramps fled across the fields.

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Rev. C. Sund, of Harrisville, Wis., testifies that Gloria Tonic cured two members of his congregation, one who had suffered 18, the other 25 years. Rev. W. Hartman, of Farmersville, Ill., writes: "Five boxes of Gloria Tonic cured Mr. A. Kulow, a member of my congregation, who had suffered day and night."—Mr. E. S. Kendrick, P. O. Box 13, North Chatham, Mass., after using liniments for 18 years, writes: "I am convinced that it will cure any case." Mr. B. H. Marshall, Plain City, Ohio, writes: "I am 76 years old, and had it not been for Gloria Tonic I would be no more among the living." Mrs. Mary E. Thomas, of No. 9 School Street, Nantucket, Mass., writes: "From my childhood on I have suffered from rheumatism, have been cured through Gloria Tonic at the age of 83 years." Mr. N. J. McMaster, Box 13, Plain City, Ohio, writes: "Gloria Tonic cured me after prominent physicians of Columbus, Ohio, called me incurable."

Gloria Tonic in Point Pleasant, W. Va., cured Mr. R. A. Barnett, 77 years old, after suffering 15 years.—In Menominee, Mich., it has been used with excellent results by Hon. Martin Van den Berg, Justice of the Peace.—In Perth, Miss., it cured Mr. J. C. Chapman, after suffering 30 years.—In Odessa, Mo., it cured Mrs. Marion Mitchell, who had suffered 12 years.—In Elmherst, Ill., it cured Mrs. Nicolina Brumond, age 80 years.—In Otis, Ind., it cured Mr. Christian Krantz, after suffering 22 years.—In Gift, Tenn., it cured Mr. L. Nelson, a merchant, after suffering 20 years.—In Bolton, N. Y., it cured Mr. Jos. Putney, 83 years old.—In Durand, Wis., it cured Mrs. Nellie Brees, after suffering 20 years.—In Manila, Minn., it cured Mrs. Minna F. Peans, after suffering 14 years.—In Craig, Mo., (P. O. Box 134), it cured Mr. John N. Kruser, 76 years old, after suffering 15 years.—These are a few of the many thousand testimonials of recent date. Every delay in the adoption of Gloria Tonic is an injustice to yourself.

No matter what your form of rheumatism is—acute, chronic, muscular, inflammatory, sciatic, gout or lumbago—write me to-day sure, and by return mail you will receive the box and also the most elaborate book ever gotten up on the subject of rheumatism, called "Rheumatism, its Causes and Cure," absolutely free. It is illustrated with numerous stippled drawings from actual life, and treats every form known to science. It will tell you all about your case. You get the trial box of Gloria Tonic and this wonderful book at the same time, both free. So let me hear from you at once, and soon you will be cured.

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send for new information how to remove it easily and effectively without chemicals or instruments. Correspondence confidential in plain sealed envelope. Mrs. M. N. PERRY, C 108 Box 93, Oak Park, Ills.

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How the After-Effects of This Disease May Be Driven Away.

Mr. Robert G. Yates, of No. 55 Clark street, Dubuque, Iowa, was left miserable with the after-effects of the grip until he took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They restored him to perfect health. He tells the story as follows:

"I was taken with the grip on Christmas Eve, 1890, and suffered from it for three months. When I was over that, it left me a physical wreck. I was restless and sleepless, with constant pains in my limbs. I fell away in flesh, lost my appetite, was tired out for no reason, and became generally miserable.

"Finally, when things were looking pretty blue for me, one day I noticed a piece in the paper about a man living in Kansas who had been cured of a somewhat similar complaint of some years' standing by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. So I decided to try them. I felt better before I finished one box. I kept on taking them and they cured me. Now I am past sixty-three years of age; I enjoy perfect health, and, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I can do a good day's work again. I am as hale and hearty as many men much younger than I, have a splendid appetite and can go to sleep a few minutes after retiring.

"I might also add that before I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I had suffered for about seventeen years with rheumatism, but I have not felt any of it since. They are a wonderful medicine and I have no doubt but that they saved my life."

With each recurring epidemic of the grip it is more evident that the disease leaves in its wake a train of stubborn ailments that often baffle the skill of physicians. Loss of flesh, thin blood, nervousness, shortness of breath, exhaustion after slight exertion—so that it is often difficult to walk up stairs—these are a few of the symptoms of after-effects of the grip. More serious results often follow and grip has come to be regarded as the highroad to pneumonia, bronchitis and even consumption.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box; six boxes for two dollars and a half, by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.



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For the purpose of introducing my Home Treatment in certain localities I will for a short time, give to every sufferer wanting a cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption and Weak Lungs medicines for 3 months' treatment FREE. No C. O. D. imposition. Write at once, Dr. M. Beatty, 369 W. 9th St., Cincinnati, O.

NOTE.—Dr. M. Beatty, the Throat and Lung Specialist, has an enviable reputation for ability in his profession, and will not promise what he cannot carry out. We advise our readers to write to him. [CHRISTIAN STANDARD.]

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Slowly, but surely, our great millionaires are following Mr. Carnegie's example. Odd that a man should spend two-thirds of his life trying to get rich and the remainder in trying to die poor.

Stern Parent—I suppose you are aware, young man, that I cease to provide for my daughter when she leaves my roof?

Suitor—Oh, yes; we have settled about that—Bertha and I. We have decided to make our home with you.

Cassidy—Man, ye're drunk.

Casey—'Tis a lie, ye'r spakin', Cassidy. Ye'd not dare to say that to me iv Oi was sober.

Cassidy—If ye wuz sober ye'd have sinse enough to know ye wuz drunk.

"She said I might kiss her on either cheek."

"What did you do?"

"I hesitated a long time between them."

Miss Saltonstall—Mrs. Smythe tells me that her father won distinction on the bench.

Miss Winthrop—Yes, he was a shoemaker.

"I tell you your country is painfully new. Why, you haven't even any fairy tales."

"Haven't, eh? Well, you just come with me and look at some of the tablets on our best monuments."

A Georgia paper says: "At a revival meeting a man arose and said he was the wickedest man in the town. 'I'd go to perdition if I should die to-night,' he concluded. Immediately an old deacon started the hymn, 'If you get there before I do, look out for me, I'm coming, too.' And then the deacon wondered why everybody laughed."

"Your train goes at 2.50," said the ticket seller. "Make it 2.48 and I'll take it," murmured Mrs. Bargainsales abstractedly.

A man who was bicycling in Southern France was pushing his machine up a steep hill when he overtook a peasant with a donkey cart. The patient beast was making but little progress, although it was doing its best. The benevolent cyclist, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his machine with the other hand, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load successfully up to the top. When the summit was reached the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor. "It was good of you, indeed, monsieur!" he protested. "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey."

"Some say that marriage is 'one grand sweet song.'" "Yes, and man has to furnish the notes." "Well, there is no difficulty in getting woman to furnish the words."

Long engagements have no earthly charm for a young widow.



The fact that all women suffer during the birth-hour leads a great many women to accept a degree of suffering which is altogether unnecessary. Sometimes it is hours, sometimes days before the struggle is over. No medicine can absolutely eliminate pain from this time of travail, but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can and does make the baby's advent practically painless. It acts upon the organs of maternity, giving them strength and elasticity. It produces physical comfort and mental cheerfulness. It is an effective tonic, giving the mother abundant nutriment for her child.

"I believe I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's remedies, and have long felt it my duty to acknowledge the benefit I received from Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets,'" says Mrs. Maria O. Hayzel, writing from Brookland, D. C. "Six years ago, after the birth of one of my children, I was left in a weak, run-down condition. My health seemed utterly gone. Life was a burden. I doctored with three different physicians and got no relief. I began to get worse, and to add to the complications, I suffered terribly from constipation. I chanced to try one of your advertisements and concluded to try the above remedies. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets,' and began to improve right away, and continued improving and gaining in strength. I cannot express the relief, it was so great. Seven months later my little daughter was born without much trouble. I feel that I would never have been able to endure my confinement only for the help due solely to Dr. Pierce's medicines. She was a fine, healthy child, and the only one I have ever been able to nurse."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

A fool is to be pitied, but a hypocrite deserves a swift kick.

It is a difficult matter to convince some married men that there are two sides to every question.

It makes a woman angry if she is unable to interest a man and if he is interested she loses interest in him.

An unconfirmed report from London says that when ex-Governor Hogg of Texas, now in that city, was told that when presented to the King he would have to wear court dress he exclaimed: "Either I go as an American-dressed Hogg or I stay at home."

"It would surprise you to know how much counterfeit money we receive in the contribution boxes in the course of the year."

Thoughtless Friend—I suppose so. How do you manage to get rid of it all?

Man's Mission on Earth

Medical Book Free.

"Know Thyself," a book for men only, regular price 50 cents, will be sent free (sealed postpaid) to any male reader of this paper, 6 cents for postage. Address the **Peabody Medical Institute**, 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass., established in 1860, the oldest and best in America. Write to-day for free book, "The Key to Health and Happiness."

For 40 years the Peabody Medical Institute has been a fixed fact, and it will remain so. It is as standard as American Gold.

The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

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Illustrated Family Newspaper

Volume 72.

APRIL 12, 1902.

Number 1834

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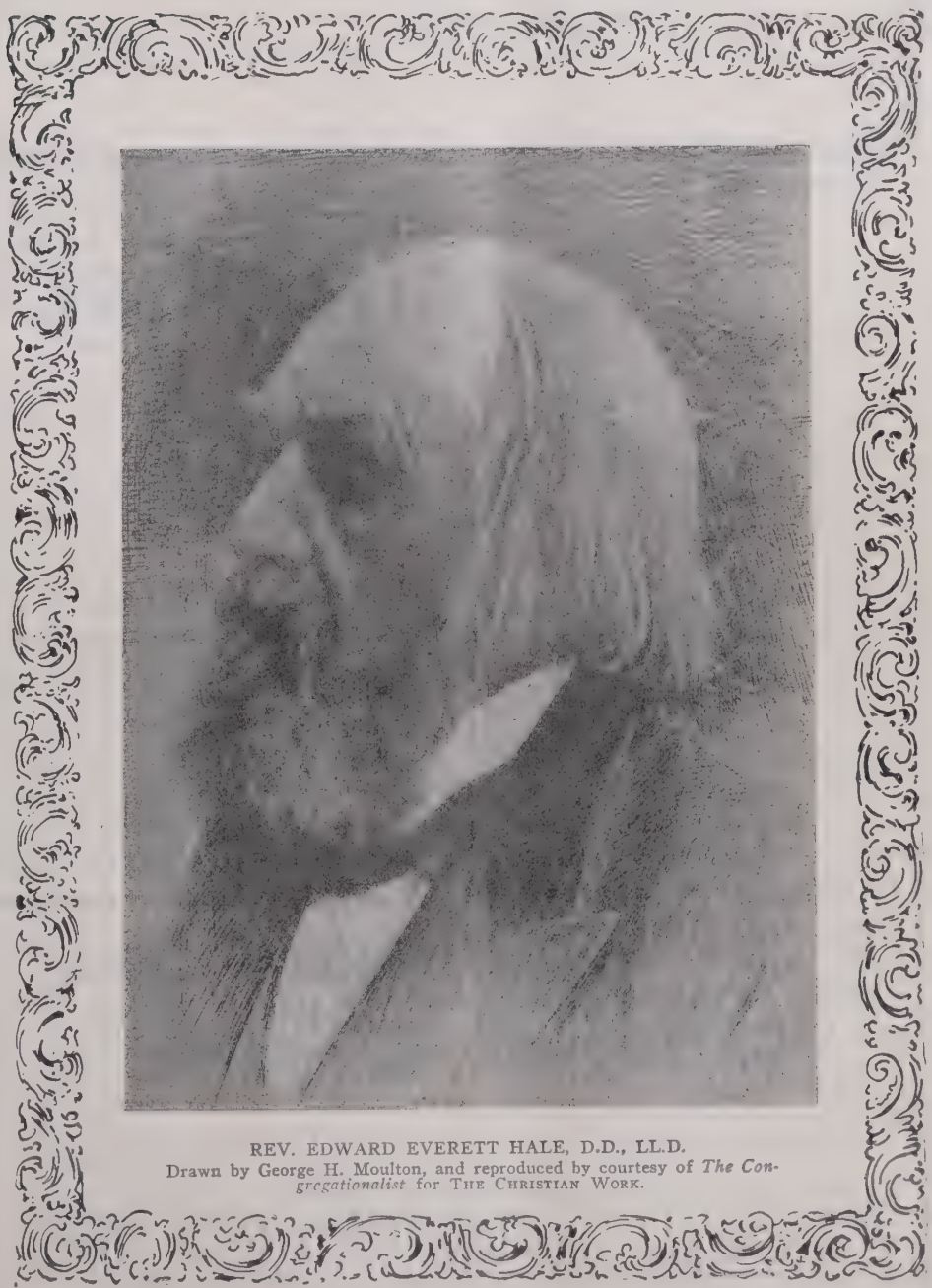
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REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D., LL.D.
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Weekly---Continuing The Christian at Work.

Volume 72

New York, Saturday, April 12, 1902

Number 1834

For Terms See Prospectus on Page 599.

Light Shining
in Darkness.

Dr. Parkhurst is right. He telegraphs from Lakehurst to the *Times*:

We had supposed that the administration was going to reform the police. It looks as though the police were going to reform the administration.

Just this has happened, and Dr. Parkhurst's epigram, biting and severe as it is, stands fully justified. One day last week fourteen platoon men went out on duty at 12 o'clock midnight on Saturday. In the early hours of Sunday they came back, bringing saloonkeepers and bartenders in custody whom they had caught violating the excise law. These offenders were supposed to be "protected," by the fact that they were members of the Liquor Dealers' Association, and paid their regular blackmail to the wardmen (policemen in citizens' clothes). But the policemen knew they were being watched by District Attorney Jerome, and that they were liable any moment to arrest for neglect of duty, so they determined to have done with the miserable business once and forever. They strengthened themselves up, addressed themselves to their duty and brought the offenders into court. The result is they already have secured the reward of public and official approval, and also of promotion, while the wardmen who collected the blackmail have been obliged to don their uniform and "do" the streets. At this writing it is impossible to say just what the outcome will be. But it looks as if the camel had his head under the tent and would soon get in. It looks as if *the time for the enforcement of law* had come, and as if between the District Attorney and the police, themselves moved to act in their own defense, the enforcement of law without hedging and without qualification was assured. In this relation we are glad to see that the Mayor assents to the new conditions. This is a manifest departure from his first position of partial enforcement—a dangerous attitude for any one to assume, be he Mayor, journalist, minister or plain citizen.

✦

The Great
Beef Trust.

The *Herald* has rendered an important public service in exposing the monopolistic methods of the great Beef Trust, which is conducted to give to the farmer the least price for his cattle, and making the average citizen pay the most for his beef, mutton, etc. The *Herald* has laid before the public telling documentary proofs of the oppressive monopoly of one of the most rapacious of all trusts—the Beef Trust, wielding a power to make a prime necessary of life a costly luxury. They show a combination of six or seven big concerns to monopolize the cattle trade of the West, control the meat market of the East, and advance prices to a pitch that means extor-

tion to all consumers and deprivation to many—and this in order to enrich themselves at the expense of the masses. The methods of the Beef Trust would seem to constitute one of the worst abuses at which the anti-trust statute of Congress was aimed, or at which any anti-trust law can be aimed. It is a combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade. It is a monopoly destructive of competition. It controls prices and enforces extortion. It has the people, and especially the poorer masses, at its mercy in the matter of daily food. Its operations are interstate, and hence within the jurisdiction of Congress. The existing law provides that "every contract, combination in the form of a trust or otherwise in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States or with foreign nations is hereby declared to be illegal." Under such a law it would seem as if the Attorney-General of the United States could and should bring suit to secure to the people the relief to which they are justly entitled.

✦

Profits of the Great
Steel Corporation.

With the sum of \$111,000,000 written as the net profits of the United States Steel Corporation, the enormous income of the great trust is seen at a glance. This corporation claims about 80 per cent. of the entire iron and steel output of the country. If this be true, the total net revenues for the iron trade as a whole have amounted to some \$135,000,000 during the last twelve months. This is nearly twice the sum which the Treasury took in during the fiscal year 1901. It is equal to a quarter of the entire year's receipts of the Federal Government from all sources, and more than half the \$243,000,000 which was collected from customs during the twelve months ending last December. It is noted in this relation that the Steel Corporation paid out altogether to its stockholders \$56,000,000, against a total of \$1,144,000 paid to shareholders in the Fall River cotton mills.

✦

The Showing
for Beet Sugar.

The report of the American Beet Sugar Company for 1901 exhibits such a prosperous condition of affairs as to deal a severe blow to the contention that the industry would suffer from a reduction of 33 per cent. in the tariff on Cuban sugar. The company produced 77,932,500 pounds of sugar, as compared with 33,351,560 in 1900, and its gross earnings were \$3,521,047.46, as compared with \$1,931,707. The surplus, after deducting cost of operations and maintenance, was \$491,307.37, an increase of \$65,671.37 over 1900. Judging from this report, the future could not be brighter for the American Beet Sugar Company. "Your chairman," said Mr. Cutting, "believes that your plants can manufacture the refined product more cheaply than any other beet sugar factories in the United

States, and therefore below the cost of granulated sugar made from imported raws." The admission of Cuban sugar at 20 per cent. off the tariff rate might have damaged the beet sugar industry five years ago, but to-day it is in so flourishing a condition, because of the reduced cost of production, that the dividends of the company would not be affected in the least. The truth is that the American Beet Sugar Company expects to produce more sugar in 1902 and get a slightly higher price for it, in spite of Cuban competition, and as there will be no need of laying out a large sum of money on the plant the dividend should be handsome. The American Beet Sugar Company could well stand a cut to 33 1-3 per cent., as proposed by Governor Wood."



The Danish
West Indies.

Special despatches from Copenhagen represent that the sale of the three islands—the transfer, as they prefer to call it—approved as it is by the King and the Ministry and by an overwhelming vote in the lower House of Parliament, is opposed in the upper House by the selfish interests of two steamship companies and by a small but demonstrative minority of old-fashioned conservatives. When it is remembered that the islands have scarcely any commercial value—being useful to the United States merely as a naval outpost and to prevent possible complications attending their purchase by another Power, it is difficult to give any great credit to the motives of those opposing the transfer. Besides the 30,000 negroes there are but 3,000 whites, and among the 12,000 inhabitants of St. Thomas there are only 200 electors; and, moreover, when Denmark formally and finally agreed to transfer the islands to us some years ago, the vote of the islanders was virtually unanimous in our favor. The offer at that time, it will be remembered, was hung up in the Senate at Washington for two years and finally rejected. The latest opinions voiced in Copenhagen seems to be that the upper House may reject the proposed transfer, in which case the Foreign Minister would resign, and the Danish Government would be deranged. The transfer of these islands would be so decidedly to the mutual advantage of the two peoples concerned, and they both desire it so strongly, that it is to be hoped the transfer will be accomplished with the least possible delay.



Unions Have the
Right to Strike.

Last week the question whether members of a labor union in this State have the right to decline to work with non-union men and to order a strike to have such right respected was determined in the affirmative by the Court of Appeals to-day in a decision in the case of the National Protective Association of Steamfitters and Helpers and Charles McQueed, appellant, against James M. Cumming and Patrick J. Duff as treasurer of the Enterprise Association, impleaded with others. The court holds that "it is not the duty of one man to work for another unless he has agreed to, and if he has so agreed, but for no fixed period, either may end a contract whenever he chooses. The one may work or refuse to work at will, and the other may hire or discharge at will. Workingmen have the right to organize for the purpose of securing higher wages, shorter hours of labor or improving their relations with their employers. They have the right to strike, provided the object is not to gratify malice or inflict

injury upon others, but to secure better terms of employment for themselves. A peaceful and orderly strike is not in violation of law." Lastly, the court holds that so long as workmen must assume all the risk of injury that may come to them through the carelessness of coemployees they have the moral and legal right to say that they will not work with certain men. Of course, the employer has the equal right to exclude the strikers and take on others if he chooses.



Forcing the
Metric System.

We have before reported the persistent attempts made to foist the metric system upon the country, which is no more acceptable here than in England. Now it seems the House Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures was induced last week to report favorably a bill which imposes the metric system upon every department of the United States Government, and makes it "the legal standard after July 1, 1904, in all unofficial work and trade." To accept this system would instantly revolutionize the entire method of determining weights, dimensions, etc., in vogue in every carpenter shop, drug and country store, engineering works, etc., all through the country. The new nomenclature will not be intelligible to the average mechanic for the next twenty-five years, if then. The farmer will have to change his milk measures and the expression of every quantity in buying or selling. We have only to add that the metric system is already a legal standard. Any one may use it who wants to; it is because so few want to that the advocates of the system are impatient.



Barbarism in the
French Army.

Those are shocking disclosures made by General Jourdy of cruelties committed in the French army stationed in Algiers, where he was sent by the Minister of War to make investigations and report. According to General Jourdy, the slightest faults are punished in the most hideous manner. Suicides from sheer despair are of daily occurrence. One soldier of weak mind, Boqui by name, for example, was kept eighteen months in a dungeon because he broke a window he had been cleaning. The abuses were not confined to certain garrisons; on the contrary, they existed everywhere, and two officers, a captain and a lieutenant, who are to be court-martialed bear the significant nick-names of "Fil de Fer" and "La Panthère." It seems to have been the usual thing after dinners where the officers had dined well to wind up the evening by visiting the guardhouses, taking out the prisoners and beating and kicking them until the tormentors were tired of the sport. Besides the two officers referred to, several others of considerable prominence have been deprived of all their decorations and requested to resign.



Barnard Gets a
Half Million.

All friends of education will rejoice that Barnard College gets a half million for its work. Some months ago Mr. John D. Rockefeller promised the college \$200,000 if a like amount was raised by March 31st, and he promised to duplicate any further sum that might be raised. Therefore, the friends of Barnard went to work, with the result that the \$200,000 was raised, and \$50,000 additional, which secures a further contribution of \$50,000 from Mr. Rockefeller, making a round half million for the col-

lege. Among the gifts was one of \$10,000 and one of \$50,000, showing that the disposition to make good another man's contribution is by no means a minus quantity. In this relation it cannot be denied that more good was done to Barnard by Mr. Rockefeller in giving conditionally as he did than would have resulted in giving the whole sum outright. For in this way the friends who have given these sums have come into relations with a large circle of benevolent men and women who, having given evidence of their interest on one occasion, may fairly be counted upon to exhibit a similar interest in case of future need. In a situation such as that created by Mr. Rockefeller's gift of \$200,000 no college can afford to fail. It must meet the conditions and secure the money. There is stimulation and life-giving force in that compelling necessity.



The Bird Butchers
Win in New Jersey.

The bird butchers have won in New Jersey. The bill to prohibit pigeon slaughtering passed the Assembly by a vote of 43 to 7. But in the Senate President Francis sent it to a hostile committee, where it was speedily killed. Of course, the members of the committee were perfectly well aware that the Assembly vote expressed very accurately the sentiment of the press and people of New Jersey, but the various "influences" exerted by the gun clubs of the State and those of other States, particularly New York and Pennsylvania, were strong enough to inspire the courage requisite for defying the popular will, plainly and strongly as it has been voiced since the Williams bill was introduced, and the result is that for another year New Jersey must be disgraced by the wholesale murdering and mutilation of helpless pigeons under the pretense of "sport." The New Jersey press are very pronounced over the matter and denounce the defeat of the bill in indignant terms. A Newark journal, *The Call*, commenting upon the matter, declares that the State will not long give a home to the bird torturers, nor permit tricky Senators to defy its will. The fight against pigeon-shooting will be renewed next year, and it is to be expected that New Jersey will then turn defeat into victory, just as New York did.



The House Committee on Territories has favorably reported an omnibus bill granting statehood to the three Territories, and Speaker Henderson is said to favor the bill. The bill carries with it a provision for the annexation of Indian Territory to Oklahoma, provided the people of both of those Territories vote for this proposition. But as Oklahoma is about the same in area as Ohio, and Indian Territory is of about equal dimensions, with the population of each continuing to grow at a rapid rate, it would seem that these two Territories should each have statehood when the proper time comes. Whether the Senate will pass the bill at the present session is very doubtful.



The favorable report by the House Ways and Means Committee of a bill for Cuban relief, based upon 20 per cent. reduction, shows that the House has at last come to some realization of the situation. At the same time, as both Governor-General Wood, President Roosevelt and President Palma, of Cuba, have stated, the relief is wholly inadequate. The one reassuring fact in this bit of incipient legislation is that narrow, hidebound protectionism

has been broken through after a remarkable struggle, and that the harmony of the Republican party has been preserved when a split seemed inevitable. The Senate will now await the result of House action, and will proceed to improve upon it so that Cuban industry will be revived. This is reasonably certain. It has already been forecast by Senators who never could have been coaxed or threatened into a single protectionist concession to any other country than Cuba.



It is very difficult to discover the truth, amid the mass of conflicting despatches from Constantinople, regarding the situation in Macedonia. According to one despatch, Turkey places the entire responsibility for the outbreak in Macedonia upon the revolutionary committee in Bulgaria, which it claims was responsible for the abduction of Miss Ellen M. Stone. But the official Turk is a great liar and has long been discredited. The one fact to be noted is that there are American missionaries in Macedonia, which suggests that it might be well for our Government to anticipate the trouble and order an American battleship to Turkish waters without much delay.



Is it peace in South Africa? Acting President Schalk-Burger seems willing; President Steyn seems willing, or at least to be less irreconcilable than he was. But De Wet—he who knows how to fight—holds out. It looks much now as if so long as DeWet can hold a musket the war will go on. But all the same, the end is in sight.



With the Manchurian pact signed by Russia and the other Powers Russia will evacuate three Manchurian provinces and will restore the Niu-Chwang Railway to China. These will be the results of the recent treaty between Great Britain and Japan, and will serve to remove one cause of international irritation for the present at least.



A country which has Florida on one side with roses blooming and pineapples ripening in the open air, and on the other side has where, at the beginning of April, a railway train can be stalled five nights in a blizzard so severe that it drives passengers crazy cannot reasonably complain of lack of variety.



After more than two long years of weary waiting the postal conspirators in Cuba are held, convicted and sentenced. Already sinister reports are current of political efforts to secure their immunity, and even the *Sun* prints a despatch declaring that "Secretary Root doubts whether Rathbone was guilty of anything more than negligence in office." We refuse to believe in any such statements.



One phase of divorce scandal has been settled in this State by a law of the last Legislature which Governor Odell has just approved. Heretofore, to the public scandal, one or the other party to the divorce has been married twenty-four hours after the decree was entered. Under the new law no final judgment annulling a marriage, or divorcing the parties and dissolving a marriage, shall be entered until after the expiration of three months after the finding of the decision of the court or report of the referee. After the expiration of said period of three

months final judgment shall be entered, unless for sufficient cause the court in the meantime shall have otherwise ordered, so that there is still opportunity to right a wrong. The law takes effect September 1st.

✦

Making Too Much of Heredity.

There can be no question that heredity is a leading, if not a determining, factor in the mental and physical make-up of men. Scientific investigation has established this beyond dispute. But there is an evident tendency at the present time to place an undue emphasis upon heredity in its determining effects upon the mental and physical being. The pendulum has swung too far. If the decrees of heredity are to be regarded as fixed and irrevocable, like the laws of the Medes and Persians; if there is no appeal from them, no escape from their consequences, then the outlook for the human race becomes practically hopeless. Carried to the extreme point, the doctrine of hereditary influence would mean that each generation of men is doomed to suffer for all the diseased conditions, all the various habits of mind and body, which preceding generations have contracted or brought upon themselves; that a curse once started in the blood must continue to run there forever after carrying misery, woe and shame to unborn multitudes of innocent and helpless human beings. Against such a pitiless law, all pure and healthful living, all noble striving for mastery over evil tendencies and appetites would be of no avail, but only a "vain beating against the iron bars of fate." The general acceptance of such a teaching would be enough to plunge the whole human race into a state of abject despair and hopeless melancholy, to throw the blackness of deep and unending night over all the future of humanity.

Of course no sane mind would ascribe such a range of power to heredity as thus pictured, yet much of the talk about hereditary influence current during the past few years points logically to just such conclusions. Nowhere have the awful consequences of heredity as a factor in the sphere of morals and religion been set forth in a more cruel and pitiless light than in Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," a book much read and admired a few years ago. There is strange teaching in this book from the man who also wrote "The Greatest Thing in the World," that thing being love, and who was himself one of the most lovable and tender hearted men that ever lived. But the logic of the work just mentioned leads straight to the conclusion that fully three-fourths of the human race are irrevocably doomed under the laws of heredity to a fate worse than death. No allowance seems to be made in the working out of inherited traits and tendencies for the play of the individual will, nor the determining force of an enlightened conscience and an awakened sense of the value and dignity of life. These forces apparently avail nothing against the current of evil set in motion at some remote point in the ancestral line and augmented by the wrong doing of succeeding generations. It is in accordance with natural law, it is said, as well as with the Scriptures, that "The sins of the father should be visited upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation." Pure living, earnest striving, resolute effort to reach the highest things, are well and good, but they cannot turn aside the decrees of nature and of fate.

It is encouraging to note that a reaction is setting in in some high and influential quarters against such extreme

views concerning the influence of heredity. In a prominent medical journal now before us, we note the opinion that so far as disease is concerned, infection plays a much larger part than was believed not long ago. It is freely admitted that a liability to disease may be inherited, though in just what this liability consists pathologists are not agreed. There may well be—there probably enough is—some delicacy of constitution, some fragility of tissue, which may be hereditarily transmitted, but that, or something tantamount to it, may be readily acquired.

So if we run through the whole category of so-called hereditary diseases, and consider the matter in a broad light, we shall find that the factor of heredity is not so potent as has been believed. As for traits of character, moral tendencies and mental habitudes, it may well be doubted whether these things are not more largely within the determination of the individual than some have been led to believe. Reason and justice will not permit one to believe that for innocent and helpless human beings now and hereafter there is no escape from the penalties justly passed upon their ancestors for violation of physical and moral laws. Much may be granted to heredity as a source of tainted blood, of vicious tendencies, but not enough to offset and nullify the good and true influences that may come in thereafter. It is still true as ever that each human being is the architect not only of his own fortune, but the architect of everything which enters into his own life and character, while it is also to be noted that however heredity may have its effects—and it certainly has them—there is a tendency toward the better and the higher which should not be lost sight of in considering the problem which is not irreconcilable with a reasonable optimism.

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Edward Everett Hale.

Boston did well last week in commemorating the eightieth birthday of its most distinguished citizen, Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale. As for that matter, the whole country might fittingly have observed it, for he is the country's benefactor. Whether as preacher, publicist or worker in the field of practical benevolence, Dr. Hale is a most remarkable man, altogether out of the common order. And this very union of the practical with the unattainable, of common sense with the ideal, produces in him a very positive and very pleasing idiosyncrasy. He misled or deceived the whole community with his story of a "Man Without a Country;" he half made us believe in "The Brick Moon;" we were, indeed, quite led away from our homely every-day sense by his fine and fascinating ultra sense.

In his preaching, in his platform utterances, in whatever he says, one never fails to discover Dr. Hale's love for humanity, his large sympathy for the poor, the defenseless, the unfortunate, the downcast and him who has no helper. His language is vigorous and vivid, and so plain that a child can understand what he is discoursing about, for he is easily followed. There is nothing abstruse; he is the farthest possible from the didactic, from mere moralizing or sermonizing. He does not preach, but talks. He is there in the desk with something to say, and he says it in a colloquial kind of way, easy and natural, but with that style of naturalness belonging to a man of great nervous energy; he says striking things—original things—uses vigorous epithets, makes strong statements in a prompt, eager way. His voice is strong, but flexible. It varies

with the mood and the theme, and has a power whose source is in the feeling of the speaker, not in mechanical training.

He throws himself, heart and soul, into whatever he does—intense earnestness characterizes his work, and not less his personal manner. The impression left on the mind of the most obtuse among his hearers must be that here is a man who is ready to “lend a hand,” and the heartiness and good-will which make themselves always manifest encourages you to ask questions of him and look to him for assistance. At the same time, one cannot fail to see that he is a terribly overworked man, foreordained by his tremendous energy and sympathy to keep on till he has worn himself out in the service—one of those for whom the days are never long enough for the work that has been laid out, and for whom there will always be labor, and not rest. To such a person, inaction and selfish ease would probably be a penance. He is tall and spare and sinewy, with a grand head, jutting eyebrows and deep-set, tired-looking eyes; a most benevolent and friendly expression of countenance; prompt, active, energetic in manner, abounding in friendly acts and words.

Sitting in the evening twilight of his life and looking at his sun going down in the heavens, the glowing light still shines in the eyes of the grand old man. His last days are proving to be his best days. Whether championing the cause of the peaceful methods of arbitration instead of war—and it is his glory that his plan has prevailed at The Hague—whether pleading for the poor Indian and joining others in the work of uplifting him—and they know at Mohawk something of his splendid services in both these departments of public service—Dr. Hale was never a greater power nor a more uplifting force than he is to-day. May his day maintain its serenity as he nears its close, till he passes from the evening twilight of his earthly life to the fuller radiance and ampler service of eternity.



Standing for the Truth.

According to our admirable contemporary, the *Tribune*, “during the last few months some religious denominational journals have been giving a large amount of space to attacks on modern Biblical criticism and scholarship.” Furthermore, in large part these articles consist of references to modern Biblical scholars as dishonest or ignorant men, coupled with eulogies of “the grand old Book, whose infallibility from Genesis to Revelations is only made more apparent by the dishonest attacks of the critics.” To what particular religious denominational journals the *Tribune* refers we do not know, but we should like to be informed. We keep pretty close watch upon the religious press, but we have failed to notice any tendency toward a reactionary position. It is conclusive, as the *Tribune* notes, that modern Biblical criticism—we mean that of fair-minded scholars—has modified former conception of the Bible. Its conclusions are preached to-day in the pulpit, taught in Sunday-schools, and its works are to be found as textbooks and books of reference in every theological seminary of the country. Not only so, but only last January advanced critical methods in treating the book of Genesis were introduced into Sunday-school quarterlies, and the fact was favorably commented upon by this journal, by *The Congregationalist*, *The Outlook* and other denominational weeklies, and yet the *Tribune* remarks that “many denomina-

tional papers do not bring these facts out,” and upon this assumption proceeds to lecture the religious press, and it attempts an elaborate argument to show the nature of advanced criticism, insisting that “windy rhetoric counts for nothing, while undeserved abuse of Biblical scholars and Biblical scholarship does more harm than good.”

We can only express our surprise that so intelligent and fair a journal as the *Tribune* should misrepresent the religious journals in this way. It is true some religious journals do insist on the perfect infallibility of the Bible as a book of chronology, astronomy, history and science as well as morals. But, as the venerable Prof. Henrik Johnson observed to the writer not long ago, “they are few in number and of little consequence.” The best and the most influential religious press keep the open mind and welcome truth wherever they can find it. They by no means accept the conglomerate mass of bewildering, confusing testimony put forth under the name of the “higher criticism;” but, wherever truth is made clear they gladly accept it just as they do, for example, the restricted area of the Deluge on the one hand and the historic character of the fourteenth chapter of Genesis on the other.

One word more: Our excellent contemporary to the contrary, all truth is positively not welcomed at all the theological seminaries, nor rejected to any great degree by the religious press, nor taught at all the theological seminaries. If it were, a more correct view of the origin and order of the Christian ministry, of the practice of the Apostolic church and of the poverty prevailing in the first century of the English Reformation would prevail than is met with in some quarters.



Things of To-day.

Our Protestant Episcopal contemporary, the *Church Standard*, one of the ablest and most scholarly of all the Protestant Episcopal journals, has recently completed a thorough discussion of the Sunday question, showing the exact status of the day in Apostolic times. For this Dr. Fulton, the editor, turns to the Historic Episcopate, and in successive articles presents his views on this subject. Dr. Fulton is a very strong churchman, but he does not hesitate to declare in the new light which has come to the Church through the discovery of the Didache of the Twelve Apostles and the investigations of Hamack and Hatch, that “no one now maintains that the unfounded theory that our Lord himself, during the great forty days, gave minute instructions to the eleven Apostles concerning the order and organization which He desired them to adopt for the government of the church.” Proceeding Dr. Young further declares that “no one now pretends that the Apostles themselves, designedly or even consciously, devised a ministerial constitution for the government of a universal church throughout all ages.” This is a fine thing to come from such a source. It is directly along the line of the recent utterances of Canon Henson, which have aroused so much attention, as it virtually takes the position of Bishop Lightfoot, Dean Stanley and many other distinguished scholars of the Protestant Episcopal Church on both sides of the Atlantic. We add one remark: It is cause for regret that the latest discussions as to the Episcopate are not taught in some of the theological seminaries of the Church, as they should be. More's the pity.



In his Easter discourse Dr. Felix Adler, who repudiates supernatural authority as the chief means of elevating mankind, had no belief in personal immortality with which to uplift the souls of his Easter hearers. He could only express his fear that a future life might be coming for them all. “I do not so much desire immortality,” said Dr. Adler, “as I do not see how I can escape it.” He dreads the thought of another existence, for “if the future state means growth,” he explained, “it means also

suffering, endless mountain plains of different altitudes, endless purifications, until the spirit returns to the source of all being," for "we never can be glorified in the twinkling of an eye at the sound of the last trumpet," mankind "being too far down in the scale of perfection" to make such an instantaneous transformation possible. As Dr. Adler repudiates the supernatural and argues from the basis of accepted evidence in a court of justice, it is perfectly natural that he should rush into a negative and tell us what "never can" be done in the twinkling of an eye, etc.; but such opinion will count for nothing with those to whom supernaturalism is an absolute necessity. What!—a God who made the whole system of worlds, and out of a lifeless, incandescent, oblate spheroid created this world of pulsating thought and upward inspiration—such a God and such results; and yet we, His creatures, are to measure Him and determine His powers according to the little systems of credible evidence we have established for the government of mankind? We notice in the same relation that Rev. Dr. Savage, Unitarian, declared on the same occasion that he believed with his whole soul that "Jesus was seen alive after the Crucifixion," although "no case in a modern court could be carried through successfully unless there was in its favor better evidence than we have for the Resurrection of Jesus." That will do. So long as Dr. Savage believes in the Resurrection of Jesus he need not bother about the Supreme or any other earthly court as determining the basis and rule of faith. Dr. Savage must rest his belief upon supernatural authority. That is much further than some Unitarians go.



Rev. Dr. Heber Newton's Easter Sunday announcement of his intention to resign the rectorship of All Souls' Church at an early day, with the view, as it is understood, of accepting an invitation from the trustees of Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto, California, to become the special preacher at that institution, is one of not a little interest and importance. Dr. Newton has a warmly attached congregation who will part from him with regret. But for Dr. Newton the change can scarcely fail to prove agreeable. A very radical preacher, whose utterances have disturbed the repose of not a few, he has of late maintained a discreet reserve under the admonition of his bishop. Such a position could not be very agreeable to any one however it may have been demanded by the highest and best interests of the Church. Dr. Newton has been very efficient in parish work, where his influence has been greatly felt for good. His preaching, however, has not always been to edification, and the newspaper press have done him little good by the undue prominence they have given his utterances, which were especially radical and away from the generally received doctrine of his Church. Dr. Newton will carry many warm wishes for his success in his new field of labor.



At a meeting of some ladies in this city one day last week assertions were made which savored of exaggeration. One speaker declared that "the number of smokers among our cultured women is increasing." Then she piled on the agony and continued: "Choral, chlorodyne, cocaine, opium, and in its most common form, morphine, with many other narcotics, have their hosts of victims." Another member, not to be out of the game, broke in: "Don't forget the tea drunkards. I notice that they have not been mentioned, yet it is a habit to which a great many women are addicted, and I know there are women who cannot get on without fifteen or twenty cups of tea daily, and others who will get up four and five times in the night to make tea." Whatever reform is regarded in any of the directions indicated is to be accomplished by quiet effort by those knowing of a particular case—not by wholesale denunciation of this kind. We don't imagine New York ladies are suffering much from excessive drinking of the cup that cheers but does not inebriate, though there may be such cases, in which event the family physician should be called.



It is enough to give one the shivers to read that a foreign synodicate has offered a large, round sum for the site of St. Paul's Church, this city, in order to erect a great sky-scraper on the site. But we breathe again, as we learn that the offer has been refused. And what would that historic place at Fulton, Vesey streets and Broadway be without the beautiful St. Paul's spire, fashioned by the brain of Sir Christopher Wren, springing up and laying its graceful outlines and its gilded finger against the stainless blue?

The spire, wooden and old though it be, is agreed to be the most beautiful in this city—no other spire approaches it in beauty. And the church itself is rich in historical memories, and in its old graveyard are tombstones bearing names honored in American history. The cornerstone of St. Paul's Chapel was laid in 1764, and two years later the church was opened. It was to St. Paul's that President Washington, on the day of his inauguration, went with the representative men of the new nation to attend divine service. Directly opposite Washington's pew, which is still preserved, is the pew that was occupied by Governor Clinton, and back of the chapel is the monument bought in France by Benjamin Franklin to commemorate the bravery of Major-General Richard Montgomery, who fell before Quebec, crying, "Men of New York, you will not fail to follow where your general leads!" And the names that are carved on the stones in the old graveyard outside recall men who played noble parts in their day. New York cannot afford to lose St. Paul's and our citizens may well congratulate themselves on the fact that the Trinity Corporation can afford to decline all such offers as that of the ambitious French and Italian bankers. We have spoken of St. Paul's spire as being of wood. So it is. Why—and the inquiry has often occurred—why should not the present wealthy corporation of Trinity rebuild that spire in finest sandstone? Such a monument should be perpetuated.



We are to see a great exhibition of aerial navigation hereabouts. M. Santos-Dumont is coming to New York this month, and his work in this country may mark a new epoch in the history of aerial navigation. Then, Leo Stevens, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, has nearly completed his great dirigible balloon. He will meet M. Santos-Dumont and will join the Brazilian in a great aerial race, starting from St. Louis. This will be something to see—prophetic, perhaps, of the time declared by the poet:

For I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonders that should be.

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and then rained a ghastly due,
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.



Kansas City is planting trees along certain streets designated by the Board of Aldermen. Citizens believe that this will add much to the appearance of their city—as it surely will—but object to paying \$3.50 for saplings which the nurserymen are glad to sell to private customers for \$1.50 each. Moreover, it is alleged that the method of planting is all wrong, and that in consequence not one tree in ten will survive. It seems a great pity that so free a spender as Kansas City is should not get a fair return in this case, for if there is one thing more than another which the cities of the Middle West need it is shade trees. And we need them in the East, too, especially in the larger villages growing into small cities, where provision might well be made for planting trees along the streets before the great corporations come along with their pipes for water, gas and wires, making tree living impossible.



The *Catholic World* notes that "the non-Catholic papers are profuse in their praises of Archbishop Corrigan on account of his determined stand against the opening of the saloons of New York City on Sunday," and it adds: "Yet this position of the Catholic Church is not new. It is the traditional policy of the Church to maintain the integrity of the Lord's Day. How slow they have been in discovering it!" Really! But Sunday bull-fights and Sunday horse racing do not stand "stoutly for the integrity of the Lord's Day," do they? How is it that they are seen only in countries dominated by the Roman Catholic religion?



They are discussing the question of diminished church attendance in England. Unlike the phase of the matter exhibited in this country, there the loss of attendance is chiefly seen in the Established Church, where the services are longer than in this country, and tedious. Indeed, a clergyman of the Established Church, the Vicar of St. Mary's, Huntington, England, delivered the opinion recently that the people stay away from the Anglican Church because its formularies "bristle with archaisms." He thinks the

prayer book is to many people a hindrance rather than a help, and he calls for a larger liberty in its use. But here is a case of a voice and only a voice; there is no response. Probably the truth of the matter is the simple one foretold by Christ—"the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful"—with the result that people stay away from the church services. To withstand this current is the work of the preacher; but it is much like reversing the movement of a mill-wheel. Perhaps some time panic and reverse will bring the peoples of both England and America to their knees. Just now they are not bending them as they should.



Dr. Thomas Dunn English, who died last week, however, when living, he deprecated it, will always be known as the author of the popular song "Ben Bolt," which for a time lost to sight and to memory was revived by the publication of Du Maurier's "Trilby." It looks now as if neither Thomas Dunn English, "Sweet Alice" nor Ben Bolt would soon be forgotten.



The pronunciation of the President's name is not, as a country newspaper states, where a great university flourishes, "Rosyvelt," but it is Rose-er-velt. The duties of the Presidential office are no less rosy than the President's name.



We must confess to some surprise at reading such an utterance as this from the *Lutheran Standard*:

If Darwin is the child of monkeys he must be essentially a monkey; if Haeckel is the father of monkeys he must be essentially a monkey. Isn't it about time bald-headed and gray-bearded professors stopped their "monkeying?" Great thing, this science. "Ain't it?"

We are glad to believe that the *Lutheran Standard* is the only representative in the entire religious press of this kind of editorial writing.



Temperate Athletics.

On both sides of the Atlantic the plea has been going up for more temperance in athletics. When a college president declares that the football victory of his university is worth 100 new students the question arises if it is not time to pause in this matter of extreme devotion to athletics. In this country the few poets we have have not dealt with the subject, but Kipling has. He, of course, believes in games, as we all do, but in his "Islanders" he has attacked with contemptuous epithets the latter-day worship of the sport. Indeed, in her palmy days Greece herself, the classic land of sport, administered through her poets as stinging rebukes as Kipling's poetic indictment. As pertinent to the time R. A. Streatfield has translated a passage from Euripides and sent it to the *London Times*, which discloses how an ancient satirist punctured one of the follies of his day. These are Euripides' lines:

"Of all the myriad plagues that harass Greece
'Tis sure the tribe of athletes is the worst!
They learn not how to make a livelihood,
And would not if they could; for how should they,
Slaves to a gullet, panders to a paunch,
Add even a stiver to their fathers' store?
Nor can they suffer poverty, nor suit
Their ways to varying fates, for, being used
To no wise habits, hardly can they change
In adverse fortune. While their bright youth lasts,
They walk admired, the darlings of the crowd;
But when the bitterness of age is come,
Like worn-out garments they are cast aside.
And much I blame the custom of the Greeks,
Who gather from afar to see these men,
Honoring their useless sports, which do but serve
To whet the appetite of greedy folk,
For grant a man has wrestled well, or won
A foot-race, deftly pitched a quoit, or struck
A ringing blow, how has he served the State?
Why do ye crown him? Will he, quoit in hand,
Do battle for his country, or go forth
To box with foes who come in armor clad?
When swords are drawn, we put these follies from us.
But wise and good men, these 'tis well to wreath
With crowns of laurel, they who rule the State,
Calm tumults, and avert the woes of war."

These verses have a fitting application in this country to-day, even if military strength is not the determining factor with us that it was with Greece twenty-five centuries ago.

Current Comment.

God made the world beautiful; man in his ignorance has made it in many places repulsively ugly; man in his wisdom must undo the work of his ignorance and make the world, so far as he has anything to do with it, beautiful. Art is not mere decoration; it is the interpretation of the world and of man's experience in it in beautiful ways, precisely as the creative mind of God is expressed in the beauty of the skies, the fields, the trees, and the flowers.—*The Outlook*.



The *Christian Register* well says that the minister is well-nigh to being a fool in spiritual things who imagines that as a minister of religion he will be more welcome and his services more highly prized if he tries to show in his conversation that he is no better than other men.



If Congress refuses to enact a Cuban tariff that will put the industries of the island on their feet it will probably be in order to start a Cuban famine fund, and we shall be moved to contribute by carefully selected pictures of emaciated children.—*The Watchman*.



There were many things said while Prince Henry was the guest of the city of Boston that reveal the religious current still running deep in the thoughts of our public men. President Eliot's fine tribute to Protestantism, Secretary of the Navy Long's tribute to Jesus, and to the Jews as a race, Col. T. W. Higginson's reference to the fertilizing influence of German thought on the New England transcendentalists, all were significant.—*The Congregationalist*.



The *Presbyterian Banner* discusses the question of individual communion cups. It thinks the subject should be treated carefully and with deference. It says:

The change from the common to the individual cup seems to some Christian people of the highest intelligence and purest piety to be needless and unwise, and some are grievously wounded by it. Such people should be considered; and if there is a considerable number of them in any church the introduction of the individual cup in that church is not advisable. Better continue for the present in the old way than to allow the very cup that is the symbol of communion and love to become an object of division and strife. Still, we think the individual cup is growing in favor. It is constantly being introduced into a larger number of churches, and is everywhere giving satisfaction. But let every church be fully persuaded in its own mind, and let sessions proceed prudently in considering whether the individual cup should be introduced.



About People.

Professor Coe, of the Northwestern University at Evanston, has done a good service to the church in his studies of the phenomena of conversion. In a late number of one of our contemporaries he gives a summary of results derived from 2,000 replies to the question, "When were you converted?" Fifty per cent. of this thousand replied, "Between 16 and 18 years of age." Fourteen per cent. were converted between 13 and 15 years of age, and 17 per cent. between 19 and 20. In the period between 25 and 30 the per cent. had fallen to one and a fraction. We cannot make too much of the precious years which are spent in the Sunday-school. The boy or girl who goes out of the Sunday-school without making a profession of faith seldom makes one afterward.



The late Judge Noah Davis, of this State, who died recently, as we have noted, was inexorably opposed to the saloon and gambling. He signed an appeal for the suppression of gambling, which declared that "it had corrupted State legislators, municipal governments, courts, and juries." He was a great believer in outdoor exercise and regular habits, went to bed at 11 o'clock and arose at 7. When Judge Davis, by reason of age (70), left the bench, a dinner was given to him, and in it he made the remark, "It is a man's duty to use his faculties as long as they last. I receive this dinner from the bar as a judge, but to-morrow I shall be with you to compete for the emoluments and the honors of our profession." He practiced actively and successfully until he was nearly 80 years of age.



The *Chicago Record-Herald*, in an editorial upon Dr. Washington Gladden's Yale lectures, says: "It is always a relief to turn from the doleful predictions and impractical theories of irrational reformers to the wholesome and sensible optimism of Dr. Washington Gladden, the well-known sociologist, preacher and alderman."



Rev. Dr. Robert R. Meredith, pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, who, it was feared, was fatally ill with Bright's disease in Mexico, since his return to Brooklyn has continued to improve, to the great joy of his friends and his congregation.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

Ex-Governor Clark, of Illinois, has been indorsed for United States Senator.

The Appellate Division in Brooklyn has handed down a decision declaring unconstitutional the law by which magistrates were elected in the borough last fall.

Despite a slight accident which damaged her stern, the Meteor, the new schooner yacht of Emperor William of Germany, did magnificent sailing on her trial trip on Monday.

Señor Concha, the Colombian Minister, has delivered to Secretary Hay a protocol giving Colombia's consent to the sale of the Panama Canal Company's property to the United States.

Barnard College has not only raised the \$200,000 before April 1st which will enable it to receive John D. Rockefeller's promised gift of the same amount, but will also get \$100,000 more, \$50,000 of which will be given by Mr. Rockefeller.

The counsel of Albert T. Patrick, convicted last week of the murder of Millionaire Rice, are confident of a new trial. It is expected that Jones, who confessed to having killed him, will be released when the court is through with him as a witness.

At 4.45 o'clock on the afternoon of March 31st an explosion of gas in the Nelson mine of the Dayton Coal and Iron Company, at Dayton, Tenn., ignited the dry coal dust in the mine and caused a terrific explosion. Twenty-two men are known to be dead.

The Legislature at Albany closed March 27th the shortest session since 1794; notwithstanding its brevity, however, there were introduced in the Assembly 1,827 bills and in the Senate 1,273 bills, upon a large proportion of which favorable action was taken.

Dr. Thomas Dunn English, the poet, author and publicist, died at his home, in Newark, N. J., April 1st, at the age of 83 years. Dr. English's last appearance in public was on March 15, when he attended a reception to Messrs. Redmond and Devlin, the Irish envoys, in Newark.

The comparative statement of the Government receipts and expenditures for March shows that the total receipts were \$46,501,413, as against \$49,891,125 for March, 1901. The expenditures for the last month amounted to \$38,102,437, which leaves a surplus for the month of \$8,398,976.

The funeral services of the late D. Philander Horton were conducted in the Presbyterian Church, of Southold, L. I., last Thursday afternoon by Rev. Dr. Whitaker, assisted by Rev. W. H. Lloyd, pastor of the church. The music was in charge of Prof. Geo. B. Reeve, of Mattituck.

After holding mass meetings the Rochester and Pittsburg Coal and Iron Company's miners at Punxsutawney and Sykesville, Pa., on April 1st, formally declared the threatened strike. The strike involves 10,000 miners and will have the effect of curtailing the employment of nearly as many more railroad men employed by the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad Company, whose freight traffic will be nearly paralyzed in consequence of the strike.

The recent passage by Congress of the act authorizing officials of this Government to receive gifts from foreign officials enables the State Department to send to their destinations three handsome presents bestowed by Emperor William of Germany, which have been held at the Department. The presents are for Commander James M. Miller, Surgeon Oliver D. Norton and Edwin V. Morgan, members of the commission which was sent to the Samoan Islands several years ago.

An attempt was made to kill Rev. Mr. Houst, pastor of the German Lutheran Church, of Elizabeth, N. J., last Monday night. The police believe that the would-be assassins were Italian anarchists. After the shooting of President McKinley Mr. Houst preached a sermon in which he denounced the anarchists. On November 28th last his son, Ivan, mysteriously disappeared, and the minister subsequently received threatening letters in which it was said that the boy was in hell and that the father also would be sent there. On Monday night Mr. Houst heard steps on the porch of his home and went out to investigate. As he did so he was struck violently on the back of the head with some kind of a blunt instrument. He fell to the floor, and while he was prostrate one of his assailants knelt on his chest, threw a cloth over his face, and shoved it into his mouth as a gag with one hand, while with the other he drove a knife into his chest, inflicting a deep flesh wound.

The wounded man was found by his wife and a physician was called. He found that the knife wound was slight, but that the blow on the head had caused serious injury. There is no clue to the assailants.

Atlantic City, N. J., was swept by a great fire on Thursday of last week. The whole town is built of wood and only a shift of wind saved the greater part of it. The direct loss will be more than \$1,000,000, and the indirect loss will greatly add to it. But for a fortunate shift of the wind at a critical moment Atlantic City with its great colony of immense hotels probably would now be little more than a heap of ashes. As it was, the fierce fire that broke out left a wake of wreck and ruin for a distance of something less than half a mile along the boardwalk, right in the heart of the beach-front hotel district. Eleven large hotels were totally destroyed, three more were sharply scorched, and thirty business establishments of various kinds were wiped out. The direct property loss is by no means all. The destruction of so many prosperous hotels right at the height of the spring season will greatly add to it. It was the worst fire in Atlantic City's history, and yet heavily as the blow has fallen upon many there its people are drawing a long breath of relief as they think of what it might have been but for that providential shift of the wind, which at a crucial moment turned the attack of the flames seaward from their enflaming course along the boardwalk and the great wooden hotels which line it for miles.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

The plague mortality at Lahore exceeds 2,000 daily.

A census of Berlin, Germany, returns the population as 1,901,567.

The date of the French elections this year has been fixed for April 27th.

A fire in the silk manufacturing town of Fukui, Japan, destroyed 4,000 houses.

Russia has completed arrangements for building her own war-ships in the future.

Freshets of unparalleled severity and washouts have to a great extent demoralized the Nova Scotia Railroad system.

A revolution has broken out in San Domingo and there has been sharp fighting on the south coast at the town of Barahona.

Mohammed Rechad, the Sultan of Turkey's brother and his presumptive successor, is dead. The report says foul play is suspected.

It is expected that the treaty of friendship between the United States and Spain will be signed on the return of Minister Storer to Madrid.

Miss Stone is staying at Bournemouth, a seaside resort on the south coast of England, to recuperate for a few days before going on to New York.

The total British revenue for the year was £152,601,637, an increase of £12,613,315 over the preceding year, of which the income tax yielded £34,800,000.

The steamer Lake Superior, with 1,000 immigrants on board, went on a reef at St. John, N. B., on Sunday, and unsuccessful efforts were made to float her.

At Pekin the Franco-Russian delegation is generally regarded as making for peace. The Chinese Government is preparing to send independent Ministers to Italy, Austria and Spain.

The efforts of Acting President Schalkburger to open negotiations with Mr. Steyn, the former President of the Orange Free State, have thus far been unsuccessful.

King Edward will give a cup to be raced for at the Cork international yacht races this year. It is hoped that the Meteor, Shamrock II. and Columbia will be among the contestants.

The British steamer Holyrood was sunk in collision with the British steamer Bernard Hall west of Fastnet Light, Ireland, in a dense fog on Sunday. The crew of the Holyrood was rescued.

Public honors will be paid to the memory of Cecil Rhodes in Cape Town, Kimberley and London on receipt of the news of his death. The state funeral was at Cape Town on April 2d. The body lay in state in Parliament House for several days previous to the funeral.

Acting President Schalk-Burger, F. W. Reitz, ex-Secretary of State of the Transvaal, and Commandants Meyer and Krogh came into the British lines at Pretoria, in South Africa, on March 22d, under a flag of truce, and proceeded to the Orange River Colony, it is thought, with the purpose of seeing Lord Kitchener. The peace news excited London.

The Basis of Prayer.

The question is often asked, "Are there any natural, rational grounds for prayer; can we really have any such converse with God?" Personal experience is enough for those who really pray. But there are multitudes who do not pray, and who are asking whether there is any reasonable basis for the existence of prayer that they can comprehend or feel. Their question is proper and they are entitled to an answer.

If we observe some of the faculties of Humanity we find he has various physical faculties that fit him to enter into communication with the physical and natural facts about him. For instance, he has a hand. Now the very structure and make of the hand supposes something outside of the hand to be taken hold of and handled. It could not be the work of an intelligent Creator otherwise. He has eyes, and their very structure supposes the existence of light and of objects to be seen. In like manner the ear supposes sounds, and the sense of smell the existence of odors. Every faculty and part of the human body exists with reference to something which is the appropriate object of their action, and wherever you find the faculties you may reasonably conclude that they exist for something, and that the something for which they exist is a reality.

It is an argument like this that enables the geological anatomist to reconstruct the past. Let him see the bones of an animal and he can give you a picture of his life and habits. These teeth, he says, were made, as he can tell by their shape and size, to eat animal food, the claws to capture prey, the hair as a covering to keep out the cold. Now all this means that where there is a faculty it is reasonable to suppose some appropriate use for it. The same truth comes out in the survey of the higher parts of manhood. Brains were of little use unless there were objects of thought, study and knowledge. The simple existence of thought proves those objects. The affectional nature of man was meaningless were it not that there are things and persons to be loved, sympathized with or cared for.

What is it then, but the simplest common sense to argue that the religious faculty in man was not made for nothing, but has some part to play, and reaches out toward something real. If you stand on the bank of a river, at one end of a bridge, on a foggy morning, the mist is so thick that you can see out from the end at which you stand but a few feet. What would you say to the sense of one who should argue that the bridge went nowhere, and stood on nothing, simply because he could not see the other end? You would say at once: "Why, the simple fact that here is an abutment, and there is a span reaching out, proves that the span reaches across and that there is another abutment on the other side. Spans do not rest on nothing, and reach nowhere!" So, we say, here is religious faculty, natural and universal, in man, and springing from it the instinct of prayer stretches out—toward nothing! Now, here is indeed an unparalleled anomaly in human nature. It is then not only unreligious, but equally against nature and science, to deny prayer. The religious faculty is just as much a part of man as his intellect, his reason and his affections, and as reason demands that they mean something, so it also demands that this shall point to something real. Here, then, is a natural and reasonable basis for prayer, as impregnable as the force of gravitation.

But there is still another line of argument to be found in the fatherhood of God. The very idea of God implies his fatherhood. It is part of our definition of him that we call him all-perfect; so He must be a perfect Father. The instinctive thought of the world has guessed at this truth, for the oldest name applied to him in heathen literature is "Heaven-father," in the Veda of the old Hindoo race.

If, then, God is our Father, prayer becomes the most reasonable thing in the world. This reaching forth of the human heart toward God supposes that God is a being who can and will respond to the filial uplooking—a Father listening to and looking down upon a child. It is no more natural and true to suppose that the eye was made for the gentleness and mildness of daylight, and not for midnight, than it is to argue that the trembling, hoping, fearing, loving heart of man was made to look up toward the sympathy and gentleness and love of a Father, and not to be met by the bare power and majesty of either law or king.



The Sabbath in Cuba.

A Protest and a Plea for Better Sabbath Observance.

By J. Milton Greene, D.D.,

Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in Cuba.

Among the most ruinous departures from pure Christianity which are found in Romish countries is the profanation of the Lord's Day so generally permitted not only, but even sanctioned and encouraged by ecclesiastical regulations and priestly example. As the Sabbath is, among all Christian institutions, the veriest well-spring of every holy influence for the heart and life, as well as for the community and for the individual and the family, its desecration must be reckoned as one of the greatest crimes against humanity.

For more than a month past and now during all the Lenten season all our Cuban cities are robbed of the quiet and sacredness of the Lord's Day by the masked balls which are held and in which all that is worst in human hearts and society is encouraged and developed. Even our evangelical congregations are seriously affected by these orgies and not a few serious thoughts and purposes are dissipated to the wrecking of soul and body. Nothing in all our work is more difficult than to beget a true view of the sacredness of the Sabbath and to establish a conscientious observance of the day. All the traditions and customs of the people are against it. It is one of the last things to be learned even by our native ministry.

A few weeks since I made as strong a presentation as I could, at our English service, of the claims of the Christian Sabbath. Among my hearers was a native minister who from childhood had resided in the States, and was educated and ordained there. He seemed to be considerably impressed by the sermon, but on his way home purchased some oranges and other articles, saying, with a smile, as he laid them on the table: "Well, I guess I have broken the Sabbath."

A few days since we held our missionary conference in Cienfuegos, the first of its kind. Much prayer had been offered for it and a great yearning was felt that it might be a great spiritual blessing. With no justification in necessity and against the protests of more than one of his brethren, a native brother in charge of the work of one of our oldest missionary agencies left Havana by train on Sabbath morning, instead of waiting as the rest of us did until Monday or Tuesday. And yet both these brethren are, doubtless, sincere in heart and purpose. They would not willingly injure the Master's cause nor offend their brethren. But they did both owing to a lax view of man's duty to sanctify the Sabbath. Their early education and habits had left an impression which even divine teaching and evangelical environment had not effaced.

And here you have one of the most serious obstacles to our missionary work in these new possessions and dependencies. If men will not pause in their quest of material gain or worldly pleasure at least one day in seven to remember God and His claims, there is little hope that they will give His truth its true place or any place in their thoughts and lives. Hence it was the

desire and hope of all devout people that our Government in its principles and activities would show itself worthy of a nation, one of whose chief glories and the secret of its public morality has been its inheritance of and regard for the Lord's Day. In this we have been very greatly and generally disappointed. It has been very sad to see the great Government mule trains in Porto Rico starting out or arriving nearly always on the Sabbath, while here in Havana we see public work on the streets and the great steam rollers in full operation on the Lord's Day, and a very common reason for non-attendance at religious services by Government employees is that "there is no Sabbath at the palace." It is simply the truth to say that General Wood, while so justly deserving of commendation and praise for the admirable efficiency of his administration in most respects, has in this lost a grand opportunity and made far more difficult the mission of the Christian Church, without which our Government is powerless to accomplish its providential task in these islands. Even as I write a paper which lies before me gives as an item of news that General Wood, with his aides, spent last Sabbath in hunting, and gives the amount of game killed. Having this subject in mind our recent conference adopted the following as part of a memorial to be addressed to General Wood and to Secretary Root:

"The civil administration, whether in the hands of the United States or of the Cuban people themselves, can make the conditions as favorable as possible for our distinctly missionary work by following the example of Presidents Washington, Lincoln, McKinley and also of our able military officers in observing the Sabbath as a civil institution. The example of the administration in observing the day of rest itself and in securing to every citizen his right to such a day will create a social atmosphere in which the Church and her schools can more successfully do their distinctive work."

No one knows better or confesses more frankly the lack of moral character in Cuba than does General Wood, and as a man of declared evangelical convictions he ought in consistency to use his influence in giving us the civil rest day of his New England ancestry. But not alone the Government has failed to support us in our effort to give Cuba a holy rest day. The same may be said of very many of our countrymen who have come to this island to introduce or sanction the saloon, the race course, the Sunday base-ball game, the Sabbath hunting or pleasure excursion, etc. To judge by the conduct of the great majority of our Americans, residents and tourists, one would be fully justified in the conclusion that we are a nation as truly without a Sabbath as France or Italy.

The Rev. Dr. Landrum, of the Southern Baptist Missionary Society, recently spent some weeks with us, and on his return said in substance in a public address what I have written above. His words being reprinted in the *Havana Post* produced a great sensation in certain quarters and an indignation meeting was agitated, but fell through. The arrow went to the mark, and we hope that it may prove a healthful probe. It came to my knowledge that a gentleman in the employ of the Government on seeing the article referred to was greatly incensed by it and took it to his office in bad humor, seeing which a friend, who was noted for his religious indifference, rallied him upon his ill-nature and asked the cause of it. The reply was the article itself, which the friend read carefully and then said: "What do you object to? That is the exact truth as I understand it. Take your own case. You go to Sabbath-school in the morning and are famed as a very able Bible-class teacher. But in the afternoon you go to see the base-ball game and are among the most enthusiastic in applauding the fine hits and home runs."

It does not seem strange when we see a Romish priest saying mass on Sabbath morning and playing billiards or doing something worse in the afternoon. We expect it. But who can consider unmoved the inconsistencies of those who at home are church members and endeavorers and Sabbath-school workers, but in these foreign lands join with the less favored multitude in violating God's holy law? Nothing hinders our work in this land more than the American godlessness which abounds, whether it is found under gold lace and brass buttons or clad in citizen's clothes. This people have lost all faith in their ancestral religion as a religion, except in the case of a limited few. The churches all over the island are practically deserted by the masses and especially by the men. What might we not do for them if only the children of light would show themselves to be object lessons of Christian truth and consistency?

HAVANA, CUBA, March, 1902.

Bears I Have Met.

Animal Nature in Confinement—Silver-tip Grizzlies and Their Ways—Fight Between a Cinnamon and Black Bear—Bad-tempered Japanese Brutes—Cyclone, a Grizzly Cub from Alaska, and His Pranks—Most Bears Playful and Fun-loving.

By William T. Hornady.

Director of the New York Zoological Garden, and author of "Two Years in the Jungle."

It has recently come to pass that whenever a critic writes at great length upon an author or artist, his praise-up is called "an appreciation." In similar fashion, this writing is an appreciation of twenty-eight bears. There are two more, but at present the less said of them the better for their reputations.

Of all the living creatures in the New York Zoological Park, 1,674 in number, the most grateful and comforting are the bears. They make less trouble, better repay care, cause less anxiety and yield more satisfaction per capita than the members of any other collection. Since the starting of the bear collection in June, 1899, only one bear has been ill. One was executed by another, and one was killed by a kind-hearted visitor, with four peaches, fed on the sly. It is a pleasure to keep animals which repay our care with good health, good temper and fine development.

Beyond question, comfortable captivity, or what I call *freedom in confinement*, reveals many phases of animal nature which cannot be developed or observed in a state of entire freedom. The wisest animals are the most appreciative, and the most philosophical. They study how to be happy though corralled, leave all fretting to be done by professional fretters, and mind their keepers. All this is when under proper conditions, remember. Of a bear roaming free in a big, clean, sunny yard, climbing, swimming, romping and skylarking with several jolly companions, and *never* teased with food, much may be expected. But of a bear in an 8x10 cage, a solitary prisoner in a miserable, sloppy, stinking cell, cribbed and confined in perpetual violence to every sense and desire save appetite, what can you ask? Such an animal is but one removed from a well-mounted skin in a museum. In fact, a dead animal finely mounted is better than a live one badly kept; for the latter is a sin against nature.

In nineteen cases out of every twenty, a bear that is taken young, properly penned and intelligently cared for, promptly becomes a thing of beauty, and a joy as long as he lives. No man who knows anything about bears prefers to capture them when full grown, and keep them alive in his zoological garden. The most terrible incarnation of Fury which I ever saw was a newly-caught fully-grown grizzly. The worst black leopard ever caged was a lamb in comparison with him. The longer he remained a captive the angrier he got; and at last he died of an overdose of misery and a broken heart.

When bears are caught young, and reared in captivity *under proper conditions*, everything good in them is developed and stimulated, and the bad traits are correspondingly dwarfed. Take the grizzly: As a wild animal, to be hunted and killed on his native mountains, his reputation is very bad. Everywhere, save in the Yellowstone Park, he is an Ishmaelite, his hooked fist against every man, and every gun against him. No time has he to show his real nature. He can only eat, run and fight. But in the reservation mentioned, a wonderful fact has been developed. Even in a wild state the grizzly is not dangerous when he is let alone. He haunts the hotels and the tourists' camps, and steals food whenever he can, but thus far, despite a thousand opportunities, *he has harmed no one!*

Our Silvertip grizzly, "Engineer," from Rifle, Colo., now three years old, is as mild-mannered and good-tempered as a Newfoundland dog. He lives with big Billy, the Kadiak bear, a great, overgrown giant with the temper of a puppy, and they spend a large portion of their waking hours in ponderously

wrestling and rolling on the floor of their den. There is another bear in their den, a big cinnamon from Meeker, Colo.; but they hold that he is not in their set, and seldom notice him. Although either of these three animals would, if dangerous, instantly render it impossible for a man to set foot within their den, they are all so good-natured and sensible that the keepers and laborers who shovel snow enter the enclosure armed only with brooms and snow shovels, and drive the bears to and fro like so many sheep.

But one cannot always tell what is passing in the mind of a bear. This same cinnamon, Bob Meeker, ordinarily a very decent and good-tempered animal, once let loose his temper, and furnished an incident that will long be remembered in the park.

We received from Canada a small, black bear cub, a year younger than Bob, which was placed in the bears' nursery with five or six other cubs. Little "Tommy" lost no time in showing off a very bad temper. He scratched and bit the keepers who fed him, whipped all of his more peaceable cage-mates and inaugurated among them a reign of terror. Not content with this he repeatedly "sassed" Bob and the other bears in the next den, through the bars of the partition. He made himself so thoroughly obnoxious that at the end of the second week of his reign, we were on the point of removing him to solitary confinement. His bad temper seemed likely to infect his companions with the same spirit. But just then occurred the incident:

In the course of his morning's work, the bears' keeper passed from Bob's den to Tommy's without taking pains to latch the partition door. Bob noted this, sauntered up very carelessly, pushed the door open and entered the next den. Paying no attention to the other bear cubs, nor to the keeper, he made a quick rush for Tommy, in the most distant corner, seized him, and began to bite. The good-natured little fellow from Japan, who up to that hour had never attacked a mate, fell upon Bob, tooth and claw. Tommy fought for his life, Jappie bit, and the keeper yelled; but Bob kept right on.

Within ten seconds the keeper had secured his pike pole, and jabbed its spike point into Bob's shoulder, an inch deep. The blood flew, but the cinnamon kept on killing the Terror. The pike was driven into the other shoulder, but Bob paid no attention to it. The keeper changed tactics, and began to beat Bob across the nose; and this made him yield. Streaming with blood from both shoulders, he walked back into his own den, and plunged into the pool to cauterize his wounds.

Two days later Tommy died, growling to the last at those who dressed his wounds; and we all knew that Bob, the cinnamon, had made up his mind that it was his duty to remove that bad-tempered cub at the first opportunity, *pro bono publico*.

The way many small bears in captivity (outside of zoological collections) are teased and tortured is a wicked shame, and no person should ever witness anything of the sort without remonstrating. Two Japanese bears, which we received last summer direct from Japan, have been so teased and bullied and abused that with them Fear has become an over-ruling passion. Through it they have been rendered so savage that their exhibition value has been almost completely destroyed. At times their fear of everything is even ludicrous. Several times one of them has climbed to the top of the cagework of his den, seized the top horizontal bar between his teeth and hung there from morning until night. By them an offer of the most tempting food is considered a hostile act, and received with blows and curses. During a six months' stay with model companions, amid every comfort bears could ask, their terror and bad temper has abated very little, but it is hoped that eventually we will behold in them the dawn of reason.

These Japanese bears present an extreme case, and one which clearly indicates a naturally nervous, timid and cowardly disposition. Such cases are difficult to deal with. Cowardly animals are always getting into the daily reports, usually through stupid and far-fetched injuries to themselves or their companions. With a courageous, self-reliant, steady-nerved animal training to almost any extent is possible.

I believe the grizzly could be trained and handled quite as successful as the brown bear of southern Europe, which, by reason of its kind and obedient disposition, has a monopoly of the dancing business.

By way of contrast with the terror-stricken Japanese bears, take little Cyclone, a grizzly cub from Alaska, who earned his name by the vigor of his resistance to ill treatment. When his mother was fired at, on a timbered hillside facing Chilkat, they thought her asleep; and cuddling up close against her yet warm body they slept peacefully until morning.

Before the early morning sun had reached their side of the mountain the two orphans were awakened by the rough grasp of human hands. Valiantly they bit and scratched, and bawled aloud with rage.

One of them made a fight so fierce and terrible that his nervous captor let him go, and that one is still on the Chilkat. Although the other cub fought just as desperately, his captor seized him by the hind legs, dragged him backwards, occasionally swung him around his head, and kept him generally engaged until ropes were procured for binding him.

When finally established, with collar, chain and post, in the rear of the saloon in Porcupine City, biped animals lower than himself frequently and violently prodded the little grizzly with a long pole, "to see him fight." Barely in time to save him from insanity, little Cyclone was rescued by the friendly hands of the Zoological Society's field agent, placed in a comfortable box, freed from all annoyance and shipped to New York.

He was at that time as droll and roguish-looking a grizzly cub as ever stepped. In a grizzly-gray full moon of fluffy hair, two big, black eyes sparkled like jet beads, behind a pudgy little nose absurdly short for a bear. Excepting for his high shoulders, he was little more than a big ball of gray fur set up on four posts of the same material. But his claws were formidable and he had the true grizzly spirit.

The Bears' Nursery, at the New York Zoological Park, is a big yard with a shade-tree, a tree to climb, a swimming pool, three sleeping dens and a rock cliff. It never contains fewer than six cubs, and sometimes eight. Naturally, it is a good test of courage and temper to turn a new bear into that roystering crowd. Usually a newcomer is badly scared during his first day in the Nursery, and very timid during the next. But grizzlies are different. They are born full of courage, and devoid of all sense of fear.

When little Cyclone's traveling box was opened, and he found himself free in the Nursery, he stalked deliberately to the center of the stage, halted and calmly looked about him. His air and manner said as plainly as English:

"I'm a grizzly, from Alaska, and I've come to stay. If any of you fellows think there is anything coming to you from me, come and take it!"

Little Czar, a very saucy, but good-natured European brown bear cub, walked up and aimed a sample blow at Cyclone's left ear. Quick as a flash, out shot Cyclone's right paw, as only a grizzly can strike, and caught the would-be hazer on the side of the head. Amazed and confounded, Czar fled in wild haste. Next in order, a black bear cub, twice the size of Cyclone, made a pass at the new comer, and he, too, received so fierce a counter charge that he ignominiously quitted the field and scrambled to the top of the cliff.

Cyclone conscientiously met every attack, real or feigned, that was made upon him. In less than an hour it was understood by every bear in the Nursery that that queer-looking gray fellow with the broad head and short nose could strike quick and hard, and that he would fight any other bear on three seconds' notice. From that time on, Cyclone's position has been assured. He is treated with the respect that a good forearm inspires, but being really a fine-spirited, dignified little grizzly, he attacks no one and never has had a fight.

Of our thirty bears (which represent ten species, and all the color variations of the black bear), there are only two which are not playful and fun-loving. These are the Japanese bears. The keepers and helpers enter all dens save that of the polar bears without confining the animals in their sleeping dens. Although life preservers are provided, the broom is the keeper's principal weapon. The polar bears are not vicious, but being very large, their play is too rough, and too apt to be deadly. A keeper cannot afford to have a hand torn off by a bear, even in play; and so, before the men enter the den of the polars, the two big fellows are enticed into their iron shifting cage, and locked in.

ZOOLOGICAL PARK, New York City.

Wonders of Modern Alchemy.

By Prof. Caldwell Johnson.

In no direction, perhaps, has modern inventive genius and scientific research been of more practical service to mankind and added more largely to the wealth of the world than in the processes devised for converting material formerly consigned to the dust heap or the garbage barrel into valuable commodities of various kinds. By such means much that once passed for worthless "trash" has been elevated to a foremost place among the things quoted in the market reports and listed on the exchanges of the world. Thus, as if by the wave of a magic wand, the despised tin can and the cast-off shoe have been rescued from an ignominious fate and lifted up to new careers of honor and usefulness. So far have modern industrial needs and demands pushed these processes that it is just now seriously proposed in a German scientific journal to utilize the energy which goes to waste through resistance and friction in the mechanical world. The steam-engine, it is said, converts but about .005 per cent. of the energy of the coal burned in operating it into work. In the shafting of factories frequently 30 per cent. of power is lost in friction, while an immense amount of power is taken up by useless resistance in electric wires. It is now believed that this lost power may be taken and usefully employed in other mechanical operations.

As an illustration of the large and positive benefits to the industrial world arising from modern processes of utilization nothing could be more striking than the figures of the United States census report on cotton-seed manufacture in 1900. It was only a few years ago that cotton seed was regarded as a by-product of little or no commercial value. Now, according to this report, there were 357 establishments in the United States in 1900, engaged in the extraction of cotton-seed oil, using 2,479,386 tons of cotton seed, the cost of which was \$28,632,616, an average cost of \$11.55 per ton. The total value of the products was \$42,411,835. From a valuation which but a few decades ago might fitly have been expressed by a cipher this advance to a market of over forty millions is indeed a fact to be truly classed among the marvels of the world. Some of the most delicately scented perfumery comes out of waste rubbish. Use has been found for the refuse of tanneries and curriers' shops. Much of the material formerly wasted in these trades is now used for making the soles of boots and shoes. The leather cuttings and scrapings are cleaned, dampened, compressed and dried, the refuse in this process being in turn manufactured into what is known as leather board. Waste paper is converted into a great variety of useful things—into pails, cups, and even into car wheels and building materials.

The saying that an enterprise has "all ended in smoke" does not have the significance that it did before a way was found to materialize that airy product into substances as tangible as oils, acids, spirits and tar. A single blast furnace in a Western State, which captures the smoke of its charcoal pits and conveys it into stills, has been able to realize enough from this source to pay a large share of its running expenses.

The utilization of sewage is a most important question, but apart from the chemical and agricultural uses to which it is now put there is yet to be solved the problem of utilizing the waste with which every river to a less or greater degree is polluted. This is one of the things that they seem to manage better in France, for in a most interesting article which appeared a few months ago in the London *Leisure Hour* it was pointed out how the floating debris of the Seine has for years been a source of profitable manufacture in obtaining from it greases and other products of commercial value.

USES FOR SLAG.

What substance, for example, would seem to be more completely useless than the refuse of mines and furnaces, or slag, as it is called? But slag is now treated in a variety of ways and converted into a number of useful things, such as paving blocks, slag glass, slag shingles and slag sand. Slag bricks is one of its chief uses at present, and for these there is a considerable demand. Mortar for building purposes is another method of utilization, simply achieved by grinding the slag sand with about 6 per cent. of slaked lime; artificial stone, molded into chimney pieces, window-heads and sills, wall-coping and other ornamental work for builders, and the last use which has been found for it is in making slag wool or silicate cotton, as it is called from its resemblance to cotton wool. This is snow-white in color, and is chiefly used for covering boilers

or steam pipes, and, being a non-conductor of heat, it is admirably adapted for these uses. Coal slag has been for years another troublesome waste. Now, however, this is being used for building purposes. The builders in Lyons, France, are credited with being the first to use the waste which surrounds every coal mine. They wished to find a cheap, durable and healthy material for the construction of suburban houses, and coal slag mixed with slaked lime, treated as concrete, was adopted. The mass hardened rapidly, and even after a few days the walls were firm enough to support the joist framings. The strength and fire-resisting properties of this new composition have been well tested, and one case is mentioned where a nitro-benzine factory was burned down, the great heat even melting the machinery, and yet the walls, built of coal-slag bricks, were unconsumed—their surfaces having a glazed appearance—and they sustained without repair the ceiling and roof of the restored building.

An establishment that works up brass and iron in about equal proportions for more than a year mixed the drillings, turnings and filings of both metals indiscriminately, and dumped them out of doors as useless rubbish to be got rid of. A separating machine was suggested, and it paid for its cost within three weeks. It is self-operating, requiring only the occasional supply of the chips and the removal of those already separated. The mixed chips pass through a trough in a thin stream before a revolving cylinder composed of horseshoe magnets; the brass chips drop in front into a box and the iron and steel chips are carried on the magnets to the under side and are brushed off by fixed brushes into another box. Before being separated these mixed chips were worthless; after being separated the iron chips had a marketable value and the brass chips a value ten times as great.

REFUSE OF FURNACES.

In a certain machine shop worn out and broken files are placed in a transverse holder on the grindstone frame, held against the face of the stone by springs, given a transverse by a belt and a spiral cam, and the result is bits of smooth steel just adapted for forging boring bar cutters and keys, with a further result of keeping the stone trued. In brass manufactories there is unavoidable waste of the metals in the scoriae of the melting furnaces, in the rolling-mill department and the wire drawing. Whatever of this waste, with the sweepings, can be gathered is put into large mortars and subjected to the impact of pivoted pestles, until the whole is pounded to a dust. Then it is floated in a running stream of water through a chute over riffles, which catch the heavy metallic particles and allow the lighter trash to pass off. The metallic residuum packed in crucibles with luted covers gives back a profitable percentage of solid brass to be reused.

THE DESPISED HOOPSKIRT.

Tin cans and scrap tin, like the old and much-abused hoopskirts, for a long time resisted all attempts to convert them to second use. The empty can has at last a mission, and a profitable one at that. Emptied of its contents of peaches, or tomatoes, discarded and thrown out at the back door, it may soon be sent in at the front door and find an honored place in the house. Thousands of these cans are gathered in our cities every week and made into shining sheets, which are used to decorate or cover large traveling trunks. A number of factories for the conversion of old, buffeted and battered cans and other tin refuse from the ash heaps have sprung up in recent years, and the business is a growing one. The cans are collected in various ways, but principally from the city ash heaps and the hotels and the large boarding houses. At the factory the solder runs into a receptacle and is carefully saved and sold. It brings 12 cents a pound, and the profits from this source alone almost pays the expense of the gathering and handling of the cans. The tops and bottoms of the cans are melted and turned into window-sash weights. The labels on the tin plate are easily taken off after having been thoroughly soaked in water, and the plates themselves are rolled flat by machinery. As the insides of the plates are not much discolored by the contents of the can they present a clean surface and make excellent coverings for trunks, the seams being hidden by the trunk braces, either of wood or sheet iron.

In a report recently submitted to our State Department by one of our Consuls in Germany we are told of a new process devised in that country for the conversion of sawdust into fuel bricks. But sawdust has been utilized in various ways for some years past. In New York City there are about five hundred venders of sawdust.

having a capital of \$200,000 invested, and doing a business of \$2,000,000 annually. Forty years ago the mills were glad to have sawdust carted away; twenty-five years ago it could be bought for 50 cents a load; now it brings \$3.50 a load at the mills. It is used at hotels, eating houses, groceries and other business places. It is wet and spread over floors in order to make the sweeping cleaner work. Plumbers use it a great deal about pipes and buildings to deaden the walls and floors. Soda water men and packers of glass and small articles of every kind use it, and dolls are stuffed with it.

Fruits which would apparently seem useless have some economic value. In some parts of Egypt the date stones are boiled to soften them, and the camels and cattle are fed with them. They are calcined by the Chinese and said to enter into the composition of their Indian ink. In Spain they are burnt and powdered for dentifrice and vegetable ivory nuts are said to be applied for the same purposes. Some species of *Attalea* nuts are burned in Brazil to blacken the raw India rubber. In India the seed or stone of the tamarind is sometimes prescribed in cases of dysentery as a tonic. In times of scarcity of food the natives eat them after being roasted and soaked for a few hours in water; the dark outer skin comes off, and they can then be cooked in various ways. From this seed an oil has also been obtained. The seed of the carob-bean is ground up as food for cattle, and is used in Algeria, when roasted, as coffee. The use of some Mexican and other grasses for brushes is being rapidly developed. This material is as strong and flexible as bristles, and even the refuse from this is being used as stuffing for mattresses. The use of esparto grass for paper-making is well known and straw is largely used for the same purpose. In all these things applied science has thus realized the dreams of the ancient alchemist, and in its crucible the meanest and coarsest substances are transmitted, if not literally into gold, yet into things which have a high cash value.

NEW YORK CITY.



The Courage Which Makes Faithful.

Rev. George T. Lemmon.

"Though a thousand fall let not Africa be given up," so cried Cox as he started for the dark land, where a few months later he was to fall. But he did not die in vain. Duty's call was heard by many, and they answered, "Here I am." Among them, as noble as the noblest, who for God and souls have died, was Alexander M. Mackay. With seven others he faced Uganda. At the farewell meeting in London, he the youngest of the heroic band, was the last to speak. His words were as apples of gold in pitchers of silver. Ponder them. "There is one thing which my brethren have not said, and which I want to say. I want to remind the committee that within six months they will probably hear that one of us is dead." The words startled every one present, and there was profound silence. "Yes," he resumed, "is it at all likely that eight Englishmen should start for Central Africa and all be alive six months after? One of us at least—it may be I—will surely fall before that. But what I want to say is this," and the solemnity deepened as he concluded: "When the news comes do not be cast down, but send some one else immediately to take the vacant place."

Ah, that is the courage which makes faithful. He counted the cost. He felt the fever in his blood, the chill in his bones; he faced death, but on he went determined to play the man. That is real courage. It takes more courage to live a noble life than to head a charge in battle. The boldness which stirs one to face a belching battery for ten minutes or ten hours, knowing that while some shall die, others—hence, it may be I—shall live, is by no means so courageous a thing as the deliberate facing of the miasma of tropic jungles and the hate of murderous natives. For one opportunity to be brave in battle, in a fire, in a flood, there are a thousand in the common run of daily life, and the courage to face these opportunities and be faithful to God and self and others by putting them to service comes not of the animal in man, but from the God in man. True courage takes the eye, stirs the ear and fills the papers with its rousing advertisement, but though it is noble to perform these deeds which arouse the multitude to empty their lungs in shouting, it is nobler far with cool deliberation to face and master the countless temptations of daily life. With a stout heart to tell the truth when a lie would win applause and

cash, with impeccable honesty to shun the lures of dishonesty and preserve integrity when a host are falling, is more courageous than the occasional deeds which print great black headlines in the daily press. Real courage is self-mastered by a mighty will compelling the life to perform the right and shun the wrong, no matter what the cost. This is the courage of which the world needs much to-day. It will not be advertised, but it will do more to press the world up to the heart of God than all the Balaklavas or San Juans that have ever been fought.

Felix Adler has well said, brute courage being due to reliance on mere animal muscle and sinew is not true courage. "Real courage is due to trust in the resources of the mind, confidence in the power of mind over matter and disdain of mere physical pleasure, or existence, unless these can be had on conditions consistent with the dignity of a rational being." "Were you afraid, Uncle Reuben?" asked a lad when listening to a veteran. "Afraid? Well, I guess I was. I was just clean scared out of my boots, but I didn't run." That's courage. Facing the worst with a mind that knows the terror, but compelling the animal body to do the right thing. You have a call to make from which you shrink as from the fire. But duty says do it. Courage lifts your feet and marches you to the house and up the steps and rings the bell and unlocks your lips, and you voice your message, and you have done as grand a thing as Hobson knocking on the water gates of Santiago. It often takes more courage to make a real reconciling apology than to run a train through the fire to the safety of the swamp as did Engineer Root, of Minnesota, when he burned his name on the world's roll of honor. To respectfully and tactfully rebuke the profaner and blasphemer of God's holy name, to stand up for God's honor as you would for that of your wife or mother or lover or child, demands a courage even more sturdy than that exhibited by the brave river captain, who a few weeks ago plugged the hole-broken side of the ferryboat with his own body and suffered the flesh of his arm and shoulder to be cut away by the grinding ice to save a party of children who were aboard the boat.

Courageous indeed was Paul when he stood before the Jerusalem mob and the prejudiced council and witnessed his good confession before Felix and Agrippa. The stand of Chrysostom before Eudoxia, of Athanasius before Constantine, of Ambrose before Theodosius and of Luther before the Diet at Worms justly stirs our blood, and we have but to think a moment to realize that all these noble witnesses for the right manifest the possession of the very truest form of courage. Paul thus true to his duty, was more courageous than Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi; Chrysostom more heroic than Farragut, when, lashed to the shrouds, he forced his way into Mobile Bay; the stand of Athanasius more sublime than the cool front of Captain Sigsbee on the rending, sinking Maine; the ardor of Ambrose more gallant than General Hawkins on the heights of San Juan, and Luther, braving pope, emperor and council to defend the truth, more majestic even than Garibaldi riding in the public square of Naples and making recruits of the very legions who were drawn up to shoot him down.

Do we not realize this? Every one of these nobler deeds were longer faced than the stirring deeds of war we have recalled. The moment called for high endeavor, and when the spur of need gave its quick drive the courageous leader rose to the occasion, but these heroes of peace were compelled through weary days to anticipate the struggle before them. Such anticipations might well have sapped their courage and dulled the edge of their heroism. But they endured as seeing him who is invisible, refused to take a backward step and braved the face of God's contemners with a boldness that stirred the foe.

Now, why have I led up to this point? Simply because just this same heroic delivery of testimony to the truth is the great need of our time. "Ye are my witnesses." You are on the stand for God. The world jeers, jibes, reviles, *but it looks and listens.* TESTIFY. Stand up for God. Charge the world with its sins as did Peter when anointed from on high. Have you, with Paul, as one born out of due time, seen God? Then be as brave as Stephen. Declare your vision. Keep your eye on the throne though the stones fly. Better to die as he did than live a thousand years without fidelity to the heavenly vision.

No, it is not easy, but are you a saint for ease sake or Christ's sake? Did you enlist in the army of the Lord for fun or war? You must fight or you are not God's? Fight then. God fights with you. Go forward to every duty strong in the Lord. Know

that the courage which makes faithful is not an earthly thing. It comes down from the Father above. It is Christ the courageous one in the life. God nerves the arm, the Holy Ghost nerves the spirit, Christ in you dare face every danger. Fear not. Do your duty. Die at the front.

During the riotous days of the Commune in 1870 a Paris reporter was sent to report the happenings in the vicinity of Pantheon. The mob ruled the street. The pavements were lifted into barracks. Fury was in the saddle. Stones and shot whistled fiercely through the air. Through it all Donzelot pushed his pencil and the blank paper became alive with the history of pandemonium. A friend in the mob urged him to fly. "No, this is my stint; I will not do it." For an hour he stood to his work. Disorder increased. The mob though it tore and surged was pushed back. Across the street a company of the National Guard threw themselves. To their shoulders leaped their muskets and a volley of lead cut its way through the mob. Donzelot fell, struck in the breast by a shot. A surgeon rushed to him. "Are you hurt?" "Yes, please finish my report; I cannot write." The surgeon seized the pencil. "Write," said Donzelot, "3.20 P. M. At the fire of the troops three men were wounded and one killed." "But you are mistaken," cried the surgeon. "I see no dead. Who was killed?" "I." And Donzelot was dead. That was courage. Not for a moment but for hours. That was devotion to duty and for this world. Shall we be less ready to do and dare and die for God? Arouse. Stretch thyself to the vast opportunities of the times. "Tis late before the brave despair."

CLIFTON PARK, N. Y.



Divine Reserve in Revealing.

By J. R. Miller, D.D.

It is our duty to say good words to others, words of comfort or encouragement, words of counsel and instruction; but not always are such words timely. Sometimes love is shown more wisely by holding back the word we could speak. After Jesus had spoken many things to His disciples, many revealings of God's heart and will, He told them that He still had many other things to say to them which they could not then bear to hear. He could easily have told them these other things that night, but it would not have been a kindness to them for Him to do so. There would come a time when they could bear the further revealings, and then He would make them.

Nothing is more wonderful in the divine dealing with us than this reserve of revealing. A large part of the Bible is practically a sealed book to us until we come to the experiences for which the words are suited. There are promises for weakness which we cannot get while we are strong. There are words for times of danger into which we cannot run to hide while we are not conscious of needing any shelter from danger. There are comforts for sickness whose blessing we cannot get while we are in robust health. There are promises for times of loneliness, when men walk in solitary ways, which never can come with real meaning to them while loving companions are by their side. There are words for old age which we never can appropriate to ourselves along the years of youth, when the arm is strong, the blood warm and the heart brave. God cannot show us the stars while the sun is shining, nor can He make known to us the precious things of love that He has prepared for our nights, while it is yet day about us. His word to us then is, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." But by and by, when we come to the places of need, the experiences of life for which these words were spoken, they will open out to us with all their hidden secrets of joy and blessing.

Older Christians understand this. There are many things in the Bible which had little meaning for them in life's earlier days, but which have grown very dear to them through the advancing years. Often in childhood they heard or conned the words, perhaps memorizing them, and oftentimes repeating them, but they said them thoughtlessly, because there had been no experience in their lives to enable them to interpret the words. Their meaning was kept in reserve; they could not bear it now. Then one day a shadow crept over them and in the shadow the familiar words began to shine as stars that come out in the evening sky when the sun has set. Other years brought other experiences and the words shone out more and more brightly until the child's thoughtless recitation

of them has become the utterance of the faith and trust of the strong man's very soul. We cannot bear the full revealing of the divine words until we reach the experiences which they were meant to illumine.

God also holds in reserve for us the knowledge of our own future. He knows it all. When a child is born He knows all the path its feet must tread across the earth to the sunset gates.

When a young Christian comes to Christ's feet and says, "I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou leadest," the Master knows all that the consecration involves. But He does not reveal all this knowledge to the happy disciple. His word is, "I have many things to say unto you, which you cannot bear now to know."

Sometimes people are heard saying that they wish they could know all their future. But would that be a blessing? Could they better shape their course if they knew all that will befall them? Here are two who have just stood at the marriage altar and have plighted their vows of faithfulness, each to the other, until death shall separate them. They are very happy. As the Master lays his hand upon their bowed heads in benediction, suppose He should tell the fair young bride that the plenty which is hers at present will waste, and that she will experience want; that in the years before her she will watch by sick children and weep beside little graves; that her husband, now so brave and strong, will be crushed by misfortunes and grow old before his time—would it be a kindness to her if Christ told all this to her on her wedding night? Rather, the word of true gentleness to her is, "I have many other things to say to you besides the sweet words you have heard from My lips to-day, but you cannot bear now to hear them." He will not shadow her joy with forecastings of the trials that are veiled in the unopened years. The time to tell her these things will be just when she is entering the experiences.

The same law of reserve is followed by Christ in calling disciples. If He had told His first followers when they responded to His invitation the whole story of their life as His friends, all it would cost them to be faithful, what would have been the effect upon them? Or if the veil were lifted and a vision of the future were given to the young missionary, his heart aflame with love for Christ, showing him the path of sacrifice and suffering along which his feet must walk to an early grave in the jungles or in the hot sands, with seemingly nothing accomplished, would he go out as bravely as he now does, not knowing what the Lord's plan for his life may be? It is better he should not know. The divine reserve is not only wise, but also kind.

In all life this reserve is maintained. God leads us step by step and leads the way only as we go on. Things we could not have endured if they had been told us in advance, when they come bring their own strength with them. The experiences which we would have shrunk from if we had known of them before, when we come up to them grow full of blessing.

We ought to be glad that we do not know our own future. We should rejoice that our life is in God's keeping, not in ours. We need not ask to know what is in any unveiled to-morrow. God knows, and that is enough. Some day we shall know.

He holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or, if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
I'd rather He unlock the day,
And as its hours swing open say,
"My will is best."

I cannot read his future plans,
But this I know,
I have the smiling of His face
And all the refuge of His grace
While here below.

Enough! This covers all my needs,
And so I rest.
For what I cannot, He can see,
And in His love I still shall be
Forever blest.

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for April 20, 1902.

Peter and Cornelius.—Acts x., 34-44.

GOLDEN TEXT—"God is no respecter of persons." Acts 10:34.

GOD NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

We have here the first sermon directly to the Gentiles. The phraseology, "Peter opened his mouth," indicates the beginning of a regular and important discourse. The same phrase is used of Jesus at the beginning of the Sermon on the Mount. After setting forth that no distinction of race or nation can form any barrier to acceptance with God Peter presents a summary of the life and work of Jesus, the Lord of all, the Judge of the living and the dead, and the Saviour from sin of all who believe in Him. This verse and the next embody the lesson which Peter had learned. As he takes into view the entire case, Cornelius's vision and experience in wonderful harmony with his own, and the large company before him, reverent and anxiously waiting to hear the word of God, every remaining doubt disappears, and he exclaims: "Of a truth I perceive!" I no longer doubt, but fully comprehend it now—"that God is no respecter of persons."

THE GENERAL APPLICATION OF THE GOSPEL.

In every nation, whether God's chosen race of the Jews or not, he that feareth Him, exercising a genuine and devout reverence toward God, thus implying an obedient state of mind, "worketh righteousness"—that is, lives uprightly. We have a similar phrase, "to do righteousness," in Heb. 11:33. "Is accepted with Him," or acceptable to Him. Such persons are in a condition to be received and approved by God. Not, of course, independently of Christ, for Peter's object in coming was to preach Jesus the Christ, and the burden of his discourse was salvation through him. No righteousness of ours, however abundant, can save us independently of Christ. Cornelius was not a moralist, depending on his morality, for he received Christ as soon as presented by Peter.

A PEOPLE FOR HIS NAME.

God had been leading Cornelius and preparing Peter, and His design was to take out of the Gentiles a people for His name, not to save them without Christ, but to introduce them into the Kingdom of Christ. Cornelius seems to have been in much the same condition as the pious Jew before Christ, a worshiper of the true God, feeling the need of more light, and perhaps like the Eunuch a reader of the Old Testament Scriptures, and a searcher after the Promised One. He seems to have been in a state acceptable to God, through him who was to come. He needed Peter in order to know the fact of his personal salvation and the method of salvation through Jesus Christ. Peter seems to imply that some outside of Cornelius and his company in all nations might be in a savable state.

THE WORDS AND THE WAY OF THE LORD.

Christ is the Word, and the Truth, and the Revealer of those to men. Hence, all revelations may be traced back to Him. If any one by this light is led to see his fallen and helpless condition and to cry out, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" ready to accept of Christ so soon as offered, may he not be ignorantly but truly a worshiper of God, and of Him who is the only Revealer of God to men? "And other sheep I have," said the Master, "which are not of this fold." Many facts seem to confirm this view. In 1820, when the American missionaries first visited the Sandwich Islands, they found that the inhabitants had thrown away their idols and seemed to be waiting for the Gospel, among whom it had great success. The Karens of Burmah had traditions of the coming of the white foreigners, who would restore the true religion, and many appeared ready for the reception of the Gospel when the missionaries came among them. Such examples appear as illustrations of the guiding Spirit of God preparing the way for the reception of Christ among those who, without knowing Him, yet were substantially worshiping Him.

THE STATUS OF MISSIONS.

This naturally suggests the question of Christian missions to the heathen. Why, then, send missionaries? The answer is: To make known Jesus Christ to those who may be craving and looking for a Saviour. To arouse and deepen this feeling of need and longing in any others who may be seeking after God. To an-

nounce Christ to the millions who live on a lower plane of enlightenment than Cornelius, and persons of similar experiences. The Lord is continually preparing the way, showing us our duty and our opportunity. We should promptly heed the call, "Come now and help us," and the encouragement, as the voice of God, saying, "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee . . . for I have much people in this city." The very fact of God moving by His Spirit on the hearts of the heathens increases our obligation to send the living Word and the living preacher to them. "He is Lord of all;" not of the Jews only, but of the Gentiles also.

THE ANOINTED ONE.

Having spoken of the Gospel message and the Gospel history, Peter turns to the person who was the announcer of this message and the central figure of this history—how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth, the Holy Spirit, and with power the Holy Spirit descended upon Jesus at his baptism. Thus He was the divinely Anointed One and the Christ, meaning the anointed. Power, accompanying the unction of the Holy Spirit, has special references to the miracles, which are immediately spoken of, and which were evidences of His divine mission. So truth, life, faith, joy and wisdom are elsewhere associated with the Spirit, who went about doing good. This is a most beautiful summary of our Lord's ministry, putting especial emphasis on our Lord's works. Deeds of beneficence and works of mercy were characteristic of Christ's life. Healing all that were oppressed of the devil. Peter selects this class of miracles as among the greatest and most widely known. Devil means slanderer or false accuser, and is a name applied to Satan, the great adversary of God, of the Messiah and of our race.

PREACHING JESUS.

Cornelius and his company had only heard of Jesus, His preaching and His wonderful works. Now Peter affirms their truthfulness as an eye-witness. The expression "we" is most emphatic. As an Apostle it was Peter's mission and work to be a witness, and speaking as an Apostle he includes the other Apostles. Some, or even all, of the six brethren who came with him may have been witnesses of these things, but not in the sense of having been chosen by God for that purpose. "Whom they slew and hanged" by hanging Him on a tree. Peter states strongly the humiliating and shameful death of Jesus. So, also, he did to the Jewish rulers, but when preaching to an attentive Jewish audience, striving to persuade and convict, he carefully guards his language.

PREACHING THE RESURRECTION.

In contrast to the cruel treatment of the Jews, God raised up Jesus to life and showed Him openly. He was most emphatically made manifest. He was distinctly seen and known. The resurrection of Jesus, as in all the discourses of the Acts, is here the culminating point of which the Apostles testified. The last clause of the preceding verse—verse 39—and the next have reference to the forty days between Christ's resurrection and His ascension. Not to all the people of the Jews. It is not recorded that He appeared to any but His disciples or friends. As Jesus would not work miracles to satisfy the demands of the conscious and self-righteous Pharisees, so He would not entrust the evidences of His resurrection to His enemies, or make His appearances to His objectors and crucifiers. The wonderful phenomena during the crucifixion, the earthquake at the resurrection, and testimony of the guard were sufficient evidences for them.

PROOF OF THE TRUTH OF THE NARRATIVE.

While it was fitting He should limit his appearances to His followers, as those who would appreciate and properly use the evidence, it must at the same time be clear to all that this fact is among the strongest evidences of the truthfulness of the narrative. A forgery would naturally have represented Our Lord's appearances to both friends and foes, or at least would not have limited them on all occasions to His friends. The fact is a proof also of the candor of the historian. But unto witnesses shown before of God, even to us, the Apostles, who did eat and drink with Him at the same table, enjoying such intimate companionship as to afford tangible and unmistakable evidence of his resurrection. We may rest in the assurance that the resurrection of Jesus Christ is no myth. It is an established fact, certified to by the most clear, precise and full testimony of witnesses who had seen Him again and again after His resurrection and enjoyed intimate companionship with Him.

Nature and Science.

Some Achievements of Science.

On this subject Carl Snyder in the current issue of *Harper's Magazine* notes that a photographic plate, coupled with a telescope, will reveal the presence of millions of stars whose light does not affect the retina in the least. The microscope, too, with its revelations of the world of the infinitely small, tells us how crude; after all, is this most delicate of the senses. Indeed, we may liken it to a piano where only a single octave, toward the middle, sounds. From the ultra violet to the lowest reaches of the spectrum is a range of some nine octaves of light vibrations, of which, save for our new mechanical senses, we should never have been conscious of but one. The ear hears little of what is going on around us. By means of a microphone the tread of a fly sounds like the tramp of cavalry. Our heat sense is very vague; we need a variation of at least one-fifth of a degree on a thermometer to realize any difference in temperature. Professor Langley's little bolometer will note the difference of a millionth of a degree. It is 200,000 times as sensitive as our skin.

Calling Birds from the Sky.

Frank M. Woodruff divulged a secret at the Academy of Science in Lincoln Park last night. It is a "system" for coaxing maritime birds to alight in Lake Michigan. Few Chicagoans know that every fall flocks of migratory birds that belong to salt water bodies pass over the city by the lake so high up in the air that they cannot be seen by human eye, and only two students of these strange fowls know how to bring them out of the clouds. Mr. Woodruff, who is the taxidermist at the Academy of Science, is one of them and J. Grafton Parker, another ornithologist, is the other. Every year Mr. Parker and Mr. Woodruff betake themselves to the south end of Lake Michigan and after placing decoys off the Indian coast wait patiently until far up in the sky there comes the shrill whistle of a sea bird. Then Woodruff, who has studied their calls until he can imitate them perfectly, sends back an answering whistle that must travel miles upward through space. Scores of times these efforts have resulted in bringing the misguided birds out of their winged flight to the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic seaboard—for it is thither they are bound.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Duration of Twilight in the Tropics.

There is a wide-spread popular notion that twilight in the tropics is very bright and that daylight is almost immediately succeeded by night. Twilight lasts until the sun is about eighteen degrees below the horizon, and even in the tropics it requires more than an hour for the sun to reach this depression. Professor Bailey, of the Harvard College Observing Station, at Arequipa, in Peru, has lately printed observations bearing on the point in question, as follows: On Sunday, June 25, 1899, the sun set at 5.30 p. m., local time. At 6 he could read ordinary print with perfect ease. At 6.30 time could be told from a watch face. Until 6.55 p. m. (nearly an hour and a half after sunset), the shadow of an opaque body on a white surface was still visible. Similar observations were made at another tropical station on August 27th, with like results. Coarse print could still be read forty-seven minutes after sunset.

Electric Energy and Cosmogony.

M. Skvortzow considers that in the past history of the earth and planets electrical and chemical energies have played the most important parts in remote times and that heat energy has become more and more important in proportion as the earth has assumed its present condition. The heat of the earth is assumed by the writer to be due to electric currents circulating mostly near to the surface; the interior of the earth, on the other hand, may be as cold as the depths of the ocean. Changes in the state of the earth and meteorological phenomena are attributed to electric currents induced by solar energy. The temperatures of the planets are considered to depend less on their distance from the sun than on their reserve of energy and on the currents which the sun induces in them in virtue of their axial and orbital motion. The chief interest of the paper lies in its suggestion of a reconciliation of current theories of the earth's origin.

An Ingenious Device.

An ingenious device which measures the actual time a telephone has been in use, so that the company may charge the subscriber only for the actual service he has had, is the subject of a patent lately granted to Mr. Thomas Baret, of Sydney, New South Wales. The idea is that a subscriber who has but little use for his telephone will not be compelled to pay the same as one whose instrument is in fairly constant use. To this end the lever-switch of the telephone is connected with the clock or other mechanism, which shall be inoperative when the telephone is not in use; but as soon as the receiver is lifted from the hook the clockwork shall commence to operate, and will thus register the extent of time that the instrument has been working. The apparatus is so arranged that the up-and-down movement of the lever-switch shall wind up the clockwork, and thus the operation will be almost entirely automatic. A dial is provided for indicating the length of time the telephone has been in use.

The Sound of Bells.

"With reference to the far hearing of bells," says Rev. John M. Bacon in *Knowledge*, "one most important statement to make is that their sound is extremely uncertain. Seamen, lighthouse keepers, and others, whose training makes them close observers, constantly insist on this. I have already shown how remarkably the sound of a bell may be lost in the free upper air. Against this may be quoted a statement which I have on the authority of Messrs. Mears, the well-known bell-founders. It appears that the tenor bell of the peal of St. Bees, on the coast of Cumberland, has been heard at the top of Scafell Pikes, sixteen miles distant in a straight line. This is certainly a record, and must probably be largely accounted for by the slope of the mountain. My own experience is wholly against the possibility of the hearing of a deep bell across such distance and at the height of 3,000 feet in the free heaven."

Ice and Bacteria.

State experts have come to the conclusions that water has power to free itself from bacteria during its formation into ice, that certain bacteria are gradually killed in the ice. In its tendency to purify itself during the period of crystallization water will push the bacteria down into the unfrozen liquid, but if the pond is so shallow that all the water freezes into a solid mass it is evident that all the bacteria is contained in the ice, more numerous at the bottom than at the top. Hence the board feels that ice should be cut only on deep water, the deeper the better, inasmuch as the depth furnishes a retreat for the bacteria.

Notes.

The Department of Agriculture has recently published an estimate of the animal population of the country on January 1, 1900. It comprised 13,537,524 horses, about 2,000,000 mules, about 28,000,000 cattle, 16,292,360 milch cows, 81,883,065 sheep. As automobile traction is introduced the number of horses and mules will gradually diminish, and the effect is already evident.

Concerning rubies: There are three varieties, Oriental, Siamese and the spinel. The first is the most beautiful of all colored gems. They are becoming more and more rare and weight for weight are valued ten to twenty fold the price of diamonds. The best come from Ceylon, India and China. The Siamese rubies are very dark red, the spinel is less richly colored. The largest ruby known is one of the crown jewels of Russia. The Shah of Persia has a ruby of 175 carats; Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, had one of the size of a small egg and of perfect water which was presented to the Czarina of Russia in 1677.

The largest induction coil, which produces the longest spark for service in wireless telegraphy, is said to be the one which was recently made for flashing messages between the coast of Japan and Korea. It can produce, in fact, a miniature streak of lightning forty-five inches in length, capable of killing any number of persons who might get in its way, and when in operation sends out something like thunder.

Mount St. Elias is 5,520 meters in height, Mount Fairweather is 4,940 and Mount Logan is 5,947. There is a higher peak still that has never yet been climbed. It lies in 63½ degrees of north latitude and in 155 degrees of west longitude, and has been called Mount McKinley. Its altitude is 20,226 feet, and it will probably remained unclimbed for many years, owing to its remoteness and to the inherent difficulties of the ascent.

The Up-to-Date Point of View.¹

Bishop Williams
Tells a Good Story.

Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, tells the following story of the late Dr. Ducachet, formerly clergyman in St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia. One Sunday morning Dr. Ducachet arose feeling wretched. After a futile attempt to eat breakfast, he called an old and favorite colored servant to him and said:

"Sam, go around and tell Simmons (the sexton) to post a notice on the church door saying that I am too ill to preach today."

"Now, Massa," said Sam, "don't you gib up dat way. Just gib him a trial; you get 'long all right."

The argument went on and resulted in the minister starting off.

Service over, he returned to his house looking much brighter.

"How you feel, Massa?" said Sam as he opened the door.

"Better, much better, Sam. I am glad I took your advice."

"I knew it; I knew it," said the darky, grinning until every tooth was in evidence. "I knew you feel better when you git dat sermon out o' your system."

Stern Punishment.

The old practice of punishing a child at school and elsewhere by compelling the culprit to stand under a desk with his back bent nearly double, till the backbone was nearly out of joint and the boy became almost or quite deformed, or to stand on one foot on tiptoe, touching a beam overhead, has grown out of use, as civilization and the laws of hygiene have been better understood and better observed. When Henry Ward Beecher was a boy he got an occasional cuff on the head with the teacher's ferule. When he became a man he took occasion to remark that Providence had provided "other and more appropriate places on a boy's anatomy" on which to inflict corporeal punishment, and that a punishment which might be a perpetual injury to the youthful culprit was "excessive and wicked." In some countries the punishment for particular crimes is cruel and unjust beyond belief. Thus, in China if a son should be guilty of so horrible and intolerable a crime as the murder of his father or his mother he is not only beheaded and his body cut into small pieces, but his house is razed to the ground and the earth beneath it dug up for several feet. Moreover, his neighbors on either side are to be severely punished, his principal teacher to be beheaded, the magistrate of the place where he had lived is to be disgraced, and the rulers above him to be lowered in rank; thus, the Chinese, although so complaisant and long-suffering, apparently are most cruel and unjust in the manner of inflicting punishment in their own country.

The New
Macfadden Fad.

There is a faddist by the euphonious name of Macfadden, whose fad is to fast. By fasting and prayer—that is, holding the right mental attitude—Macfadden professes to cure dyspepsia, heart trouble, consumption, deafness, strabismus and to grow a crop of hair where there was no hair before. No matter what your complaint, just stop eating entirely for two days, three, four, a week, two weeks, and your system will burn up for fuel all the poison in your physical cosmos. The fast will not hurt you—you will scarcely lose in weight, and when you go back to the knife and fork business you will be a new man. Your body is a combination boiler and engine—it needs rest. You cannot run a locomotive constantly—the molecules will get shaken into nothingness and will disintegrate. To keep the edge on your razor, you must let it rest; so wise men have a separate razor for each day in the week, and let the others rest meanwhile. As we cannot have a new stomach for every day in the week we can do no better than to give the one we have an occasional rest. As to eating between

meals, or at unusual hours, he declares it to be all wrong, and rather tending to dyspepsia than to good health. We eat too much, "your think-apparatus is vacant, not your stomach." He goes on to say:

"I know a man weighing 200 pounds who has not the strength to get up in the morning and put on his pants until he has had a cup of coffee. This European habit of having coffee before you bounce out in the morning is growing in this country, and in many first-class hotels the fad is catered to. At the Waldorf-Astoria to have breakfast in bed is quite the proper thing."

Three Full Meals
for Three Cents.

As a sequel to the above, and in an attempt to show how cheaply the human body can be palatably nourished, a unique "1-cent restaurant" was opened last Tuesday at City Hall place and Pearl street in this city. The experiment is conducted under the charge of Mr. Macfadden, who believes that Americans, rich and poor alike, owing to lack of education in such matters, consume vast quantities of food, high priced, hard of preparation and having but little nutritive value. Mr. Macfadden declares that he can demonstrate the cheapness, healthfulness and economic advantages of simple foods. He will even attempt to make sufficient profit to pay expenses.

This is the bill of fare for the 1-cent dishes:

Large bowl of pea soup.....	1c.
Large bowl of steamed hominy.....	1c.
Large bowl of steamed oats.....	1c.
Large bowl of steamed barley.....	1c.

Any of the 1-cent portions contain food elements is said to be sufficient to supply the nourishment required in a full meal. Two or three of these 1-cent portions per day, if varied according to appetite, Mr. Macfadden declares, "should maintain the weight, strength and health of an ordinary individual for an indefinite time, if such extreme economy is necessary."

In order to test the truth of the above, THE CHRISTIAN WORK sent an employee, yesterday, to the place mentioned with price of a "large bowl of pea soup," and with instructions to feast on the same at its expense. The place was closed, but a "notice" on the door explained that it would reopen in a few days "upon a much larger scale," and would then supply at the above prices all who came. The tremendous rush to get a meal for 1 cent had simply swamped the management. An enormous boiler and range was being put in, and it really looked like business. We shall report on it hereafter.

A Triumph
in Blasting.

By the blasting of a huge boulder twenty feet below the surface of the northwest corner of Central Park, New York, two shafts through solid rock, begun 1,725 feet apart, were joined. The work was carried out with such exactness that the junction was as clean cut as though the mining had been along one continuous stretch. The engineers have had to exercise much care, and the blasting has proceeded with the greatest caution, one of the principal fears being that they would come upon a change in the texture of the rock. This is not always to be foreseen and may cause fatal accidents.

The Chinese
Muddle.

No sooner is one difficulty in the Chinese situation cleared up than another looms into view. Various of the Powers that took part in the suppression of the Boxer troubles left garrisons in Tien Tsin. All, with the exception of Germany, agreed to reduce the number of their soldiers there. The reason why Germany is reluctant to accede to the proposal of a reduction is supposed to be from a desire to obtain from the Chinese Government a monopoly of mining privileges in the province of Shangtung. Conferring such privileges on Germany, British rep-

¹ This department is an open court in which, numbered alphabetically for convenience, will be found original "Up-to-Date" items, short articles, news, facts and opinions of our own and other people. We especially welcome letters, comments and opinions from any source, and upon any subject of real interest. The responsible source of information for each "Point" other than our own will be given in every case. In the above these authorities are as follows: b, The Philistine; d, Christian Advocate; e, l, The Interior; f, Literary Digest; g, Thos. W. Porter, in Boston Globe; h, Rev. M. J. Savage; k, Christian Herald; n, r, Dr. Nicholl; o, The Congregationalist; u, New York Witness.

representatives believe would be contrary to the principles of settlement already agreed upon by the Powers. It would be giving one of them undue advantages at the expense of the rest. The British are endeavoring to restore the government of Tien Tsin to the Chinese, and the American representatives there are striving for the same object, while it is represented that Germany opposes the relinquishment of military government for the purpose of forwarding her own special interests. No concert of the powers it seems can always keep in tune.

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Is the Press
• Degenerating?

Mr. Thomas B. Connery, whose experience in journalism extends over thirty years, gives it as his opinion that "while there has been great progress (in journalism) in some directions there has also been a quality of deterioration observable, which is dangerous as well as dishonorable." As evidences of this degeneracy he enumerates the following shortcomings:

(1) Careless editing and recklessness in statement. The managing editor is no longer a conscientious supervisor of news; he has become a mere promoter of sensation, of exaggeration, and of misrepresentation, when these are necessary to produce "spicy" reading.

(2) Disregard of private rights. No man's character, no woman's name, is safe to-day from the blasting pen of the sensational reporter. The most cruel wrongs are inflicted sometimes—wrong irreparable often, because in many cases the retraction, correction or vindication is not seen by people who read the original charge.

(3) The bogus "extra." The word "extra" printed on a newspaper is no longer an assurance of new and important intelligence. Usually now it signifies little more than startling headlines, purposely designed to deceive.

(4) Worthless illustration. In its early stages newspaper illustration was useful and creditable, but it is now rapidly degenerating to the point of worthlessness.

—g—

When We Turn
Our Office Key.

The day brings cares to you and me,
As both of us quite often find.
So when we turn our office key
We ought to leave them all behind.

For if they vex us all day long,
Our minds distract, our hands make thin,
We do ourselves a cruel wrong,
Unless we simply lock them in.

Or if they do not harm us much,
When we are strong and day is bright,
They at our very vitals clutch
When we are tired and worn at night.

E'en when the hour for rest draws near,
The time for quiet, peaceful sleep,
In shapes unwelcome they appear,
Or ghostlike 'round our pillows creep.

Then since they love not you nor me,
And we can ne'er their favor win,
Nights when we turn our office key,
We better safely lock them in.

—h—

Is Divorce Always
Injurious to Society?

There is but one Scripture ground for divorce as most Christians believe. In answering the question whether divorce is always injurious to society, I am ready to admit, however, that any sweeping general answer is difficult. There is no place in the world, no other country, where divorces are so easily obtained as in the United States of America; and there is no place in the world where women stand so high, where women are so generally respected, granted so many liberties and rights; no place where they are so free to seek the highest and best things, where they are surrounded by so much care, such courtesy, such sympathy, such respect. America is the paradise of women, and we are not ready to concede that they are worse off or that the general average of morals is lower in America than in any other part of the world.

When we ask whether divorce is always an injury to the husband and the wife, it seems to me that the asking of it is its own answer. There are cases where it is apparently perfectly plain that it is for the advantage of the husband or the wife or both that they separate. There are other cases where it is an undoubted injury to both the individuals and to society.

I believe with my whole soul that what God hath joined together man has no right to put asunder. I believe more than that. I believe that in the cases where God has joined them together no man ever does or ever can or ever will put asunder. Cases like that will take care of themselves. I have too much respect for God to feel willing to hold Him responsible for all the marriages that have taken place since the beginning of the world. I believe we have a right to turn that saying around and say: "Where God has put people asunder no man has a right to force them to stay together."

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Conferring
Statehood.

A bill is now before Congress to confer Statehood upon the Territories of Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma, and also changing the name of the Indian Territory to the Territory of Jefferson, with a territorial form of government. It is hardly expected that anything will be done as regards this bill at the present session of Congress; but as next year will be the centennial of the famous Louisiana purchase by President Jefferson, which doubled the area of the Republic, and the important event is to be celebrated by a World's Fair at St. Louis, it would be but a right and proper thing that the nation, through Congress, should pay a special and lasting, and, certainly, under all the circumstances, a most fitting honor to the great expansionist by naming after him some part of the country included in the area of the vast tracts the purchase of which from the French Government was consummated by him. The idea is not a new one. There has been a growing feeling, especially in the West, that the next new State should be named after Jefferson. The idea is also popular in the South, from whence comes the proposition to combine Indian Territory and Oklahoma and thus create the State of Jefferson. No honor of this kind could be more worthily bestowed, and in no way could the name of Jefferson, to whom this country owes so much, be more fittingly honored. If new States are to be admitted next year, as seems most likely, public opinion, almost without dissent, would favor the bestowing the name of the third President upon one of them. It would not only emphasize the veneration we feel for the eminent patriot, but also becomingly recognize the act which so increased the area of the nation a century ago.

—j—

Trade in the
Philippines.

We learn from the report of the Insular Division of the War Department that the total value of merchandise imported in eight months specified in 1901 was \$19,618,596, against \$14,580,457 for a like period of 1900. The total value of merchandise exported in the corresponding eight months of 1901 was \$16,935,405, against \$15,928,015 for the like period of 1900.

The imports show an increase of 35 per cent. during the same period of 1901, as compared with the eight months of 1900. In the exports there was a 6 per cent. increase in favor of 1901. The imports from the United States, exclusive of gold and silver, in the eight months of 1901 were \$2,470,050, being an increase of 84 per cent. over the preceding year, while the export figures show \$1,960,687, or a slight increase in favor of 1901.

—k—

Canine Telepathy.

A remarkable instance of a dog's knowledge of his master's death is reported by the *Herald*, of Boston, Mass. It states that one of Boston's citizens had a dog to which he was much attached. The dog displayed great love for his owner. If the latter was detained away from home beyond his usual hour, the dog would wait long near the door watching for him. The owner was taken ill some months ago, and was ordered to the far West, in the hope that the climate might restore him. One night during his absence the dog suddenly gave a terrible howl, as if in sharp pain. As he continued to moan and howl, one of the servants rose and went to see what was the cause. There was nothing to account for the dog's trouble, but he continued to howl at intervals all night. The next morning a telegram was delivered announcing the gentleman's death. Inquiry revealed the fact that he died just as the dog began to howl. The animal refused all food and in a short time died, apparently of grief. How the dog could have been aware that his master, 2,000 miles away, was dying is a mystery. The only clue to it is in the strong love subsisting between the man and the dog, which must in some way have made the dog conscious of his owner's death.

We do not yet know all that love can do in annihilating space, but we do know that it is the most potent enlightening influence in the world.

The Controversy
Over Cuba.

General Granville Dodge and Sir William Horne, of the Cuban company which is building a railroad from Havana to Santiago, have just returned from a three-months' stay in Cuba, and



UNCLE SAM—"I'll give you one teaspoonful, Cuby. More of it might make you sick."—The Columbus Dispatch.

speak of the urgent need there is for some aid for the distressed people of Cuba. A few planters, they say, have sufficient capital and modern machinery to work their plantations profitably, but the larger number are greatly crippled, owing to the disastrous effects of the war on their property. Great difficulty has been experienced in arriving at a settlement of the Cuban reciprocity question. It is evidently a question of conflicting business interests. Without question it is understood that President McKinley was committed to the policy of granting liberal trade facilities to the Cubans to enable them to emerge from the consequences entailed by the war. President Roosevelt cheerfully and frankly assumed responsibility for the fulfilment of the Administration promises. He has been supported by Secretary Root, of the War Department, who has made himself acquainted with existing conditions in Cuba. The same can be said of General Wood, who is intimately acquainted with the needs of the Cubans. He, too, urges relief. A majority of the Republican members of Congress are no doubt prepared to support the policy of the Government, but there are others who are committed to ultra-protectionism, and whose constituents are engaged in the beet sugar industry, who strenuously oppose the giving of any concessions to the Cubans.

Is Belief in Miracles
Essential to Christianity?

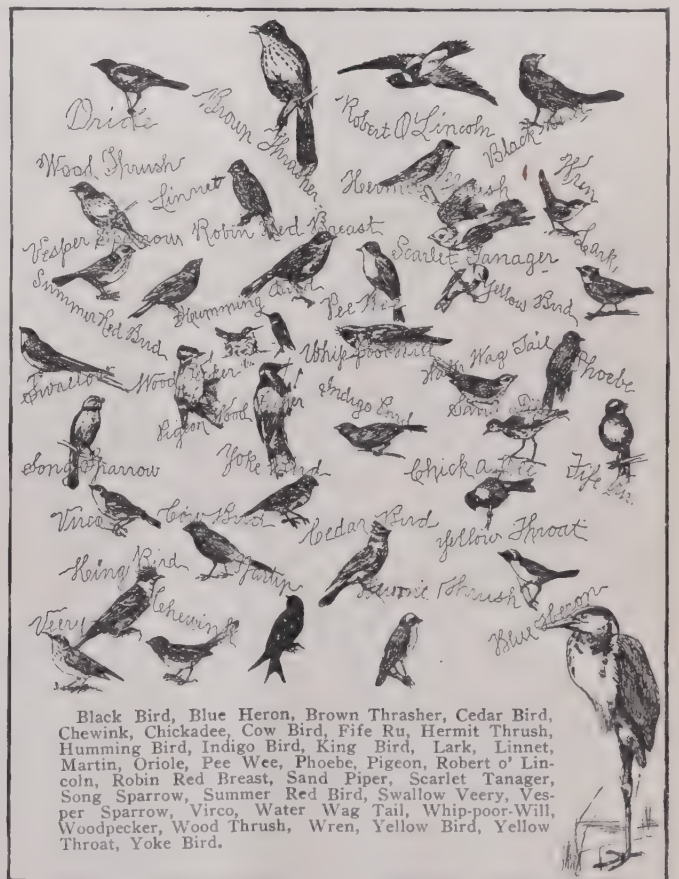
Miracle is part of the accompaniment as well as part of the content of a true revelation, its appropriate countersign. Of course, those who take this ground do not deny, but rather firmly assert, the steadfast and glorious order of nature. But they hold with equal firmness that God has made man for Himself, and that if He has sent His Son to die for them, the physical order cannot set the rule for the way of grace. If God has relented, nature may relent. They believe that if there is a personal God miracles are possible, and revelation, which is miracle, is also possible. They are not dismayed when they are told that the Gospel age was the age when legendary stories and superstitions and miraculous pretensions of the most fanciful and grotesque kind abounded. Nay, rather their faith is firmer, for they take these stories and compare them with the Gospel miracles, and they say, How is it that the stories of the New Testament are lofty and tender and beautiful and significant, while the rest are monstrosities?

Refuses to Believe
the Bible.

Such is the charge brought against Rev. Dr. Granville Louthier, of McPherson, Kan., one of the most prominent Methodist clergyman in Kansas, who is to be tried at the M. E. Conference at Arkansas City this week on a charge of heresy. The formal charges which were filed against the offending clergyman, declare that Dr. Louthier "refuses to believe that Eve was tempted by a real serpent, and that in papers and sermons he has taught the contrary, and that he refuses to believe that the entire human race descended from Adam and Eve, and is in no manner as stated in Holy Writ." Dr. Louthier, on the other hand, asserts his entire confidence in the Scriptures as containing the word of God, but insists upon his own understanding of the same, and his own method of interpretation.

Apropos of Current
Religious Journalism.

As we contemplate certain tendencies in religious journalism we are reminded of that witty characterization of Phillips Brooks by some one inquired of touching his ecclesiastical affiliations: "He is an Episcopalian with strong tendencies toward Christianity." The best modern religious journal exhibits its unmistakable signs of a growing leaning toward the wide field of Christian thought and service. A Methodist editor remarked to us not long ago, half-jocularly, that he wished we would pitch into his church oftener, because such denominational give-and-take would impart a piquant flavor to our respective papers. For our part, we are glad that the days of bitter controversy between journals representing different denominations are forever gone. The average church member to-day is more interested in large Christian events than he is in the details of the life of his own denomination.



Our Northern Bird Companions.
Designed and issued by the American Ornithological Association upon the occasion of sending to Senator Hoar a petition for a law against the slaughter of song birds.

The Liquor Traffic
in England.

Very few persons have a proper idea of the magnitude of the liquor traffic in England. John Burns, the English labor leader, recently made a statement which is calculated to cause astonishment. According to his statement it has taken the 12,000,000 members of friendly societies fifty years to raise \$200,000,000 and yet each year four times that amount is spent by Englishmen for liquor. The necessity of more restrictive legislation is recognized. With

the beginning of this year a law prohibiting the selling of liquor to children under 14 years of age has gone into operation, except "in sealed receptacles, in quantities not less than one pint, for consumption off the premises." Heretofore small children could be sent to the public houses for beer and whiskey, and in this way a taste for liquor was often developed.

Philosophy
versus
Christianity.

The church cannot without disloyalty and cowardice quarrel with criticism as such. It is not held absolutely to any the-

ory of any book. It asks, and is entitled to ask, the critic: Do you believe in the Incarnation and Resurrection of Christ? If his reply is in the affirmative, his process and results are to be examined earnestly and calmly. If he replies in the negative he has missed the way, and has put himself outside the church of Christ. If he refuses to answer, his silence has to be interpreted. . . . No one argues against the right of philosophers to affirm that goodness is everything, that miracles are impossible, and that nothing in Jesus Christ has any importance except his moral teaching. But Christian believers in revelation are compelled to say that these philosophers are not Christians. If they refuse to do so they are declaring that in their opinion these beliefs have no supreme importance. To say this is to incur the penalty of extinction. For Christianity dies when it passes altogether into the philosophic region. To believe in the Incarnation and the Resurrection is to put these facts into the foreground. Either they are first or they are nowhere. The man who thinks he can hold them and keep them in the background deceives himself. They are, and they ever must be, first of all. So, then, the battle turns on their truth or falsehood. It does not turn on the inerrancy of the Gospel narrative. It does not turn even on the authorship of the Gospels. Faith is not a belief in a book, but a belief in a living Christ.

Riches of Texas
and Mexico.

It seems strange that the attention of the American people has not long ago been alive to the fact that at our very

doors we have a country surpassingly rich in all the material resources. Both Texas and Mexico stand in the very front rank in the matter of mineral resources. In her soil can be found in abundance silver, gold, copper, iron, coal, and, indeed, practically every desirable mineral that can be found on earth. The expedition last spring to Texas by the New York Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' Association brought the great resources of Texas into prominence and showed her rich fields of cotton, sugar and manufactures. Texas is a country where a pushing man will soon grow rich. There are not enough houses in her large towns and cities, and an inviting field is presented to the capitalist in San Antonio, Dallas and the other large cities. As for Mexico, she already has a population of about 13,000,000—more than that of the Philippines, Hawaii, Guam, Porto Rico and Cuba combined; her political institutions are, nominally at least, much like our own; person and property are reasonably secure within her borders and her people are steadily increasing in intelligence.

Capital Now Seeking
These Rich Fields.

There is a disposition in the North and West to take advantage of these rich fields, and Texas especially has come into view and great prominence of late, and capital is beginning to see its chance to reap a rich harvest. So in Mexico we notice a decided disposition on this side of the border to make up for past neglect. The more American capital there is invested in Mexico the closer the two republics will be drawn together. Whether this result ultimately in political annexation, finally or not, it can hardly fail to make for the prosperity and advancement of both nations. Yet this inviting field, which lies at our very doors, was almost completely neglected for years. We have been of late expending a vast amount of money in the hope of tranquilizing and developing a group of islands, with a semi-civilized population, on the other side of the globe. Mexican exports and imports amount to as much in one year as the exports and imports of the Philippines do in seven, and the enterprising men of the States are becoming alive to the fact. The result will be a rich harvest for both countries.

Teaching of the Bible
Concerning Immortality.

The Bible takes for granted this latent belief in immortality in all its warnings to men of the awful consequences of sin. As far as this life is concerned the "sinners" have often very much

better times than the "saints"—from their own point of view—and those who are living in open rebellion against God here would rather be annihilated at death than go to heaven to worship God and be obedient to Him. To them annihilation would be a reward, not a punishment. There are multitudes who would be glad to believe in annihilation if they could, and would then say to themselves: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"—let us make the most of life as an opportunity for enjoyment, for it will soon come to an end, and that will be the end of us. There are those who hold that rebellious sinners will be annihilated, not at death, but at some time in the indefinite future, after having suffered the penalty of their sins. And there are those who hold that in the indefinite future all will be brought to repentance and saved. In support of these views it is argued that the Greek words translated everlasting and eternal do not necessarily mean "without end," but only for an indefinitely long time. And there are several texts in the New Testament which seem to teach that in the end all evil will be abolished by the annihilation of those who delight in evil; there are also texts which seem to give some countenance to Tennyson's doctrine:

That no one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.



About Church Prayer Meetings.

By Rev. S. M. Keeler.

In the minds of many church members prayer meetings seem to have *no place*. This may be the result of two causes; one due to the construction of the rooms for prayer meetings, the other due to the want of training as to the object of prayer meetings. The very size of the chapels seems to say to the membership of each church: "It is not expected that *all* will share in these social meetings." There are notable exceptions, where the room for the weekly prayer meetings will accommodate a large part of the resident membership; but in the most of our chapels not one-fourth of the members could be seated, and scarcely one-sixth of the congregation. Thus we put a slight on the meeting at once, and make it appear of small importance. And often the want of comfortable seats, good air and good lights tends to confirm this impression. Further, our evangelical churches, except the Methodist, fail in the training of young Christians for active service. The class meeting is a good place to teach many things that cannot so well be taught from the pulpit. If we have nothing to take its place, then we should cultivate the more assiduously the social prayer meeting.

1st. If possible, get the people to mass themselves near the leader, so that those a little tardy may come in without serious injury to the meeting. At the hour appointed begin the meeting, if only three have come together. Let two or three hymns, or parts of hymns, be sung that have no immediate connection with the subject for prayer.

2d. Study beforehand how they can be made *profitable*. To this end it is often necessary that the leader should carefully choose the subject of each meeting. If the pastor finds it necessary to study his people, in order to present truth that shall be helpful on the Sabbath, so he will discover needs that can best be met in the familiar discourse of the prayer meeting. Having chosen a theme, let him think and pray over it, so as to make what he shall say be suggestive to the people. Let the Scripture which embodies the subject be named at the time the meeting is announced on the Sabbath; and in the meeting let some Scripture appropriate to this theme be read, so that his own mind and the minds of all shall be held to the matter. In order to prevent the conflict of some providential event with a set of themes chosen for six months in advance, it is wise not to hesitate to change, on giving due notice, for some striking event might make a subject chosen months before exceedingly inappropriate.



THE CRUISE of

By Frank T. Bullen
First Mate

The CACHALOT



CHAPTER XXV.

ON THE SOLANDER GROUNDS.

Our opening day was an auspicious one. We had not been within the cruising radius more than four hours before the long-silent cry of "Blo-o-o-w!" resounded from the mainmast head. It was a lone whale, apparently of large size, though spouting almost as feebly as a calf. But that, I was told by the skipper, was nothing to go by down here. He believed right firmly that there were no small whales to be found in these waters at all. He averred that in all his experience he had never seen a cow-cachalot anywhere around Stewart's Island, although, as usual, he did no theorizing as to the reason why.

Eagerly we took to the boats and made for our first fish, getting alongside of him in less than half an hour from our first glimpse of his bushy breath. As the irons sank into his blubber he raised himself a little, and exposed a back like a big ship bottom-up. Verily, the skipper's words were justified, for we had seen nothing bigger of the whale-kind that voyage. His manner puzzled us not a little. He had not a kick in him. Complacently, as though only anxious to oblige, he lay quietly while we cleared for action, nor did he show any signs of resentment or pain while he was being lanced with all the vigor we possessed. He just took all our assaults with perfect quietude and exemplary patience, so that we could hardly help regarding him with great suspicion, suspecting some deep scheme of deviltry hidden by this abnormally sheep-like demeanor. But nothing happened. In the same peaceful way he died, without the slightest struggle sufficient to raise even an eddy on the almost smooth sea.

Leaving the mate by the carcass, we returned on board, the skipper hailing us immediately on our arrival to know what was the matter with him. We, of course, did not know, neither did the question trouble us. All we were concerned about was the magnanimous way in which he, so to speak, made us a present of himself, giving us no more trouble to secure his treasure than if he had been a lifeless thing. We soon had him alongside, finding, upon ranging him by the ship, that he was over seventy feet long, with a breadth of bulk quite in proportion to such a vast length.

Cutting in commenced at once, for fine weather there was by no means to be wasted, being of rare occurrence and liable at the shortest notice to be succeeded by a howling gale. Our latest acquisition, however, was of such gigantic proportions that the decapitation alone bade fair to take us all night. A nasty cross-swell began to get up, too—a combination of northwesterly and southwesterly which, meeting at an angle where the Straits began, raised a curious "joggle," making the vessel behave in a drunken, uncertain manner. Sailors do not mind a ship rolling or pitching, any more than a rider minds the motion of his horse, but when she does both at once, with no approach to regularity in her movements, it makes them feel angry with her. What, then, must our feelings have been under such trying conditions, with that mountain of matter alongside to which so much sheer hard labor had to be done, while the sky was getting greasy and the wind beginning to whine in that doleful key which is the certain prelude to a gale.

Everybody worked like Chinamen on a contract, as if there was no such feeling as fatigue. Little was said, but we all realized that unless this job was got over before what was brooding burst upon us we should certainly lose some portion of our hard-won whale. Still, our utmost possible was all we could do; and when, at daylight, the head was hauled alongside for cutting up, the imminent possibility of losing it, though grievous to think of, worried nobody, for all had done their best. The gale had commenced in businesslike fashion, but the sea was horrible. It was almost impossible to keep one's footing on the stage. At times the whole mass of the head would be sucked down by the lee roll of the ship, and go right under her keel, the fluke-chain which held it grinding and straining as if it would tear the bows out of her. Then when she rolled back again the head would rebound to the surface right away from the ship, where we could not reach it to cut. Once or

twice it bounced up beneath our feet, striking the stage and lifting it with its living load several inches, letting it fall again with a jerk that made us all cling for dear life to our precarious perch.

In spite of these capers, we managed to get the junk off the head. It was a tremendous lift for us; I hardly think we had ever raised such a weight before. The skipper himself estimated it at fifteen tons, which was no small load for the tackles in fine weather, but with the ship tumbling about in her present fashion, it threatened to rip the mainmast out by the roots—not, of course, the dead-weight strain; but when it was nearly aboard her sudden lee wallow sometimes floated the whole mass, which, the next instant on the return roll, would be torn out of water, with all the force of the ship suddenly rolling the other way. Every splinter, every rope-yarn of her groaned again under this savage treatment; but so splendid was her construction that she never made a drop of water more than just sufficient to sweeten the limbers.

It was with great and genuine satisfaction that we saw it at last safely lowered on deck and secured. But when we turned our attention to the case, which, still attached to the skull, battered alongside, any chance of saving it was at once seen to be hopeless. Indeed, as the old man said, it was time for us to "up stick" and run for shelter. We had been too fully occupied to notice the gradual increase of the wind; but when we did there was no gainsaying the fact that it was blowing a very stiff breeze (*Anglice*, a violent gale). Fortunately for us, it was from the westward, fair for the harbor of Port William, on the Stewart's Island side of the Straits, so that we were free from the apprehension of being blown out to sea or on a jagged lee shore.

While we were thus thinking during a brief pause to take breath, the old packet herself solved our last difficulty in emphatic fashion. She gave a tremendous lee lurch, which would inevitably have destroyed the cutting stage if we had not hoisted it, driving right over the head, which actually rose to the surface to windward, having passed under her bottom. The weather roll immediately following was swift and sudden. From the nature of things it was evident that something must give way this time. It did. For the first and only time in my experience, the fluke-chain was actually torn through the piece to which it was fast—two feet of solid gristle ripped asunder. Away went the head with its £150 to £200 worth of pure spermaceti, disappearing from view almost immediately.

It had no sooner gone than more sail was set, the yards were squared, and the vessel kept away up the Straits for shelter. It was a big improvement, for she certainly had begun to make dirty weather of it, and no wonder. Now, however, running almost dead before the gale, getting into smoother water at every fathom, she was steady as a rock, allowing us to pursue our greasy avocation in comparative comfort. The gale was still increasing, although now blowing with great fury; but, to our satisfaction, it was dry and not too cold. Running before it, too, lessened our appreciation of its force; besides which, we were exceedingly busy clearing away the enormous mass of junk, which, draining continually kept the decks running with oil.

We started to run up the Straits at about 10 A. M. At 2 P. M. we suddenly looked up from our toil, our attention called by a sudden lull in the wind. We had rounded Saddle Point, a prominent headland, which shut off from us temporarily the violence of the gale. Two hours later we found ourselves hauling up into the pretty little harbor of Port William, where, without taking more than a couple of hands off the work, the vessel was rounded to and anchored with quite as little fuss as bringing a boat alongside a ship. It was the perfection of seamanship.

Once inside the bay, a vessel was sheltered from all winds, the land being high and the entrance intricate. The water was smooth as a mill-pond, though the leaden masses of cloud flying overhead and the muffled roar of the gale told eloquently of the unpleasant state of affairs prevailing outside. Two whale-ships lay here—the *Tamerlane*, of New Bedford, and the *Chance*, of Bluff Harbor. I

am bound to confess that there was a great difference in appearance between the Yankee and the colonial—very much in favor of the former. She was neat, smart, and seaworthy, looking as if just launched; but the *Chance* looked like some poor old relic of a by-gone day, whose owners, unable to sell her, and too poor to keep her in repair, were just letting her go while keeping up the insurance, praying fervently each day that she might come to grief, and bring them a little profit at last.

But although it is much safer to trust appearances in ships than in men any one who summed up the *Chance* from her generally outworn and poverty-stricken looks would have been, as I was, "way off." Old she was, with an indefinite antiquity, carelessly rigged, and vilely unkempt as to her gear, while outside she did not seem to have had a coat of paint for a generation. She looked what she really was—the sole survivor of the once great whaling industry of New Zealand. For although struggling bay whaling stations did exist in a few sheltered places far away from the general run of traffic, the trade itself might truthfully be said to be practically extinct. The old *Chance* alone, like some shadow of the past, haunted Foveaux Straits, and made a better income for her fortunate owners than any of the showy, swift coasting steamers that rushed contemptuously past her on their eager way.

In many of the preceding pages I have, though possessing all an Englishman's pride in the prowess of mine own people, been compelled to bear witness to the wonderful smartness and courage shown by the American whalers, to whom their perilous calling seems to have become a second nature. And on other occasions I have lamented that our own whalers, either at home or in the colonies, never seemed to take so kindly to the sperm whale fishery as the hardy "down Easters," who first taught them the business; carried it on with increasing success, in spite of their competition and the depredations of the *Alabama*; flourished long after the English fishery was dead and even now muster a fleet of ships engaged in the same bold and hazardous calling. Therefore, it is the more pleasant to me to be able to chronicle some of the doings of Captain Gilroy, familiarly known as "Paddy," the master of the *Chance*, who was unsurpassed as a whalefisher or a seaman by any Yankee that ever sailed from Martha's Vineyard.

He was a queer little figure of a man—short, tubby, with scanty red hair, and a brogue thick as pea-soup. Eccentric in most things, he was especially so in his dress, which he seemed to select on the principle of finding the most unfitting things to wear. Rumor credited him with a numerous half-breed progeny—certainly he was greatly mixed up with the Maoris, half his crew being made up of his dusky friends and relations by marriage. Overflowing with kindness and good temper, his ship was a veritable ark of refuge for any unfortunate who needed help, which accounted for the numerous deserters from Yankee whalers who were to be found among his crew. Such whaling skippers as our late commander hated him with ferocious intensity, and but for his Maori and half-breed bodyguard, I have little doubt he would have long before been killed. Living as he had for many years on that storm-beaten coast, he had become, like his Maoris, familiar with every rock and tree in fog or clear, by night or day; he knew them, one might almost say, as the seal knows them, and feared them as little. His men adored him. They believed him capable of anything in the way of whaling, and would as soon have thought of questioning the reality of daylight as the wisdom of his decisions.

I went on board the evening of our arrival, hearing some rumors of the doings of the old *Chance* and her crew, also with the idea that perhaps I might find some countrymen among his very mixed crowd. The first man I spoke to was Whitechapel to the backbone, plainly to be spotted as such as if it had been tattooed on his forehead. Making myself at home with him, I desired to know what brought him so far from the "big smoke," and on board a whaler, of all places in the world. He told me he had been a Pickford's van-driver, but had emigrated to New Zealand, finding that he did not at all like himself in the new country. Trying to pick and choose instead of manfully choosing a pick and shovel for a beginning, he got hard up. During one of Captain Gilroy's visits to the Bluff, he came across my ex-drayman, looking hungry and woe-begone. Invited on board to have a feed, he begged to be allowed to remain; nor, although his assistance was not needed, was he refused. "An' nar," he said, his face glow-

ing with conscious pride, "y'ort ter see me in a bloomin' bowt. I ain't a-gowin' ter say as I kin fling wun o' them 'ere bloomin' 'arpoons like ar bowt-steerers kin; but I kin do my bit o' grawft wiv enny on 'em—don'tchu make no bloomin' horror." The glorious incongruity of the thing tickled me immensely; but I laughed more heartily still when on going below I was hailed as "Wot cher, chummy; 'ow yer hoppin' up?" by another barbarian from the wilds of Spitalfields, who, from the secure shelter of his cats'-meat round in 'Oxton, had got adrift, and, after being severely buffeted by tempestuous ill-fortune, had finally found himself in the comfortable old *Chance*, a haven of rest in the midst of storms. There were sixteen white men on board the *Chance*, including the skipper, drawn as usual from various European and American sources, the rest of her large crew of over forty all told being made up of Maoris and half-breeds. One common interest united them, making them the jolliest crowd I ever saw—their devotion to their commander. There was here to be found no jealousy of the Maoris being officers and harpooners, no black looks or discontented murmuring; all hands seemed particularly well satisfied with their lot in all its bearings; so that, although the old tub was malodorous enough to turn even a pretty strong stomach, it was a pleasure to visit her cheerful crowd for the sake of their enlivening society.

Of course, under our present circumstances, with the *débris* of our late enormous catch filling every available space and loudly demanding attention, we had little time to spare for ship-visiting. Some boat or other from the two ships was continually alongside of us, though, for until the gale abated they could not get out to the grounds again, and time hung heavy on their hands. The *Tamerlane's* captain avoided Paddy as if he were a leper—hated the sight of him, in fact, as did most of his *confrères*; but our genial skipper, whose crew were every whit as well treated and contented as the *Chance's*, and who therefore needed not to dread losing them, met the little philanthropist on the most friendly terms.

The first fine weather, which came four days after our arrival, both our harbor mates cleared out. Characteristically, the *Chance* was away first, before daylight had quite asserted itself, and while the bases of the cliffs and tops of the rocks were as yet hidden in dense wreaths of white haze. Paddy lolled on the taffrail near the wheel, which was held by an immense half-breed, who leant back and carried on a desultory, familiar conversation with his skipper; the rest of the crew were scattered about the decks, apparently doing what they liked in any manner they chose. The anchor was being catted, sails going up, and yards being trimmed; but, to observers like us, no guiding spirit was noticeable. It seemed to work all right, and the old ark herself looked as if she was as intelligent as any of them; but the sight was not an agreeable one to men accustomed to discipline. The contrast when the *Tamerlane* came along an hour or so after was emphatic. Every man at his post; every order carried out with the precision of clockwork; the captain pacing the quarter-deck as if she were a line-of-battle ship—here the airs put on were almost ludicrous in the other direction. Although she was only "a good jump" long, as we say, whenever an order was given it was thundered out as if the men were a mile away, each officer appearing to vie with the others as to who could bellow the loudest. That was carrying things to the opposite extreme, and almost equally objectionable to merchant seamen.

We were thus left alone to finish our trying-out, except for such company as was afforded by the only resident's little schooner, in which he went oyster-dredging. It was exceedingly comfortable in the small harbor, and the fishing something to remember all one's life. That part of New Zealand is famous for a fish something like a bream, but with a longer snout, and striped longitudinally with black and yellow. I am ignorant of any polysyllabic prefix for it, only knowing it by its trivial and local appellation of the "trumpeter," from the peculiar sound it makes when out of water. But no other fish out of the innumerable varieties which I have sampled in all parts of the world could compare with the trumpeter for flavor and delicacy. These qualities are well known to the inhabitants of the large towns, who willingly pay high prices for the scanty supply of these delicious fish which they are able to obtain. Of other succulent fish there was a great variety, from the majestic "grouper," running up to over a hundred weight, down to the familiar flounder. Very little fishing could be done at night. Just as day was dawning was the ideal time for this en-

ting sport. As soon as the first few streaks of delicate light enlivened the dull horizon, a stray nibble or two gladdened the patient fishermen; then as the light strengthened the fun became general, and in about an hour enough fish would be caught to provide all hands with for the day.

One morning, when a stark calm left the surface of the bay as smooth as a mirror, I was watching a few stealthily-gliding barracouta sneaking about over the plainly visible bottom, though at a depth of seven or eight fathoms. Ordinarily, these fish must be taken with a live bait; but, remembering my experience with the dolphin, I determined to try a carefully arranged strip of fish from one recently caught. In precisely the same way as the dolphin, these long, snaky rascals carefully tested the bait, lying still for sometimes as long as two minutes with the bait in their mouths, ready to drop it out on the first intimation that it was not a detached morsel. After these periods of waiting the artful creature would turn to go, and a sudden jerk on the line then reminded him that he was no longer a free agent, but mounting at headlong speed to a strange bourne whence he never returned to tell the tale. My catch that lovely morning scaled over a hundredweight in less than an hour, none of the fish being less than ten pounds in weight.

The Maoris have quite an original way of catching barracouta. They prepare a piece of "rimu" (red pine) about three inches long, by an inch broad, and a quarter of an inch thick. Through one end of this they drive an inch nail bent upward, and filed to a sharp point. The other end is fastened to about a fathom of stout fishing-line, which is in turn secured to the end of a five-foot pole. Seated in a boat with sail set, they slip along until a school of barracouta is happened upon. Then the peak of the sail is dropped, so as to deaden the boat's way, while the fishermen ply their poles with a side-long sweep that threshes the bit of shining red through the water, making it irresistibly attractive to a struggling horde of ravenous fish. One by one, as swiftly as the rod can be wielded, the little forms drop off the barbless hook into the boat, till the vigorous arm can no longer respond to the will of the fisherman, or the vessel will hold no more.

Such were the goodly proportions of this first Solander whale of ours that, in spite of the serious loss of the case, we made thirteen and a half tuns of oil. When the fifteen huge casks containing it were stowed in their final positions, they made an imposing show, inspiring all of us with visions of soon being homeward bound. For the present we were, perforce, idle; for the wind had set in to blow steadily and strongly right up the straights, preventing any attempts to get out while it lasted. The time did not hang heavy on our hands, for the surrounding country offered many attractions which we were allowed to take full advantage of. Spearing eels and flounders

at night by means of a cresset hung out over the boat's bow, as she was slowly sculled up the long, shallow creeks, was a favorite form of amusement. Mr. Cross, the resident, kindly allowed us to raid his garden, where the ripe fruit was rotting by the bushel for want of consumers. We needed no pressing; for fruit, since we left Vau Vau, of any kind had not come in our way; besides, these were "homey"—currants, gooseberries, strawberries—delightful to see, smell and taste. So it came to pass that we had a high old time, unmarred by a single regrettable incident, until, after an enforced detention of twenty days, we were able to get to sea again.

Halfway down the Straits we sighted the *Chance*, all hands ripping the blubber off a sizable whale in the same "anyhow" fashion as they handled their ship. They were in high glee, giving us a rousing cheer as we passed them on our westward course. Arriving on the ground, we found a goodly company of fine ships, which I could not help thinking too many for so small an area. During our absence the *Tamerlane* had been joined by the *Eliza Adams*, the *Matilda Sayer*, the *Coral*, and the *Rainbow*; and it was evident that no whale venturing within the radius of the Solander in the daytime would stand much chance of escaping such a battery of eager eyes. Only three days elapsed after our arrival when whales were seen. For the first time, I realized how numerous those gigantic denizens of the sea really are. As far as the eye could reach, extending all round one-half of the horizon, the sea appeared to be alive with spouts—all sperm whales, all bulls of great size. The value of this incredible school must have been incalculable. Subsequent experience satisfied me that such a sight was by no means uncommon here; in fact, "lone whales" or small "pods" were quite the exception.

Well, we all "waded in," getting, some two, some one whale apiece, according to the ability of the crews or the fortune of war. Only one fell to our lot in the *Cachalot*, but it was just as well. We had hardly got him fast by the fluke alongside when it began to pipe up from the northeast. In less than one watch the sea was fairly smoking with the fierceness of the wind. We were unable to get in anywhere, being, with a whale alongside, about as handy as a barge loaded with a haystack; while those unfortunate beggars that had two whales fast to them were utterly helpless as far as independent locomotion went, unless they could run dead before the wind. Every ship made all snug aloft, and hoisted the boats to the top notch of the cranes, fully anticipating a long, hard struggle with the elements before they got back to the cruising ground again. Cutting in was out of the question in such weather; the only thing possible was to hope for a shift of wind before she got too far out, or a break in the weather. Neither of these events was probable as all frequenters of South New Zealand know, bad weather having there an unhappy knack of being as persistent as fine weather is brief.

(To be continued.)

Christian Endeavor.

Sunday, April 20th.—John viii., 32;
I John iii., 14; Rom. viii., 1-6;
I John iv., 7.

How Can I Know That I Am Saved?

By Lina Jeanette Walk.

It seems a very simple and easy thing for a Christian to know whether he is saved or not—he has only to take God at His word to be convinced of this absolutely. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." And, again, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Could anything be plainer than this? These are God's promises, and they are solid rock to stand upon. If the Christian is honestly trying to do his best to obey the will of God, there is no need for him to doubt that his calling and election is sure, or to puzzle his head over the theory of salvation.

In speaking on this subject, Mr. Moody once said: "A good many people honestly believe that it is presumptuous to say that they are saved, that they have passed from death unto life, that they are going to have a place at God's right hand. But the Bible teaches very clearly that we can know that we are saved. If we want light we can get it. We know that we have passed from death unto life if we are in earnest about it. In the gospel of John there are twenty-one chapters and they all speak of believing. "Believe" is the key of that gospel. It just runs straight on in the whole book. But turn over into John's first epistle, and you will find that the key to that epistle is "Know." Forty-two times that word occurs in these few chapters. "These things are written that ye might know." I don't believe that it is the mind of God that we should go through the world in darkness, not knowing whether we have been saved or not. The best book on "Assurance" is the first epistle of John. If you are in doubt about your salvation, read it and you will know.

The test of this "belief" is a changed heart and a changed life. We shall "know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." This is the great discovery of the new birth in Christ Jesus. Learning to live for others fills the soul with gentleness and fuller love toward God. Paget says: "It is the way from death to life. It changes homes, it lightens every burden, it brings peace and gladness into the hardest days; it alters even the tone of a man's voice and the very look of his face. But all this, blessed and surpassing as it is, far above all else in the world, still is but the beginning. For that life into which we pass as God's dear grace of love comes in us and about us is the very life of heaven." Salvation is a free gift, it is offered "without money and without price," and it is the only gift really worth seeking, for it accumulates treasures above. We can do without many things which we consider necessary here, but we cannot do without God and the hope of eternal life. "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The Christian Life

A Silent Life.

By James M. Campbell, D.D.

Silently falls the snow-flake,
Silently falls the dew,
Silently dies the old year
Silently comes the new.
Silently steal the sunbeams
Over the dales and hills;
Silently flows the river
That turns a hundred mills.
Silently do a kind deed,
Silently lighten care;
Silently shed the grief-tear,
Silently kneel in prayer.
Silently bear a wrong done—
Care not what slanderers say;
Silently live a good life,
Silently pass away.

CHICAGO, Ill.

A Living Stream.

On the very summit of a high mountain in the vicinity of Hartwick Seminary is a beautiful sheet of clear water covering several acres, known as "Moss Pond." This body of water has no *visible* source of supply, yet it is forever sending a living stream of clear, sweet water singing down the mountain side, making glad the fields through which it flows. This stream never runs dry, nor does it overflow its banks, whatever may be the variable weather conditions as between extreme wet or drought. A beautiful type of what every Christian life may be, and ought to be, in this present world of desert barrenness and sin.

The Master said when on earth that if we would drink of the waters he had to give, we should not only not thirst because of the well-spring begotten within, but that from us, if we believe on Him, "should flow rivers of living water."

This was the farewell and beautiful thought He expressed one day in the temple as the crowds were going out on "the last great day of the feast" of Tabernacles to their places of abode, after a week's celebration. The people, with great joy, had just been observing the formal ceremony of the priest returning to the temple with a golden pitcher of water, pouring it out over the sacrifice upon the altar. The flashing and splashing of the water was a reminder, and very precious to them, of those hard years of sojourn in the desert, when the Lord, through His servant, Moses, supplied them with water from the rock.

These people had seemingly forgot a part of the ancient promise to Abraham, "I will bless thee, and *thou shalt be a blessing*." The Master, therefore, reminds them that, as He has received the water of life from the God-Head, and given to them, so they, in receiving from Him, are to pass on to others what they have received. More desolate than the thousands of acres in the Great American Desert, that are treeless, fruitless, flowerless and grassless because rainless and riverless, is the desert domain of mankind. And God has ordained that His children shall be as living streams, transforming this wilderness waste into "a watered garden." He could have decreed otherwise and accomplished the world's salvation just the same; but He has

pleased to put this sublime responsibility upon His believing children.

With this suggestive figure in mind, therefore, as Christ applied it that day in the temple to His followers down to all time, may not the question be pertinent, *What is my life, a living stream?* Is it *active, constant, enriching*, and ever *widening* and deepening; or is it rather like the dead sea, ever receiving and embittering, but with no visible outlet?

Rather like that stream of all *living* streams, the Gulf Stream, flowing faster, farther and with greater volume and most blessed effect upon the continents, because of its warm temperature; may our Christian lives furnish the channel-bed for the majestic flow of the waters of life. Having received from Christ, we are to pass it on to others.



Christian Conversation Corner.

By Mary E. Sweetser.

If we should notice how often we use, or hear used, the phrase, "I haven't time," perhaps we should be surprised. Would it not be more correct if the sentence was changed to "I did not take time" for this or that? Hearing quoted the self-evident assertion, "You have all the time there is," does not make the pressure for time for our various occupations less than it was before. We each have twenty-four hours every day in which to accomplish something, and the way these hours are employed is a good index of our Christian character, for, on the other hand, our characters determine the manner in which our days are spent.

Do some of you, at once, object that you are obliged to spend your time as you do? Do not try to deceive yourself. Do you think it is true of any one that he has no choice as to the way he occupies part or all of his time? Business, study, housework, social duties may be imperative in their demands upon some of your time, but are they of such supreme importance that they should be allowed to absorb it all? And in the kind of, or manner of carrying forward, the business, study, etc., there are opportunities for decisions as to the expenditure of time.

Why do we have time at our disposal? Is it not that we may so use it that we shall be prepared for eternity? In the little book entitled, "What is worth while?" we are reminded that we should strive for the possessions which we can take with us beyond this life. One should be diligent in business, but not so as to prevent his being "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." One should take time to cultivate the mind, but not to the neglect of the soul's growth. Household matters require much time, but the relative importance of soul and body should not be forgotten. Ill-trained souls in a well-kept house do not make a model or happy home. It is not easy to seek "first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness" and believe that when worldly pursuits are second the Lord will so bless the work that "All these things shall be added unto you."

As Christians are we not watched by those who wonder if we have, as we profess, an aim beyond this life? Surely in deciding how to spend our days and weeks and years we need wisdom from God, who will give it "liberally." Are we in the habit of praying each morning, "Lord, show me how to choose my occupations so as to make the highest use of my time this day."

(Address all letters for this department to Miss M. E. Sweetser, Christian Conversation Corner, THE CHRISTIAN WORK, 86-90 Bible House, New York City.)

The Home Life

"And the Lord said unto him, 'What is that in thine hand?' and he said,

'A Rod.'"—[Ex. iv. 2.]

By Mary D. Brine.

"What is that in *thine* hand?" I hear
 My dear Lord ask of me.
 I answer, "Lord, a rod; oh make
 It subject unto Thee;
 As Moses used the rod which Thou
 By wondrous power made fit
 To work Thy bidding, Lord, take mine—
 Take mine, and make of it
 A means to spread thy glory far
 Throughout this world of Thine,
 And give it *life*, and give it light
 Thro' day and night to shine."
 What have we in our hands? What "rod"
 Which, by His grace, 'tis ours
 To use in blest endeavor here,
 Helped by the heavenly powers
 Perchance the gift of *sympathy*,
 Some bruised, sore life to heal!
 Perchance the gift of *earnest speech*,
 With which we may appeal
 To careless hearts which only wait
 The tender care of love,
 Ere they grow wise in simple faith,
 And seek new strength above.
 Perchance the gift of *song*, which sets
 The joy-bells in a heart
 To ringing merrily in praise
 Of life's true, better part.
 Perchance the gift may only be
 A *quiet influence*,
 Which soothes a spirit long perturbed
 And drives rebellion hence.
 The dear Lord knows what "rod" we hold
 Within our hands to-day.
 And asking *Him* to bless its use—
 Our wills it will obey.
 Oh, let us not *distrust* ourselves,
 Whene'er we hear His call,
 But do the work He sets for us,
 And trust His help in all.



A Mother's Need.

By Emma Graves Dietrick.

"What grace do I most need to cultivate in my boy?" asked a young mother of a saintly old lady. "Patience in his mother," was the instant reply. What a world of truth is contained in those four words! Is there anything which so quickly develops stubbornness and ill temper in a child as impatience in government? And yet how often the mother's patience fails when it is most needed. What can she do? A mother was one day trying to enforce obedience in a headstrong boy. It seemed as if every effort had been made to no avail. Under the strain her patience gave way, and with a torrent of angry words she reproached the boy. Hardly had the words left her lips when she realized what she had done.

Pausing suddenly, she said: "My boy, I ask your pardon; I am very wrong to speak so; I will try to have more patience with you. Shall we both try again?" The boy looked at his mother in amazement, and as he saw her sad and troubled face, he burst into tears, and said, as he threw his arms about her neck: "Mamma, dear mamma, I will try never to trouble you so again."

Long afterward the boy said: "I never knew till then how I troubled her, and I never felt so mean as when she asked me to forgive her."

The lesson was not lost on either the mother or child. Not only did the mother grow patient, but the boy grew considerate, and the bond between them was grown closer as the years passed.

"But I haven't any patience," said a thoughtless mother. "Things vex me, and I just say what I think." As if that were sufficient excuse for rudeness and often abuse. The one to whom this mother spoke, replied quickly, "You are mistaken, my dear; you have patience, but you do not use it toward your own; you keep it for visitors. Yesterday when Mary and her children were here they were a great trial. You remember how the children meddled, and how rude and disobedient they were to you while their mother was lying down? But you never said an impatient word. Was it because you cared more for them than for your own?"

The mother's face crimsoned, and she slowly said: "Indeed I don't; but it looks that way, doesn't it?"

"Patience in the mother" is a grace pitifully lacking in many a Christian home. How can it be acquired? "Ask and ye shall receive." "If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it."

But asking is not all. There must be effort—real hard, earnest effort—to practice this grace of which we read. "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

LOCKPORT, N. Y.



Advancing Age.¹

Age is the night of life; night is the age of day; but, nevertheless, it is full of magnificence, and for many beings it is more brilliant than the day. Infinite are the relations between age and night. It is in God that we must contemplate the one, as it is in the heavens that we must study the other. See whether for its dear stars the heavens have any seasons. See the night of age; it, also, is strewn with stars, and even as the heavens the old man has nothing to do with seasons; the world of vicissitudes tosses and struggles at his feet, the impassiveness of the firmament is his.

Let him withdraw himself to the depths of his pious thoughts; there space does not fail him. Let winter strike this world below, the heavens are always blue and each diamond is a world. At times, in the prolonged night at the poles, a light appears which resembles the aurora, and, in an instant, dissipates the gloom; thus with the aged man, instinctive illuminations, as if belonging to a new world, strike upon his eyes. The hours of the night do him good, it is rare that these silent companions do not bear to him, like a benediction, some thought of heaven.

"The day belongs to men," has said one of the ancients, "and the night to the gods." Yes, day in its activity and its bustle is to the men and human things what youth and strength are to age, but night in its silence and meditation is to God like age, in which the contemplation of the heavenly rest triumphs over all the interests of life. Does not age resemble the repose of the last hour of the day, the repose which comes after all duties done.

The years of the old man which correspond to these hours, are they not his property more than any other? Has not he acquitted himself of all his debts, this veteran of the earth, and, perhaps, according to the words of the psalmist, paid what he did not owe? That which remains to him is, indeed, his; and that which he possesses is it not God's?

¹Translated from the French of Mme. Swetchine.

The Children.

"If."

If tigers trundled cycles 'round,
I shouldn't go a-riding;
If Polar bears on skates were found,
I'd discontinue sliding;
If lions roamed the football field,
I'd never more keep goal-O!
And quite refuse, if kangaroos
Invited me to polo.
If buffaloes a-boating went,
With them I'd not go punting;
I'd drop, were gnus on guns intent,
All interest in hunting;
If chimpanzees were cricketers,
I'd not attend *their* matches;
Oh, no! nor yet, with gaff or net,
Land Hippo's finny catches.
It's just as well that crocodiles
Don't use our bathing places,
Or wolves accompany for miles
Cross-country paper-chasers.
For though their presence would conduce
To rivalry exciting,
They *might* depart from rules, and start
A-scratching and a-biting.

—Little Folks.

✠✠ Little Jim's Easter.

By Ernest Gilmore.

"I think *Easter* is the most beautiful day in all the year," Miss Edith Stilwell said to her Sunday-school class of half a dozen small boys. "I love Easter."

"I love Christmas," cried out little Jim Dunn.

"So do I," rang out five other small voices.

"And so do I," echoed Miss Stilwell, smiling. "Christmas is a day for gladness and rejoicing and for giving gifts—like the wise men of old—for the sake of the dear babe born in Bethlehem. But just now we are thinking of Easter. We are all going to sing 'Ring Out Ye Bells, Sweet Easter Bells.' And why?"

"I know," said little Jim Dunn; "It's 'cause Jesus Christ arose from the grave that day. They couldn't keep him in the tomb cause he was God's son. I'm so glad they couldn't—aren't you, Miss Stilwell?"

"Indeed I am; I can hardly wait to ring the Easter bells and sing our Easter songs."

Miss Stilwell had a charming way with children. "She doesn't talk to us as if we were babies, but as if we knew something," was the opinion of all her boys.

"My mother died three years ago," Miss Stilwell continued, "and when Easter comes she is in my mind all day long. She seems nearer to me then, and I keep saying to myself, Christ arose from the grave, and so will my mother. I'll see her some day." And her face glowed.

The small faces grew sweetly serious; then over little Jim's there broke a smile.

"And I'll see my little brother, Dan, won't I?"

"Yes, indeed."

Each child told of some dear one who had "gone before," but "would be seen again."

Then Miss Stilwell told the boys that Easter should always be a day of remembrance—a day to give something and do something special "for Christ's sake."

I cannot follow the whole six, but I will tell you of little Jim, he being the smallest of the six.

During the week he tried to think what he could do "for Christ's sake." He went to school, and the time seemed to fly. And now it was Saturday; next day would be Easter.

He went out in the yard with his "thinking cap" on, when his mother called, "Come here, Jim; take this pie, please, over to Miss Stone's. Tell her I wish her a happy Easter." Jim did not like to carry things to Miss Stone; he couldn't bear her" he said to himself, but he made no objection to doing his mother's errand.

Miss Stone accepted the pie without a smile or a word of thanks. She looked "as cross as a bear"—so Jim thought. She even found fault with him for making tracks on the piazza. When he went home, he said:

"Mamma, she didn't even thank you. I wouldn't send her anything again."

"I don't send Miss Stone things expecting thanks," she said.

"What do you send them for?" he asked.

"Because it's the right thing to do. She is poor and lonely, and I send her things for Christ's sake."

Ah! Jim knew now what to do. He had wanted to do something "special" for Easter, but he had not expected to do it for some one he did not like. But he had changed his mind suddenly. He had learned the "Inasmuch" verses by heart, and Miss Stilwell had explained their meaning.

The day passed on. Miss Stone sat by the front window in the gloaming, feeling lonely, sad and cross. Presently, hearing the gate click, she looked out. Little Jim Dunn was coming along the walk with something in his hands. He rapped on the door and she opened it, frowning; but he did not mind the frown now; he was thinking of something else.

"What do you want?" she asked, coldly.

"I want to wish you a happy Easter," he said, lifting his merry face (in which there was no fear) to her, "and I brought you these."

He put a small package and a tiny parcel in her hands and was gone. She went in and closed the door. The fragrance of the flowers came to her. She lifted the cover of the basket and there, in damp moss, were lilies of the valley and violets. Her lips quivered as she lifted them out with gentle hand and put them in water. Untying the string of the package, she took out a small booklet. Two sweet angel faces and the words "Our Risen King" were on the cover. Within she read:

"He has prepared a glorious home
Beyond the sunny sky,
Where sin and weeping never come
And loved ones never die."

"Oh," she cried out, tears of joy running down her face, "that's what I'd forgotten—that 'glorious home beyond the sunny sky.' Little Jim has made me remember it. Oh, dear little Jim!"

The darkness deepened while she sat there. Presently she arose and went out, locking the door behind her. Passing down the street she stopped at Mrs. Dunn's and rang the bell. A small colored girl opened the door. To Miss Stone's question the girl replied:

"Yessum, Jim's in;" and she led her into the sitting room, where the boy and his mother were.

"Jim," she said, eagerly, "I've come to thank you for the flowers, and to wish you a happy Easter."

There was a smile on her face and her voice was gentle. Jim had to look at her twice to be sure it *was* Miss Stone. He was still more surprised, when, reaching out both of her hands until they fell softly on his curly hair, she said:

"I love you, little Jim."



What a Homely Little Dog Did.

By S. Jennie Smith.

Everybody, I believe, likes pretty little dogs, but a poor, homely dog is apt to be scorned. I want to tell you about a homely dog that I once knew. Her name was Fan. She was supposed to be a white poodle, but somehow her hair had turned a mean, yellowish color instead of being pure white. People jokingly said that it was sunburnt. Then the hair had come off in some places, leaving them quite bald. It was no mistake to say that Fan was very homely. However, she was faithful and affectionate, and the lady who owned her loved her very much.

The house in which Fan's mistress lived was a large one, and the bedrooms were on the third floor. Fan slept in the kitchen. One night after the family had gone to bed Fan began to bark. The lady went to the speaking tube that led down into the kitchen and told the dog to keep still. Generally Fan would obey at once, but this time she kept on barking.

"Stop that noise, I tell you," the lady called through the tube, but the dog barked louder than before.

"I wonder if anything can be the matter," the lady then said to her husband, but he told her that probably Fan heard noises in the street. It was a cold night, and he had no desire to go down two flights of stairs for the sake of finding out what made the dog bark. She would soon stop, he thought.

But Fan kept on barking vigorously, in spite of being threatened with punishment if she did not keep still. Finally the lady and her husband gave up bothering about the matter and went to sleep.

The next morning when they went down into the kitchen they found that the iron bars outside of one of the windows had been forced wide enough apart to let a man get through. Evidently burglars had been at work there and the dog had frightened them away, thus saving the family from being robbed. Poor little Fan, even at the risk of punishment she had persisted in doing her duty. Do you not think that she was worth more than many a hand-somer dog is?



OUR POST OFFICE.

A TREAT.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 15, 1902.

Dear Grandma—This is Saturday and I do not have to go to school. Mamma says she thinks you would like to have a letter from me, as I have never written to you, and we take your paper. I am writing this on my brother's typewriter. He is a lawyer, and sometimes he brings work home to do. He says if I am careful I can learn to write on this machine, and maybe I can help him after awhile. I think you will be able to read this better than if I wrote with pen and ink. I live on Spring Garden street. Don't you think that is a pretty name? I wonder if you have been to Philadelphia? It is a very pretty city, and there are lots of nice stores and buildings here. I have a little cousin in Baltimore and sometimes she comes and spends Saturday with me. We have good times together. I am going to New York to spend Easter with my aunt Irene, and we are going to hear some of the fine Easter music. I am very fond of music and auntie sings in a big choir. I am 12 years old; my next birthday will be in August. I go to school every day and like to study. My teacher is going to give a prize to the one who has the highest average when school closes for the summer. I hope I will get it. I think I have written a long letter, but I hope you will not throw it in the waste basket. Mamma would be disappointed. I send you my love and I hope your eyes are not tired.

Your grandchild,

ROBERT CLARK DEXTER.

Grandma thinks you have done very well for so young a typewriter, and I read your letter without my spectacles; still, I should like to see your own handwriting. Somehow one's own handwriting brings one closer, for that seems more personal and

friendly. The typewriter does good work for business, and if you keep on practicing I am sure you will be a great help to brother. I have been in Philadelphia, and quite agree with you that it is a "pretty city." I should fancy Spring Garden street to be very attractive—something like a beautiful park. I know you had a treat at Easter, and maybe you will be one of the singers in the grand Easter anthems some day.

A QUARTET.

RIVERHEAD, L. I., March 29, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I have never written to you before. I have one grandma and would like to have you for another. I am 10 years old. My birthday was on the 12th of March, and I got quite a good many presents, and four or five good spankings. I go to school. I have been every day except one half a day, and that half a day I was sick. I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Blodgett. I have three big cats, and four kittens. They are just getting their eyes open. I have two nephews and one niece. I read pussy's letter in the March 22d paper. I thought the pussy did pretty well. I think I have written a long enough letter, so I will close,

Your loving grandchild,

HATTIE G. DOWNS.

I am sure you must have had a lively birthday. You feel quite big with two figures to your age, too, I know. I wonder what the kittens thought when they had their first peep at this world? It will not be long before they will be making good use of their bright little eyes and getting into all sorts of mischief and giving their mother no end of trouble. Are you going to keep the entire quartet?



"FAN."

"Handsome is that handsome does," it is said,
So laugh, if you wish, at my 'sunburnt' head.
I'd rather be homely, and faithful to duty
Than just to be praised and admired for beauty."

MISCHIEVOUS.

Dear Grandma—I've written to you before, I think, and I thought I'd write again. I'm 12 years old now and am in the fifth grade. My mother takes THE CHRISTIAN WORK and likes it very much. I read the letters and the little story. I would like to see this letter in your paper. I have a little dog named Laddie, he is a great mischief. He is very cute. My letter is getting long, so I'll stop.

From your grandchild,

MARY CURTIS GLEZEN.

I am glad you have not forgotten to come and see grandma again, and that you are still interested in the "Chair." But, my dear, you have forgotten to tell me where you and Laddie live. You see I have so many grandchildren all over the world that sometimes I grow a little confused and cannot locate them exactly if they omit to mention where they live. If I recollect aright, however, I have a grandchild whose name sounds very much like yours, at Oneida. Now, have I guessed right, I wonder? My best respects to the "Mischief." Grandma will have to keep an eye on him when he comes visiting her with you.

The Close of a Noble Life.

The older readers of THE CHRISTIAN WORK will remember a time when each week the Golden Texts of the International Sunday-school Lesson were set to beautiful music by Prof. D. Philander Horton, of Southold, L. I.; also, many other pieces of music were published about that time from the same skilful composer. Professor Horton lived on the site of the famous old Horton house, the home of the first Hortons, on Long Island. The old house, which was built soon after the settlement of the town, was torn down in 1878, after sheltering generation after generation of the Horton family for upward of 230 years, and on its historic site was built the present Horton home. His father was Joseph Hazard Horton and his mother was Mehetable, whose maiden name was also Horton. The old stone well, now over 250 years old, and the first well sunk in the town, is still in use on the old Horton homestead. Some years ago we printed at Professor Horton's request a picture of the old place, and it was afterwards republished in several of the county papers.

Professor Horton's acquaintances were largely in Brooklyn and New York, where he was well known as a leader in musical circles, and especially in school and church music. He was very successful as a teacher of singing-schools, and he took great delight in both teaching and playing the organ. In 1849, the great "California gold year," he commenced his career as organist, played in public the first time in the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and in the spring of 1850 he engaged to play in the Southampton Presbyterian Church on Sundays, and during the week taught music and gave singing lessons to large classes in that place, Greenport and Southold. The next fall he resumed study with Professor Howe; also with Professor Hastings, of this city, who introduced him to the music committee of the Rev. Dr. Fisher's church, Brooklyn, where he engaged to conduct the choir. In November, 1854, he played a melodeon in the York Street M. E. Church, Brooklyn, which was said to be the first instrument of the kind, either reed or pipe, ever played in a Methodist Church in Brooklyn. In December, 1856, he began work in the Brooklyn public schools, where he was greatly appreciated, and in which he continued to give instruction in music till July, 1892, when he retired from active life and returned to Southold, the home of his forefathers, to complete the rest of his time in the study of his favorite pursuit.

In May, 1857, Professor Horton married Miss Caroline Rushmore, of Hempstead, daughter of Judge Benjamin Rushmore and Elizabeth Clowes Rushmore. Three children survive him—Mrs. William C. Billard, who resides in Brooklyn, and Mrs. Charles H. Hummel and George Ellis Horton, both of whom reside in Southold, L. I. In January last (January 28th) Professor Horton lost his wife, and from that shock he never fully recovered. She had been an invalid for some time, and he writes: "I was at her bedside much of the time, and when the end came I broke down completely." A letter is before us, written only a few days ago to a friend in whose family he had spent eight happy years, and he writes: "In all my trouble I have great comfort in God's Word and in singing it to Gregorian music. Not a few selections have I set to music myself, and one was finished just before my dear one went to rest. During all the dreadful hours of her sickness I kept up by mentally singing from the Scriptures 'Hear my cry, O God, attend unto my prayer; from the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee when my heart is overwhelmed. Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.'"

He was an ardent lover of music, and he closes a delightful and affectionate letter written to the editor of this paper only a short time before his death, thus: "For years I have found comfort and increasing delight in studying Gregorian music, a familiarity with which cannot but help us to 'Praise God in His sanctuary.' I have set to music a good number of selections from the Psalms and will (D. V.) forward you a copy at the earliest moment. As my health improves I sincerely desire to do more of my life's work. It seems to me that THE CHRISTIAN WORK is doing much to forward reform and true Christian work, and that an occasional selection of this music might be well. Can I help? If so, I will send it to you. I have taken your paper and read it with increasing interest for more than twenty-five years, and delight to read it more than ever. It grows better and more helpful, and I congratulate you on your marvelous success, and I hope you may live long to continue and extend it."

Evidently our dear friend had but one thought, and that was to live for the good of others, and the thought of dying was not in his mind. After his wife died he writes that he was brought to the pleasant home of his youngest daughter, Mrs. Mary Goldsmith Horton-Hummel, where he writes: "I am as happy as I can be without my precious wife." He passed away on the first day of this month, aged 74 years and 7 months. A good man has gone home.

J. N. H.

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In the Library.

Briefs About Books.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES: D. Appleton & Co. have just brought out a new edition of "The Presidents of the United States," edited by Gen. James Grant Wilson. The article on President McKinley gives a brief and accurate résumé of the Spanish-American War, and concludes with the sad story of the great President's tragic end. A sketch of President Roosevelt is added, written by Owen Wister. To the beautiful steel engravings of the previous editions has been added a fine portrait of the latest and youngest of the nation's chief magistrates. The notable list of contributors includes Secretary John Hay, who wrote the sketch of Lincoln; Jefferson Davis, who wrote the life of Zachary Taylor; Carl Schurz, who reviewed Rutherford B. Hayes; Horace Porter on Grant, and William Walter Phelps on Garfield. The book forms an interesting history of the United States from the viewpoint of the White House.

THE PRINCIPLES OF JESUS: It is easy enough for men to agree that Jesus Christ approved only that which is right and condemned only that which is wrong. The real problem lies in the question, What does He approve and what does He condemn in our present-day life? The only way to get at this is to extract the bottom principles from His words and life and then apply them. An admirable and eminently satisfactory and useful book on "The Principles of Jesus" in their application to modern life, by Robert E. Speer, will shortly be issued by the Revell Company, and promises a large and interested constituency.

THE DECOY: Francis Dana's New England tale, "The Decoy" (John Lane), the plot of which turns on the subject of the fatal potency with country folk of quack spiritualists and their knaveries, contains such refreshing and strong delineation of indigenous American types in nature, both wild and human, as should reap the credit due to it. It is such authors as Mr. Dana, who, Americans themselves, do not shirk from depicting in a cultured and enlightened way the true characteristics of their land, that are really advancing the national literature. While adhering to the unalterable rules of good literary style, Mr. Dana yet fears not that his work should smack of national characteristic. Its plot is new and well worked out, its characters are drawn with truth and ability, and its diction is good and free from any sort of mannerism or affectation. The subject of the abuse of a great scientific principle by adventurers at once sordid and daring is, when judiciously handled, capable of telling results.

OLD NEW YORK: Another book on old New York, by the author of "The Story of Manhattan" and "Nooks and Corners of Old New York," is announced for immediate publication by the Scribners. Charles Hemstreet's new book will bear the title "When Old New York Was Young." It is composed of a series of sketches on old-time New York at various periods of its history and topographical mutation, each abundantly illustrated from old prints and furnished with a plan of streets existing at the time treated of. It is full of quaint reminiscences and information of by-gone days, and pervaded by the sentiment for the romance and record of New York which marks the author's works and gives him equally with his wide and minute knowledge of his subject a unique position as an annalist of his native city.

LIVES OF THE HUNTED: The soundness of Ernest Thompson Seton's popularity as a writer is remarkably attested by this season's sale of his earlier book, "Wild Animals I Have Known" (Scribner), now in its fourth year. This amounted to 14,222 copies, counting from September, and was due wholly to its own worth, as the book was not advertised. During the same period his new book, "Lives of the Hunted," enjoyed a large popularity, demanding a new printing immediately after Christmas, and being now in its eightieth thousand.

In the Library. Must Study Nature.

Newman Smyth's new book, "Through Science to Faith" (Charles Scribner's Sons), attempts to show that the coming age may, through science, enter into a richer possession of spiritual faith than any other.

"Modern science," he says in his preface, "is a new appeal to Nature. Our inherited religious faiths cannot maintain their power, and they ought not to survive, if they fail to accept fully Nature's answer to the latest appeal of our science, and if they do not search diligently for the true interpretation of new disclosures of life. The teachers of divinity to the coming age will need, as an essential element of the instruction in schools of theology, a working knowledge of modern methods of scientific inquiry.

"For the assurance of faith cannot be maintained from a fortified critical position outside the province of the evolutionary science; it may be won by positive participation in the work of the scientific world. Some acquaintances especially with biological studies and results should be made a required part of any thorough education for the modern ministry of the Word of Life."

This book is not intended for teachers only, but more generally for readers who would inform themselves concerning the scope and tendencies of the evolutionary science since Darwin's time, especially in its relation to our most cherished human faiths and hopes.

We have had enough, indeed, of too hastily conclusive and often unverified popular articles concerning the religious teachings of modern science; there is need of painstaking and appreciative sifting of the results of modern investigations of Nature, in order that we may understand their real bearing upon the highest problems of human concern.

To many persons who are too busy to search for themselves among the strictly scientific sources of knowledge, but who also are too thoughtful not to be interested in such inquiries, this volume may come as an endeavor to meet this need.



The World's Best Essays.

The ninth volume of that invaluable work, "The World's Best Essays," edited by D. J. Brewer, LL.D., and published by F. P. Kaiser, St. Louis, Mo., has just made its appearance. It seemed an almost impossible task, to an outsider, that the high character of the previous volumes could have been kept up. It is simply the truth to admit that this ninth volume is the best of all. Art, Literature, Science and the *Belles Lettres* are all well represented.

In Art matters John Ruskin writes several articles—"The Sky," "Principles of Art," and "Work."

In general Literature the best contributions of many well-known writers will be found; Schopenhauer writes entertainingly on "Books and Authorship." From Schiller we have two essays, "Man and the

Universe," and "The Impulse to Play as the Cause of Progress." Sir Walter Scott writes appreciative papers "On the Character and Habits of Swift," and gives several instances of his ready wit.

In *Belles Lettres* are many interesting features, among them being letters by Madame De Sevigne, whose reputation as a letter writer has scarcely been excelled if equaled, and three examples are given of these gossipy epistles. Madame de Staël is another eminent French woman who has achieved reputation as a writer, but her work has taken a more practical turn—her essays on "The Influence of Literature upon Society" have secured her a high position in literary ranks.

In the department of History the niche is well filled with an essay from the works of Madame Roland—"Liberty: Its Meaning and its Cost," a subject upon which she was fully competent to dilate who suffered so much under the guise and name of Liberty, and who was eventually sent to the scaffold by those who professed to be the disciples of that much-abused principle.

The frontispiece is a powerful picture of the scaffold, with Madame Roland being bound by the executioner, at the moment she casts her eyes on a statue of Liberty, and uttered the well-known saying as to the abuse of that word so often on the lips of her persecutors. Another striking scene in which France herself is the sufferer is that of the siege of a barricaded house during the Franco-Prussian war. "The Norns," after a painting by Ehrenberg, shows the three Fates of Norse mythology—Urd, Verdandi and Skuld—a striking and artistic picture. The portraits consist of those of Sir Walter Scott, Sydney Smith, Robert L. Stevenson and Sir Richard Steele—the latter being a reproduction from an unusually fine copperplate engraving of the Kneller portrait.



The April *Country Life in America* will be a spring number with special cover in colors by Walter K. Stone and with an increased number of pages. A particularly charming magazine is promised covering everything connected with the country in April. The remarkable series in wild animal photography will be represented with camera shots of foxes and rattlesnakes taken at close quarters under unique circumstances.

More than usual importance attaches to the announcement that Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have their new edition of the complete works of Edgar Allan Poe nearly ready for issuance. This edition was announced over a year ago, but the discovery of valuable new material led to a revision and enlargement of the edition and necessitated delay. The chief editor is Prof. James A. Harrison, of the University of Virginia—Poe's alma mater—who has been assisted by two other professors of that university and several editorial assistants. Access has been had to original sources—manuscripts and letters—with a result that will at once be apparent to the Poe specialist.

The increasing interest in civic improvement will be reflected in a paper by Sylvester Baxter in the April *Century* entitled "The Beautifying of Village and Town," being an introduction to other papers of a more specific nature, presenting examples of good ideas well executed, and, for purposes of contrast, good ideas ill executed. These papers are to be illustrated by Jules Guérin, whose refined work is in keeping with the standard of beauty which the writer will advocate in the text.

The railroad department of the Y. M. C. A. has erected forty-eight buildings in four years, or one a month, with two-thirds of the amount contributed by railroad companies. Over 75 per cent. of the railroad mileage of the country is contributing to the support of the Y. M. C. A. along its lines.

A FIGHT ON

When You Tell People to Quit Coffee.

"At least 75 people among my acquaintances have been helped or cured by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee in its place," writes a little woman from Independence, Ia. "I will mention one case. Miss Cora ——. I learned she was suffering from nervousness and constipation and went to call on her. Found her in bed, and she looked like a living skeleton, so wild and haggard that I feared for her reason.

I asked Cora if she was improving any. She said not, but was gradually growing worse. The doctor was coming twice a day and giving her a powerful nerveine. She said, 'I am so miserable that I tell you privately if I don't get better soon I will end it all myself some day.' I told her not to talk that way, for I believed it was something she ate or drank that caused the trouble and she might get well by making a change in her diet. I told her my own experience in leaving off coffee when I was in almost as bad a shape as she, but as soon as I mentioned coffee I had a fight on my hands, for she insisted that coffee helped her, and her mother backed her in it, saying that it was 'the only thing she did enjoy' and 'she did not believe coffee hurt any one.'

I talked with them a long time and finally got Cora to agree to let me make a cup of Postum Food Coffee for her supper. She was surprised that it was so good. Said she 'had heard it was terrible wishy-washy stuff.' I told her it was because they did not follow directions in boiling it enough. She promised to use it faithfully for two or three weeks and if she was not better I would admit that I was wrong.

I went to see her again in about ten days and Cora met me at the door with a smile and said, 'Ada, your Doctor Postum is the best doctor of them all. I can sleep all night, can eat heartily, and am growing stronger every day. Ma and all the rest of us use Postum now in place of coffee.'

The facts are the girl was being actually poisoned to death by coffee. Cora has since married and has a happy home and you may depend upon it no coffee is allowed to enter there." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A Final Word About the San Jacinto Oil Company.

BY J. B. CRANFILL.

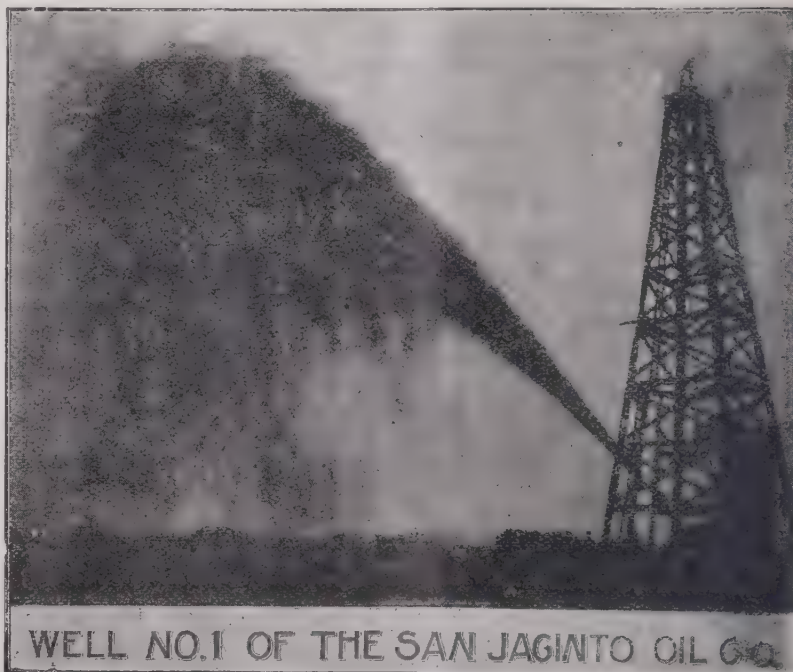
The development of the San Jacinto Oil Company is now complete. We have two of the best oil wells on earth, which are producing over 200,000 barrels of oil per day. We have other oil lands, some of which are adjacent to the great gusher that was brought in last week at Sour Lake. We also have a nice tract very near the Smith well, which was finished on the Beaumont field recently. Our two oil gushers are situated on different tracts of land, and there is room on these lands for a number of other wells. We have fifty tracts of land in Nacogdoches County, with an aggregate of 3,335 acres. Much of this land is oil land, and the future developments of that field will, in my opinion, demonstrate that it is equal to the great Beaumont field. We have completed our pipe line and loading racks on the Beaumont field and have received our first fifty cars. These cars are all actively employed now in shipping out our oil to our customers. It was stated in our last article that we had closed contracts for 1,500,000 barrels of oil, and that we had a large contract pending with one of our principal railway systems for a million barrels more. This latter contract has not yet been closed, but we have high hopes that it will be closed by the time this advertisement is in print. In addition to these contracts, we have closed with a number of additional plants and have also made contracts for the sale of 480,000 barrels of oil to be delivered at our wells. Surely, the outlook for our company is very bright indeed, and it grows brighter day by day.

The San Jacinto Oil Company was organized April 21, 1901, and chartered in May, with a capital stock of \$250,000. This capital stock was divided into 2,500,000 shares, with a par value of 10 cents per share. Our first stock was offered for sale at 5 cents per share. At that time we had made no developments and our stock was sold purely on the confidence that the people had in the management of the company. When our first gusher was brought in the stock was advanced to 10 cents per share. After our second gusher was brought in the stock was advanced to 15 cents a share, and when we had succeeded in securing our own cars, pipe lines, loading racks, and other equipment, stock was advanced to 20 cents per share. The growing strength of our company and the rapid increase of its available assets and splendid contracts now justify us in advancing the price of the stock to 25 cents per share, at which price all of the remaining treasury stock will now be closed out. All of the 2,500,000 shares of our capital stock have been sold except 123,000 shares. After this small remnant of stock is sold there will never be any more of the company's stock offered by us for sale. We will protect orders for this stock at 25 cents a share until it is exhausted. I suggest to all who desire this stock that they send their orders promptly to me. I will fill orders until it is all gone, and if orders reach me for stock after it is gone I will return the money to those who have sent it to me.

When our company was organized I gave it as my opinion that the stock would be worth 50 cents a share within a short time. That prophecy I here repeat. The stock is now selling for 500 per cent. more than the price at which the first was sold. I believe that it will again double in value within a short space of time. The San Jacinto Oil Company is doing as good an oil business as any company on the Beaumont field. Our well No. 1 is the strongest oil well on earth, as the picture which appears on this page attests. Our capital stock is small, being only \$250,000. Other companies on the Beaumont field that have less property, and are doing less business than we are doing, are capitalized at from \$1,000,000 to \$5,000,000. From the very first the San Jacinto Company has been conducted in a fair and legitimate manner, and I believe that our stock at the price at which we offer it is worth infinitely more than the stock of any company on the Beaumont field. We have made it a special point to protect our small stockholders. Their interests are as dear to us as are the interests of the larger stockholders. Our company was not organized for speculative purposes, but for the development of a large oil-producing business. We do not consider the purchase of our stock in the nature of a speculation, but as an investment, and one as substantial as can be made. Our stock is full paid and non-assessable, and no stockholder will ever be asked to pay any assessment of any kind on the stock he buys.

A good deal has been said by outside parties concerning the supply of oil on the Beaumont field. I receive letters almost daily asking if the wells have ceased to flow. My answer to all these queries is that the wells are stronger to-day than they were a year ago, when the first gusher was brought in. Our well No. 1, a pic-

ture of which is given herewith, has a pressure of 354 pounds to the square inch. Not only do the wells continue to flow, but the evidence increases that our oil supply is practically without limit. Everything points to permanency in the oil production, and evidences multiply that the discovery of the oil field at Beaumont is the greatest discovery ever made in the history of the world. Gold has to be mined. It takes vast sums of money to establish proper machinery for this purpose. The Beaumont oil gushes from the earth without a cent of expense to anybody, and, just as it comes from the ground, is the best fuel the world has ever seen. It is also susceptible of refinement and contains 50 per cent. of illuminating oil. The San Jacinto Company is now considering the question of establishing a refinery. Within a very short time the wheel of every engine, the spindle of every factory, the saws of every cotton gin, and the dynamo of every electrical machine in the great industrial world will be propelled by steam and power made by the Beaumont oil. On the Atlantic seaboard, along the Mississippi and its tributaries, on the great Gulf coast, and in all of the countries of Europe this oil will be shipped and used for fuel. I said when the Beaumont field was new that it was one of the wonders of the world. I now say that it is the greatest wonder of the world.



WELL NO. 1 OF THE SAN JACINTO OIL CO.

Yes, there has been much wild-cat speculation in this great oil field. Many companies have been organized for the sole purpose of fleecing the people. They never had any oil and never expected to have any. I would advise all to be careful to invest their money in companies that are officered by honest men. I am more than willing that our company and its officers shall be thoroughly investigated. With this end in view I refer any who are interested to the editor of this paper or any of the following references: A. V. Lane, cashier National Exchange Bank, Dallas, Tex.; E. J. Gannon, cashier American National Bank, Dallas, Tex.; Rev. N. B. Rairden, Omaha, Neb.; Boston W. Smith, Minneapolis, Minn.; John H. Chapman, 1475 West Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.; Hon. Joshua Levering, Baltimore, Md.; George W. Carroll, Beaumont, Tex.

Every stockholder in our company owns share and share alike a proportionate interest in all the properties of this company. There is no discrimination between small and large stockholders.

Our first well was brought in about four months ago. Since that time we have utilized every moment in developing our great property. Every obstacle has now been overcome. We have the oil; we have the cars; we have contracts with the consumer of the oil. We are just fairly under headway and expect soon to send to our stockholders a handsome dividend. We are conducting the business as economically as possible, and have only the most competent men in charge of the various departments of our business.

Our stock is sold in blocks of fifty shares or more. Our motto will be on this last small lot of stock to fill the first orders that come. I would therefore again suggest to any who want this valuable stock to make their remittances at once. It will not be safe for you to buy our stock from any but ourselves. There has been another oil company of the same name attempting to sell stock on our reputation, and I fear that many have been deceived by them. Address all orders for stock to J. B. Cranfill, president San Jacinto Oil Company, 247 Main street, Dallas, Tex. This is the last opportunity you will ever have to secure this stock. Act promptly.

DALLAS, TEX.

Temperance.

The Puzzled Gentleman from Japan.

A distinguished Japanese official visited New York recently, and a member of the municipal government, who had been in Japan and can speak the language of the country, undertook to show him around.

"Is that an officer making an arrest?" asked the Japanese, as he saw a man stop a milk wagon.

"Not exactly," replied the official; "he is a milk inspector, and his duty is, under the law, to see that no impure milk is sold in the city. If the milk is all right he will let the milkman pass on; otherwise, he will arrest him."

"What is impure milk?"

"Milk that has been mixed with chalk or water."

"Is the chalk a poison?"

"Oh, no; it impairs the quality, that's all."

"Does water in milk make anybody sick?"

"Why, of course not. But when a person pays for milk, he wants milk, not water, which he can get for little or nothing when he desires it. It is a swindle on the public to put water in milk."

"But you say no one is hurt by it?"

"Feelings are hurt; that's all."

Soon after they passed a low, corner saloon, when the door opened and a man who came staggering out tripped, struck his head against a lamp post and fell heavily on the sidewalk, where he lay as one dead.

"What is the matter with that man?" asked the foreigner from Japan.

"Full of benzine," replied the municipal officer, with a glance of disgust.

"Benzine? What is that?"

"It is a name we have in this country for poor liquor—poison-whisky, you understand."

"Is there any good whisky?"

"Oh, yes; there is good whisky, but some saloons make more money selling bad whisky."

"Bad whisky is a poison?"

"Deadly poison, sometimes."

"Has the man a license to sell whisky same as the milkman has to sell milk?"

"Of course, or he couldn't carry on business."

"And do you inspect the whisky as you do the milk?"

"Never."

"Yet there may be poison in it. While the milk is adulterated with chalk and water that do no harm in particular, you say."

"Ahem," said the city official, twisting about uneasily, "let's look at the markets."

At the markets they found officials inspecting the meat that was on sale.

"What do they do that for?" asked the Japanese.

"To see that the meat is healthy," was the reply.

"If a man should eat a piece of unhealthy meat would he stumble on the

WHAT A SAMPLE BOTTLE OF SWAMP-ROOT DID.

To Prove what Swamp-Root, The Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, will do for YOU, Every reader of CHRISTIAN WORK May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

W. F. Lohnes, a prominent business man of Springfield, Ohio, writes the following strong endorsement of the great kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, to the editor of the Springfield, Ohio, Republic:

"Springfield, Ohio, Feb. 21st, 1901.

"Having heard that you could procure a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, free by mail, I wrote to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle and it was promptly sent. I was so pleased after trying the sample bottle that I sent to the drug store and procured a supply. I have used Swamp-Root regularly for some time and consider it unsurpassed as a remedy for torpid liver, loss of appetite and general derangement of the digestive functions. I think my trouble was due to too close confinement in my business. I can recommend it highly for all liver and kidney complaints. I am not in the habit of endorsing any medicine, but in this case I cannot speak too much in praise of what Swamp-Root has done for me."

43½ West
High St.

W. F. Lohnes.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, *fatal results are sure to follow.*

We often see a friend, a relative, or an acquaintance apparently well, but in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their severe illness, or sudden death, caused by that fatal type of kidney trouble—Bright's Disease.

EDITORIAL NOTE—If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince any one.

You may have a sample bottle of this, wonderful remedy, Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives to the great curative properties of Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the CHRISTIAN WORK.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottle at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.



W. F. LOHNES.

sidewalk and split his head open against the lamp post, as the man did coming out of the saloon? Would watered milk make him do it?"

"Why, certainly not."

"Yet you inspect meat and milk, and let men sell poisoned whisky, that kills people, as much as they please. I can't understand your country."—*Texas Siftings.*



Many acres will not make a wiseacre.

GOING WEST?

It would be to your advantage, when arranging for a trip to any point in the West, to get rates and full information via the Nickel Plate Railroad, from A. W. Ecclestone, D. P. Agent, 385 Broadway, New York City. The Nickel Plate Railroad is noted for its low rates, excellent train service, and those individual club meals at 35 cents to \$1. Travel in comfort and save money by using the Nickel Plate Railroad.

25th Thousand

ILLUSTRATED, CLOTH, \$1.50

A Thrilling Tale of a Thrilling Time

DEBORAH

By JAMES M. LUDLOW

"The author has the wealth and vigor of the oriental imagination. Characters are in this book with fibre like some of Shakespeare's best. The ambition of Deborah is as daring as that of Macbeth."—*Book News.*

The Strongest Romance of Its Type Since "BEN HUR"

The Housekeeper. Regular Diet.

"While the 'Parisienne Dinner' is all very well, Maggi's Bouillon's perfection it does not half tell. And the ladies will tell you, if you choose to ask, That 'reception' or 'lunch' is no longer a task. 'Tis a boon to the mistress who keeps but one maid; E'en the lady who boards can receive with its aid. Hospitality is now made easy and clear, And the friend who 'drops in' goes not forth without cheer."

Now the quick-witted housekeeper will exclaim: "Part of an advertisement, and no mistake!"

Yes, there was so much truth in the verse that it seemed worthy of use. We do not remember distinctly, but think it was our good lot to once taste this particular bouillon, finding it excellent as so many of the hastily prepared meat-soups are at the present day. Women surely have great cause for thankfulness that the matter of a meal, a lunch, or even a little treat is all made so easy that in ten minutes a wholesome, palatable spread can be on the table. And it seems a pity that the midday meal will often be neglected in times of household hurry or stress when nourishing dishes can be prepared in so infinitesimal a portion of time. In this connection we would quote a paragraph from the *Buffalo Times*, because it so clearly sets forth a truth that even sensible women are sometimes blind to, without knowing it:

"One of the mistakes of women is not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea and anything handy is good enough. * * * If she is busy she will not waste time in eating. * * * A man eats if the sheriff is at the door, if his work drives; * * * and he is right. A woman will choose ice cream instead of beefsteak, and a man will not."

We felt a strong inclination to put an interrogation point after the word "waste" in writing of wasting time in eating. Why, one of the most deplorable and unwholesome results of this rushing, driving age is that people everywhere spend less and less time at their meals on all ordinary occasions, and even at social entertainments it is noticeable what a short space of time will frequently be spent on a carefully and skilfully prepared meal. And although we very strongly mistrust that these words quoted were written by a man, yet it is only honest to admit this unquestionable truth, unless we modify the first sentence and say, "women do not always eat as if they knew how."

For it is our conviction that most women know pretty well what is good for them as to diet, but are simply careless and neglectful, not giving themselves time to consider that a great mistake is indeed committed when the scant meal is made to answer for what should be a good,

hearty, well-prepared, deliberately eaten lunch or dinner.

Now the time for spring cleaning draweth nigh, the all-necessary, much-dreaded season when the grand goal eagerly looked forward to is "getting through." And much personal comfort, ease, visiting and cooking will be thrust aside in hopes that cleanliness and order will soon reign throughout the entire domain of the home. This is an effort most praiseworthy and needful, but in how many instances the housekeeper, eager and anxiously absorbed in getting just a little more and a little more done before stopping to eat, will grow faint, peevish and worn, only from lack of the good sustenance that she needs, more than is usual, at the regular time. Our good housekeepers fail to realize how quickly undermining this neglect will prove. For, mind you, if this harmful neglect ceased utterly with the end of cleaning time it might not do so much harm, but no sooner is the cleaning through with than comes the rush of getting summer clothing in order both for graduation time and the long vacation. Yea, verily, there seemeth no end to it, the rush and haste of the busy home-matron!

Make up your mind, O housekeepers! all, to one thing, as you value your health and your needed strength. Be determined that "through thick and through thin" you will take time to eat full, slow, hearty meals, especially through those busy seasons when both brain and muscle are doing their utmost for the well-being of the entire family. No sensible person will take this to mean that overfeeding at busy times will do any good—what is meant must be clearly manifest. And must we not plead guilty also to the ice cream instead of beefsteak? Alas! In many cases we must.

Remember the beef teas, the nice canned soups, the quickly broiled steak, the easily baked potatoes—so healthful and nourishing—the baked fish, the boiled fowl, the many, many dishes that can be served hot in a modicum of time, and do not get "run down" at a season when you particularly need toning up, and not with drugs or medicines but with solid, easily obtained and easily prepared healthful food. These you can have, dear housekeeper, and your beloved cup of tea.



Hygienic Food.

In these days of hygienism we are being taught much about the needs of the human system as regards food, exercise, etc., and yet many are plodding along in the same old ways, thinking that "what was good enough for their parents is good enough for them." They do not stop to consider that the conditions now are not the same that surrounded their parents half a century ago, and consequently their careless disregard of hygienic laws will not secure for them the rugged health that was common in those days.

Ask some of the old people what they ate in those days and the reply will prob-

ably be, "Corn bread with plenty of milk and butter, baked beans and brown bread, home-cured meat, wheat bread, an abundance of small fruits in the summer and apples all the remainder of the year, vegetables the year round, from garden to cellar, and an occasional pie made with a cream crust or a cream cake." Surely a list fit for a king, provided he had the good taste to be satisfied with it.

But now think a moment, is this the same kind of food that is served on your table from year to year? Probably there is a decided difference. The modern menu does not often contain corn bread, the milk is not plentiful, baked beans are too old-fashioned for most households, the fruit comes from tin cans, the pies and cakes are not akin to the cream dainties of our grandmother's time, and the bread, which formerly was made of flour ground at the "grist mill" and sifted at home, has been supplanted by the white, tasteless bread made of flour from which all of the best parts of the wheat have been removed for the purpose of making it extremely white.

Can any one wonder that such food does not provide for brain and brawn?

Why, then, be careless of that which concerns so directly the health and happiness? (Continued on page 595)

FOOD DOES IT.

Restores Health More Surely than Any Medicine.

It is a short road to trouble when the food does not supply the right material to rebuild the brain. You cannot use the brain without breaking down small particles every day, and you cannot rebuild unless the food furnishes the right kind of building material, and that is albumen and phosphate of potash. Not such as you get from the druggist, but such as Nature stores in certain kinds of food.

Grape-Nuts contains these particles and well-defined results can be obtained from using the toothsome, delicious food.

A brain worker whose name can be given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., writes: "Last Fall I got in a desperate condition through excessive mental work and lack of proper food. I was finally compelled to abandon all business and seek absolute quiet and rest in the country.

I had been under the care of a good physician for several months, but it seemed my food did not rebuild the brain tissue properly. I was on the verge of despair when I left for the country.

Down at the ferry I purchased an evening Journal and my attention was attracted to the headlines of a Grape-Nut advertisement which read, 'Food Cure Nature's Way.' I read it carefully and decided to give Grape-Nuts a trial, so next morning I went in on the new food and in two weeks' time gained 10 pounds and felt like a new man all over.

I candidly believe if I had known the remarkable sustaining power of the food prior to my illness I would not have needed a physician nor would I have been sick at all."

(Continued from page 594)

ness of ourselves and our families?

It is no more trouble to prepare hygienic food, and as one becomes accustomed to it it is more satisfying than the so-called finer foods.

Corn meal makes many toothsome dishes if properly prepared. Bread made of Franklin flour contains all the elements necessary to keep the system in good working order and while its delicate, golden tint is pleasing to the eye, its rich flavor is very agreeable to the taste.

Among the cereals there is such a variety that all tastes may be suited. Perhaps the most generally liked is wheatlet, as it can be prepared in so many ways.

Fresh fruit in abundance is one of the greatest aids to good health, but if this cannot be procured a good brand of canned fruit or even the dried article will answer the purpose. Fruit puddings and other fruit desserts are preferable to pies unless the crusts can be made of cream.

Vegetables of some kind should be served every day of the year.

By careful attention to a proper choice of material and hygienic methods of preparing the food, a wonderful change can be made in the health of the average family.

EXPERIENCE.



The especial attention of our readers is directed to the article on another page entitled "A Final Word About the San Jacinto Oil Company." This article is by Dr. J. B. Cranfill, president of that company, whose success in the organization and development of the company has been marvelous indeed. He is editor of the *Baptist Standard*, the most widely circulated religious paper in Texas, and his word is counted as good as gold wherever he is known. Dr. R. C. Buckner, vice-president of the San Jacinto Company, is the founder and manager of the Buckner's Orphans' Home, which is the greatest orphanage in the Southwest. Mr. George W. Carroll, of Beaumont, is treasurer of the San Jacinto Company, and is renowned everywhere as a man of the highest Christian character. If our readers desire to make investments in oil stock, they cannot entrust their investment to a more reliable oil company than the San Jacinto. Whatever they do, however, must be done quickly, as all the stock of this excellent company will soon be sold. Let them address Dr. J. B. Cranfill, Dallas, Texas.


TRAVEL IN COMFORT AND SAVE MONEY.

The Nickel Plate Railroad is selling tickets to points all through the West at greatly reduced rates. Round-trip home-seekers' tickets for the benefit of those endeavoring to locate a new home in the West; one-way Colonists' tickets for those who have decided to locate West. Through tourist car placed on West Shore Railroad train No. 1 every Monday and Wednesday evening, due Chicago following evening, where excellent connections are made with principal through tourist cars for all Western points. Write, 'phone or call on A. W. Ecclestone, D. P. Agent, 385 Broadway, New York City.

Books Received.

Any of the books mentioned in the list below (and all others excepting subscription books) will be mailed, postpaid, to our subscribers at a special reduction of ten (10) per cent. from the retail price. Address THE CHRISTIAN WORK, 90 Bible House, New York City.

- Wild Life of Orchard and Field. By Ernest Ingersoll. Harper & Bros. \$1.40.
- The New Century Bible: The Acts. Edited by J. Vernon Bartlet, M.A. Oxford University Press. 75 cents.
- The Dark o' the Moon. By S. R. Crockett. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.
- The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. By Hamlin Garland. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.
- The Correspondent's Manual. By Wm. E. Hickox. Lee & Shepard. 50 cents.
- Rockhaven. By Charles Clark Munn. Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.
- The Moral Law: An Ethical Text-book. By Edward John Hamilton. Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.60.
- Valid Objections to So-called Christian Science. By Rev. Andrew F. Underhill. Edward S. Gorham. 25 cents.
- Elements of Political Economy. By J. Laurence Laughlin, Ph.D. American Book Company. \$1.20.
- The Next Great Awakening. By Josiah Strong. Baker & Taylor Company. 75 cents.
- Among the Night People. By Clara D. Pierson. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.
- The Law of Growth and Other Sermons. By Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.20.
- Shaksperian Synopses. By J. Walter McSpadden. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 45 cents.
- Angelot: A Story of the First Empire. By Eleanor C. Price. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
- Mary Garvin: The Story of a New Hampshire Summer. By Fred Lewis Pattee. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
- World's Best Essays. (Vol. X.) Edited by David J. Brewer. Ferd. P. Kaiser. \$2.50.
- English Composition. By G. H. Thornton, M.A. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents.
- Songs for the Shut-In. By Mary C. Yarrow. Thos. Whitaker. 50 cents.
- The Formation of Christian Character. W. S. Bruce, D.D. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.



Penny wise

and pound foolish,—the women who "economize" by using cheap washing powders.

Few cents saved in price; fifty times as much lost in damage to clothes. The chances are that cheap powders are useless or dangerous. Many proved so. None works like PEARLINE, which is more economical,—does more,—saves more,—risks nothing.

Pearline—laundry wisdom



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

to ride and exhibit sample bicycles.

1902 MODELS, \$9 to \$15

1900 and 1901 Models, high grade, \$7 to \$11

500 Second-hand Wheels

all makes and models, good as new \$3 to \$8. Great Factory Clearing Sale.

We **SHIP ON APPROVAL** and **10 DAYS TRIAL** without a cent in advance.

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THE GRAND UNION HOTEL

OPPOSITE THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION NEW YORK

SAVES THE TRAVELLER TIME, TROUBLE AND EXPENSE



42d ST. and PARK AVE., NEW YORK
Opposite the Grand Central Depot.

EUROPEAN PLAN. Rates \$1.00 per Day and Up

Within easy reach of the theatres and shopping district. Reached by all the principal street-car lines of New York, the **GRAND UNION HOTEL** is acknowledged the most convenient and accessible hotel in the city.

FINE CAFE AND RESTAURANT
Good Rooms Moderate Prices

Only \$50 California and Back

First class round trip open to everybody \$50, from Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco; \$45 from Kansas City, via the Santa Fe. Corresponding rates from all points east. Account National Convention, Federation of Women's Clubs. On sale April 20th to 27th. Tickets good for return until June 25. Only line under one management all the way from Chicago to California. Only line for both Grand Canyon of Arizona and Yosemite. Only line to California with Harvey meal service. Write for descriptive literature, enclosing 10 cents postage.

Santa Fe

Call on home agent or address G. C. Dillard, G. E. P. Agt., The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company. 377 Broadway, New York.

DEFECTS OF SPEECH

Resulting from tongue-tiedness, cleft palate or other organic malformation; weakness or paralysis of the muscles of articulation, retarded development, etc., promptly eradicated by educational methods. Cure of

STAMMERING

In mild or severe form a specialty. Expert individual instruction. Day or evening. Many years' experience with speech sufferers of all grades here and abroad. DAVID GREENE, 1,122 Broadway, Madison square, New York, N. Y.

Among the Churches.

Rev. D. E. Craighead, of Emlenton, Pa., has accepted the call of the Second Presbyterian Church of Mercer, Pa.

The First Presbyterian Church, of Franklin, Pa., has extended a call to Rev. O. B. Milligan, pastor of the First Church of Canton, Ohio.

Rev. A. K. Staiger, pastor of the German Presbyterian Church of Atlantic City, N. J., has tendered his resignation, with the intention of accepting a call to the Carmel Church of Philadelphia. During his ten years' pastorate of the Atlantic City charge it has greatly prospered.

Rev. Henry G. Martin has resigned the charge of Towson Church Presbytery, of Baltimore, Md., on account of his health, after a successful pastorate of over eighteen years.

At the March communion service held in the Second Reformed Church, Somerville, N. J., nine were received on confession of their faith, and three by letter from other churches.

On Sunday, March 2d, the Reformed Church, Schenectady, N. Y., Rev. R. J. Hogan, pastor, received into the communion of the church eighteen on confession and fourteen by letter. This makes during the four years and four months of the present pastorate a total of one hundred and eighty-six—seventy-nine on confession and one hundred and seven by certificate.

The cornerstone of a new building for Christ Presbyterian Church, at Avenue C and 47 street, Bayonne, N. J., was laid last Monday afternoon by the pastor, Rev. Harry Nesbit. The church will be of frame and will cost \$6,000. The officers of the church held several conferences regarding the advisability of starting the building fund. William Conner, seven years old, a member of the Sunday-school, heard the officials talking. He saved ten cents, which he gave to the church, and this was the nucleus of the building fund.

Rev. Dr. Joseph D. Newlin, rector of the Episcopal Church of the Incarnation, Philadelphia, for forty-two years, has resigned on account of advanced age.

Over \$3,300,000 was expended by the Young Men's Christian Associations in 1901, and the gifts from women amounted to more than \$130,600. Of this sum \$22,000 was given by New York women, and \$6,500 by Brooklyn, and the editor of the Young Women's Christian Association paper asks why the associations for women receive such meager support, while women contribute to the work for men.

Rev. George Dustin, for many years superintendent at the Hartford Orphan Asylum, died at his home on March 27th. Mr. Dustin was born at Lebanon, N. H., and was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1853. For many years he was pastor of parishes at Petersboro, N. H., and Boxboro and South Acton, Mass.

Dr. John Inglis, a medical missionary supported by the Young People's Socie-

ties of the Newark (N. J.) Presbytery, who was in Peking, China, during the siege, is to return to China on April 23d, to resume charge of the Presbyterian Hospital in Peking, now in course of construction.

As the result of a meeting at Baltimore, Md., March 23d, of a joint commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church North and South, the General Conference of the Northern Church will be urged to adopt at its next meeting a plan for federation in several branches of work. This will result in a consolidation of mission work and the publishing houses at Shanghai, China; the publication of a missionary paper in Mexico, and the preparation of a union hymn book, common catechism and common order of public worship. The plan of federation has already been adopted by the General Conference of the Southern Church.

Rev. Dr. H. A. Tupper died at Richmond, Va., March 27th. He was Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention for more than twenty years, and had latterly taught theology in Richmond College. He was 74 years old.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has just received a cable dispatch from Southern India announcing the death of Rev. Dr. Edward M. Chester at Dindigul, Madura District, India. Dr. Chester was born in New York City in 1828, and was graduated from Union Theological Seminary in 1857. He had been a missionary of the American Board in India since 1858, with location at Dindigul since 1864.

A public meeting was held in All Souls' Church, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, pastor, Fourth avenue and 20th street, New York, April 8, 1902, at 8 P. M., under the auspices of the Baron and Baroness de Hirsch Monument Association, to discuss the desirability of erecting a monument in Central Park to Philanthropy in honor of these two noble philanthropists, the late Baron and Baroness de Hirsch. The suggestion was offered that President Roosevelt's sentence be inscribed on the monument as a voice to the

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what it does, has made
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world in behalf of brotherhood and international fellowship. The sentence is as follows: "When all is said and done the rule of brotherhood remains as the indispensable prerequisite to success in the kind of national life for which we strive."

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at the right time. For all who suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Flatulence; for all who are tortured and sickened by constipation; for all who have weak or diseased kidneys, inflammation of bladder or enlargement of prostate gland, *the right thing* is to write immediately for a free bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It will be sent postpaid by return mail. *The right time* to do so is by the first mail after you read this. Any reader of THE CHRISTIAN WORK may have a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid by writing to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y. It cures Catarrh, Indigestion, Flatulence, Constipation, weakness and disease of the kidneys and Inflammation of the Bladder. Only one small dose a day does the work quickly, thoroughly and permanently. Perfect health and vigor are soon established by a little of this wonderful curative medicine.

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Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier), says if any one suffering from a Kidney or Bladder disease will write him he will tell them what he used. He is not a dealer in medicine and has nothing to sell or give; just directs you to a perfect cure.

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In the Library.

Walter H. Page, editor of *The World's Work*, in his appreciation of Booker T. Washington, in *Everybody's Magazine* for April, considers him the most useful citizen of the Republic, and says perhaps more persons have heard him speak than any other private citizen of the United States. Mr. Page writes about the author of "Up from Slavery" from an intimate personal acquaintance of the man and his work.

The tangled question of ship subsidies is cleared up in the April magazine number of *The Great Round World*. The arguments on both sides of the case are presented, and the bill now pending in Congress is analyzed.

A full-page picture of Richard Harding Davis, from a clever drawing by his wife, "Cecil Clark," is an interesting feature of the current number of *Harper's Weekly*. Mrs. Davis is an amateur artist of pronounced skill. She is exceedingly fond of horses and all outdoor sports, and is the owner of several dogs which have taken blue ribbons at the dog shows, notably "Woodcote Jumbo."

There seems to be just now only two kinds of novels written—the historical and the "Way Down East" style. To this latter class belongs Charles Clark Munn's "Rockhaven." It is refreshing to inhale a good draught of sea air after choking in the smoke and dust of swords and pistols, and "Rockhaven" will no doubt meet with approval from many in search of variety; for aside from rocks and fish the story takes the reader to Wall street and initiates him into a gigantic swindle, showing him the ways and tricks of the bulls and bears. The character of Jess Hutton, with his kindliness and philosophy, reminding one of Eben Holden in a way, is a good study of what a man with his heart and head in the right place should be. Winn Hardy, the hero, and Mona Hutton, the heroine, are simple, sincere folks of the stamp not often met in these degenerate days. The first half of the book is the better, as the latter part savors just a trifle too much of the cheap sensational. It is an interesting story, however, and of the kind to do good if taken seriously. Lee & Shepard, Boston, publishers.

In "The Dark o' the Moon," by S. R. Crockett, there is not as much Scotch dialect as is generally found in books by that gentleman. It is a romance of Galloway, bright and stirring, but just a trifle too long drawn out, so that the reader wearies a wee bit before the last page is reached. The characters, of which there are many, are strong and vigorous. One, Marion Tamson by name, masquerading as a man, acts as captain of the Galloway Levellers, a small rebel band organized to right the wrongs of the evicted poor. The real heroine, however, is Joyce Faa, the daughter of a Gipsy outlaw, and it is on her that the story hinges. Mr. Crockett has an individuality which marks him as one of the clever

novelists of the day and as such his books are always welcome to the public. Harper & Bros., New York, publishers.

✱✱

"What I say goes," chuckled the facetious individual as he talked into the telephone.

FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

April 19th to 27th the Nickel Plate Railroad will sell special round-trip tickets to Los Angeles, Cal., at rate of \$62 from Buffalo, N. Y., giving choice of route, with reverse routes going and returning, stopover privileges and final return limit June 25th. For full information inquire of A. W. Ecclestone, D. P. Agent, 385 Broadway, New York City.

Ursinus College.

The catalogue of this college, which is just issued for 1901 and 1902, is a very interesting document. It will be sent to any of the readers of *THE CHRISTIAN WORK* on enclosing a stamp to Collegeville, Pa., and for those parents who are thinking of sending their sons to a good college the coming year this catalogue contains much that will interest them.

In the first place the standard of the college is high, and the number of students is not so great but that individuality counts for something. The teachers and professors are among the best in our country and a parent will make no mistake in sending a son to this college either in regard to high grade of scholarship, to moral environment, or health. Collegeville is one of the most pleasant villages in Pennsylvania, only twenty-three miles from Philadelphia, and Ursinus College is the one institution that has built up the town. The college has dormitories, recitation-rooms, gymnasium, biological and numerous other laboratories, and all the modern requirements for a first-class institution of learning.

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The money lost annually by skilled workmen of all occupations figures up to millions of dollars and is becoming greater every year. This amount of money represents mainly time lost and the serious effect upon the social comfort of the workmen and their families is evident. Mr. George V. Hammond, of No. 610 N. State street, Tacoma, Wash., said the other day:

"I have lost my share of time but I am thankful to say that I have not been losing any of late."

"You don't look as if you had lost much through sickness."

"No, and I don't feel so. But the fact remains that I was a very sick man. I took cold along in 1889 and rheumatism settled in my arms and shoulders. I suffered for three years and nothing relieved me until in April, 1892, I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and found relief in the second box. I took five boxes in all and now am entirely cured and have had no occasion to use them since."

There is a popular idea that rheumatism is caused by exposure to cold and that some localities are infected with it more than others. Such conditions frequently promote the development of the disease, but, from the fact that rheumatism runs in certain families, it is shown to be hereditary and consequently a disease of the blood.

Frequently an individual, in whose family rheumatism has not occurred, develops the disease, and when a diagnosis of the case is made, it is generally found that the ailment is due to a derangement of the blood.

External applications may afford temporary relief, but to cure the disease it is necessary to treat it through the blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People go directly to the seat of the disorder, purifying and enriching the blood by eliminating poisonous elements and renewing health-giving forces. They are a positive specific not only for rheumatism, but for all diseases arising from poor blood to weakened nerves. They are sold at fifty cents a box or six boxes for two dollars and a half and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



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Just for Fun.

"When Deacon Brown discovered that there was a ballet in the show he was mad."

"You mean he pretended he was mad."

"Not a bit of it. You see, he had forgotten to bring opera glasses."

Employer—What's new?

Clerk—Nothing, sir. But I am very busy this week.

Employer—Well, that's new, isn't it?

"What is it that will go down a stove pipe down, and up a stovepipe down, but won't go up a stovepipe up, or down a stovepipe up?"

"Give it up."

"An umbrella."

Crimsonbeak—A very near-sighted friend of mine was feeling of a mule, the other day, to ascertain which was his back end.

Yeast—Well, did he find out?

Crimsonbeak—No; he never lived to tell the tail.

"I presume your wife makes life for you one grand, sweet song," said the old friend.

"Mostly recitative," answered Mr. Henry Peck, with just a tinge of sadness, "mostly recitative."

The busy doctor was hurrying down the street when he was stopped by a man noted for his ability to get "side-walk" advice.

"I am thoroughly worn out, and sick and tired. What ought I to take?" asked the man.

"Take a cab," replied the unfeeling doctor.

Conductor (looking at ticket)—Sorry, sir, but we don't stop at that place.

Cholly de Broke—What place?

Conductor (handing back ticket)—Eickstein's the pawnbroker's.

Shopman—What style of hat do you wish, sir?

Cholly—Ah! I am not particular about the style; something to suit my head, don't ye know?

Shopman—Step this way and look at our soft felts.

"I'm getting along," said Mr. Cumrox. "I'm progressing slowly but surely."

"In what?"

"Culture. I've been traveling around with Mrs. C. and the girls until I'm getting right refined. But there's one thing I don't think I'll achieve. I don't believe I'll ever be able to go into an antique store and tell the difference between bric-à-brac and junk."

Mrs. Bill—I understand that's a smart dog your husband's got; that he'll do just what his master does.

Mrs. Jill—Yes; he's growling about the house from morning until night.

Be charitable. Every ton of coal given to the poor in this world will be so much fuel saved from use in the next.

The usual order of things is reversed in matrimonial warfare. First comes the surrender, then the engagement and last, but not least, the call to arms.



In all departments of active service stand in need of the readiness of mind and promptness of

action which depend on a healthy nervous system. Let a railroad man be "rattled," and every life depending on him is in danger. A great many railroad men have found in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery a valuable tonic for the overstrained nervous system. It builds up the body, purifies the blood, nourishes the nerves, and induces a healthy appetite and refreshing sleep.

"I suffered for six years with constipation and indigestion, during which time I employed several physicians, but they could not reach my case," writes Mr. G. Popplewell, of Eureka Springs, Carroll Co., Ark. "I felt that there was no help for me; could not retain food on my stomach; had vertigo and would fall helpless to the floor. Two years ago I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and little 'Pellets,' and improved from the start. After taking twelve bottles of the 'Discovery' I was able to do light work, and have been improving ever since."

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Odds and Ends.

A man who gets into the habit of never making mistakes is altogether too near perfection for this world.

Good advice is like castor oil—easy to give, but hard to take.

Nothing resembles yesterday so much as to-morrow.

Truisms are usually too self-evident to be palatable.

The pace that kills is not the pace of the messenger boy.

Riots never free hungry men nor furnish work for the unemployed.

The wise man gives words, but he keeps his thoughts to himself.

A sober man when drunk is as stupid as a drunken man when sober.

The letter "e" is the beginning of every end and the end of every one.

An empty discourse and a solid one are much the same—they are both sound.

A wise man sees but does not interfere with that which does not concern him.

An international air is one assumed by the man who thinks he owns the earth.

No matter how much he is in love with a woman, for the first hour after he has proposed to her, he wishes he hadn't.

At a wedding all the unmarried women cry because they aren't in the girl's place and the married ones cry because they were.

A literary man—one who scatters everything about the house.

Getting a foothold—American shoe-stores are being opened in Germany.

Among all the rising events of the time none gives better satisfaction than the rise of the temperature.

The modern Flying Dutchman—Oom Paul.

A man of strong will—one who can make a will his heirs cannot break.

If "trans" means across, then transparent must mean a cross parent.

None but a fool is always right.

Some men must be taken, if at all, like box-paper, at a heavy discount.

Compulsory education—experience.

A man may run away from everything else but himself.

The street piano supplies airs by handle.

The flow of water in a river is a matter of course.

A fish in the hand is worth two in the angler's story.

Remorse, like a wooden leg, is sometimes a necessary evil.

Fools create opportunities for wise men to take advantage of.

Judge—What is the charge against the prisoner?

Officer—He is charged with stealing the wardrobe of Dolly Footlight, now at the Gaiety Theater.

"Have you found any proof of his guilt?"

"Yes, your honor. The entire wardrobe was found in his vest pocket."

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The next Pennsylvania Railroad Personally-conducted Tour to Washington leaves Thursday, April 17th. Rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, hotel accommodations and guides, \$14.50 from New York, \$13 from Trenton and \$11.50 from Philadelphia. These rates cover accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs or Ebbitt House. For accommodations at Regent, Metropolitan or National Hotel, \$2.50 less. Special side trip to Mt. Vernon.

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Now, until April 30th, tickets can be purchased via Nickel Plate Railroad at extremely low rates, for the benefit of those desiring new homes in the West, including the Pacific Coast States, Montana, Idaho, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, the Canadian Northwest, Colorado, Arizona, etc. Get full information from A. W. Ecclestone, 385 Broadway, New York City.

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May gain a knowledge great;
But the man who learns by travel
Is the one who's up-to-date.

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EDITOR'S NOTE For 40 years the Peabody Medical Institute has been a fixed fact, and it will remain so. It is as standard as American Gold. The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

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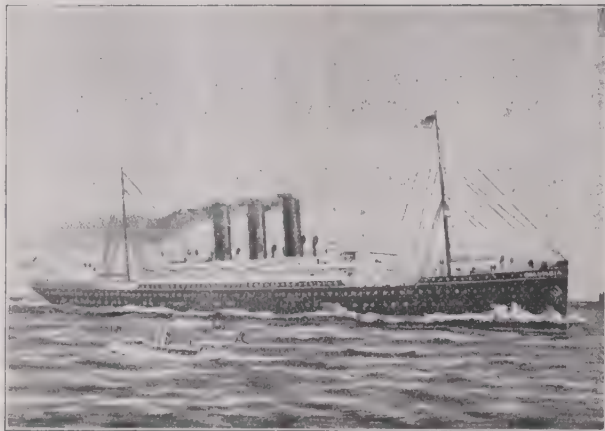
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Ninety-seventh Semi-Annual Statement.

JANUARY, 1902.

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks,	\$ 743,517 01
Real Estate	1,638,892 06
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate,	128,750 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents,	771,087 62
Interest due and accrued on 1st Jan., 1902,	53,663 04
Bonds and Stocks,	11,924,960 00

\$15,255,869 73

LIABILITIES.

CASH CAPITAL,	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	5,060,677 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims,	1,288,849 83
Net Surplus,	5,906,342 88

\$15,255,869 73

Surplus as regards Policy-holders, **\$8,906,342 88**

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CHRISTIAN WORK

Illustrated Family Newspaper

Volume 72.

APRIL 26, 1902.

Number 1836

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The Author's Prayer.

L ORD, let me never tag a moral to a story nor tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people, because they are both alive. Show me that as in a river, so in writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. Teach me to see the local color without being blind to the inner light. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can, and when that is done stop me, pay what wages thou wilt, and help me say from a quiet heart a grateful Amen.

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JANUARY, 1902.

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks,	\$ 743,517 01
Real Estate	1,633,392 06
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate,	128,750 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents,	771,087 62
Interest due and accrued on 1st Jan., 1902,	53,668 04
Bonds and Stocks,	11,924,960 00
	\$15,255,869 73

LIABILITIES.

CASH CAPITAL,	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	5,060,677 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims,	1,288,849 85
Net Surplus,	5,906,342 88
	\$15,255,869 73
Surplus as regards Policy-holders,	\$8,906,342 88

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Weekly---Continuing The Christian at Work.

Volume 72

New York, Saturday, April 26, 1902

Number 1836

For Terms See Prospectus on Page 663.

Cuba and the
Duty on Sugar.

On Friday the House took extraordinary action upon the question of fixing the duty on Cuban sugar. As is well known, General Wood and President Palma declared that nothing less than a 40 per cent. reduction would be of any service in enabling the Cuban planters to sell their sugar. The dominant majority in the House would concede only 20 per cent. The beet sugar men would concede nothing, and brought their influence to bear on members to oppose any change in the present prohibitory duty. The committee, however, reported a bill conceding only 20 per cent. reduction. To this bill was added the committee amendments imposing the contract labor laws, as well as our exclusion and immigration laws upon the Cuban people. When the bill was reported to the House on Friday the beet sugar men proposed an amendment providing free trade in refined sugar, the beet sugar men supposing that such a measure would be defeated. But to their astonishment it was adopted by the overwhelming majority of 199 to 105, sixty-two Republicans joining 137 Democrats in voting for the amended bill, which was passed. Such a result is a revelation of the growing dissatisfaction of the people and of independent Republicans in Congress with the Cuban situation. Of course the hope of the beet sugar interests is that the Cuban bill as thus amended will be opposed by the Sugar Trust in the Senate, and that it will be killed in that body, so that no relief whatever will be given to the unfortunate Cubans. What the Senate will do cannot be forecast at this time; but important ulterior results can scarcely fail to flow from the passage by the House of the bill in its present shape.

✦

Again the
Beef Trust.

Evidently the Beef Trust bids fair soon to have plenty of business in the courts. First we have the news of the decision of the Government officials to investigate the trust. This fulfils the first end toward which the recent agitation has been working. According to the press despatches the federal attorneys in New York, Chicago, Kansas City and other centers have been instructed to inquire into the methods of the packing firms with a view to obtaining evidence which will justify legal proceedings. Should this inquiry result, as expected, in disclosing a wholesale system of abuse and exaction from the retail dealers and the consuming public, suit will be at once instituted. The most serious charge against the alleged trust is that the heads of the individual companies have carefully subdivided the country and apportioned it among themselves. If this is true, there would be every reason for proceeding at once against the parties and visiting upon them the penalties for such a disregard of the federal law. Besides this, an investigation has been proposed in Con-

gress; but if the Government officials go on in their work this will not be necessary. The trust is also amenable to the law of every State; here in New York the Attorney-General, Davies, has begun proceedings in the Supreme Court. Meantime, the prices of all meats have gone up astonishingly high, and some small meat dealers have been forced to close up their shops. Defenders of the Beef Trust say that the sharp advance in prices is caused by scarcity, though cattle receipts at Omaha last week were 50 per cent. greater than last year. This matter of meat supply is as serious as a deficiency in bread supply would be. It is a matter which concerns every man, woman and child in the country, and which should have the attention of our national and State governments.

✦

Great Steamer
Combination.

And now comes the latest and biggest trust of all—the Ocean Steamship Trust. Chiefly the work of Mr. J. P. Morgan, and participated in by the Standard Oil Company, this giant combination, working in harmony with the railroads, will control six great transatlantic lines, having an aggregate of 208 ships and 1,106,842 tons. The lines embraced in the new combination are the White Star, Dominion, Leyland, Atlantic Transport, American (International Navigation Company), Red Star and probably the Cunard, while allied and heartily cooperating are the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd. The combination will enable these steamship companies to fix uniform rates for freight and passengers, while another effect will be to secure the protection of all interests in time of war. It is understood that the Cunard Company has not formally entered the combination, but it is expected it will do so.

✦

President Palma
Returns to Cuba.

Twenty-five years ago, banished from his native land, Tomas Estrada Palma made a resolution that he would never set foot in Cuba until she was released from the yoke of Spain. One day last week he left the little village of Central Valley Orange County, this State, where he had taught school and made his home for eighteen years, to assume the duties of President of Cuba. No great man saw him off and bade him be of good cheer and strong in hope. But his neighbors turned out to the last child who could walk. First came the village band, then the school children, next the Fire Department, and a body of townsmen brought up the rear. All carried Cuban flags. "I leave part of my heart behind me," said Tomas Estrada Palma, when he had to say good-by. "We were so taken up with a friend," said a villager, "that we almost neglected to notice that in our neighbor we had among us the President of a sister republic." It was the farewell which the little old man would have chosen, if he had had any choice; and it is a

sign of promise to Cuba that her people have called to the head of their government a man so simple, modest and sensible. Last Sunday when Señor Palma landed at Gibara was his first visit since he took his vow. Now, on his return, he does not go in state to Havana, but repairs to Bayamo, his birthplace, as to a place of pilgrimage. Out of Bayamo he went in 1868 to set up the standard of revolt. He will appear on its streets again, an old and worn man, but the chosen President of a free people. Palma is one of those men who have not lived in vain. The simplicity of the man makes him admirable and worthy of all emulation.



Inauguration of
President Butler.

Never was any president of an American university inaugurated with the pomp and circumstance with which Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler was inaugurated president of Columbia University on Saturday last. In that celebration the President of the United States and the Governor of this State took part, and it was a memorable occasion indeed. The event necessarily recalls the grand work performed for Columbia by President Low, and justifies the wisdom of the institution in choosing at that time a business man instead of a scholar for its head. How President Low has extended the material resources of Columbia every one knows; and this can be said without depreciating the value of his services in other directions. Now, however, Columbia turns to the field of scholarship for her president, and most wisely chooses a distinguished educator and man of affairs, so that now the direction and management of the university is most advantageously remitted to the teaching staff, and unquestionably Dr. Butler is the fittest of the staff to occupy that position. All friends of Columbia will hope that, with the accession of the new president, Columbia enters upon an enlarged field of usefulness. But it is none the less true that its present position and its promise are very largely the work of the president who has lately retired, and whose work was so greatly honored in the inauguration of Dr. Butler.



The Unrest
in Belgium.

The persistent efforts to effect a revolution in Belgium are accentuated by the proceedings now being taken for revising the Constitution; clearly, the Socialists want to secure some amendments, which they regard as necessary and within their rights. And it seems that in the fundamental matter of the suffrage they occupy a strong position under the existing Constitution. While manhood suffrage exists for all citizens over 25 years of age, every citizen over 35 years old, father of a family, and paying five francs (\$1) a year in house tax, has a supplementary vote, as has also every citizen over 25 years of age owning immovable property to the value of 2,000 francs (\$400), or having a corresponding income from such property, or who for two years has derived at least 100 francs (\$20) a year from Belgian bonds, either directly or through the savings banks. Two supplementary votes are given to citizens over 25 years of age who have received a diploma or certificate of higher instruction, or who fill or have filled offices or engaged in private professional practice. How largely the dual and triple voting is practiced may be seen from the fact that in the elections of May, 1900, 1,452,232 voters cast 2,239,621 votes. It is not surprising under the circumstances that the Socialists should insist upon the rule, "one man, one vote"; in this they seem to be simply

acting within their rights. The United States example is, of course, in favor of the "one man, one vote" system. That system prevails in most countries where there is popular suffrage, and it is probable that Belgium will also be constrained presently to adopt it.



Exclusion of
the Chinese.

The Senate has shown its wisdom in refusing to pass an extreme Chinese exclusion law. The bill, as passed by the Senate, absolutely prohibits the entrance of Chinese laborers into the United States or any of its possessions. But—and here the wisdom of the new law is manifest—it is declared in Article 3 that the treaty shall not affect the rights enjoyed by "Chinese subjects being officials, teachers, students, merchants or travelers for curiosity or pleasure, but not laborers, coming to the United States and residing therein." Such a law enacted by Congress will subserve every national and public interest which Chinese exclusion aims to protect. The shutting out of the Chinese laboring class is the minimum which would be accepted. It ought to be the maximum which Congress would attempt. It is to be hoped the substitute, which was adopted and passed by the Senate, may be accepted by the House, though it will scarcely be without a prolonged parliamentary fight.



Restless Russia.

The Russians seem to be still casting about for means of worrying the authors of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty. Their Ambassador in Peking has, it is said, suggested that Thibet should be declared independent, obviously as a blow to Great Britain. The lofty plateau contains only five millions of people, with small means of defense, and is so situated that its freedom from European control is of vital importance to British India. Bengal proper would hardly be tenable with a European army cantoned above its eastern frontier. The *Novosti*, too, publishes articles intended to show that, if Russia is cut off from the Pacific, she must force a way to the water through Afghanistan and Beloochistan. The Russians, and not unnaturally, are clearly writhing under the treaty, which they think is intended to keep them from their natural outlet.



Peace Proposals
in South Africa.

Notwithstanding the latest peace reports from South Africa peace seems to be at least problematical. Peace is what the King particularly wants for his coronation. It would delight him and it would delight the Government if he could adopt the speech of Napoleon III. and say, "The Empire is peace." The question of peace, however, rests not with former President Kruger, not with the British generals, but with the Boer commanders and their fighting men. It is now two years since Schalkburger and Steyn, representing the civil governments of the old republics, and Generals Botha, Delarey and De Wet cast the die to continue the struggle indefinitely. The result has been that in loss of blood and treasure the cost to England has been tremendous. Meantime, so long as the Boers persist in fighting, the British must keep at it. Clearly the British people will never consent to another Majuba. It must be either Briton or Boer in South Africa, and to set off territory for a new republic and grant independence, even though qualified by suzerainty, would be to admit that Dutch ascendancy was only a question of time. At the present time there

is no hope of peace unless the Boers consent to be assimilated, and England on her part yields all but independence, with amnesty for the Cape rebels, annulment of decrees of banishment, transportation of exiles home, restoration of property, indemnity for losses, assistance to the destitute, help to sow and build, and a fair franchise. The truth seems to be that in the midst of the various conferences being held "sparring for time" seems best to describe the present status of the negotiations, neither side being willing to risk a decision which would break off the present conference. An agreement may be reached at any moment,* but this would more likely be the result of semi-independent action by Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener at Pretoria than of the rather involved conditional decisions of the Cabinet at London. A week or two at the furthest ought to determine the result of the pending negotiations.



Upon the latest testimony of Captain Glenn and Sergeant Davis before the Senate Committee on Thursday a specifically horrid form of water torture was testified to as having been applied to the President of Igaras when it was taken. The unfortunate man was first stripped, then bound hand and foot and laid on his back on the ground. Quantities of water were then forced down his throat until he could hold no more. When he was so full of water that his body was swollen he was rolled on his stomach violently on the ground. The water gushed from his mouth. The prisoner screamed and resisted, but in vain; the operation was repeated; and it was all done to force a confession from him. Two public officers of the town, it was testified, were also subjected to this water torture.



The proposed change of Inauguration Day from March 4th to the latter part of April is apparently gaining strength. The Governors of most of the States have consented to serve on the committee, and their approval of the projected change may fairly be assumed to indicate the existence of a favorable sentiment throughout the country. The last Thursday in April should not, however, supplant a definite monthly day, regardless of hebdomadal considerations. Heretofore when March 4th has fallen on Sunday no inconvenience has resulted, nor has there been complaint of Saturdays and Mondays. The main purpose is to convert the bare chance of a mild and fine Inauguration Day into a strong probability, and to give the day such a fixed position in the monthly calendar that no further calculation will be necessary to discover its date in a particular year.



The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court has unanimously decided that Governor Odell acted within his constitutional right in removing Guden as Sheriff of Kings County and appointing Colonel Dike in his place. The Court, through Judge Bartlett, holds that "a corrupt promise made before election to exercise his official powers in a peculiar way affords a sufficient basis in law for the removal of the officer by the Governor, under Section 1, Article 20, of the Constitution." The decision is no less good morals than good law.



In the rather confused reports of the negotiations for peace going on in South Africa one fact stands out very clearly—King Edward himself is the strongest and most urgent advocate for peace on the British side. London credits him with having much modified Lord Salisbury's "unconditional-surrender" program. It is believed there

that assurances of an early grant of representative government to Boers and British alike will be given if the Boers will accept annexation. It is creditable to King Edward that on the first large occasion of his reign he is showing his mother's strong predilection for peace. He will score heavily in the good opinion of the world if he crowds Salisbury and Chamberlain into conceding "general amnesty" all round.



Major Walker's fearful sufferings in traversing Samar from coast to coast ought to serve one good end—it should convince the most daring that in traveling through tropical forests the commissariat, of all things, must not be neglected. Where vegetation is too thick for pack mules an expedition could get through in good condition with the emergency ration and fail with the regular ration of bacon, hard tack, etc. The emergency ration consists of three cakes of chocolate and three packages of pulverized dried beef and bread, which can be made into soups or eaten plain. It is put up in tin cylinders, and one soldier can pack a good many of them. The quantity of food in each ration is so liberal that at a pinch a soldier could make a day's march on half the ration. The story of his wandering is an awful one, and will be told some day. But we shall have no second Odyssey; and even if we did, that wouldn't pay for the trip and all its sacrifice.



Hearty welcome to Lord Kelvin, who visits this country for the third time, and who, with Lady Kelvin, will spend three weeks here. Known as Sir William Thomson before his elevation to the peerage, he is to-day the most distinguished representative of science in Great Britain, if not in the civilized world. Lord Kelvin's mastery of the secrets of physics and electricity is largely attributable, no doubt, to his command of mathematics, a science which he used extensively in his treatment of many problems. Yet, learned as he is, in his lectures he exhibits the simplicity of Agassiz and has never failed to interest his students.



Something should be done to put a stop to the delay of years in securing the disposal of capital cases. Over two years have elapsed since the indictment of Molineux, with no result as yet. Nearly two years passed, and then Kennedy was set free. Now there is the case of Patrick, with a prospective two years' delay. As between the law and a tortoise, the latter is a rusher.



If the President consents not to retire General Miles before he is retired from age, at least the latter should refrain from antagonizing the Administration. We have had one navy scandal; the country does not require an army scandal, too. In this matter it is already surfeited.



The young Queen Wilhelmina continues ill, and all Holland grieves. The sympathies of the civilized world go out to her and to her patriotic people, with the hope that she will soon be restored to health and to her active duties in the government of the historic little kingdom.



The last census of Russia, taken two years ago, shows that there are only three cities in the Empire whose population exceeds half a million, viz.: St. Petersburg, 1,267,000; Moscow, 988,000, and Warsaw, 614,800. Odessa comes next, with 402,000; Lodz, 314,900; Riga, 283,000; Kief,

249,000; Kharkof, 171,000; Tiflis, 170,000; Wilna, 160,000; Tashkent, 157,000, and Saratoff, Kazan, Yekaterinoslav, Rostoff on Don, Astrakhan, Baku, Tula and Kishenef, with from 108,000 to 133,000 each. There are thirty-five towns containing between 50,000 and 100,000 inhabitants and eighty-two towns with from 10,000 to 50,000.



It is a great thing for the Metropolitan Museum to acquire Rubens' Holy Family. It is only one of many other illustrations of the ease with which the finest works of art, like the course of Empire, take their way westward to the New World.



Concerning Earthly Immortality.

Professor Loeb, of whose experiments in the realm of biology—or, we should more correctly say, biogenesis—we have already noted, declares, according to a recent writer, that he will soon make known “an account of the discovery that enzymes (the elemental forces of life), which do not nominally exist in the human frame, may be actually created.” Well, as it is the province of every well-ordered newspaper, as of every well-ordered man, to keep the open mind (which is, mentally, what “the open door” is commercially), we will not pass premature judgment or advance negations until we have the “discovery” brought immediately before us. But Dr. Loeb is understood to go even further. He declares, we are told, that “the living organism is protoplasm in a liquid state; that death comes when the protoplasm passes into a more or less solid condition, and that life itself depends on the electrical charges of the protoplasmal particles.” As a corollary to this comes the suggestion—we believe it is to be put forth as a definite claim—that by means of the electric current this solidifying of protoplasm may be prevented, and then—what but earthly immortality?

Well, no one, we imagine, wishes to be a Tithonus or Campbell's “Last Man.” Whether any would care for earthly immortality is doubtful. Possibly, though, some of our great capitalists and monopolists might like to prolong their lives to such an extent as to place Methuselah's death in early infancy. With such opportunity before them, they might plan to form a whole world's Railway trust, or a world's Food trust, or a world's Clothing trust, or a world's Medicine and Surgeons' trust, or even a world's Church trust. What, then, if they failed, would they not want to die at last, or, if they succeeded, would not monopoly at the last pall upon them when there were no more rivals to put down, no more victories to win?

After all, who would wish, who would dare accept earthly immortality could science place the gift in his hands? What, indeed, should we do with earthly immortality, with the same awful tendencies to sin, with the tendency to lessen the importance of reform because of the endless period for reformation lying ahead, with increasing temptation to aggrandizement and an ever-deepening absorption in self? What a curse it would become! We are told by the apostle that “The last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death.” But physical death is our best friend if we live rightly—it is only the lifting of the veil that hides the glories of the unseen world; it is only taking down the screen that conceals from view the loved ones who have gone before; it is only bringing us out of the deep shadows into the light. The “death” that is to be destroyed is the

alienation of the soul from God. But it is by physical death that we pass through the portals to Immortality.

We may well believe, then—even if it does carry a suggestion of *à priori* reasoning, that man will discover no method of perpetuating his earthly life, as it is certain if he did, it would prove even a greater curse than was visited upon him by the entrance of sin and its long train of unnumbered woes. So, then, in the faith of reason, no less than in the flow of feeling, we may all exultingly thank God for our Earthly Mortality.



The Drift Toward Recreation.

In an interesting article in the *British Weekly*, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, the editor, in presenting a twenty-five years' review, considers some changes in Church and nation during that time. For one thing, Dr. Nicoll notices “an enormous increase in the passion for pleasure.” “Sports,” he says, “occupy a far greater place in the life of the nation. Those who were young men twenty-five years ago can hardly understand the absorption in sport of the average young man of to-day.”

The article suggests an especial adaptation to conditions prevalent in this country. And we may say that, apart from the aimless lives of some Sybaritic devotees of pleasure, the marked tendency manifested in these later days to indulge in recreation is most gratifying. Especially is it welcome here, where extreme devotion to business enlists to so great an extent the ambitions and energies of mankind. When Lord Stirling visited this country some fifty years ago, he remarked upon the sad and worn look seen on American faces. “They go about,” he said, “with a serious and joyless air.” However that might have been true then, it certainly is not so now. If our cities are increasing rapidly in population, it is equally true that the army of commuters—those who transact their business in the great cities, but seek the restfulness of the country when the day's work is done—is an immense and increasing army. Certain it is life in the country is coming to be preferred to that in the city. From the professional boarding-house to the stuffy apartment men go forth, and, taking their families with them, seek the purer air and keener delights of the country. Or, if the city claims them during the stormy days of winter, when the first days of spring come and the pussy-willows are in evidence they hie themselves away to greet the first bluebird and welcome the first robin.

This desire for country life, as Dr. Nicoll points out, proceeds from the very spirit of pleasure. In this way we are losing some of the dreadful solemnity of former times, when the country was regarded as the nursery of all that was crude or as the former home of the boy who had outgrown it. No, the rightly cultured soul will never outgrow Nature. For him the sheep bleat, the horses whinney, buds bloom, crows caw, and thrushes burst into song. Or, visit his library, and you shall see on the table some one or more of the charming books on Nature—they are counted by the score—or some periodical devoted to some phases of life in the country.

We have drifted a little from the subject of sports; after all, is it not the country that affords the best and truest sport? And so, if we have taken Dr. Nicoll's utterance as a text by way of accommodation, we surely have the example of many pulpits to stand us in stead, and there we rest our justification, if any is needed.

Lastly, we record with gratification the turning of the

people of this country to Nature—to the country home, with its green fields, its babbling brooks, its tempting, fragrant woods. Indeed, even now, in these spring days of promise, as we rejoice to know, there are thousands who are impatiently waiting for birds, buds and blossoms; for are they not looking forward to the pleasures that will be theirs a few weeks hence and when all Nature is rejoicing in awakened life?

Wherefore, then, keep in close touch with Nature, and so keep your heart fresh and young, as you remember that the same God is behind you that has created and sustains those other forms of life whose companionship you enjoy, while for His pleasure and your inspiration and edification all things are and were created.



Will They Never Learn?

It has generally been supposed that the question of sectarian or religious instruction in the public schools had been definitely settled in the nation, and in this State as well. But our Roman Catholic friends seem very slow in appropriating the fact. According to the last issue of the "Catholic Directory" for the year 1901 the number of Roman Catholic parishes in this country then maintaining parochial schools was 3,812, with a total attendance of pupils during the year before of 903,980. In the Manhattan Borough of New York alone there were in the same year 121 such schools, attended by 40,939 children. This is a very small showing. For while the Catholic children in Manhattan Borough fully equal in numbers the Protestant children, only 41,000 Catholic children, according to Catholic statement, attend the parochial schools, out of a total school population of 390,000, and an actual school attendance of 204,000. This shows that the parochial schools are not in favor with Catholic parents themselves, and that, despite the pressure brought by the church authorities upon Catholic parents to place their children in the parochial schools, only 16 per cent. of the Catholic children are so placed, the remaining 84 per cent. attending the public schools.

We notice, in this relation, that a writer in *Mosher's Magazine*, a Roman Catholic publication, returns to the subject, and insists that "the Christians of America, be they Protestant or Catholic, have Christian public schools for their children." This principle he would apply by giving State support to the schools of any Christian denomination wherever the members number, at least, one thousand, and they so wish. This principle has been recognized in other countries, but it is foreign both to the national thought and feeling, and to that of the individual States as well, federal and State Constitutions forbidding the inculcation of sectarian instruction at the public expense.

The fact is, our Roman Catholic friends make a great mistake in the persistence with which they drag this matter before the public. In this respect they seem to be like the Bourbons, of whom Napoleon said, "They never learn anything and they never forget anything." Time and again the people of this State have passed upon this question, and always with one result—they have resolutely refused to countenance the support of sectarian schools at the public expense. Not only so, but in order that the question might be definitely settled, they formally incorporated the principle of no sectarian instruction at the public expense in the fundamental law of the land. And it is pertinent to recall the fact that, at the last vote upon an amended Constitu-

tion for this State, the people, by an overwhelming vote, adopted the following as the second clause of Chapter IX. of the Constitution of the State of New York:

Neither the State nor any subdivision thereof shall use its property or credit or any public money, or authorize or permit either to be used, directly or indirectly, in aid or maintenance, other than for examination and inspection, of any school or institution of learning wholly or in part under the control or direction of any religious denomination, or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught.

It will be seen that this provision prohibits specifically and peremptorily any such State support of religious education as is asked for by Roman Catholics, whose desire in this respect cannot be gratified without a Constitutional change radically opposed to the principle on which the American school system is founded. That is, the support by the State of schools in which denominational doctrines are taught is impossible without a complete revolution of American sentiment on the subject. Any organized attempt to bring about such a revolution would stir up the bitterest, the most passionate, controversy that has yet been known; and, unless we are mistaken, would leave the Roman Catholics in this State at a disadvantage from which they would be slow to recover. We cannot withhold the remark that the Roman Catholic Church authorities will be wise if they place a repressive hand upon the zealous and well-meaning, but mistaken, advocates of a reversal of our school policy, while they drop the whole matter and continue to manifest their devotion to their religious faith by voluntarily bearing the full burden of the support of their own sectarian schools.



Savagery in the Philippines.

The President and Secretary Root have done, in this matter of cruelty charged upon Gen. Jacob Smith and other officers of our army in the Philippines, exactly what was to be expected of them; a vigorous message has been sent to General Chaffee requiring from him an exhaustive and impartial statement of all the facts in connection with the alleged barbarities practiced by some of the American officers in the Philippines and the prompt court-martial of General Smith and all officers charged with savage cruelties, among them the use of the horrid torture of the water drop upon the head. We cannot forget that not long ago Secretary Root severely rebuked General Miles for having said that our warfare in the Philippines "has been conducted with marked severity," denied this imputation and declared that the war has been conducted with "marked humanity and magnanimity." But the testimony of regular army officers before the Waller court-martial and of returned soldiers before the Senate Committee has been too specific and convincing to leave room for doubt that cruelties have been practiced. It is most fitting—and we are glad to note the concurrence of Secretary Root—that the President should order courts-martial for those inculpated, and demands to know "in the most circumstantial manner all the facts, nothing being concealed, and no man being for any reason favored or shielded." And he proclaims the old-time American doctrine that "nothing can justify or will be held to justify the use of torture or inhuman conduct of any kind on the part of the American army." We have only to add the expression of our firm conviction that the President and the War Department can be depended upon absolutely to deal fairly in all instances, to set out the full truth, and

to inflict strict and stern justice upon the guilty. This is precisely what the President demands, while it is true beyond all denial that the American conscience has not become seared, but that on the contrary it will demand the most searching and impartial investigation and the visiting of the sternest punishment upon the guilty.



Presbyterian Creed Revision.

A Washington despatch of Friday, emanating from the Presbyterian Creed Revision Committee, contains the announcement that the committee has completed its labors and adjourned. The statement is further made that the committee agreed unanimously upon a report to be made to the General Assembly, which meets in New York on May 15th, the members reserving the right to differ upon minor matters in the report to be made to the assembly, but the final report was unanimous and hearty. As finally determined upon, this brief statement is to contain sixteen articles, as follows:

God, revelation, Divine purpose, the creation, the sin of man, the grace of God, election, our Lord Jesus Christ, faith and repentance, Holy Spirit, the new birth and the new life, the resurrection and the life to come, the law of God, the Church and sacraments, the Last Judgment, and Christian service and the final triumph.

The committee also was charged with the work of the revision of the Confession of Faith by the preparation of a declaratory statement, defining the meaning of certain portions of the confession. This feature of its labors had been completed at previous sessions of the committee and was finally reviewed and unanimously agreed upon here. The declaratory statement deals with Chapters 3 and 10 of the confession, the former referring to the eternal decrees of God and the latter known as the elect infant clause; also with that portion of the confession relating to good works which was revised by a change in the text. That concerning oaths and the Pope of Rome clause will be dropped from the confession, and most happily so.



Things of To-Day.

It is very creditable to Miss Ellen M. Stone, the ransomed missionary, that she should announce her determination to reimburse, by lecturing, those who have provided for her ransom. But it should not be allowed. There is wealth enough, and there ought to be gallantry enough in this country to lift such a burden from Miss Stone's shoulders. It will be a shame if Miss Stone shall be allowed to work out her redemption.



That two candidates for the ministry should have failed to satisfy the Presbytery of Elizabeth, N. J., because they believed in the allegorical character of the story of Adam furnishes its own comment upon the diverse conditions of modern thought, as it also illustrates the unwillingness of those attached to the literal methods of Biblical interpretation to draw hard and fast lines precipitately. The candidates were given further time. There is no question that the opening chapters of Genesis are variously interpreted by ministers in the Presbyterian and other evangelistic denominations, some holding to the literature of the Adamic narrative, and others regarding it as symbolic. The matter does not seem to be fundamental; and inasmuch as these young men declared that they would not preach their opinion to their congregation it is a question if they should be refused a license for holding views which are undoubtedly held by older ministers in the Presbyterian Church.



Canon Hensley's article on "Our Unhappy Divisions," upon which we have made comment, seems to have started a discussion, the end of which is not yet in sight. The latest to take up his pen and write on the subject is Canon Tristram, who in a letter to the London *Times* supplies a striking and valuable contribution to the question of the recognition of non-episcopal churches and orders. Dr. Tristram points out that in the canons of 1603, which are still binding, the English clergy are directed to pray for the churches of England, Scotland and Ireland. At that date the Church estab-

lished in Scotland was Presbyterian. Moreover of the first three bishops consecrated for Scotland after the Reformation two had received only Presbyterian orders. Bishop Andrews objected to them on this account, but the Archbishop of Canterbury, supported by other prelates, overruled the objection. "We have thus," Dr. Tristram adds, "an official recognition, never repealed, of the Presbyterian Church and an unofficial recognition of the validity of Presbyterian orders."



The "East Side" of this city on Sunday was occupied by pushcart men, peddlers and fakirs, by sellers of Kosher meat, vegetables and other supplies—all in defiance of law. This revolution, this rebellion against law, was created by Mayor Low's letter to Commissioner Partridge, not to enforce the law prohibiting traffic on Sunday. No such letter ever emanated before from the Mayor's office, or if it did was not made public. Rabbi Weinberg (the Mayor's letter was written in behalf of the East Side Jews) administered a rebuke to the Mayor. He was glad to have Kosher meat obtainable, but he thought the law should be enforced all the same. So thinks every right-minded citizen.



We are requested by Rev. Dr. W. H. Roberts, stated clerk of the General Assembly, to state that the various railroad associations throughout the entire country, east of Bismarck, N. Dak.; Denver, Col., and El Paso, Tex., have granted to all persons in attendance upon the One Hundred and Fourteenth General Assembly meeting in New York, May 15, 1902, a reduced rate of one and one-third fares for the round trip on the certificate plan. Certificates will be valid going from Saturday, May 10th to Wednesday, May 21st, and returning until June 1, 1902. The associations granting the concessions are the New England, Trunk Line, Central, Southeastern and Western Passenger Associations, and the Northwestern Passenger Bureau. For details of the railroad arrangements apply to the Rev. W. H. Roberts, D.D., Room 515 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.



American literature meets with a heavy loss in the death of Frank R. Stockton. Mr. Stockton was one who in all his writings showed that he possessed the art of possessing humor without coarseness—of being funny without loss of dignity. His stories were all interesting; he did not preach. His fun was pure fun, which left no sting, no bitter taste. Manly it was, and wholesome, gentle, as the author. Multitudes will mourn his departure, and those will mourn most who knew best the brave, kind man.



The Independent notes that as the result of the *entente* existing between the Sultan and the Kaiser a special *irade* of the Sultan directs that the whole Christian literary contents which have recently been found in the famous Kubbeh-el-Chasme, or treasury, at Constantinople, are to be sent to Berlin as a gift of the Sultan. This insures great gain to Biblical scholarship, though disappointment is felt that the rather confident hope that older copies of the New Testament than the vatican or the Sinaitic would be found has not been realized.



The Executive Committee of the Liquor Dealers' Association has resolved that "no more money shall be paid to captains, their agents or to anybody else for police protection." In taking this position the Liquor Dealers' Association virtually confesses that it has been all along a party to paying blackmail, and therefore stands before the community a self-condemned, discredited and dishonored body.



Rev. N. Dwight Hillis, of Brooklyn, proposes a tunnel around New York to relieve the congestion of travel, and now comes Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, with a gigantic project for demolishing London, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and all the other big cities, and for rebuilding them without public-houses and with airy homes for the poor. Problems in engineering seem to have a subtle attraction for ministers somehow, and all in behalf of public utility.



The Advance asks: "After Easter, what?"
We should say, the Ascension.

Is Too Much Spent on Steeples?

A church economist of a practical and somewhat eccentric turn of mind has estimated that something like \$45,000,-000 has been invested in non-productive, non-essential and purely ornamental church building in this country chiefly in the form of church steeples. If this feature of church architecture were dispensed with, according to his estimate, and the amount represented in steeples alone turned into the regular channels of church beneficence the religious denominations would be relieved for a long time to come of the necessity of making frequent and imperative demands for money for the support of their mission boards and other established agencies for promoting religious work. We have no means of knowing how the economist in question arrived at the estimate given of the amount of money spent on church steeples, but we venture the belief that the sum is not overstated. But whether it is or not, the statement is sufficient to raise the issue as to whether the churches generally are utilizing as fully as they should the vast amount of property in the shape of buildings and lands in their possession. To this we think in all fairness and justice a negative answer may be given. The total value of church property in the United States is set down at \$940,000,000. The greater part of this enormous sum is represented in splendid and costly edifices, devoted exclusively to religious purposes and open for only a few hours each week. For the remainder of the time these buildings stand idle and empty monuments of religious faith and sentiment, cold, stately and magnificent—all this but nothing more. From a practical and business point of view they represent capital that is "tied up" and largely non-productive. This state of things is prejudicial to the cause of religious progress. It is repugnant to common sense and enlightened reason; it argues wastefulness and extravagance and it ought not to be.

If any radical changes are undertaken in the construction and use of church buildings a strong opposition will be encountered, based chiefly on sentimental grounds and on that spirit of ultra-conservatism which challenges everything pertaining to religious institutions. The disposition to cling to the old and conventional forms and uses in church buildings would be just as strong as it is to cling to old and outworn creeds and forms of worship. The thing that has been that it is which shall be—this is the rule in religious affairs all around. The sentiment underlying this is not to be regarded lightly. There is wisdom and safety in it, but it may be carried too far for the welfare of religion. After making all reasonable and needful allowances for the spirit of veneration and reverence attaching to old and established forms and uses, and often helpful to religious faith, we believe that the time is at hand when a radical departure should be made in the construction of church buildings and the uses to which they are put. Not even the most insistent defenders and literalists of the orthodox school will contend that the Bible prescribes the exact pattern for these structures or the precise uses to which they shall be put. There is nothing absolutely essential to the propagation of religious faith in an altar rail or even a pulpit. Some of the strongest and most successful religious movements that the world has known have, in fact, been carried on without these accessories.

It would be more in harmony with wise and prudent business management and the utilitarian spirit of the age if the vast capital now lying almost dead and useless in

costly accessories to the churches which they do as well, if not better, without were turned into the channels of missionary enterprise or into the funds for reaching and evangelizing the unchurched masses in our great cities and neglected country districts.

QUERICUS.



Current Comment—In Brief.

The London *Spectator*, in an editorial article upon Cuba, delivers the opinion that "Cuba will for many years, at all events, occupy the usual position of a South American State, protected by the Monroe Doctrine, but uncontrolled by Northern influence, and liable to fierce internal revolutions."

Senator Bacon, of Georgia, one day asked the Secretary of War to furnish the Senate with a list of articles purchased by the military department of Cuba. The Secretary replied that this would be a large and costly undertaking, but the Senator persisted, and the Senate, being in an amiable mood, passed the resolution calling for the itemized list of purchases. It has recently been completed, and now appears in six large volumes. It shows the cost of every broom and mail sack and can of paint and bushel of oats purchased by the military department of Cuba, and so on through thousands of pages. The compilation cost the Government \$40,000, and now that it is done, no human being will ever look through it, not even the Senator that ordered it. Such an exhibition of inept judgment is as melancholy as it is costly.—*Pittsburg Banner*.

Few benevolences are quite so certain to do good as the timely assistance of a young man who is trying to get an education.—*The Watchman*.

It is the interested speech of the home and fireside that tells with the greatest and happiest moral effect. The parental voice serves to strengthen and complete all other teaching. It is more effective than any lesson that comes to the child from the Sunday-school book, the catechism, or even the Bible. Let parents remember this and not neglect home instruction and training, even though supplemented by the Sunday-school and the faithful teacher's work.—*Universalist Leader*.

Never was there a time in its history, when there was such an open door to our missionaries, or when they were so successful in their work. Mexico needs more and more the Gospel light, and it is ours to give to its growing population the Bible and the cross for its moral and spiritual improvement.—*Presbyterian*.



About People.

As the reader probably knows, Dr. George Dana Boardman, of Philadelphia, has been in very imperfect health for some months past. Dr. and Mrs. Boardman are spending the winter in Florida. Recent letters do not speak particularly of his present condition, but indicate that he is much better than he was, and that we may reasonably hope for his early recovery. His permanent address is at his Philadelphia home, 1023 Farragut Terrace.

We are glad to record the fact that Geo. H. Hansell, senior deacon of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, this city, celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday the other day. How many years Mr. Hansell has endured the wear and tear of the diaconate, we don't know, but we extend him hearty congratulations. Mr. Hansell is the author of a book entitled "Reminiscences of Baptist Churches and Leaders from 1835 to 1898." Mrs. Hansell is the author of "From Summer to Summer" and "Aunt Nabby."

A bronze statue of the late Bishop Matthew Simpson has just been unveiled and dedicated in the presence of about five hundred persons on the grounds of the Methodist Episcopal Home for the Aged, in Philadelphia. The statue, which is nine feet in height, is mounted upon a granite pedestal of the same height. The statue is part of a massive monument which had been determined upon in 1864 to commemorate the War of the Rebellion. Bishop Simpson was one of the trusted advisers of President Lincoln during the Civil War period, and his statue was to be among those of a number of representative men to be grouped about the President. Clark Mills modeled the figures in clay.

The recent death of Rev. Dr. James Harris Fairchild, at Oberlin, Ohio, brought to its close one of the noblest and most useful educational careers ever recorded in this country. He was a little over eighty-four years of age, and for sixty-six years of that time he had been connected in one way or another with Oberlin College, from which he was graduated in 1838. Dr. Fairchild was one of the great men of the Congregational ministry, and as an educational pioneer, entering on his work when Ohio was yet a frontier region, and facing poverty, hardship, and pioneer difficulties and toils for years before he saw large fruition to his labors, he will be long remembered.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

The Government makes the condition of winter wheat 78.7, against 91.7 on April 1st last year.

The President has selected Eugene F. Ware, of Kansas, for Commissioner of Pensions, to succeed Henry Clay Evans.

Frank Meyers, Dudley Boyd and James Shaffer were instantly killed on April 10th by a sawmill boiler explosion at Peoria, Ia.

President Roosevelt has been invited to address the great triennial Sunday-school convention, to be held in Denver in June next.

Andrew Carnegie has given \$40,000 to Union College. The entire sum will be devoted to the completion of Nott Memorial Hall.

It is stated upon the highest diplomatic authority that the Triple Alliance, somewhat modified, will certainly be signed within a fortnight.

During a storm Sunday night four negroes were killed and several injured near Caspania, La. A tree fell through the roof of a church.

Governor Odell will visit the Charleston Exposition on April 23d, which date has been set apart by the Exposition authorities as New York State Day.

The House Committee on Pensions have made a favorable report on the Senate bill granting a pension of \$5,000 a year to the widow of President McKinley.

Mrs. A. E. Tower, wife of a Poughkeepsie millionaire, while supposedly temporarily insane, shot her son five times on April 11th, killing him, and then killed herself.

Gen. Wade Hampton died at Columbia, S. C., from valvular disease of the heart. He had been unconscious for several hours. The General had just passed his eighty-fourth birthday.

Fire destroyed the dancing pavilion and the grand stand at the Queens County Park, the old Maspeth race track, Flushing avenue and Garrison street, Maspeth, last Sunday evening.

Miss Stone, the missionary, who was ransomed from the captivity in which she was held by Bulgarian brigands, arrived at this port Thursday on the Deutschland, and went to her home in Chelsea, Mass.

At Everett, Wash., on Wednesday night Mrs. Shepard R. Bucey, wife of the assistant cashier of the American National Bank, shot and killed her husband, their 4-year-old son and herself in a fit of insanity.

An invitation has been extended by the German Government to this Government to send three distinguished United States Army officers to witness the extraordinary military manœuvres to be held in Germany next fall.

A heavy beam fell through the glass roof of a part of Silo's art gallery in Fifth avenue, this city, on Wednesday, wrecking it. Two persons looking at pictures had a narrow escape from being hit and others were cut by flying glass.

President Roosevelt has, after careful investigation, "come to the conclusion that Governor Dole's course has been such as to warrant his continuance as Governor of Hawaii and entitle him to the respect and hearty support of the Administration."

The new Brooklyn bridge inside of two years, the Brooklyn tunnel by August, 1905, and the East River bridge No. 3 by 1908—these are the promises now held out to the people of Brooklyn who have suffered so long for lack of adequate rapid transit facilities.

Archbishop Riordan's principal purpose in visiting the national capital, it is said, is to arrange for the final settlement of the claims of the California Roman Catholic missions, an outgrowth of the cession of California to the United States, in which \$7,000,000 is involved.

The reception of President Roosevelt at Charleston was most loyal and enthusiastic, and in his address in the Exposition auditorium he brought out on the part of all the most patriotic furor. His speech at the presentation of the sword to Major Jenkins was enthusiastically received.

A six-story cement building, supposed to be fire-proof, owned by the Pacific Coast Borax Company, near the Standard Oil Company's plant at Constable Hook, was destroyed by fire April 8th. The loss is estimated at \$150,000. There was a large quantity of expensive machinery in the place, all of which was lost.

Closely following the final subscription that made sure to Barnard College a total fund of \$500,000 comes the news that Teachers' College, another department of Columbia University, is to be enriched with a gift of \$250,000 for the building of a gymnasium. The giver's name has not been made public.

The twenty-fourth anniversary of the founding of Hampton Institute will be celebrated on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 22d and 23d. On Tuesday afternoon there will be a Conference on Education, when it is expected that addresses will be made by Dr. John Graham Brooks and Rev. Paul R. Frothingham, of Boston, Dr. Felix Adler, and others.

Secretary Root has ordered General Chaffee, at Manila, to investigate the newspaper reports of the Waller trial, and if they are correct to court-martial Gen. Jacob H. Smith. Also, if the facts are established, as testified to before the Senate Committee on the Philippines, to court martial the officers who administered the "water cure" to the Presidente of Igaras.

Hon. John Wanamaker, who had been abroad since the latter part of November, was most cordially welcomed home by the congregation of Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, on Sunday last; at morning, afternoon and evening services, at which he spoke of his experiences and observations on the other side of the Atlantic, dwelling particularly upon his visit to India.

The question of whether or not members of a labor union have the right to decline to work with non-union men, and to order a strike and to have such right respected, was determined in the affirmative by the Court of Appeals at Albany this week in a decision handed down in the case of the National Protective Association of Steamfitters and Helpers and Chas. McQueed, appellant.

Esther Kohen, 50 years old, a widow; her son, Henry, 23 years old; Lena, a daughter, 17 years old, and a Hungarian friend, Edith Flow, 16 years old, were found dead from illuminating gas last Tuesday evening in the apartment of the Kohens, at 1157 Third avenue, this city. The gas jets were turned on in the parlor, where Henry's body lay on a lounge. The three women were in one bed in the bedroom. All the windows and transoms were closed. The police are in doubt as to whether or not the deaths were accidental.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

Spain has officially established the eight-hour system. But the great difficulty lies in finding a Spaniard who is willing to work eight hours.

Fourteen revolutionary bands are reported to have crossed the frontier from Bulgaria into Turkey; a revolt of Servian inhabitants of Turkish provinces is reported.

Three thousand Chinese troops and a number of Krupp guns have been dispatched to Southern Mongolia, where the people are in revolt again the severe indemnity taxation.

Caspar Kruger, eldest son of President Kruger, of the Transvaal Republic, and twenty-four other members of the Kruger family, are among those burghers who have sworn allegiance to King Edward.

A Chinese edict just issued bids Chinese officials and gentry to persuade Chinese women to do away with the old custom of foot-binding and let their extremities grow as nature intended. The practice, says the edict, is "an injury to the good order of creation."

In answer to representations of the powers the Porte replied that the insecurity of Christians in Macedonia and Albania is due to the Macedonian Committee's importation of arms and dynamite; the Albanian chief Bolgetinac, with 900 followers, is alleged to have invaded Turkish territory.

King Christian, of Denmark, celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday on April 8th, surrounded by his children and grandchildren. The monarch, who is well preserved in mind and body, entered into all the festivities. Sixty members of royal families were present at the palace and took part in the gaieties.

A number of persons were killed or injured by the collapsing of a spectators' stand, Glasgow, at the international football match on Saturday afternoon between England and Scotland. The disaster has resulted in the death of 21 persons and the injury of 250. Nearly 200 of the latter were so seriously hurt that they were taken to infirmaries for operations and treatment, where 150 of them still remain. Several more deaths will undoubtedly result from the more critical cases of fractured skulls.

Typical Elders and Deacons.

By the Author of "Clerical Types."

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CHAPTER VIII.

A MANLY ELDER.

The old cynic, Diogenes, who ran through the streets of Athens with a lantern in his hand looking for a man, would have found the object of his quest if he had come across the like of Elder Ewing. For Elder Ewing was not one of those "bipeds without feathers" who, in the catalogues, do go for men, but a man who was in every way worthy of the name. "A sounder piece of manhood was never put together." In him the elements of moral goodness were so mixed that "Nature might stand up and say to all the world, This is a man."

Virility is the word that expresses the predominant quality in his character. There was in him an utter absence of weak sentimentalism. A poetic friend charged it against him that he lacked imagination. That is hardly true. He did not relish Tennyson because of the feminine note in his poetry, but he revelled in Browning because of the prevailing masculine note. He was attracted by Browning's representation of life as a scene of continuous and intense activity. "A man's poet," he was wont to say, "should not only grapple with great thoughts, but should also incite to great deeds."

Elder Ewing was a man to lean upon, a man to tie to. To his pastor he was a tower of strength. In those times of storm and stress which come to the best regulated church, it was his cool head, and clear eye, and steady hand that steered the ship through the breakers. When there was trouble in the choir it was to him that every one instinctively looked to put things to rights. He had a wonderful way of letting the light of common sense into some act of foolery and making people feel ashamed of themselves. Yet he never humiliated them. In rebuking their folly he saved their self-respect. He wounded only to heal. Hence, instead of making those whom he rebuked his enemies, he made them his friends.

An Irishman reading the epitaph upon a tombstone, "A lawyer and an honest man," asked how it happened that two men came to be buried in one grave. Elder Ewing was both a lawyer and an honest man. Throughout a long professional career his good name was unsmirched by the faintest suspicion of dishonorable dealing. When he left us to fill a high government appointment, we all felt that our church had lost one of its great object lessons. People believed in his integrity. He was the friend and counselor of the poor and the unfortunate.

Many Christians try to keep out of things; they shield themselves from painful experiences; they shun unpleasant tasks. They put upon other shoulders burdens which they ought to carry. They rock in wind-sheltered bays when they ought to be out on the storm-swept ocean battling their way to some distant port. To this class Elder Ewing did not belong. He never shirked. He never cushioned hard duties. A storm that would not have kept him from going to his business would not keep him from prayer meeting. He was entirely free from Sunday sickness. He could be counted upon to do his duty whatever was the sacrifice involved. He was as far removed as possible from the penitent, who, when ordered to walk a certain number of miles with peas in his shoes, took the pre-

caution to boil the peas before setting out. But while doing hard and disagreeable things he never whimpered. He bore his cross with a song, not with a groan.

Honest and upright himself, "scorning to bend to mean devices for a sordid end," he was quick to detect the slightest sign of insincerity in others. In his presence the wrong-doer felt uneasy, and that not because of asperity of speech or harshness of judgment, but because of the consciousness that his clear, calm eyes were capable of looking beneath every guise. During the progress of a revival meeting a young man came into his office to talk with him about, or rather around, the matter of personal religion. His mind was troubled; he had been living a double life, but was not prepared to make a full confession. So he tentatively remarked: "I am a worse man than my friends know anything about." "You are greatly mistaken," was the quick reply; "some of us know exactly the rotten, deceitful life you have been living; and all I have to say is that the sooner you repent and turn over a new leaf, the better." It just needed that home thrust to make the iron of conviction enter that prideful soul; it just needed that honest word to tear off the wrapping from his character and reveal it to him in all its naked deformity. That very evening the young man rose in meeting, made humble confession of his sin, asked the prayers of God's people, and cast himself upon the pardoning mercy of God. He afterwards became an honored minister of the Gospel.

The elder is an imperial but not an imperious man. There is about him a suggestion of hauteur; but it is all on the surface; a thing of manner and not of the spirit. It is a surprise to his friends how thoroughly he can unbend. In those hours of self-revelation which come in the sacred intimacies of personal friendship, he discloses a nature trustful and tender. It richly pays to get through the hard shell of outward reserve to reach a kernel of affection so juicy and sweet.

After the elder went to Washington, we followed him in his public career with pardonable pride. He had grown up among us as man and boy; he was one of us, and we shone in the light of his reflected glory. We felt sure of him. We knew that in public life he would be incorruptible; we knew that with him honesty would prove the spinal column of true manhood. He had not sought public office for its own sake, much less for what there was in it; indeed he had not sought it at all; it had been thrust upon him, and he had accepted it as a sacred trust which he was to hold in the fear of God, and exercise for the general welfare. Moreover, he was honest not from outward compulsion, but from inward impulsion. He loved truth in the inward parts. He was not like the little boy who told his father that he had found a dollar. "Did you return it to the owner?" asked the father. "Yes," was the reply. "That was a good boy," said the father. "But the man had hold of me by the ear," admitted the boy. That was an example of honesty by compulsion; which is the only kind of honesty some public men know anything about.

One of the honors put upon village churches is that they produce such men as Elder Ewing. Our political institutions would perish in their own corruption were they not freshened and purified by the stream of new life flowing into them from the country. And by far the most potent influence by which those lives are molded which bring salvation to the nation is that which comes from the little village church.

King Oscar on Temperance.

By Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D.

On March 4th it was my good fortune to have an audience with His Majesty, King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway, in regard to the effort that is being made by "the Native Races Deputation" to prevent the sale of opium and intoxicating beverages to aboriginal tribes and uncivilized races. I think it will be of interest to the Christian people of America to know how this most enlightened and Christian monarch considers this matter, which is of importance to every mission station in the heathen world, and therefore to every Christian church in America.

Even the most democratic of monarchs is surrounded by the dignity and circumstances "which doth hedge a king," and it is not always easy to get his personal ear for any subject, however important.

But the way was made possible for me by our courteous and honored American minister, Hon. W. W. Thomas, who for many years, under at least four different administrations, has represented the United States at the Court of Sweden and Norway.

There is no one whom King Oscar honors more than Mr. Thomas, and, at his request, a special audience was appointed for me for Tuesday morning, March 4th, at 10.45 o'clock, at the palace in Stockholm.

Promptly at the appointed time I presented myself, for it does not do to keep a king waiting, and was passed from one lackey to another, and from one gentleman in waiting to another, until the Lord Chamberlain announced my name, and exactly at the appointed minute I was ushered into the presence of King Oscar, who received me alone in a small, richly furnished room, leading off of one of the magnificent state reception rooms of Stockholm's great palace.

King Oscar is noted as being not only one of the best monarchs who ever sat upon a throne, but as one of the handsomest, most urbane and courtly of men. Nearly, if not quite, six feet six inches tall, finely built and stately, like King Saul, he towers "head and shoulders" above most of his subjects.

He is as courteous as he is courtly, and has a peculiarly gracious charm of manner, which every one who approaches him realizes.

My republican principles and training do not allow me to put any glamour upon royalty as such, but here is a man who was born a king and only exercises his native kingly graces. The best of it is, that it is the nobility of a pure, honest and God-fearing life, and not merely of natural gifts or official station that King Oscar exemplifies.

Now nearly seventy years old, for thirty years he has been the beloved ruler of the sturdy Northmen, and during all these years he has ruled them in the fear of the Lord.

Our United States Minister, Mr. Thomas, says: "I believe he takes no important step without looking up to heaven and seeking God's blessing upon it."

His consort, the Queen, is even more devout. She is intensely religious, sympathizing with every good effort, while his second son, Prince Bernadotte, is noted throughout Europe for his philanthropy and religious zeal. He is the president of the Y. M. C. A. of Stockholm, the chairman of a missionary society, and I do not know what else. He has himself organized a mission to the Lapps, to whom he preaches the simple Gospel of Christ, as he frequently does to others when he has opportunity.

When it is remembered that King Oscar is the grandson of Bernadotte, the most famous marshal of the first Napoleon, and the great grandson of the Empress Josephine, whose daughter by her first husband married Bernadotte, the religious character of this royal family may seem the more remarkable.

That King Oscar is a statesman and a diplomat as well as a righteous ruler is shown by the fact that now, for the third time, within a few years, our Government at Washington has chosen him the arbitrator of our claims against Germany and England. First in the matter of the dispute with Germany concerning the Samoan Islands, second in the famous Behring Sea contention with England, and now again, in some further complications that have arisen with Germany over the old Samoan difficulty.

The opinion of such a man is surely worth having on any moral or religious matter.

King Oscar puts one very much at ease. He takes his visitor cordially by the hand, expresses in fluent English his pleasure at

seeing him, and then conducts him to a seat by a little table on the other side of which he seats himself.

There is no one else present, and thus he shows his absolute fearlessness of anarchist or assassin.

After conversing on various subjects for a little time the king asked me concerning the progress of the Christian Endeavor movement in America and Europe, and then we approached the special object of the interview—the prohibition of opium and alcoholic liquors to the uncivilized races. I told him of the awful havoc wrought in the South Sea Islands, where the work of Dr. Paton and his fellow-laborers has been almost undone by a few unprincipled traders, who have supplied them with liquor and firearms.

I told him also of a recent visit to our Secretary of State, Mr. Hay, in Washington, a few weeks before, with the rest of the deputation, and of the assurances given by Mr. Hay that our Government would take the matter up, with the other nations concerned, and of his hopes of complete ultimate success.

The King heard me most patiently and kindly and gave every possible token of his interest and sympathy with the effort. In regard to the whole matter of liquor legislation, he talked freely and earnestly. "I have done all I can," he said, "to keep alcohol away from the Lapps in my own domain, and it is absolutely prohibited in Lapland." "Ours is a free country," he went on to say, "and my subjects must regulate their own affairs, but things are much better than they used to be.

"When I was a young man we all got tipsy," he continued—a statement which he immediately qualified by saying: "I do not mean that I did personally, but that was the common custom, while now drunkenness is comparatively rare."

This last statement my own observation bore out, for, during several weeks in Sweden, most of the time spent in the larger cities and towns. I saw but one intoxicated man.

When I asked the King if I could assure the deputation and the American public of his sympathy with this effort to keep the vices of civilization from the uncivilized, he replied with great earnestness: "Certainly, certainly, I most heartily sympathize with it."

A few more pleasant words brought this interview to a close, and, taking my hand again, he said some pleasant things that show how kind and courteous a king can be, and, leaving the little audience room through the lines of courtiers, I made my way to the door of the palace and back to my hotel.

Here is a reform that seems to be fairly launched, and deserves the attention and interest of all. Great credit is due to Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, the secretary of the deputation, for his persistence and energy for many years in keeping this matter before the public and before the governmental authorities.

Its importance has now been cordially recognized in the messages both of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt; a resolution of the United States Senate has unqualifiedly endorsed it, and, as I have said, Secretary Hay has given it his earnest approval, and is doing his utmost to obtain an international agreement to that end.

Why should a few unscrupulous scoundrels, trading in the South seas, longer set the Christian sentiments of the world at defiance?

Why should missionary work be hindered, the motive debauched and the labor of devoted men for scores of years undone, in order that a few rumsellers and opium dealers in the Pacific islands and elsewhere may get rich?

I regret to say that certain American traders in the New Hebrides have been the worst sinners in this respect. When he was in our country, as we all know, Dr. Paton pleaded with our authorities, with tears in his eyes, to prohibit their nefarious trade.

May this foul blot soon be wiped off of our national banner.

Many of my readers will be glad to know, I think, that the especial mission on behalf of the Christian Endeavor movement, which has brought me to Europe at this time, has been greatly prospered by Providence.

Already the society is firmly established in Germany; Spain and Switzerland, as well as in all English-speaking and missionary lands, and I have recently had the pleasure of seeing the beginnings of what I am convinced will be a large and flourishing work in Scandinavia, Italy and Finland. Even in Russia are a few societies in the German and English speaking churches, and the movement gives promise of extending soon into every corner of Europe.

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, March 15th.

What the Bible Has to Say to Fathers and Mothers.

Its Message to Fathers.

By the Late Newman Hall, D.D.

Men on earth are to learn their duty as fathers from the great and first model of Fatherhood. He provided for His children, and this is a father's first and incumbent duty. Provision implies protection, provision, instruction. Some fathers ignorantly excuse themselves from teaching by the plea that teaching cannot begin before the capacity to learn, not thinking that the capacity commences even at birth. As soon as the eye opens it begins to observe. It distinguishes between life and darkness, and soon knows the difference between looks of love and anger. Smiles attract, while frowns repel. A mother often draws to her embrace the babe whose father's frown repels it. Children learn much before they utter words. Let fathers teach their tiny children the sweetness of love by their treatment of the mother. Rudeness, anger, neglect by the husband teach similar conduct by the children to the mother. Some parents seem to think that their whole responsibility is met when they send the children to the infant school without inquiring about the efficiency of the teachers.

How deeply impressed I was when quite a little child, not only by being taken into a quiet room with my mother every day when she prayed for me, but by standing outside at her room door and hearing her pray; and wondering at her thus talking with an unseen God and asking His blessing. A parent not known by a child to pray is really a lesson on not praying. Can I ever forget entering unexpectedly early in the morning into my father's room and finding him on his knees before God? Did not we children while still young enough for an infant school, thus receive lessons in early piety, sermons without words, but indelibly impressive? I could never think of my parents in after years apart from their habitual communion with God. If parents are prayerless can they expect their children to grow up otherwise? Such prayer should not be that of mere stated form, but language of the heart, and suited to the circumstances of every day. Thus teach young children to ask for what they need, and seek help both for themselves and for their parents with them.

Let them be early acquainted with the Scriptures, not by long, laborious reciting of many chapters, but by wise selections which they can easily understand, with lessons suited to their years. Let them be familiar with such histories as of Jacob and Joseph, and parts of David and Samuel. When I was quite a little child I used to visit my father when he was in bed, my mother being away usually, and I used to ask him to tell me about Joseph in Egypt. This he related with deep emotion and weeping eyes. Morning after morning I asked him to tell me about Joseph. I was deeply convinced of my father's love for the Bible. In after years I frequently found him in his retirement diligently reading a Bible with a commentary. In family prayer, which was never neglected, we children were seated around father and mother to hear a short passage of the Bible, sing a hymn together, and kneel in prayer to our Father in heaven. Are not children thus trained to pray together likely to gather their own families in after years, and is not such worship calculated to influence religiously the whole of the day, both its business and its enjoyments? The whole day should be somewhat under the father's oversight. He should know what other children are met, for walking or play, or either, or whether their guardians and companions are trustworthy morally.

Fathers should not devolve on the mother the entire cultivation and appreciation of beauty in their children. The great Father has covered the earth with beautiful things for the enjoyment of His children, who often disregard such lessons. How lovely are the heavens above us—the silvery clouds, their exquisite and changeful forms. The glowing tints of sunrise and sunset. The myriad stars, the moon in its majesty, the sun in its splendor, the loveliness of the landscape, its fields and valleys, its streams and rivers, its hills and mountains; or its smaller beauties—the flowers with their varied tints and forms and fragrance, the changes from spring to autumn; the trees in their endless majesty and gracefulness; beauty not alone in the wild commons and broad country paths, but in narrow lanes also, and even in window flower-pots, where a simple primrose or even a tiny daisy contains a treasury

of beauty, if carefully examined or even casually glanced at; or, if seldom able to behold natural beauty in flowers, the very shop windows are sometimes and, to beauty-loving fathers, are constantly presenting pictures in which there are elements of beauty worth the while of children.

Care should be taken that pictures which children may see on the walls in houses should illustrate sweetness rather than ugliness, kindness rather than violence. How many pictures deface the walls of mansions and cottages which exhibit scenes not merely ugly, but which in themselves may be of little worth. I was lately in a house where a little girl was being carried downstairs, and called the nurse's attention to a pretty picture, and when told it was a picture of Jesus she said: "Oh, let me stop and kiss the dear Lord Jesus." Some of His kind words and actions had been described to her.

Teaching at home should embrace much of the instruction which is often overlooked or only partially considered at school. The teaching at home should be more gentle, while more solemn; more confidential and familiar; more the utterance of love than of mere authority. Many subjects are omitted at the desk as if sufficiently explained and enforced in the home by the parents. The result frequently is the total omission of warnings, and encouragements, and explanations which are essential for the subsequent development of the youthful character. The duty of truthfulness in speech should be lovingly enforced. Children are often careless in their statements, apparently indifferent whether what they say is actually in harmony with facts. They tell falsehoods without knowing it. A lie is something which they have learned to hate and condemn, without considering that whatever is said intentionally to mislead is disgraceful and is a lie. In daily life how many falsehoods are uttered as if harmless, excused as the usages of society, as the sport of conversation, and afterwards in the daily business of life, as the necessity of trade, and permitted by the customs of commerce. Thus it comes to pass that in many business transactions "yes" and "no" are words hastily uttered, which convey and are intended to convey a meaning contrary to the reality. How much of the crimes of business result from the habits of untruth acquired in childhood and not condemned by fathers!

Honesty is intimately associated with truthfulness. The eagerness for gain is easily aided by departure from truth. "It is naught, it is naught," saith the buyer when he desires to obtain an article at a less price than it is worth. Very often the dishonesty is gloried in rather than condemned. So also in selling. The value of the article is declared greater than its real worth, and the extra price obtained by the lie is regarded as the lawful prize of sharpness. It is to be feared that in most buying and selling there is deliberate lying. This is considered by many dealers as of no consequence in little things, when in large matters it may cause absolute ruin, or enormous wealth. If fathers would avoid helping their boys to develop in after years into creators of guilty wealth or of widespread ruin, let them be taught in early years to abhor lying and cheating. Similar hints might be suggested respecting industry and indolence. Time is property—opportunity for useful work is something given by the Heavenly Father to His earthly children, and to waste it is akin to trampling bread under our feet. Diligence in the father will encourage diligence in the child, and lead to diligence in after life, with happiness in others and beneficence to the needy. Modesty in behavior to little girls should be thoughtfully cherished in young boys as well as youths, who should be early trained to be the protection and reliant friends of their weaker playmates. Fathers should avoid all improper conduct toward young women, and all coarse language, if they would train their boys to be virtuous and decent youths. Fathers should carefully watch the studies and the sports of their boys. Latin or Greek books are often used in the school unfit for translation, and though certain odes of Horace are marked off as forbidden to the boys, the very forbidding often attracts the perusal and plants the poison.

There are mysteries in the physical frame which cannot easily be explained to the young, which it is impossible to conceal. Is it right to disguise or hide them altogether? Will not the young ask questions most natural for them to ask, and important for them to know in order to behave themselves aright? If children are re-proved for asking such questions, will not the same questions be asked from others not so able or so safely to be trusted? Some

parents resort to fiction, and invent fables and fancies which are sure to be discovered and unraveled, and thus do great harm when the youths discover that they have been deceived. Will not the truth of facts, soberly and solemnly explained, be more conducive to purity, both in themselves and toward others, than any stern repression or any falsified delusion?

This course will be made easy if in regard to all other subjects there is diligence in explanation. Children from the first ask questions—"How?" "When?" "Why?" Tell as plainly as their child minds can comprehend the origin of plants, the growth of seeds, the development of birds, the progress of nature in all its operations, and the mysteries connected with our own physical nature will greatly diminish—that is, will cease to seem so different from everything else. So with many of the difficult parts of the Bible. Never let us deceive children by mere fancies. What God has plainly revealed let us as plainly make known, or distinctly declare to be one of other parts of the sacred history that are reserved for their knowledge in after years. If children come to us asking for explanations, let us not reprove them as too curious, but welcome their desire for knowledge, and let us explain as far as we can. If young persons come to us with some theological difficulty, let us welcome such signs of religious curiosity and do all we can to satisfy it. So if they ask us to explain some difficulty in the sermons they hear, let the difficulties they speak of encourage us as symptoms of religious investigation. Let not these difficulties distress us. Tennyson says that there may be more truth in some skeptical doubts than in half the creeds. If we know how to take this aphorism this is true.

At the age of 85, looking back on a long experience of fathers and children in many families, there are hints I feel disposed to add which might prove more or less commendable or useful, but my space is already occupied. A parent's chief duty and endeavor should be to bring up his children as children of God, and therefore to cultivate the divine life. But there is danger lest external forms should take the place of religion itself. A child may be drilled into attitudes and forms which look like real piety, but injuriously exclude it by the outward show of it. Better the real beating of the young heart toward God than any amount of mere pretense. Beware of mere premature piety. Old age sobriety is not juvenile virtue, nor is childish uproar a proof of ungodly tendencies. The development of nature does not of necessity indicate immoral impulses, but may rather be the early germs of pure tendencies. Do not expect to find in children or in young men what is befitting the solemnities of age. Carefully separate and condemn what is immoral, but at the same time smile on all that is true and may be accepted from God. Specially beware of introducing to your children stories that involve sin, and at the same time show your interest in entertaining books and youthful games which make your children understand that you are not opposed to their daily amusements. Be careful in your discipline not to reprove innocent fun; and never be severe over faults which may only be neglect of some of the orders of the household. Do not treat foibles as crimes. Take your part in youthful pranks. Laugh with the laughers in innocent mirth. Show approval of what interests your children, and thus give greater emphasis to your condemnation of what is wrong. Take obvious interest in their early struggles to learn, to speak, to sing, to recite, to work. Encourage outbursts of natural temperament. Encourage the full-est confidence with their parents. Urge them never to do, or read, or find pleasure in anything which they would be ashamed to tell father or mother; and whatever they would keep secret from them, let them resolve never to do themselves.

Be careful of the conversation you encourage in their presence. Never make game of religion or religious people. Do not ridicule or censure people who may belong to some other church or denomination. Treat all who love God and wish to live godly lives as, with themselves, sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Try to teach them that all belong to the same family of heaven who try to serve and please God. Tell them that in after years they may learn what these differences mean, but that meanwhile we must love them all as children of God. Let them, above all things else, try in everything to please their Heavenly Father, and so best to give joy to yourselves. Let not your prevailing topic of discourse be social quarrels, or commercial schemes, or the gain or loss of money; but the fear of God, which is "better than riches, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

VINE HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD HEATH, LONDON, ENGLAND.

How to Become Better.

By Wayland Hoyt, D.D.

Studying Professor Drummond's address on "The Changed Life," in the Maine woods the other summer, I was greatly interested in the four ways that author details in which men commonly seek to become better. How close to life they are!

First way of attempting to become better—by resolution, by often spasmodic call upon sheer will power. Just out of Pompeii there is a long street of tombs. The ancients, fearing the darts of death, were wont to build their tombs as closely as possible to the haunts of the living. Is it not true that any one of us need not go very far before, in his own heart and memory, he shall come upon the dreary street of the tombs of dead resolutions? And if you read the epitaphs written on those tombs, how commonly you find that your resolutions have been very short-lived. Ah, me! What many and various death-sicknesses can smite our resolutions.

Second way of attempting to become better—by concentration of attempt against some single sin. But while you do this, sins have chance to flourish. It is as though a gardener should make onset on some single weed, while multitudes of other weeds seize their chance of getting lush and strong.

Third way of attempting to become better—by copying virtues one by one. This is the obverse of the last method. But this tends toward the exaggeration. A man may be very truthful, and at the same time very harsh and unforgiving. Have you not known such? Rounded character is right character. So far forth as character is inharmonious, it is wrong.

Fourth way of attempting to become better—by the diary method. For example, Franklin's code of rules for conduct. But, as Professor Drummond says, "This method is not erroneous, only somehow its success is poor. You bear me witness that it fails. And it fails generally for very matter-of-fact reasons—most likely because one day we forget the rules."

But there is a victorious and transforming way of becoming better. It is the way of companionship with goodness. The changed Valjean and the good bishop are illustrations. But in the place of the good bishop put Jesus Christ, from whom the bishop derived his goodness, and of whose goodness the bishop's was but a pale reflection. Take a Scriptural illustration:

"Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."

Attend a little to the meaning of some words. "Boldness" does not mean a blatant bravery; it means, rather, a certain unabashed ease and freedom of behavior, a gracious and convincing confidence in speech. "Unlearned" means unlettered, without the peculiar culture of the schools. "Ignorant" means accustomed to lowlier life, not possessing the finished manners of polite society. All that "had been with Jesus" explains it all. The beautiful poise of those apostles, their strange power, their manifest uplifting of character, their shining serenity and chastened firmness—albeit they were untouched of schools and had not moved in polished social circles; that something springing from hearts at peace and irradiating their faces—companionship with Jesus was the transforming power and explanation of it all. And this way of transformed and triumphing character is open for any of us. It has stayed with me as a strain of exquisite music sometimes hangs about one—this incident Professor Drummond tells of "a young girl whose perfect grace of character was the wonder of those who knew her. She wore on her neck a gold locket which no one was ever allowed to open. One day, in a moment of unusual confidence, one of her companions was allowed to touch its spring and learn its secret. She saw written these words: 'Whom, having not seen, I love.' That was the secret of her beautiful life."

In the winter the earth has swung itself out of the sun's directer rays, and the birds vanish and the beauty dies. But when the earth again rolls into straighter companionship with the sun, all the glory of the summer is the result.

Self-surrendering companionship with Jesus makes the soul's summer. All transforming ability and various graciousness is in that companionship.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for May 4, 1902.

The Church at Antioch in Syria.—Acts xi., 19-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—"The hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord."—Acts xi., 21.

NEW CHRISTIAN CENTER.

We have an account in this lesson of the planting and watering of a church at Antioch, the chief city of Syria. It is suggested that Luke, the penman of this history, and Theophilus, to whom he dedicates it, were of Antioch, which be a reason why he takes such particular notice of it, as also because then it was that Paul began to be famous. The first preachers of the Gospel there were such as were dispersed from Jerusalem by persecution. Thus what was intended for the hurt of the church was made to work for its good. Its enemies designed to scatter and lose them, but Christ designed to scatter, and thus more abundantly to use them. Thus is the wrath of man made to praise God, and the attempt to injure His church turned to its greater growth and welfare.

CARRYING THE GOSPEL WITH THEM.

Those who fled from persecution did not flee from their work. Indeed, they found themselves in a larger field of opportunity than before. They who were persecuted in one city fled to another, but they carried their religion along with them, not only for their own comfort, but that they might communicate it to others. And they found the good pleasure of the Lord prospered in their hands. When they had preached successfully in Judea, Samaria and Galilee they got out of the borders of the Land of Canaan and traveled into Phenicia, into the island of Cyprus, and into Syria. They preached the word to none but to the Jews only, who were dispersed in all these parts, and had synagogues of their own in which they met with them by themselves and preached to them. They did not yet understand that the Gentiles were to be fellow-heirs and of the same body. They particularly applied themselves to the Hellenist Jews, here called the Grecians, who were at Antioch. And to them they preached the Lord Jesus. The constant subject of their preaching was Christ—Christ, and Him crucified; Christ, and Him glorified.

THEIR WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

Their preaching was accompanied by a divine power. The hand of the Lord was with them to bring the truth home to the hearts and consciences of men. The people were brought to believe the report of the Gospel, when with it the arm of the Lord was revealed. These, be it noted, were not apostles, but ordinary preachers, yet they had the hand of the Lord with them and did wonders. A great number believed and turned unto the Lord. The character of the change wrought in them was that they were convinced of the truth of the Gospel, and subscribed to the record God had given in it concerning His Son. The effect was that they turned to the Lord, not from the service of idols, for they were Jews, worshipers of the true God only; but they turned from a confidence in the righteousness of the law to rely only upon the righteousness of Christ, which is by faith. In a word, they turned from a careless, carnal way of living to live a holy, spiritual, divine life, worshipping God no more in ceremonies, but in spirit and in truth.

A PROSPEROUS CHURCH.

The good work thus began at Antioch grew to be a most flourishing church. The Church at Jerusalem sent Barnabas thither to nurse the new-born church and to strengthen the hands both of preacher and people. It is probable that Barnabas had a particular genius for work of this kind. He was active and conversable, loved to be in motion, and delighted in doing good abroad as much as others in doing good at home, and was every way fitted to be employed in this work. God gives various gifts for various services. Barnabas was greatly pleased to find that the Gospel had reached some of his countrymen, men of Cyprus, of which country he was. When he came and had seen the grace of God, the tokens of God's good will to the people of Antioch, and the evidences of His good work among them, he was glad. Christians will always be glad to see the grace of God in others, and the more so when we see it where we did not expect it.

THE GOOD WORK OF BARNABAS.

He did what he could to confirm them in the faith. He exhorted them. He comforted or encouraged them with purpose of heart to cleave to the Lord. The more he rejoiced in the beginning of

the good work among them the more earnest he was with them to progress according to these good beginnings. He exhorted them to cleave to the Lord. They should not fall away from following Him, but live a life of dependence upon Him and devotedness to Him. They should hold fast by Him, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. They should cleave to Him with full purpose of heart, with an intelligent, firm and deliberate resolution, founded upon good grounds, and fixed unshakingly upon that foundation. Barnabas was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith, and approved himself so on this occasion. He showed himself to be a man of a sweet, affable, courteous disposition, and one who could teach others the art of obliging. He was not only a righteous man, but a good man, a good-tempered man.

BARNABAS BRINGS SAUL TO ANTIOCH.

He went to Tarsus to fetch Saul to join him in the work at Antioch. Saul being a chief speaker and probably a more popular preacher, would be likely to eclipse him there by outshining him. But Barnabas is quite willing it be so, when it is for the public service. If God by His grace makes us to do what good we can, according to the ability we have, we ought to rejoice if others that have also large capacities have larger opportunities, and do more good than we can do. Barnabas brought Saul to Antioch, though it might be the lessening of himself; and so should we seek the things of Christ more than our own things. Paul and Barnabas continued there a whole year, preaching in their religious assemblies the gospel of Christ, and presiding over their deliberations. The church frequently assembled. The religious assemblies of Christians are appointed by Christ, for His power and the comfort and benefit of His disciples. We are commanded not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together.

A NEW NAME.

Two important facts are stated, as the result of the joint labors of Barnabas and Saul. Large congregations with increased success, and the church coming into such prominence as a distinct community as to receive the distinctive name of Christian. This work went on for a whole year, and during this time the disciples first received the name of Christians. The language implies that they did not assume the name, nor was it divinely given, for then it would have been used more frequently, whereas it is a fact that the name occurs only in two other passages in the New Testament, and is applied to them by others. Luke's allusion to the origin of the name, however, implied that, when he wrote it, it had obtained considerable currency. It could not have been given by Jews, for they called the disciples Nazarenes, and they would not have bestowed upon them a title which implied that they were followers of the Messiah. The name was first given to the worshipers of Jesus by the Gentiles, but from the second century onward accepted by them as a title of honor.

VISITORS FROM JERUSALEM.

The incident related in verses 27-30 is introductory to what follows, and also forms a connecting link between this and the following chapter. In those days while Barnabas and Saul were teaching at Antioch came prophets from Jerusalem unto Antioch. Whether they were sent or came of their own accord is not told us. Probably they were led thither under the guidance of the Spirit. Agabus, a prophet—that is, one who speaks forth, a spokesman for God. He was an inspired teacher, whose duties were by no means limited to foretelling future events, but included messages of instruction, warning and direction regarding the course and kingdom of God and human salvation. While those who spoke with tongues rose into a state of excitement and ecstasy, the prophet with less excitement and conscious of all his mental exercises, but filled with the Spirit, spoke by God's authority and command, and needed no one to interpret as those who spoke with tongues. Sometimes women were prophets.

FOREWARNED OF FAMINE IN JUDEA.

Agabus is mentioned only here and in 21:10, and nothing more is known of him. He signified by the Spirit—made known through the aid and illumination of the Holy Spirit—that there would be a great dearth, a scarcity of harvests throughout all the world, a phrase vaguely used for the Roman Empire. A famine that seriously affected Judea and Jerusalem began about A. D. 44, and continued three or four years. According to Josephus this great famine occurred when Cuspius Fabius and Tiberius Alexander were persecutors. Queen Helene, of Actialene, a Jewish proselyte, purchased great quantities of grain and a cargo of dried figs and most liberally distributed food among those who were in want of it, thus preventing much suffering and leaving behind her a most excellent name because of her benefaction, which she bestowed upon the whole nation. These various local famines, occurring one after the other in different parts of the Roman Empire, may very naturally be viewed by the eye of prophecy as a great famine coming upon "all the earth."

Up-to-Date Points of View.¹

The Advancement of Christ's Kingdom. The struggle for a genuine Christianity free from false philosophy and pagan error has been long and bitter, but the victory of truth and righteousness is drawing near. The ignorant have opposed the dead weight of their stupidity, the selfish and active ingenuity of their ambition; the bigoted, the fierce cruelty of their fanaticism against every social, political and moral reform; yet in spite of all, knowledge and freedom have increased.

We are all descendants of hundreds of generations of pagans. The blood of the cave-dwellers, who thought the thunderbolt the dart of an angry god, is in our veins. Our nerves still tremble with the superstitions which made altars reek with blood to propitiate the vengeful deities who scourged men with famine and pestilence. But all this is passing away, and we are coming to understand the simple gospel of Jesus, the plain gospel of purity, love and service.

We are not, as some timid persons seem to think, looking upon the sunset of faith, but are witnessing the sunrise of an immeasurably more glorious day, a millennium in which religion will not be an affair of one day in seven in the church, but of every day and every place; in which men will not serve with lips and knee only, not say Lord, Lord, and neglect justice and mercy, but one in which the spirit of Christ will be carried into the every-day life, into all the industries, all the business, and all the governments of the world.

Evolution and the Creed. This question of the claim of evolution upon theology is becoming more and more urgent. While all might not agree that the effect of the influence upon the creed would be revolutionary, most would concede that important modifications in doctrine would be the result.

The foes of Christianity are not hoping for this recognition of the evolutionary principle by theology. The church cannot please or aid its enemies more than by declaring that evolution is incompatible with Christianity.

We find ourselves forced to-day to attempt this process. We cannot shut our eyes to the patent fact that evolution has produced a tremendous change in the world outlook. The great conception of a well-nigh infinite universe in a plastic process of change and progress is one that allures and awes and convinces. It allures the mind to the discovery of the latent forces and certain laws of its progress; it awes as it discloses in its stupendous sweep a power and wisdom never recognized or requisite in thought before; it convinces, giving interpretation and harmony to much that without it seemed but unintelligible or discordant. Prof. A. T. Ormond, of Princeton, in speaking of the rise and rapid triumph of the doctrine of evolution, well says that it has borne with it "a transformation of the whole traditional conception of the world."

It is the view held by all those most competent to pronounce upon its validity in the natural world. A. R. Wallace considers it "now universally accepted as a demonstrated principle." Prof. H. W. Conn declares that "it would probably be impossible to find among modern scientists any one who would venture to hold any other opinion." At the Princeton Sesquicentennial in 1897, Dr. A. A. W. Hubrecht, of Holland, an invited and honored guest, said that "Thanks to the labors of Charles Darwin evolution is now as universally acknowledged as gravitation."

As to the Origin of Mankind. A later and wiser generation may dismiss all questions as to primitive man as insoluble. Professor Denny says that Adam is not within our reach at all, and gives warning of the danger of making statements about primitive man which have a physical and historical as well as a religious bearing. But we find many, both on the scientific and the theological side, who are not and say, 'Gentlemen, I am glad to see you here.'

inclined to heed the warning of the Glasgow professor. Science presents to us vivid pictures of the Troglo-dyte, the "River-driit Man," the interglacial man and the preglacial man, to say nothing of their remoter Pliocene grandfather or great-uncle, *Pithecanthropus erectus*, the Missing Link of Java. Romanes gives a realistic sketch of the development of speech out of exclamatory sounds.

On the other hand, the traditional theology of a past generation held, most assuredly, that Adam was within their reach. They knew him intimately, having been in him. Let one illustration suffice. Dr. John Lightfoot was a distinguished member of the Westminster Assembly, a learned Hebrew scholar. Adam Clarke considered him the best of all English writers in biblical criticism as regards learning, judgment and usefulness. Dr. Lightfoot's views of creation and Adam were clear. "That the world was made at Æquinox all grant, but differ at which, whether about the 11th of March or 12th of September; to me in September, without all doubt. All things were created in their ripeness and maturity: Apples, ripe and ready to eat, as is too sadly plain in Adam and Eve's eating the forbidden fruit." He argues strongly for the fall on the day of creation, and concludes: "About the third hour, the hour afterward of sacrifice and praper, it is very probable that Adam was created. * * *. About the sixth hour, or high noon, Adam most probably fell, as that being the time of eating. * * *. And about the ninth hour, or 3 o'clock afternoon, Christ was promised. * * *. Ah, what a glassy, brittle thing is poor human nature, when it so shakes all to pieces from so great perfection, that it holds not whole above three hours, or thereabouts?"

Theories Must Be Made to Agree with Facts. It should be recognized that the problem is far wider than the question of the relation of the creed to the specific doctrine of evolution. Theology has to deal with much more than this theory of the mode of progress. It must meet the sum total of the present scientific conceptions and achievements in the fields of geology, paleontology, archeology, and history. While "evolution" as a compendious phrase may include the results of these various lines of investigation, it must be borne in mind that the theological doctrines concerning primitive man are to be adjusted to-day to the facts which science has brought to light concerning the early history of mankind rather than to the scientific, evolutionary theory employed in explanation of these facts.

Prohibition Can Be Made to Prohibit. A great deal has been said about the alleged failure of prohibition in Maine. The secular press has hastened whenever opportunity arose to publish any facts at hand that gave color to that aged falsehood, "Prohibition does not prohibit." Every failure in temperance work is heralded to the world; but scant attention is given to its successes. We are left without information about the communities where prohibition is enforced, but we have ample knowledge from the columns of the secular dailies concerning the communities in which the enforcement of prohibitory laws is either not attempted or weakly done. Usually where temperance legislation is not enforced it is the dual fault of public sentiment and public officers. This true statement had been so often made in Cumberland County, Maine, that the people arose and elected a preacher the sheriff of the county. A few weeks ago this same Rev. Mr. Pearson, sheriff, gave a report of his stewardship as follows: "When I took the office of sheriff there were 271 saloons in Portland; there is not one to-day, and I will give \$100 to any man who can prove to me that there is an open saloon in Cumberland County. When I became sheriff the county jail was filled with the poor victims of rumsellers. To-day it is filled with the rumsellers themselves, and as they file through the corridor Sunday mornings to chapel I gladly extend my hand, 'Gentlemen, I am glad to see you here.'"

¹ This department is an open court in which, numbered alphabetically for convenience, will be found original "Up-to-Date" items, short articles, news, facts and opinions of our own and other people. We especially welcome letters, comments and opinions from any source, and upon any subject of real interest. The responsible source of information for each "Point" other than our own will be given in every case. In the above these authorities are as follows: a, b, c, Prof. C. W. Pearson; e, Cumberland Presbyterian; h, Literary Digest; i, n, W. M. Crane; p, Geo. E. Horr; r, R. O. Mason, in New York Times.

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Clara Barton.

We notice that Miss Clara Barton has been appointed as one of the American delegates to the Seventh International

Conference of the Red Cross, to be held in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 16th to 29th.

Clara Barton is one of the most interesting women in the world to-day. She is at the least 65 years old, is frail, nervous, delicate-looking, a sensitive face and spare figure, and has seen more distress than any other woman living. When asked how she did it, she answered: "How do I stand all this wear and tear? Economy. I save my strength. When I am not working at the business which is my very life I either rest or play. I don't putter. It is puttering that ages women. When I see a teacher breaking down or a trained nurse giving up from nervous prostration I wonder when women will learn to stop puttering. I wouldn't sew a button on one of my shoes for all the kingdoms of the earth. I can't afford such luxuries. A woman can't be a fine teacher and an excellent dressmaker and an expert cook and a glove-mender and a nurse and a domestic economizer all in one. The moment she tries to do it she breaks down. And then some one writes an article on 'Why American Women Break Down.' Sleep is a great thing for women. Half the women I know don't sleep enough. I've cultivated the accomplishment of napping. I shut my eyes and go to sleep whenever there is a lull in my work. It's fretting and puttering that wears women out. Throw yourself heart and soul, brain and nerve into some one thing. Make a fetish of it. No matter what you do, whether housekeeping, taking care of children, teaching, writing or nursing, it's the way you do it that counts. Work with your whole soul when you are working, but when you are not working, then cultivate the art of being amused."

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Should Millionaires
Be Shot?

Mr. Carnegie thinks not. He reasons as follows:

Whether the millionaire wishes it or not, he cannot evade the law which under present conditions compels him to use his millions for the good of the people. It will be a great mistake for the community to shoot the millionaires, for they are the bees that make the most honey, and contribute most to the hive, even after they have gorged themselves full. Here is a remarkable fact, that the masses of the people in any country are prosperous and comfortable just in proportion as there are millionaires. Take Russia, with its population little better than serfs, and living at the point of starvation upon the meanest possible fare, such fare as none of our people could or would eat, and you do not find one millionaire in Russia, always excepting the Emperor and a few notables who own the land, owing to their political system. It is the same to a great extent in Germany. There are only two millionaires known to me in the whole German Empire. In France, where the people are better off than in Germany, you cannot count one-half dozen millionaires in the whole country. In the old home of our race, in Britain, which is the richest country in all Europe—the richest country in the world, save one, our own—there are more millionaires than in the whole of the rest of Europe, and its people are better off than in any other. You come to our own land; we have more millionaires than in all the rest of the world put together, although we have not one to every ten that are reputed so.

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Wireless Telegraphy
and the Atmosphere.

From the earliest days of wireless telegraphy the manner in which electric waves of the Hertzian order are transmitted

through the atmosphere has been a subject of lively interest. By some it was held that unless a portion of the terminal antennæ projected above a plane tangent to the earth midway between stations transmissions was impossible, and some experiments made in Belgium to test this assumption were held to have verified it. One result of the recent brilliant experiments of Marconi has been effectually to dispose of theories which considered the height of antennæ a definite function of the distance between stations. Dr. Kennelly points out that reasonable grounds exist for the assumption that in transoceanic wireless telegraphy the waves in their course are reflected on the one hand by the electrical conducting surface of the ocean and on the other by the surfaces of upper atmospheric strata, which latter, by virtue of their rarefaction, approach sea-water in conductivity. The deduction from this view is, therefore, that the curvature of the earth plays no important part in transoceanic wireless telegraphy; that the propagation of the signaling-waves is cylindrical, and that the attenuation of the effective waves is in simple proportion to the distance traversed by the waves.

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The Barbarous
Tax on Art.

The Society of American Artists are moving in favor of a bill for the free admission of works of art produced fifty

years before the date of importation. The United States is the only country in the world that puts a tariff on works of art. All other nations realize what an advantage it is, what an income to them to have real art works. All other nations have funds and committees to secure the best art works, and as many of them as possible. They realize that the vast number of tourists are attracted to their countries largely by their art collections. Art was free in this country until the Dingley act went into effect, which not only re-imposed the art duties which previously had been removed after great effort, but taxed antiquities, which include the old masters. The result is that Americans who have purchased abroad priceless collections keep them there because they will not pay the unreasonable duties, and in consequence the splendid paintings which would have come to the United States to find their way eventually into galleries and museums for the benefit of the people remain in Europe. Collections are the basis of art schools, and the embargo placed upon art by the Dingley act retards the development of art schools here, and compels our own students to go abroad. Art is one of the most important aids to education and to civilization. The tax on art is unnecessary, and even if the comparatively small sum collected from duties were needed yet it would be a wise and enlightened policy to admit art free. If the producers of pork or wool or beets go to Congress with their demands, they do not talk to the deaf. Their slightest wishes, even when contrary to the general intent, are heeded, and the consumer pays the tax. Why, then, should not the artists and the millions of intelligent citizens who want to do something for art have some standing in the American Congress?

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Why a Girl
Cannot Throw.

It is on account of the physical conformation of her shoulder that a girl can never hope to throw like a boy. This is

what one of the physicians of a girls' college gives as the result of his deep and prolonged investigation on the subject. "It is a physical impossibility for a girl to throw strongly and accurately as a boy throws," said the doctor. "A girl throws with a rigid arm, and it is out of the question for her to acquire a free movement such as is possible with a boy, because her collar-bone is larger and sets lower than a boy's. In other sports where this action is not brought into play she may excel, but she may as well give up all hope of ever learning to throw."

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The "Water-cure."

Here is a description of the so-called "water-cure," as practiced on the Philippine insurgents and described by wit-

nesses before the Senate Investigation Committee, by Charles S. Riley, of the Twenty-sixth Volunteer Infantry. He had witnessed the "water-cure" at Igboras, in the province of Iloilo, November 27, 1900, the subject being the presidente, or chief Filipino official of the town. He said that upon the arrival of his command at Igboras the presidente was asked whether runners had been sent out notifying the insurgents of their presence, and that upon his refusal to give the information he was taken to the convent, where the witness was stationed, and the "water-cure" administered. When he (the witness) first saw him he was standing in the corridor of the convent, stripped to his waist and his hands tied behind him, with Captain Glenn and Lieutenant Conger of the regular army, and Dr. Lyons, a contract surgeon, standing near, while many soldiers stood about. The man was thrown under a water tank holding about one hundred gallons of water, and his mouth was placed under the faucet and held open to compel him to swallow the water which was allowed to escape from the tank. Over him stood an interpreter repeating one word, which seemed to be the native word for "confess." When at last the presidente agreed to tell what he knew he was released and allowed to start away. He was not, however, permitted to escape, and, upon refusing to give further information, was again taken as he was about to mount his horse, and the cure administered for the second time. This time the man was not stripped nor taken into the building. Dr. Lyons said the water could be brought to the spot and given there, and when it was brought in in a five-gallon can one end of a syringe was placed in it and the other in the man's mouth. As he still refused a second syringe was brought and one end of it

placed in the prostrate man's nose. He still refused and a handful of salt was thrown into the water. This had the desired effect, and the presidente agreed to answer all questions

A radical step in relation to organized labor has been taken by a recent action of the English House of Lords. These decisions are recognized by labor leaders as changing forever the assumption lying back of the institutions of organized labor that whatever might be done by workmen, or in their name, was privileged, and that they were judgment-proof. In the suit of the Taff Vale Company vs. the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants damages in the sum of \$100,000 are claimed in consequence of alleged illegal act committed during, and in furtherance of, the strike of the society last year. It is probable that because of this radical legislation—which, however, seems thoroughly to accord with prevailing public opinion—the unions will be compelled to abandon picketing, boycotting and other overt acts of coercion—at least until they shall have discovered some method by which they may circumvent such acts without incurring any liability therefor. Whether such a method can be devised is very doubtful. One thing is certain, namely, that the unions may easily avoid any risk of prosecution and money-loss by abandoning methods which are morally indefensible, and keeping safely within the common law. The pathway to the shop or factory or mill should be as safe and free from obstruction as the pathway to the church or school. Some workmen recognize the soundness of this principle, and it may be said, with all soberness and truth, that its universal recognition and acceptance is necessary to the orderly development and progress of civilized society.

How to Widen Nassau Street. A great deal has been said of late about the "tall sky-scrapers" of New York City, and the difficulty of navigating through the, in many instances, very narrow streets. Nassau street, in particular, is considered as the worst of these, and it is considered an almost hopeless case. Even the New York Tribune has given it up, and with vain regrets thus states the case:

So many large buildings have been raised on each side of Nassau street that the cost of widening it in these days, as Elm street has been widened, would soar so far up in the millions that it is not to be thought of. But the roadway is lamentably overcrowded. The sidewalks furnish so little room that many people are forced to walk along the pavement in preference, although the dangers to which they are exposed from vehicles are by no means insignificant. It seems, however, to be impossible to suggest a practical plan for relief, and Nassau street is likely to continue to be one of the worst packed thoroughfares in any part of the New World.

THE CHRISTIAN WORK ventures to suggest a remedy which would be comparatively at little cost and would give the room required for both vehicles and pedestrians. The remedy consists in taking out the front of the lower story of all buildings on each side of the street, say six feet. Mr. Manly A. Ruland, of the well-known real estate firm of Ruland & Whiting, thinks this could be done and is entirely feasible and the best plan under the circumstances for the relief of that crowded thoroughfare. At Nos. 114 and 116, the new Morton Building, it is already done, and any one passing at that point can see just how it looks and how easily the change could be made. Of course, the front walls would be supported to the second story on iron pillars, but as these would come between the space allowed for the vehicles and for the pedestrians they would not interfere with traffic, and would be rather a protection to the foot passengers. We give the suggestion for what it is worth, and will make the city no charge for copyright or infringement if it is acted upon.

Responsibility for Quackery. A correspondent of *The Medical Record*, obviously a doctor, declares that his professional brethren are in no small degree responsible for the success attained by Christian Scientists and other quacks of the same sort. The doctors, he avers, have not been candid with the public. What he means is that they have not been honest. They know, he explains that they give treatment for a consideration in a vast number of cases that do not require anything more than the assurance that no treatment is needed. To quote from the letter:

To the general practitioner come the host of the vaguely suffering; the people who don't know how to live, and resent in-

struction; the functionary disturbed, the neurotics and malades imaginaires. Experience and tradition have led them to expect medication from medical men. They get it, it fails, and they drift, perhaps bringing up at "Christian Science" or one of its congeners. Persuaded to forget or ignore sensations, their shackles fall off, and they discover that they never needed medicines at all. Then one of three inferences is inevitable: Either the doctors knew the patient did not need drugs, in which case it was fraud to subscribe and receive money for them; or they did not know it, and were ignoramuses, or the special form of suggestion by which the patient has found relief is a great and precious discovery, a revelation, outside the ken of a bigoted medical profession.

Doctors are not ignoramuses, our correspondent says, and not only can they do with suggestion all that the "healers" do with it, but they can do more, since they can proclaim, in proper cases, not only the uselessness of drugs, but also that of the expensive mummeries out of which the "healers" make their money. He refutes the arguments by which doctors justify the deception of hypochondriacs, and pleads with them to be as bold as are the new charlatans in telling would-be clients that there is nothing the matter with them—that is, when such is really the case. "The results obtained," he concludes, "by systems of self persuasion, so ingeniously adapted to the needs of the weak-kneed and unstable, may well cause us to examine our own methods carefully, to let no casuistry or veiled self-interest mislead us into virtual dishonesty, and to meet the public candidly and openly as the best means of silencing invidious comment upon medicine as now practiced." Perhaps there is something in this communication worth the consideration of some doctors and some patients.



FOXy UNCLE.

UNCLE MARK: "If I kin jist git these two ter' goin' together, I'll give the boys the race of their lives."—*The Minneapolis Journal*.

Labor and Capital.

It is the old story. Even the great Mark Hanna finds his weight anything but helpful in trying to walk on both stilts. Still, he is on the right track, and greater men have failed to run in that awkward position. It is like learning to ride a bicycle, and perseverance will at length conquer, for the two *must* go together, and the sooner they learn to accommodate themselves to each other the better, it will be for both, and all the rest of us.

Why Am I a Religious Person?

Because I am conscious of the fact that the performance of religious practices is a duty which I owe to God as the author of my being, the redeemer of my soul, and the source of innumerable benefits, both present and prospective. I also feel that it is also a joyous privilege to serve Him and to realize His gracious approval.

I engage in devotional exercises for the glory of God, the cultivation of personal religion, and for the benefit of others.

I have strong religious needs: (1) I need clear and rational views of theological questions. I secure them by close and critical

study of the Bible with the best helps I can get; but I always think for myself, and, hence, I have some thoughts and theories of my own; they are not visionary, but logical and true, as I confidently believe. (2) I have need of much grace to keep my heart right and to go steadily forward in the path of duty and the service of God. I do this by diligently waiting upon God in the appointed means of grace and especially in secret devotion.

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Canine Telepathy
Again.

Editor THE CHRISTIAN WORK: Reading in THE CHRISTIAN WORK of April 12th the short article on canine telepathy, I write

to tell you of a similar event which happened here during the Pan-American.

One of our teachers in the public schools went to the Exposition and while there went to visit Niagara Falls.

On her return from the Falls, while stepping from the trolley car to the pavement, the car suddenly started and she was thrown violently to the ground, striking her head on the curbstone and fracturing the skull. She never regained consciousness and died in a few hours.

At the time of death her pet dog, which she had left at home with her mother, became frantic and could not be comforted. Her mother immediately exclaimed: "Something dreadful has happened to Mary! I fear she is killed;" which proved true indeed.

How are such things accounted for?

—r—

Value of Psychical
Research.

That psychic phenomena exist will not be denied, and either these things are worth knowing about or they are not.

At present the ideas concerning them most widely diffused among the people are about equally divided between ignorant and credulous supernaturalism and equally ignorant and blatant incredulity, but ignorance generally, and until lately little indeed was really known about them. Now the case is different; these phenomena have been carefully studied, and something has been really learned.

Twenty years ago, in January, 1882, several well-known scientific men in London, who were accustomed to discuss these matters privately, became convinced that there was an important body of remarkable phenomena that were real and yet inexplicable on any generally recognized hypothesis. The task of examining these phenomena by individual effort without authenticated reports was found to give little results, so it was determined to organize a society for the careful and scientific examination of these subjects. The prime movers and organizers were such men as Prof. Balfour Stewart, A. J. Balfour, M.P.; Prof. Barrett Hensleigh Wedgewood, and others of high character, and such men as Gladstone, Ruskin, and Watts, were among the honorary members.

At the present time there is in England a membership of 900 most intelligent people, at least one-third of whom are distinguished in literary and scientific circles, and in America there are more than 500 members, including many of our best known college professors and scientific men, to such a society. The published proceedings now number sixteen volumes, and of the society's work Gladstone once said: "It is the most important work now being done in the world." Yet there are people of supposed intelligence who wonder that a scientific man like Professor Lodge should accept the presidency of such a society, and that he should express belief in "thought transference."

Evidently there is need of enlightenment regarding the personnel of the society and the work it has done. There are more wonders in heaven and earth than we have yet dreamed of.

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Good Enough
for Anybody.

American money is desirable in every other part of the world, and we think it will answer every purpose in the Philip-

pines. The American dollar is always and everywhere worth 100 cents, but it is proposed to substitute for it in these islands a hybrid dollar that will only be worth 50 cents.

If coins of that denomination are needed, and business over there for awhile must largely be transacted on a silver basis, why not make use of the American half-dollar? The American 50-cent piece is of only half the bulk and weight of the Mexican peso, but it is worth more. And its value is unchangeable. Why? Because it can be exchanged for gold at any time. It would be more con-

venient to use American half-dollars, and no one would ever lose anything by their depreciation.

The fight for the gold standard was made and won in 1896, and again in 1900. Why Congress should decide that the gold standard is a good thing for the United States and a bad thing for its struggling dependencies is something the students of financial questions propose asking before final action is taken on this plan.

It is said that the sub-committee that handled this matter and rejected the gold standard did not seek the views of Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, Secretary of War Root, or Director of the Mint Roberts. Efforts will be made to have President Roosevelt take a hand in the controversy and give to the members of the committee his views before the debate in the Senate begins.

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Nature and Science.

Observation of Waves in the Air.

Helmholtz showed that when a current of air warmer, and therefore lighter, was flowing above another current colder and denser the circumstances were the same as when a wind is blowing on a level surface of liquid. In both cases regular waves are produced in the denser medium and the waves have their crests perpendicular to the direction of the upper current. A wind that will produce water waves one meter long will, in air currents differing ten degrees C. in temperature, produce waves from two to five kilometers in length. To water waves from five to ten meters long correspond air waves having a length of fifteen to twenty kilometers. Such waves, whose height above the surface of the earth is often not greater than their length, are like water waves that stir the whole mass of water from the surface to the bottom. They are very frequent, but are not visible unless the lower layers of air are saturated with moisture, so that mists are formed. In such a case parallel bands of clouds are produced extending over a large portion of the sky. In a balloon ascension Herr Emden, of Munich, was able to recognize such waves and to make such measures as to show that the mathematical theory of their formation was completely verified.

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A Subtle Poison.

That the country is flooded with a fatal and insidious poison not only dangerous to life, but liable to cause total blindness if its victims live, is asserted by an editorial writer in *The Medical Times*. This agent is wood alcohol, whose virulence as a poison has been almost unsuspected until recently. It is no longer repulsive in taste and smell, for it is now so purified and deodorized as to be really mistaken for grain alcohol, while its cost is less than half that of the latter. Hence, too, wood alcohol is not infrequently swallowed as a beverage, and its use in this way seems to be increasing. But it should not be used at all. It appears to cause inflammation of the optic nerve, as shown by the ophthalmoscope, accompanied by an affection of the retina in which the veins become twisted and filled with dark blood. Treatment seems to be of little or no avail, either in preventing or curing the disease.

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The Stonehenge Monoliths.

The work of raising the Great Monolith at Stonehenge, England, has enabled archeologists to form a more reliable estimate regarding the epoch in which these druidical monuments were erected. There has hitherto been much controversy on this point, certain authorities clinging to the assertion that it was built in Roman times, while others contend that it was erected during the bronze period. While making excavations around the Monolith for the concrete bedding a large number of neolithic stone implements were unearthed that show every sign of having been used to cut and square the stones. They all bore marks of hard working, and when of no further use for cutting, the stones had been apparently thrown aside and afterward used to make a bedding to support the uprights. Experts therefore now entertain little doubt that Stonehenge was built in the neolithic age, for had it been built in the bronze or iron age, bronze or iron tools would have been used. Although leading authorities do not quite agree as to the actual date of the introduction of bronze into Britain it is generally conceded to have been about 1500 B. C. It is consequently apparent that Stonehenge must have been constructed at some period considerably previous to that date.

The Christian Life

Lot.

By Rev. J. P. Trowbridge.

My dear reader, if you have studied the life of Lot, the nephew of Abraham, with that degree of care which the subject demands, I am sure you have become impressed with some of the peculiar and important features of his history. Among his earliest recollections he must have cherished the memory of his childhood's home in the midst of a great city, many long leagues distant from the land of his adoption. There, in early boyhood, he found himself an orphan; but fatherless children among the Jews—let it be said to their great credit—were never left to suffer.

In the case of Lot, a friend and protector was found in the person of Abraham, his revered uncle; and in company with him and other kindred he made the long journey, first to Haran, and thence to Damascus, and still onward to Sichem, and then down into Egypt, and from thence back again into the southern section of Canaan, to Hebron, to Bethel, and at last to the rich valley of the Jordan. Having become a rich and powerful man, in spite of the old proverb that "A rolling stone gathers no moss," he fixed his home among the wicked inhabitants of the city of Sodom. Upon the eve of the destruction of that city Lot was led forth by an angel of God, and commanded to flee for his life. Accordingly he sought shelter in the little village of Zoar, and afterward in the mountains to the westward.

In this mountainous solitude the story of Lot's life abruptly ends. We never are permitted to lift the veil of mystery which surrounds his latest years. We can gather no information to satisfy our curiosity regarding his death and burial. Nevertheless, his strange life carries with it its own lessons, as every human life must.

One of these lessons leads us to believe that Lot was born under an unlucky star. No other good man of the Old Testament had a more unfortunate career, not simply in the fact of his orphanage and early wanderings, but in other and greater things as well. He had a bad disposition—one which he never thoroughly mastered. Perhaps it was partly owing to his ancestry. In these modern days we like to turn off our faults upon the shoulders of our ancestors, hoping thereby to be rid of their responsibility; and the ancestors of Lot were pagans. His grandfather was a maker of idols, and one of Lot's boyhood memories may have been the recollection of a long row of wooden images, arranged on the shelves of his grandfather's shop in the city of Ur in the land of Chaldea. Whether it was owing to the narrowing and debasing influence of idolatry or not, we may not say, but this is certain, that Lot was a selfish man in spite of all his virtues. It was his disposition to grasp every good thing that came in his way. He never learned to be generous. When he stood by the side of his great-hearted uncle, on the hilltop, eastward from Bethel, and the opportunity was given him to play the manly part, this old habit of selfishness was too strong for mastery, and he said practically, if not in just so many words, "I will choose for my portion all the rich lands of the valley that smiles at my feet; there will I pasture my flocks and increase my herds; there will I eat and drink and be merry, and my old, gray-

haired uncle, who had compassion on me when I was an orphan boy, and who has always stood by me in times of danger, may have as his part the rocky regions among the western hills."

Lowell has said:

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side.

Such a moment came to Lot, but he made the selfish choice, and it was ever afterward fraught with sorrow. We may never know the bitterness of spirit which he felt when he saw all his possessions swept away, and he rescued from a terrible death. God was very good to him, for we read that "the sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar." Never did he need the warmth and cheer of the morning more than on that memorable day, when a sadder and, we trust, a wiser man, he escaped from the gates of Sodom.

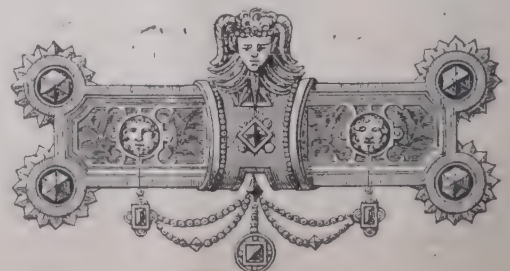
Our Lord on one occasion admonished His disciples to remember Lot's wife, and the admonition was wise and just; but He might have chosen as an example the life of Lot himself, whose career, considered apart from the mercy of God that attended it, is a startling reminder to us of the dangers that ever go hand in hand with a life of worldliness and selfish gratification. But the life of Lot ought never to be studied apart from the mercy and providence of the Almighty; no human life ought to be studied. Alexander Pope was hardly right. He said:

"The proper study of mankind is Man."

We would say, in this connection especially, that the proper study of mankind is the study of man in his relation to God. We are daily surrounded by the loving kindness of the Lord. Our follies erect no barriers over which divine love cannot come on its errand of forgiveness. We see this in the case of the unfortunate man whose history comes before us. How gracious God was to him! What a depth of meaning He put into the little word *Zoar*! It is said that Whitefield could so pronounce the word, Mesopotamia, that it produced a thrill of emotion in the souls of his hearers. There is an equal charm in the word *Zoar*, it means so much to fallen and discouraged men.

The eye of faith still sees that little town, safe-hidden amid its palm trees, on the margin of the burning plain. It is so precious in its memories, it is so strong in its defenses, that all the tempted and sorrowing children of God have marked well its location, not on the map of Palestine but on the broader chart of human hope. There it remains to-day with open gates for all, and the strong angels of light still linger by our side as we falter, to guide us into the haven of rest. Well shall it be for us, as it was for Lot, if the sun be risen upon the earth when we enter into our *Zoar*.

I know I am weak and sinful,
It comes to me more and more;
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in
I'll enter the open door.



The Home Life

One's Own Fireside.

By Louise Heywood.

There is no place more delightful than one's own fireside.—*Cicero*.

There is, truly, no place more delightful when love and good sense reign in the home, when the father and mother are one in the management of the children, when all talk or discussion about them in their presence is avoided, and when even the youngest has some share in the responsibility of making a happy home.

If possible, children should be brought up in a home, and not in a boarding-house or hotel, for many reasons. However humble it may be, let there be a home, around which interests and affections may center, and from which the young people may go out into the world with the parental blessing and the hallowed influences of home life.

"Where do you live?" asked a kindly old gentleman of his little friend.

"We don't live," answered the little girl in unconscious sarcasm. "We board."

A love of home should be cultivated while the children are young, and they should share the duties and responsibilities of making home attractive and happy. Give your girls the highest education they desire, but do not fail to train them to be good wives and mothers, and good home-makers. Choose companions for your girls and boys. Let there be no opportunity for haphazard acquaintances. Make yourselves one with your children and young people. Enter into their sports and recreations. Invite company suitable for them. See that they have all that their natures crave in the way of amusements at home or at the home of friends of whom you approve.

LIVES OF USEFULNESS.

Train your sons and daughters for lives of usefulness; then will there be fewer unhappy marriages, and divorces will be less frequent. When a mother works hard that her daughter may grow up with white hands and polished nails, be sure that she is preparing her for a life of disappointment. It is not at all certain that she will marry a man who will be able to keep her in idleness, and even men of wealth prefer women for wives, rather than dolls. The injury such rearing does the girl is inestimable. No girl's education is complete without a practical knowledge of everything essential to the smooth running of the domestic machinery. No boy's education is complete without a practical knowledge of some trade or profession by which he can earn his own living and that of his wife and children, should he marry.

There is no room in this world of work and the putting forth of marvelous power and energy for the betterment of the human race for idle young women and helpless duds. They encumber the ground and must inevitably be pushed to the wall. They are not even "pretty" in the eyes of a sensible person.

HABITS FOLLOW THEM.

The habits that are formed in youth are likely to continue through life. Our girls and boys should be led in right ways in every particular, so that it will become second

nature to them to use proper language, to be studious and diligent, to be neat and orderly, to be respectful and obedient, to be thoughtful of the feelings of others, to be helpful everywhere. Turn their feet into right paths, which, the older they grow, will be more and more to them the paths of pleasantness and peace.

Train them with habits of love to God and obedience to His will and a love for the Bible, the daily reading of which is of so great importance in their lives.

Dr. Talmage said, "Christ ought to be the cradle-song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet."

BE COMRADES.

Let there be the closest possible comradeship between parents and children. Let it never, for an hour, cease. Never give your young people any reason for seeking sympathy in confidants outside the home circle. Recall your own childhood and youth. Enter into the lives of your children heartily. Let them have the information they will surely seek somewhere at home. Anticipate their natural curiosity by discreet revelations from time to time. Teach them modesty and purity, and how to avoid evil companions. If they have an especial bent in any direction sympathize with it and encourage it. Nature is the best guide toward a successful career in life. Try to see things from their standpoint. The more you do this, the more will they learn to look at things from your own standpoint of greater knowledge and experience.

Hold their confidence as a priceless treasure to you and to them. Let nothing separate you from their loving trustfulness, let nothing mar the beauty of the closest possible intimacy.

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

A boy will excuse himself for doing a certain thing by saying, "Father does it." How can a mother expect a daughter to do otherwise than follow her example?

A little fellow of thirteen sat at the table with his father. There was wine on the table. The waiter asked the boy what he would take. "I'll take what father takes," was his reply. The father had the decanter in his hand just ready to pour out the wine, and he dropped it as if it were fire. Laying his hand lovingly on the head of the boy, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water."

Sometimes parents teach their children, by their own example, to deceive and tell falsehoods, and then punish them for untruthfulness.

When asked his age by a railroad conductor, a boy said, "At home I'm twelve, but when we are in the cars my mother says I'm only ten."

Profane fathers must expect to have profane sons. A boy who was heard to swear was told that he must ask God to forgive him. His mother followed him to his room to see that he obeyed her.

He knelt down and said in a surly tone, "O, God, I'm sorry I said that naughty word; but I want you to hurry and grow me up quick, so as I can swear like father does, and then you wouldn't mind it."

When we are walking out on a frosty morning in Autumn we often see the perfect form of the leaves left upon the sidewalk where they have lain overnight, or perhaps for an hour or two. Just as perfect is the impression of our lives upon the minds and hearts of our children.

We need to watch and pray and use great care, lest we mar the beauty of the wonderful gifts God has entrusted to our keeping.

The Rev. Basil Wilberforce, the new canon of Westminster, writes: "My bird knows a sweet little German song, 'Ich liebe dich' ('I love you'). But I can only get him to sing it by standing before his cage, whistling the tune myself, smiling upon him, and making myself as much at home with him as possible."

In this manner we may lead our children to follow our example by singing sweet songs ourselves, if we would have their hearts attuned to perfect melody.

The Children.

Two Yards of Pinks.

By Ella Guernsey.

"Bessy, you might plant pink-seed in this box and cover it with glass."

Mrs. Merrit smiled as Bessie held out her hand for the packet of pink-seed.

Bessy said, "I want the pinks now."

"You must wait and work, lassie," Mrs. Merrit laughed. "Just now you can think how wonderful: In this tiny black seed is hidden a future blossom and green leaves. If not planted the beauty will never be revealed to sight."

Bessy planted the seeds carefully and covered the box. The seeds grew thriftily, and one May day Mrs. Merrit measured one yard's length in the garden, and Bessy set the pink plants, leaving room for each plant to spread. After the garden was filled a number of pink plants remained.

"I think, Bessy, every seed planted must have germinated. You have plants for a second yard. Too bad to waste them."

"Please, lady, Will would love 'em an' tend 'em," chirped a little voice.

Bessy looked about, and peeping over the gate she saw a boy. A very shabby looking boy.

Mrs. Merrit asked, "What would you do with plants?"

"Plant 'em."

"Have you a garden?"

"No'm."

"Where do you live?"

"In Gray's Court."

Mrs. Merrit knew the Gray flats to be a dismal, cheerless place.

"I could git a box and some woods dirt and set it in Will's window. Will fell under a car an' lost both feet, an' mostly sits by our window."

"Mamma, there's a long box in the coal house. I believe it measures a yard," Bessy suggested, "and Will can have a yard of pinks, too."

"We should like to know your name," Mrs. Merrit said, kindly, as she handed the box of flowers to the boy.

"Eddy Bend, marm. Live in Gray's Court on Megrew street. I'll tell you how the pinks grow," the little fellow called, as he hurried away with box and plants.

Bessy looked after him, saying, "Mamma, I'd like to know if Will's pinks are prettier than mine."

One hot summer day Mrs. Merrit and Bessy visited Gray's Court. Will only was in the one room the Bends called home. Will, a pale, bright-faced boy, sat by the open window. His pinks were blooming beautifully.

Bessy saw in an instant Will's pinks were more beautiful than her own. The second yard of pinks outshone the first yard.

"It is the cultivation, Bessy. You had every advantage—a good garden. The rains have not been abundant; your plants have often needed water. You let weeds crowd your plants. Will has loved and tended his plants. It is plain, then, why the second yard is more lovely than the first," Mrs. Merrit explained.

"Dear, dear!" sighed Bessy; "We must work hard to get things we want. I thought if I set the plants the sun and rain would do the rest."

Mrs. Merrit smoothed the brown curls, and said, "Little girl, you have learned a truth. By work only can we earn that we would have beautiful. I am glad the second yard of pinks is the most beautiful; Will has so few pleasures."

Peterkin's First Pants.

A True Story.

Little Peterkin Prince was a proud boy when his mother put on him his first pants. They were tiny things, only coming down to his knees, but they had pockets at the sides, which pleased Peterkin more than anything else, for he buried his hands deep down into them and strutted like a peacock.

"I'm a man now, and will do as I please," he said, and he climbed upon the table, took down some of his father's books, and built a castle of them on the floor.

"Oh, Peterkin! you are ruining your papa's books," said his mamma, coming into the room. "Don't you know you can't have anything without asking?"

Peterkin looked down to his pants, and said: "I am a man now. Don't have to ask nuffin'."

"Don't, eh?" said the mother. "We'll see about that."

"I can do what I want to and go where I want to," said the little fellow, as he marched away.

The next place his mother found him was in the preserve closet, eating out of a jam pot with a spoon. Then she shook him and sent him out doors to play.

The first thing he did there was to pick off the flowers in the garden and pile them up in a big heap; then he went down to the spring at the foot of the hill, and his sharp little eyes spied four tiny green eggs in a nest just back of the pool.

He had been told never to touch a bird's nest, but he was a man now, in his own eyes; so he just leaned over and grasped an egg in one fat little hand. He closed his fingers tightly over it, and the beautiful piece of workmanship turned into some bits of shell and some nasty yellow stuff running all over his hand.

His first thought was, "Mamma will see and whip," and he stooped down to wash his hands in the spring, when he lost his balance, and fell face down into the water, his feet sticking up in some bushes.

Now, you may think anybody could get out of a spring, but Peterkin couldn't, for a part of his body was held fast by the bushes, and there poor Peterkin lay, drowning, when his little sister, only a year or two older than himself, came to the top of the hill, and, looking down, saw the plight of her brother. She was nearer the house than to the spring, and turning around she ran to her mother with a white face and a scared look in her eyes. She opened her mouth and tried to speak, but couldn't. Then her mother knew it was something dreadful and ran to the top of the hill and looked down.

With a scream of anguish she dashed to the spring and pulled the little boy out; but he lay in her arms like one dead. She rolled him over and over on the ground and screamed for help, but before help came the child gasped for breath and his mother carried him up to the house.

When little Peterkin recovered, he had on one of his old dresses, and couldn't find his pants anywhere.

He began to cry.

"No, no," said his mamma. "If putting pants on my little boy makes him so bad, I don't want a boy—I would rather have a girl."

"Peterkin wants to be a man," wailed the child.

"When Peterkin learns to be good he shall have pants on again, but not before," said his mamma.

It was a week before the little fellow had on pants again, and then, as he marched away, he kept saying to himself, "Peterkin's got to be a good boy, he has, or he'll have to be a girl. Don't want to be a girl nohow, 'cause girls never grow big mens. Peterkin's goin' to be good." And, so far, Peterkin has kept his promise tolerably well.

MRS. A. E. C. MASKELL.



OUR POST-OFFICE.

A LITTLE POETESS.

PATERSON, N. J., April 6, 1902.

Dear Grandma—How are you feeling? Are you real well? I have written to you before, but it is such a long time ago that I guess you must have forgotten me. It is raining now. It was a real nice bright day this morning. I often read your paper because my grandma takes it, and she sends it to me sometimes. I like it very much. I take the *Youth's Companion*. I am 12 years old and am in the sixth grade, A, in school. My teacher is Miss Wood. I think she is a real nice teacher and like her very much. Can any of your grandchildren, or you, guess this riddle?

If the postmaster went to the "Zoo" and was eaten up by one of the wild animals, what time o'clock would it be?

If no one can guess I will tell you. We had a fine Easter Sunday. I thought I would send you this little piece I made up about

THE SEASONS.

Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring,
The season best of all the year,
When May, the month of flowers, doth bring
Buttercups and daisies dear.

Summer now doth come
With her roses sweet,
And flowers of other kinds
This lovely season greet.

In Autumn leaves do fall,
Chrysanthemums come then;
In time they all will have to bow
Before the winter frost.

Winter comes—the last,
With snowflakes thick and fast.
It throws a cover of white around
Upon the frozen ground.

Please print this, as I want to surprise my grandmother. I must close. My letter is too long now. Good-by.

Your loving grandchild,

EDITH TERHUNE.

Quite well, thank you. You are a dear girl to think of inquiring about grandma's health, and you may be sure I am glad to hear from you again. I think you will have to whisper the answer to that riddle in my ear. I will keep it a secret and give my grandchildren a chance to guess it. The children will be pleased to read your little rhyme.

A JOURNEY.

Dear Grandma—I came all the way from Buenos Ayres with my mother to visit my great-grandpa here in Poughkeepsie, and as he was not well and I had difficulty in walking we would talk and play together and have lots of fun. I am 6, but grandpa is 88, and a dear, smart old gentleman, but he fell, and so, like me, could not walk very well. Let me tell you, I saw snow for the first time, for it is too hot where I live to have it; and I took my shovel to make a snow-man like the other boys. Auntie takes THE CHRISTIAN WORK, and I like the letters from the children and what you reply, so I hope you will print this for me. Your loving

VALENTINE LAMB.

You had a long journey, to be sure, but I fancy it made grandpa very happy to have you come to visit him. And there is a long distance between your age and grandpa's, too. I don't suppose you can imagine yourself so many years old. It's a long way off, but grandpa was once as young as you. It's nice to have him so smart now, and I am sure he has a young heart. I hope, dear child, that you will soon be able to walk as lively as other boys. When you go home don't forget me. I should like to have you tell me something about the place you live in. My best love to you.

BLACKIE.

GREAT PLAIN, DANBURY, Conn.,

April 7, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I wonder if you would let me come to see you and your children. I am a cat. Do you like cats? My name is Blackie. I have a white vest and a black coat. It is awful out of doors to-day—so dismal, and, yet, not raining. We had a carrier pigeon come to our house, and every time I came around he would fly off. I would not hurt him, but he thought I would, probably. I must stop, so good-by. Yours affectionately,

BLACKIE.

Yes, indeed, you may come and see me, and I will find a nice, soft cushion and make you quite comfortable. I read a story once about a pussy named "Blackie." Maybe you are one of her cousins. It was a very pretty little story, and Blackie was a very interesting cat—just as I think you must be. I am glad to know that you do not wish to harm the pigeon. I hope you let the dear, little birds alone, too. I shall like you all the more if you do. Mice are better for you to hunt, but I'm sorry for these poor little creatures, also. At any rate, when you catch them I trust you do not torture them, and maybe sometimes you just keep your eyes shut tight when mousie is around.



Taking an Airing.

BAPTISM.

ELLETTSVILLE, Ind., April 15, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I would like to become one of your grandchildren, and I am 8 years old, and I have a sister 12 years old. My mamma died when I was a year and six months old and papa and sister and I came to live with my grandma, and a year ago grandma died and now we live with my aunt. My sister's name is Theresa. I joined the Baptist Church this winter and will be baptized the fourth Sunday in this month. My sister joined last winter. My uncle takes your paper. He is a preacher and will baptize me. He will baptize three and they are all related to him. I will send you Theresa's and my pictures. Your grandchild,

ZEURA ELNORA ALLEN.

Uncle's heart will sing for joy that he is able to perform such a blessed service to so many of his own family, I am sure; and I am glad, dear child, that you have started thus early in life to walk in God's way. If mamma knows, how she will rejoice. I thank you for the picture. I will often look at your pleasant faces.

The Pillars of Hercules

are Gibraltar and The Prudential. One is a stone pillar, and the other a financial one. Europe insures its peace in the one, while America insures its people in the other.

Write for rates at your age.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, HOME OFFICE,
PRESIDENT, NEWARK, N. J.

Fill out this slip and send to us.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of Policies.

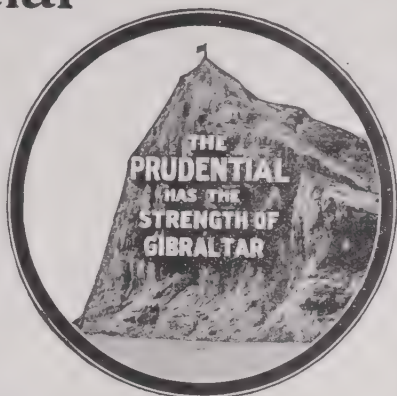
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In the Library.

Historical novels seem to multiply as the spring advances. Among the very new books of this sort comes "None but the Brave," by Hamblin Sears. It is an exciting story of Revolutionary times in America, particularly during that period when the unsuccessful attempt to capture Benedict Arnold was made. The hero of this tale, Lieutenant Merton Balfort, tells the story himself, thus saving the reader from pangs of nervous apprehension lest he be killed in some of the hairbreadth escapes and exciting episodes with which the book abounds. It is the hero's busy day from the start, for, while he is making his way to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief, with important despatches, he encounters the heroine, and in less than an hour after is forced into a mock marriage with the girl, who is a perfect stranger, in order to save both their lives. Leaving her at an old house, which she says is her home, and which she forbids him to enter, he starts again for Fishkill, but is stopped by highwaymen who are about to kill an officer named John Acton. This officer he rescues; fearing, however, that he fall into Tory hands, he crosses the Hudson River, and while lying concealed in the woods overhears the plans of Major André and Benedict Arnold. From this point on there is not an instant's pause in the mêlées, until Balfort finally lands in the Old Sugar House Prison, in New York City. Here he languishes and nearly dies, but is rescued "just in time" through the instrumentality of Deborah Philipse (really his wife), and removed to the home of Baroness Riedesel, where he lingers between life and death for six weeks. After that all is clear sailing.

Just to make sure they are truly married, Deborah and Merton go through the ceremony again, with the same minister, which seems rather ridiculous to the reader. Unlike many of the present-day novels, Deborah is the only girl who figures in the tale. The horrors of the Old Sugar House are so graphically told that the reader pants with the prisoners for a breath of pure air. It is an interesting story and well told, and for these days, when incredible tales hold the stage, is not as wild as many that follow history less closely, and while some of the facts may be "taken with a grain of salt," the book will undoubtedly secure very many admirers. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers.

In *The Century* for May Oliver Herford will contribute to the "Year of American Humor" some verses and pictures, entitled "The Silver Question," which, however, has not the financial bearing which its title would suggest. Other contributors to the humorous features of this number of *The Century* will be Mr. Dooley ("A Little Essay on Books and Reading"), Miss Carolyn Wells ("First Lessons in Humor"), Maurice Francis Egan ("The Soul of Sexton Maginnis"), Catherine Young Glenn ("Jones's Little Girl"), and Wallace Bruce Amsbary ("De Capitaine of de 'Margarite'").

Doubleday, Page & Co. are just now publishing two novels of distinctive character: one, "The Misdemeanors of Nancy," by Eleanor Hoyt, a dainty volume about a typical American girl, with many illustrations in tint by Penrhyn Stanlaws; and the other, "The Coast of Freedom," by Adele Marie Shaw, a story of Captain Phips, the first self-made American, and the witchcraft trials before Cotton Mather.

"Colonel Enderby's Wife," by Lucas Malet, author of "Sir Richard Calmady," is having a big sale. The publishers, D. Appleton & Co., announce that a large edition issued only a few days ago is already exhausted. Another edition is now in press.

Spring features in the May *Scribner's* will include drawings in color by Henry McCarter to illustrate Heine's "May-Song," a nature poem by John Burroughs; a fight with a muskallonge, illustrated by Frost, and a sea story.

In the Spring the young man's fancy

Gladly turns from ice and snow,

To midsummer recreation.

To the thought of his vacation,

To the problem—where to go.

—From *Four-Track News* for April.

The prize for the cover design of *Harper's Bazar* for May was won by Miss A. M. Cooper. The design, drawn on classic lines, is a particularly attractive one in pale lavenders, yellows and greens, and represents a seated woman holding an open book. Miss Cooper is a young graduate of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York, where she now resides. She has studied abroad. Most of her work has been done for the *Bazar*.

The interest manifested in "Buell Hampton" indicates that it will be a very popular novel. The publishers, Forbes & Co. (Boston), report that the advance orders have exhausted the first large edition, and that the second edition is now ready. The author, Willis George Emerson, is well known throughout the West for his versatile ability as orator, lawyer and mine operator. Notwithstanding a busy life he has found time to write a charming and masterly story of the West he knows so well.

A CHINA HEAD Comes from Tea Drinking.

A lady writes from Shanghai, China, "In the summer of '98, Husband and I were traveling through Southern Europe and I was finally laid up in Rome with a slow fever. An American lady gave me some Postum Food Coffee, which I began using at once. It was my sole breakfast and supper. In a short time the change in my physical condition was wonderful to see. I will never travel again without Postum.

When we arrived in Shanghai we were in an English community and found ourselves in the midst of the four o'clock tea custom. Before long we began to have sleepless nights and nervous days as a result of our endeavors to be amiable and conform to custom.

As soon as it could arrive from San Francisco we had a large supply of Postum Food Coffee and began its use at the four o'clock tea table. I cannot tell how popular the coffee table became for afternoon callers. In fact, a number of the business men, as well as missionaries, use Postum now wholly in place of tea, and the value of the change from coffee and tea cannot be estimated." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Most brilliant in illustration—in novel and exquisite metaphor, most reasonable, optimistic, courageous, honest and altogether wholesome, is the distinguished English preacher-author, the Rev. W. L. Watkinson. His new book, "The Blind Spot," shortly to be issued by the Revells, is at once an intellectual and spiritual treat—strong meat and sweet.

The growing interest in Dante is shown by the fact that "The Teachings of Dante," by Charles A. Dinsmore, has gone through four editions in this country. In England, where the book is published by A. Constable & Co., it has aroused much favorable comment.

"Carpenter's Geographical Reader—Europe." By Frank G. Carpenter. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

We have never seen a more attractive, and even fascinating, book than this. It is an admirable and highly successful attempt to clothe with flesh and blood the skeleton of geographical facts, and to make the countries of Europe a living whole in the minds of the pupils. It is based entirely upon the recent personal observations of the author, and is therefore up-to-date in all its descriptions. It takes the children through every part of Europe and points out all the most important places and things, the subjects being chosen both with due regard to child-interest, and at the same time to instruction.



A New Friendship.

By C. L. Brine.

As thy clear eyes look at me
In their depths thy soul I see,
And my heart doth tell me true
That I love thee, friend so true.
All thy nature's truth I feel,
To my soul it doth appeal.
Almost strangers, thou and I,
Yet I joy when thou art nigh.
Yea, most surely do I know
That henceforth my life below
Shall for me completer be
Just because of loving thee.
Yet 'tis true that heart of thine
May but faintly answer mine.
Thou mayest never give to me
Quite the friendship I give thee;
Still, despite the passing pain,
That I love thee is my gain.
Our life-paths have crossed at last;
Far apart, as in the past,
Must they run? Dear friend, ah, no!
I will pray it be not so.
May the friendship now begun
End not until life be done.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier), says if any one suffering from a Kidney or Bladder disease will write him he will tell them what he used. He is not a dealer in medicine and has nothing to sell or give; just directs you to a perfect cure.

DID NOT KNOW SHE HAD KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

Gertrude Warner Scott Cured by the Great Kidney Remedy, Swamp-Root.

Women suffer untold misery because the nature of their disease is not correctly understood; in many cases when doctoring, they are led to believe that womb trouble or female weakness of some sort is responsible for their ills, when in fact disordered kidneys are the chief cause of their distressing troubles.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince any one—and you may have a sample bottle sent free, by mail.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root investigated by THE CHRISTIAN WORK, the one we publish this week for the benefit of our readers speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy.

VINTON, Iowa, July 15, 1901.

DR. KILMER & CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—In the summer of 1893 I was taken violently ill. My trouble began with pain in my stomach and back, so severe that it seemed as if knives were cutting me. I was treated by two of the best physicians in the county, and consulted another. None of them suspected that the cause of my trouble was kidney disease. They all told me that I had cancer of the stomach, and would die. I grew so weak that I could not walk any more than a child a month old, and I only weighed sixty pounds. One day my brother saw in a paper your advertisement of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. He bought me a bottle at our drug store and I took it. My family could see a change in me for the better, so they obtained more and I continued the use of Swamp-

Root regularly. I was so weak and run down that it took considerable time to build me up again. I am now well, thanks to Swamp-Root, and weigh 148 pounds, and am keeping house for my husband and brother on a farm. Swamp-Root cured me after the doctors had failed to do me a particle of good.

Gertrude Warner Scott



MRS. SCOTT.

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The Housekeeper.

Faithfulness to One Another.

"That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright;
But a lie which is part of a truth is a harder matter to fight."

—Tennyson.

Perhaps some of our Christian readers will open wide their eyes in astonishment at sight of the lines quoted, which look almost like an accusation. No, dear reader, we do not mean to accuse you of wilfully deceiving any one; at the same time, may it not be that we one and all lack entire truthfulness in dealing with one another? There are matters connected with housekeeping that admit of deviations from the truth; even as there are business matters in what we term "the outside world" that often afford a strong temptation toward keeping back an essential part of the truth.

The endless discussions on "The Servant Girl Problem" have wearied the world, but we never can depart—because of personal observation—from one deep conviction, and that is, where continual trouble is met in dealing with one girl after another there is generally fault on both sides. And we particularly insist that when one lady calls upon another to ask about a servant girl, she should be told the plain, honest truth. When the Golden Rule is applied not only to our dealings with these girls, but to the manner in which we recommend or do not recommend them, we strongly mistrust that a better state of things will be begun in our kitchens. If a lady calls on another lady to ask questions of this kind, and is told that Bridget is capable and prompt, but that her temper is simply unbearable, we hold it a positive wrong and withholding of the truth—if such is the fact—not to add, that a teasing, rather ungovernable boy will do all he can to provoke the girl's quick temper, and that if not annoyed Bridget might get along very comfortably. The matter of covering up faults may also be tinctured with untruthfulness, or certainly with a lack of honesty. Of course, if a lady knows that a girl has an unfortunate fault of which she is unwilling to speak, it may not be her duty to tell of it, but she surely ought to say that the girl has had a fault while in her employ that she hopes she has overcome, but that the girl herself must speak of it. But to tell half the truth, saying that a servant has good qualities and letting an unsuspecting mistress take into her house a woman who has a grave failing soon to make trouble for the new mistress, is a great mistake, no matter how kindly the intention may be toward the hired help.

We knew of one case where a girl was exceedingly kind and helpful to a mistress, who, through rather unusual circumstances, became dependent on her servant for needed ministrations, through a painful and protracted illness. And yet, it was proved beyond all question or doubt that

the girl was an out and out thief. It becomes a great trial to be obliged to tell so harsh a truth about a servant, whose faithfulness at a time of stress was so great. And yet, as someone said in connection with the affair, to let a girl go into other families and attempt to hide the true facts is turning a dishonest character utterly loose and doing culpable injustice to unsuspecting people. The whole truth at such a time is what should be made known, even though it cost a real pang to disclose it.

This is like a landlord—withholding such facts—who says some true things in favor of the people he no longer wishes to retain as tenants, perhaps to a landlady, and keeps back very unfavorable and forbidding facts he should be ashamed not to divulge. Victims of such dealings as these may well feel that half a truth approaches to a very black lie.

And then again, have we not heard of cases where a lady will tell a girl she is about hiring that she will have certain duties to perform, making no mention of some things she does not wish to mention at the time of engaging the maid which will be expected of her, for fear of discouraging her? Is it any wonder that Bridget resents having what appears like an extra demand made upon her, and flaunts off and away, disgusted at the sudden requirement?

When will people learn—housekeepers among the rest—that "Honesty is the best policy"? It would sometimes seem that a house-matron must face a very unpleasant duty in telling the whole truth, but is there any department of business or household industry that does not call occasionally for decided moral courage? We can scarcely hope, my dear housekeeper, to be exceptions to this prevailing rule. But do let us be honest and outspoken with one another in matters bearing upon the comfort, the service and the expenses of what makes up "the domestic department" of the household. Very unhappy truths can be told in a very kindly manner, and unkindness as well as lack of truthfulness may lurk in half a story, whereas great good might come of telling the truth. And if the unfavorable trait that is our own had better be confessed, then by all means let us say, "Bridget is disrespectful, and I am hasty of temper, so we had to part," or "Bridget was slow and I was impatient; in another place she might get along finely."

It is the brave, conscientious housekeeper who will tell the truth about herself as well as of Bridget.



Mrs. Blake's Experiment.

By Elizabeth Price.

Mrs. Blake stood and looked out of the window, struggling to choke back the homesick feeling that would spring up into uncomfortable prominence. In vain she reasoned with herself, bringing forth all the arguments she had already worn threadbare. How Mr. Blake's business required his presence in this out-of-the-way, little mining town for a year. How his

interests could be furthered much faster by himself than any one else. How it was too absurd to talk of leaving her behind, as if she couldn't share whatever was good enough for him. But somehow these points and others seemed to have lost their weight since the scene had actually been reached. The hotel where they had spent a few days had been bad, but their new quarters bade fair to be worse.

It was a single room which they were to call home; a rear room at that, for one had to take what one could get. To be sure, it was large and high-ceilinged, and there was a big south window and a roomy clothes-press. Mr. Blake's office was in front and he would be near, which was a comfort. Also the room was clean, having been neatly papered, and their own pretty furniture stood in it ready to be arranged. They were to take their meals out, so a kitchen was unnecessary. There was no "society," so a parlor was ditto, and Mrs. Blake thought that life could be endured but for the prospect through that big, unshuttered window—her only view of outdoors. Woodsheds or woodpiles, heaps of ashes and cinders, bare stretches of red clay, ugly, untidy backyards! A long flight of rough, wooden steps with a coal-bin underneath reached from the second story of the very building they were in down to the dirty ground. Not a shrub—not a blade of grass. Her thoughts ran back to the beautiful lawn at home—its trees and the climbing roses over the porches—and two big tears splashed on her hand. That aroused her. "You baby!" she exclaimed. "If you don't like it, go to work and improve it. Yes, you can; there is certainly the 'demand,' and you can doubtless find the 'supply.' Be brave, and prove that you

(Continued on page 659.)

A BURNING BLACKSMITH Changed Food and Put Out the Fire.

Even sturdy blacksmiths sometimes discover that, notwithstanding their daily exercise and resulting good health, if their food is not well selected trouble will follow, but in some cases a change of food to the right sort will quickly relieve the sufferer, for generally such active men have fine constitutions and can, with a little change of diet, easily rid themselves of the disease.

I. E. Overdorf, Vilas, Penn., a blacksmith, says, "Two months ago I got down so bad with stomach troubles that I had to quit my business. About ten o'clock each morning I was attacked by burning pains in the stomach, so bad I was unable to work.

Our groceryman insisted upon my changing breakfasts and using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food instead of the ordinary breakfast of meat, potatoes, etc. So I tried and at once began to mend. The new food agreed with my stomach perfectly and the pains all ceased. I kept getting better and better every day, and now I am able to follow my business better than before in years. I am a thousand times obliged to the makers of Grape-Nuts for the great benefits the food has given."

(Continued from page 658.)

really possess what you have always claimed, an ability to make the best of things." And the little woman sat down with pencil and paper to plan, wearing an air of determination that meant all sorts of things.

The very next day the reform began, when a carpenter, in about half an hour, built a little porch over the door. It was very cheap, but it had a floor and a roof and would help to shield the room from the blazing sun a little later in the season.

Next a colored man was found, and persuaded to set posts in the ground twenty feet apart and the same distance from the house. Strips were nailed across between the tops of the posts, and from them to the corners of the building, on which strings were tied later for the vines to run on. Then came a load or two of sod from the prairie. The clay in the enclosure formed by the posts was stirred up and raked smooth and sodded. Soon after these preparations were completed, the seeds which had been ordered came. Around the porch were planted morning-glories. Between the posts, scarlet runner and wild cucumber, which make a dense and rapid growth. Against the ungainly, stairway wall was set a root of Virginia creeper, and, under the window, cypress vine, which is delicate and lovely and not thick enough to exclude light and air. A flower-bed under the window had been prepared and enriched, and here were planted asters, mignonette, sweet alyssum and other things. An old iron basin—part of a discarded stove—was painted green, given a geranium, an English ivy and several nasturtiums to hold, and set in the middle of the "lawn."

Positively by July that square was a bower of beauty. The green walls, ten feet high, excluded unpleasant sights and left a little yard twenty feet square, full of green grass, blooming flowers and waving vines. Often during the hot evenings of that scorching summer Mr. Blake would bring his less fortunate friends for a rest on the thick, soft carpet that covered the ugly red clay; then he would meditate on his own good judgment in deciding to bring his wife West with him.

As for Mrs. Blake, she not only found much pleasure for herself in the care of her little yard, but until frost came bunches of flowers from the little plot carried messages of purity and beauty into many cheerless homes, wielding an influence for good that lasted after the blooms had faded.

So when I saw this cozy bower and heard its story, I wanted to tell it again, hoping some one else might be helped by it to make the best of what seems unpromising. There is always a way to do this—and it pays to work until you find it out.



That famous Evangelistic gospel song, entitled "Tell Mother I'll Be There," is printed in the new book, "Gospel Songs No. 2," along with twenty other new solos for gospel meetings. "Gospel Songs No. 2" is a book of new songs, 256 pages, bound in cloth. A copy will be mailed for 30 cents by the publishers, the Fillmore Brothers Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, or 40 Bible House, New York.

A Magnificent Chime.

Perhaps no taste is more nearly universal than that for a fine Chime of Bells. The old and the young, the cultured and the uncultured, the grave and the gay—all yield to the music of the bells. And it is, perhaps, equally true that no one in this country knows the art of gratifying this taste like the masters who control the product of the famous McShane Bell Foundry, of Baltimore, Md.

Among the most recent examples of the work of this Foundry is a Chime cast for the Smith Memorial Chapel at Glen Mills, Penna. This Chime consists of ten bells; the largest bell weighs 2,100 pounds and is 46 inches in diameter; the smallest bell weighs 200 pounds and is 21 inches in diameter. The total weight of the bells and mountings is about 10,000 pounds. They are equipped with an improved chiming apparatus.

But no figures—no mere statements of weight and measure—can in the least degree indicate the purity, richness and sweetness of tone possessed by this truly beautiful Chime of Bells. They can be heard at a great distance, and the hills of Delaware County never before reechoed more delightful sounds, or clearer, sweeter music.

The McShane Bell Foundry has a world-wide reputation as a maker of the finest bells for churches, court-houses, fire alarms, etc.

Removal of Mason & Hamlin.

The headquarters in New York City of the old-established house of Mason & Hamlin, the well-known manufacturers of Pianos and Organs, are now at 135 Fifth avenue, corner of 20th street. At this place they will be pleased to welcome all visitors. The reputation of the house has been built upon good workmanship and straightforward, honest dealing. Their Organs and Pianos are in use in all parts of the world. We are glad to take this opportunity of saying a good word for so excellent a firm.



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Among the Churches.

The Presbytery of Sequoyah held its regular spring meeting at Vinita, I. T., on April 3d to 5th. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. W. C. Flippert, of Claremore. Rev. A. Grant Evans was elected moderator. Rev. J. S. Stubblefield was received from the Presbytery of Cayuga and Rev. J. K. Thompson from the Presbytery of Brazos. The reports coming in from the churches indicated a very encouraging year's work, and at several of the churches special evangelistic services have been productive of very good results. Rev. J. S. Stubblefield accepted a call for the pastorate of the Vinita Church, and was installed on Sunday, April 6th. Rev. Harry Williams, of Muskogee, and A. F. Romig, of Tulsa, were elected commissioners to the General Assembly, with Rev. F. L. Schaub, of Marble, and Elder G. A. Brown, of Wagoner, as alternates. A number of the churches in the Presbytery have made substantial progress in the direction of self-support, and the effort is being made to undertake some of the new work calling to us from the towns growing up along new lines of railroad in the western part of the Presbytery. Presbytery adopted an overture favoring the Fazel plan for setting aside a week's earnings during Thanksgiving week, for the Lord's work. The church at Vinita undertakes to assume self-support from the middle of the present year. Rev. A. G. Huber was dismissed to the Presbytery of Oklahoma.

As a partial result of the twelve-day union revival meetings, conducted by Messrs. Smiley and McKinsey in Caro, Mich., the churches have been rejoicing in large accessions to their membership. The Methodist Episcopal Church received 73, the Presbyterian 50, Episcopal 30, Baptist 15, and all the others report additions. The evangelists are now in Lewistown, Ill., where the united churches have erected a large temporary tabernacle for the services.

Rev. Richard Powell, a Congregational minister, at Elwood, Ind., on the second Sunday of last month, March 9th, took charge of the Union Church, of South Connellsville, Pa.

The Greenport, N. Y., Presbyterian Church, Rev. W. C. McKnight, pastor, at its April Communion, received fifteen new members. Thirteen of this number were by profession; two, by letter. Of those on profession, eight were men—and young men—two being heads of families. This is the largest number received into the church at one time for a number of years. Renewed interest has been shown in the church work along all lines for several months past. The audiences on Sabbath have been larger and the prayer-meeting attendance, on Tuesday evening, larger than for many years. Pastor, elders and people are alike encouraged.

Rev. Charles H. Eaton, pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity (Universalist), New York, died from angina

pectoris at Tryon, N. C., on April 14th. The body on its arrival in New York was placed in the memorial chapel of the Church of the Divine Paternity.

Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Scoville, assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, died April 15th in the Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia. Dr. Scoville was admitted to the hospital on March 23d, suffering from a complication of diseases. His illness responded to treatment until a few days ago, when he suffered a relapse. Rev. Dr. Samuel Scoville was born in West Cornell, Conn., in June, 1834. He was graduated from Yale in 1854. After getting his theological degree at Andover Theological Seminary, Massachusetts, he became pastor of the Congregational Church at Norwich, N. Y. There he remained for twenty-five years and then went to the Congregational Church at Stamford, Conn. His service in the latter church extended over a period of twenty years. After a pastorate of one year in Vineland, N. J., Dr. Scoville resigned last September, to succeed Rev. Horace Porter as assistant pastor of Plymouth Church.

Rev. Samuel Krell, pastor of the Methodist church at Lacona, Ia., and who served two years in the Philippines as a private soldier in the 51st Iowa Volunteers, committed suicide on the 15th inst. He was despondent over his inability to secure a large attendance to his church meetings.

At the annual meeting of the Christian Endeavor Union of the Oranges, N. J., in the Orange Valley Congregational Church, on the evening of April 15th, these officers were chosen: President, Augustus W. Abbott, of the First Presbyterian Church; vice-president, Rev. Charles B. Bullard, of the Elmwood Presbyterian Church; recording secretary, Mrs. O. Stanley Thompson, of the Orange Valley Congregational Church; corresponding secretary, Miss Sadie T. Odell, of the Grove street Congregational Church, and treasurer, Elmer Condit, of the St. Cloud Presbyterian Church.

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Rev. Edgar L. Williams, the well known and successful evangelist, who has just returned from Guthrie, Okla. Ter., where he conducted a series of revival meetings with great success, will soon sail for the old country, where he will hold meetings in the city of Edinburgh itself. This honor has come rather suddenly upon Rev. Mr. Williams and indicates the value in which he is held as an evangelist. He will leave about May 3d, accompanied by his family and by Harry L. Maxwell, of Greencastle, Ind., one of the finest chorus leaders and singers in the United States. They will probably spend about five months in England and Scotland, the

(Continued on page 661.)

Very Emphatic

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Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine is a specific for the cure of inflammation of bladder and prostate gland. A trial bottle is sent free and prepaid if you write for it.

(Continued from page 660.)

most of which will be in Edinburgh and London.

Rev. Dr. David Newlands Vanderveer died from a complication of diseases at his home in this city April 9th, at the age of 60. Dr. Vanderveer studied for the ministry, being graduated from Union College in 1863, and from the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1866. His first charge was the First Reformed Church at Kingston, N. Y., where he filled the pulpit from 1867 to 1876. For the two years following his work was in Chicago, in the Union Park Congregational Church. In 1878 he was called to the First Reformed Church, in Brooklyn, where he remained until 1887. Since that time his health has been poor, and he had been forced to decline several calls.

While discussing "Ten Years of Church Life," Rev. Dr. J. F. Carson, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, said in part: "Our church was organized in 1892, with exactly 150 members. During the ten years we have received 1,679 persons into the membership of the church, or an average of 167 for each year. The decrease by death and dismissal to other churches during the ten years has been 307, leaving a net gain for the ten years of 1,372, or an average net gain in the membership of 137 each year. On April 1, 1892, our church numbered 150 members; to-day it numbers 1,522 members. In the two Sabbath-schools of the church there is an enrolment of 1,260 persons. During the ten years our church has given to all purposes \$214,294, an average of \$21,429.40 for each year. To the work of missions and general benevolences we have given \$43,408, an average for benevolences of \$4,340.80. During the first year of our church life we contributed a total of \$9,687, of which \$1,550 was for benevolences. During the year which has just closed we have contributed \$37,518, of which \$10,808 was for benevolences. In 1892 the Central Presbyterian Church was twenty-seventh on the list of the Presbyterian churches of Brooklyn in the matter of membership; to-day we stand second on the list of forty Presbyterian churches in our city in the matter of membership. In the matter of contributions of money the Central Church stood eleventh in the list of the thirty-five Presbyterian churches, while, according to the last report of the General Assembly, we stood third. Thus in ten years the Central Church has advanced from twenty-seventh place in the matter of membership to second, and from the eleventh place in the matter of gifts to third. Only one Presbyterian church in the city has a larger membership—the Lafayette Avenue Church—and last year only two churches gave more to all purposes—the Lafayette Avenue and the First."

The Second Presbyterian Church, of Saratoga, N. Y., has acquired a \$10,000-parsonage through the generosity of Mrs. J. Blair Scribner, of New York, who has a cottage in North Broadway, in that place, and has formally transferred it to the church.

Rev. Dr. Andrew Jackson Sullivan, pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, was found dead in bed at his home on April 9th. Heart disease is believed to have caused death. He was born in that city in 1853.



Christian Endeavor.

Sunday, May 4th.—Matt. xxvi., 36-46.

Prayer a Necessity.

By Lina Jeanette Walk.

Cease not to pray.
On Jesus as your all rely.
Would you live happy—happy die?
Take time to pray.

Every true Christian knows the value of prayer. It is to the spiritual life what air and sunshine, food and water are to the physical life. We could not live long here without these necessities, or having them only in limited or occasional supplies, we could not possibly develop strong and healthy bodies, so important are they to help us resist disease and combat successfully with the tasks and struggles of the world. Thus, no life can develop well spiritually without the life-giving tonic of prayer. If we would have healthy souls, with which to fortify ourselves against the sins and temptations of the earth, we must be filled with the spirit of prayer.

There is no special time appointed for us to pray. The Apostle tells us to "Pray without ceasing," which means that we are to be always in a prayerful frame of mind. Reverence and devotion constitute the basis of prayer. These, together with the knowledge of our needs and our dependence upon Divine help for aid in the right performance of our duties, are qualities of the mind and heart which should ever be with us. The secret of the power of many of our missionaries and great Christian teachers and leaders is that they are continually coming into direct contact with the Holy Spirit by prayer and supplication. The Lord is ever ready to hear and answer the breathing of a sincere soul toward Himself.

Every prayer should be made in the spirit expressed by the words "Thy will be done." Many persons lose faith in prayer because their prayers are not answered just in the manner in which they wish to have them answered. God knows what is best for us much better than we know what is best for ourselves, and we should not expect always to have answers in accordance with our desire. When our Saviour prayed that the bitter cup might pass from Him, the answer was not in accordance with the prayer, unless we take into account the closing sentence. Nevertheless, if prayer was thus necessary for the Master, how much more is it necessary for us. He has set us the example. His earnestness manifested itself in His prayer on the mountain, and when His disciples were asleep He was wrestling with prayer, and in supplication to His Father. His manner was that of intense earnestness; and when Christians are thus fervent in their supplications God will hear them and will answer.

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"Far from it! Why, those gay Parisians sleep so late that they don't eat any breakfast."

"I like that new member of the club so much. She never talks unless she has something worth saying."

"No; her new teeth don't fit very well."

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Outland—Yes; that was the first thing to strike my eye.

"This is a great story," said the new reporter, "but I can't think of a good head for it. It's about a trusted employee whose accounts were found to be crooked, and when he was accused of it dropped dead."

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Dealer—No. Me an' my bricks are very much alike: we're hard pressed for cash.

"Some folks git stuck mighty easy," remarked Farmer Clovertop, looking up from his copy of the Podunk County *Clarion*. "For all they think they're so all-fired smart, the city folks is havin' artificial ice shoved off on 'em. I'd like to see anybody fool me on ice."

"My dear," said Mr. Hawkins to his better half, "do you know that you have one of the best voices in the world?"

"Indeed?" replied the delighted Mrs. H——, with a flush of pride at the compliment. "Do you really think so?"

"I certainly do," continued the heartless husband, "otherwise it would have been worn out long ago!"

Tess—What's the trouble in that club of yours?

Jess—Oh, half the members are afraid our president will get discouraged and resign.

Tess—And how about the other half?

Jess—They're afraid she won't.

The Chicago *Journal* tells this story:

"Robson, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey?" echoed Robson, opening his eyes wide. "I don't."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."

The jest pleased Robson immensely, for he at once saw the opportunity of a glorious dig at his wife. So when he got home he said: "Mrs. Robson, do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat pityingly, as she answered, "I suppose it's because you were born so."

Cooling Off.

The man who would sit on a cake of ice to cool off would be considered crazy. Yet it is a very common thing for a person heated by exercise to stand in a cool draught, just to cool off. This is the beginning of many a cough which ultimately involves the bronchial tract and the lungs.



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"Father," said the fair girl, "Harold has left me, never to return!"

"I am sorry to hear that," exclaimed the old gentleman, in softened tones.

"I am so grateful for your sympathy!"

"Are you sure he left, never to return?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's too bad; too bad! Day before yesterday he borrowed the best silk umbrella in the house."

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A burr hangs on longer than a strawberry.

Usually a girl isn't afraid of an armed man.

The choicest apple is always just beyond your reach.

A woman worth her weight in gold is worth waiting for.

The more a spinster sees of men the better she likes cats.

Many a man's death is due to his struggle to acquire a living.

When paperhangers go to the wall their creditors do not suffer.

A man who is fond of cabbage is nearly always a cigar smoker.

Unprofessional people give advice, but professional people sell it.

Nine times out of ten when a man does get justice he doesn't like it.

Effects of a big feast are almost as bad as effects of a big drunk.

There never was a girl so homely that she had no use for a mirror.

One convincing proof of good citizenship is the prompt payment of your bills.

Time steals on without fear of arrest, but the man who steals often has to serve time.

A man feels lonesome when he is in the company of people who never make mistakes.

During his sojourn here on earth a man must put up with a lot and put up for a lot more.

The wise woman enjoys a magazine fashion plate because it shows her how not to look.

"It's impossible to keep a good man down," sighed the whale as Jonah picked up his hat and departed.

When a girl begins to speak of herself as a bachelor maid it is a sure sign that she has given up all hope.

Occasionally a man's greatness can be traced to the marriage of the woman of his choice to some other man.

The average woman has no desire to enter a room unless she happens to see a "No Admittance" sign on the door.

When a woman listens attentively to every word a man utters it's a sure sign that she either loves or hates him.

Fire worship is supposed to be extinct, yet when the mercury flirts with the zero mark its popularity seems to break out afresh.

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The world of art and the world of fashion have for centuries gravitated to Paris for inspiration and ideas. In their present showing of spring and summer styles, Arnold, Constable & Co., Broadway and 19th street, Manhattan, demonstrate clearly that New York women need no longer go to Paris in order to secure the best that Paris affords. They also emphasize the fact that art and fashion have formed an alliance, and the result has been a veritable achievement in things sartorial. Never before in the history of gownmaking has there been a greater leaning toward luxury, but it is a luxury tempered by art and apparent simplicity.

Gustave Beers' skill is displayed in a reception gown of white mousseline and point d'Alençon appliqué, the entire skirt and bodice striped with narrow box plaits of taffeta nearly covered with insertions of the lace. There are long sash ends of taffeta and lace at the back, and on the girdle in front four large buttons of black velvet and rhinestones. Similar buttons, joined by ropes of velvet and steel beads, adorn the front corsage. A new and modish conceit of Callot is a princess of black point d'esprit, laid in narrow plaits the entire length. A yoke forming shoulder cape is of large cut jets, and a half-dozen velvet shoulder straps connect the front and back yokes. In a taffeta pin-stripe gown of pink and white Raudnitz displays that indefinable touch which can only be described by the word "Frenchy." The two flounces about the skirt introduce the newly revived corded shirring, and it appears just below the belt. The blouse is of a white barege, strapped all over with bias silk bands. A yoke of white guipure is run with black threads, and edged with black velvet and narrow taffeta ruffle. Below the full elbow sleeves of silk are bands of tucked barege and bias silk. From the wizard of fashion, Paquin, comes a quaint conception in the shape of a gown in black chiffon over taffeta. A broad band of filet lace and a second one-half the width border the skirt. A new note appears in the embroidery of light blue on the lace. A broad taffeta girdle confines the full bodice. The long, flowing sleeves are bordered with filet, and the collar and upper yoke, as well as the cuffs of the chiffon undersleeves, are of white chiffon, with bands of light-blue cloth.

As for coats, never was there such a chic and picturesque variety. Francis strikes a dainty note in full black silk coats with loose linings of flowered gauze or dotted batiste. A novelty is an accordion-plaited three-quarter coat of pongee. In the lingerie department are French petticoats, tea gowns and matinées which are dreams of loveliness, bewildering mazes of silk chiffon and lace. Fortunate indeed is the American woman, who may make at this house a selection not to be surpassed in distinction and elegance.

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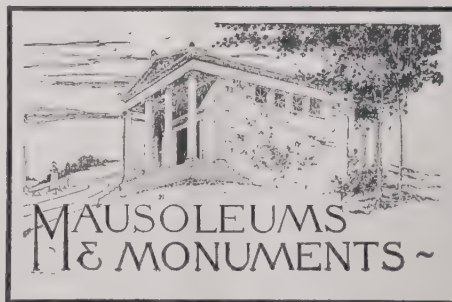
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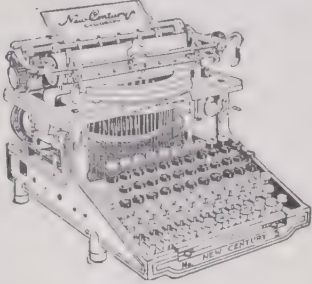
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Volume 72

New York, Saturday, May 3, 1902

Number 1837

For Terms See Prospectus on Page 703.

The United States
versus
the Beef Trust.

After a consultation with the President, and with his approval, Attorney-General Knox has directed that immediate steps be taken at Chicago to prosecute the members of this soulless and oppressive combination. This action is most important; it will be received with public favor; and it is to be hoped that a curb for present and a warning for future corporate greed may be found in the direct power of the Government; it is indirectly important as showing that the Administration appreciates the gravity of the situation. And certainly the Government is alive to the situation, and has summoned the Beef Trust to the bar of Federal jurisdiction. And the State of New York is moving, Attorney-General Davies having taken steps to act upon the evidence which has just been presented to him. This matter is one of vital interest to the people, for meats have been advanced to a rate that is prohibitory with many, and the Federal and State Governments can move none too thoroughly in its work of depressing illegal combinations to advance prices.

✦

The Coronation
of King Alfonso.

In the magnificent royal palace at Madrid—the city has no cathedral—on Saturday, the 17th instant, will be crowned the youth who has just reached his 17th year, and who will bear the legend, “King of Spain, of both the Sicilies and Jerusalem, of the Indies Oriental and Occidental, and of ‘the Ocean Continent.’” His long string of titles accentuates the sarcasm of History, claiming, as it does, the sovereignty of the rolling seas, while his empire has shrunk into a little corner of Europe, and the nation which once dominated nearly the world is reduced to a condition which one of its greatest modern statesmen has described as “anemic.” It is the very hopelessness of approaching a high ideal that makes Alfonso’s task less despairing than it otherwise might be. To attempt the rehabilitation of Spain by this young heir of Charles V. would be heart-breaking work; to construct an empire in a wilderness would be easy compared with the propping up of the decayed and crumbling fragments of this rotting empire. It was thought by not a few keen observers of Spanish affairs that when the kingdom was rid of her burdensome colonies which no longer enabled her to “forge the prodigal gold of either Ind to armed thunderbolts” to overawe the world, but were, on the contrary, a drag and a burden upon her, she would, turning her face to the instant need of things at home, take on a new lease of life. But the expectation was doomed to disappointment; instead, she to-day finds herself bankrupt and harrowed with the spirit of unrest, finding expression in riotings in various parts of the kingdom, while looming ominously near the throne is seen the sinister form of Va-

leriano Weyler—Weyler the butcher, the plunderer, the giver and receiver of bribes. Meantime both court and people turn to him as the one personality of importance in the country, the “man of the hour.” What chance is there of change from those governmental practices which wrought Spain’s downfall when she has a man like Weyler at the helm? The pomp of the coronation will, no doubt, be great, the golden trumpets will blare, and the heralds will vociferously proclaim the sounding titles of the boy King. After all, to what purpose? Even the shades of Montezuma and Atahualpa, hovering over the scene, can easily be imagined as finding their revenge satisfied as they look upon all the pomp and circumstance of the occasion, and contemplate the wreck and the ruin that are scarcely even dimmed by the thin veneer. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

✦

The Pope’s Last
Encyclical.

The Pope’s encyclical, which was read in all the Catholic churches on Sunday, is not only his latest, but probably the last, letter he will address to the churches; in view of his present feebleness it may be taken as a kind of farewell address of the aged Pontiff, and is marked by that elevated tone which we have been accustomed to expect in his public utterances. Especially pertinent are his denunciations of the spirit of war and conquest, so markedly revived during the past few years, even among professedly Christian nations. Pope Leo is not taken in by the specious plea that vast armaments are the surest guarantee of peace. He perceives that they are, in the first place, almost as burdensome to the common people as war itself would be, and he knows too well how the possession of a giant’s strength is a standing temptation to use it. The head of the Catholic hierarchy is not to be imposed upon by the heathen maxim, “Si vis pacem para bellum.” He would rather agree with the modified version of it made by Enfantin, one of the followers of St. Simon, “If you would preserve peace, then prepare for peace.”

✦

John Morley
and Home Rule.

Mr. Morley’s speech, delivered at Manchester the other day, makes one thing very clear—the majority of the British Liberals will never accept Lord Rosebery’s proposal to throw over Home Rule. Mr. Morley points out that, if his argument had been recognized in the past as conclusive, the argument, namely, that any measure ought to be dropped, if at a given moment it was looked upon with disapproval by the majority of English constituencies, the great Manchester statesman, John Bright, must have abandoned all the reforms with which his name is associated; so with O’Connell, Gladstone and other reformers that, when the Gladstonians went to the country, after the defeat of the first Home Rule bill in June, 1886, they were beaten by a majority of 110. Before many months were over, however, the tide began to turn. By-election after

by-election was won by the Gladstonians, until at last, in 1892, they acquired a majority of 40 in the House of Commons. They would, undoubtedly, have secured a much larger majority but for the occurrence of an unfortunate incident in Mr. Parnell's life, and the consequent disruption of the Irish Nationalist party, which discouraged the friends of Home Rule in English, as well as in Irish, constituencies. In such facts Mr. Morley can see no justification for despair, but, on the contrary, he discerns in them ground for believing that the so-called "predominant partner," England, can, in time, be persuaded to acquiesce in the Home Rule program, as seems most probable. Only academicians and doctrinaires would voluntarily throw away 82 Nationalist votes, and invite them to go over to the Opposition. And is this not exactly Lord Rosebery's position?



English Pupils in
the United States.

At a meeting of London business men one day last week Arthur Balfour, Conservative leader of the House of Commons, declared it strange that the British nation should lag behind all nations of the world in the matter not only of commercial education, but also in the wider and more important matter of national education. On the same day Alfred Moseley, a wealthy Englishman, announced in the newspapers of New York that he had completed his arrangements for bringing two large delegations of Britishers to this country next fall for the express purpose of studying those educational matters in which Balfour says they "lag behind." One of these British delegations is to make a tour of typical American colleges, technical institutes, normal, high and manual-training schools. The tour has been laid out by President Butler, of Columbia. The other delegation, composed of British artisans and mechanics, is to visit our representative factories, mills and workshops and study the methods of work and the relations that prevail therein between employers and employees. The Civic Federation and the American Federation of Labor are to act as the guides of this delegation. Evidently John Bull, in spite of his ingrained conservatism, is not an utterly unteachable Bourbon. He is waking up to the fact that he does "lag behind," and is willing to have America show him how to "catch up." We may add that such speeches as Mr. Balfour's have probably hastened what may be called the "delegation movement," which was never so active in England as at present, and which is likely to continue for some time to come. Of this a conspicuous illustration is given in this morning's report that two very influential delegations, one for industrial and the other for educational purposes, will visit this country next fall.



Wireless
Telegraphy.

The announcement of the organization of a Marconi wireless telegraph company, with a capital of \$5,000,000, presages that the battle over wireless telegraphy is about to begin. That scientific marvel has grown from theory into accomplished fact. The practical leader, Marconi, or at least the Marconi company, is already utilizing the invention of Marconi. He seems not to have tarried at Theory, but to have plunged into practical work, yielding practical results. Who invented wireless telegraphy? Marconi, of Italy, claims it; Slaby, of Germany, claims it; another German, or rather Alsatian, Braun, claims it; Tesla, of America, claims it, and it is claimed for an English uni-

versity professor who, it is asserted, holds ample patents. Be this as it may, there can be no question that Marconi invented and made practicable his own system, which he is now working to financial profit. At present the contest is in the newspapers, but it must soon be transferred to the courts. The ownership of wireless telegraphy is a prize of such incalculable value that the suit for it will be one of the most memorable ever known to patent law, unless the contestants should get together and harmonize their differences. Whatever may be the result, what has already been accomplished, together with the multiplication of inventors who announce themselves ready to do the same thing, indicates that practical wireless telegraphy will be in universal use almost immediately.



Lord Kelvin and
Wireless Telegraphy.

On this matter of wireless telegraphy which has aroused so much public interest, Lord Kelvin, now on a visit to this country, in an interview last week declared not only that the wireless telegraph will in time be a commercial staple, but that submarine cable properties will be increased rather than diminished in value as a result. Whether this is to be interpreted as forecasting a more limited sphere of operation for the wireless method or as predicting greatly reduced rates by the cable companies is a question. Lord Kelvin some years ago experimented in the same line, and is convinced of the ultimate success of the wireless method. His opinion is all the more interesting because he has at the same time distinctly discouraged the theories on which most of the airships have been constructed, especially that which M. Santos-Dumont has come here to test.



Extremes of
Temperature.

At least the climatic conditions of the United States are not chargeable with the qualities of monotony and sameness. On Tuesday of last week in Saratoga the thermometer reached 92 degrees. In South Dakota and Utah at the same time and in the same latitude the thermometer marked 30 degrees, while in Deadwood, South Dakota, two and a half feet of snow fell, stopping all trains and producing midwinter conditions. That is the extreme—62 degrees—which few countries can show, and this without taking account of pineapples ripening in the sun at Tampa, Florida. The man who cannot find some thermal condition to suit him in this country should take the first steamer for another country.



Hostilities
in Mindanao.

By the President's order General Chaffee is left free to carry on hostilities in Mindanao. This is done because the Moros refused to give up the murderers of American soldiers. According to latest despatches, Col. Frank Baldwin, an old Indian fighter, was sent out with 600 men to bring in the dattos, or chiefs, who were officially responsible for the murders. At last accounts there had been two skirmishes, in which the enemy had sustained slight losses and the Americans none. Heretofore war has been averted in Mindanao; and it is to be hoped that nothing but the direst necessities will result in a general war on that island. The interior of Mindanao is absolutely unknown to white men. There is no map that shows anything but ranges of mountains, and it can be taken for granted that, except around the villages of the Moros, the

country is, in most districts, a pathless jungle. War under such circumstances will be difficult and will entail great suffering and loss of life. The area of the island is about 38,000 square miles, or some 6,000 less than that of Luzon. It may be doubted whether the chiefs could act in concert, since they do not agree very well among themselves. But however that may be, a war in Mindanao, which has thus far been averted, would be looked upon by people at home as a great calamity in any case, and, if it were avoidable, as a great crime. And it is a question if a judicious subsidy here and there from the war chest would be more helpful in bringing the campaign to a close than an attempt to make the country a wilderness and call it peace. Anyway, wisdom is not a scarce article in Washington, and it may be the authorities will do well to send some of it to Manila.



The French
Parliament.

The French Chamber, having passed a resolution providing that the term of the next and of every suc-

ceeding Parliament shall be six years instead of four, the proposition now goes to the Senate, where it is not improbable it may be defeated. Touching this proposed change, the *Sun* institutes a comparison of the French Chamber of Deputies with the popular branches of other national legislatures as regards the length of the statutory term, which we epitomize as follows: In England a septennial term prevails, although Parliament may at any time be prorogued by royal authority, and indeed generally is, before the expiration of the period. The Italian Chamber of Deputies is elected for five years, but, so far, its life has always been cut short by dissolution. The Reichstag, or lower house of the Parliament of the German Empire, is elected for five years, as is the popular branch of the Prussian Landtag. The lower chamber of the Austrian Reichsrath is elected for six years, but can be dissolved at any time by the Crown. The two chambers of the Hungarian Diet, or Parliament, are elected for five years. The Swiss Federal Assembly, corresponding to our House of Representatives, is elected for three years. In France this proposal to lengthen the term is advocated, apparently, on the ground that disturbances of public order and wasteful expenditure for political purposes will be lessened. We add that the Cabinet of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and all of its Republican, as distinguished from its Socialist, supporters seem desirous of prolonging the term of the Chamber of Deputies to six years, perhaps because they feel certain of success at the general election, which takes place on the 27th of April.



Protestantism
in Europe.

Europe continues to bear witness to the advance of Protestantism, and shows it to be marching steadily on.

The Austrian movement, to which we have repeatedly directed attention, shows no signs of exhaustion. Thirty-six new preaching stations were established during last year. In forty new places the Word of God has been preached for the first time since the Reformation. In the last number of the *Contemporary Review* M. Ch. Merle D'Aubigne gives some interesting information as to the state of Protestantism in France. In 1830 the Society of Protestant Evangelization did not exist, now it has 150 stations; the Evangelical Society of France was not yet born, nor the Evangelical Society of Geneva, neither were the Synodal

Reformed, and the Free, the Methodist and the Baptist Churches, nor the M'All Mission. These have founded hundreds of congregations, with an outlay of over \$500,000 a year. In 1835 there were in Paris not more than ten Protestant churches; to-day there are in the city and suburbs 105 places of worship. The number of pastors in France has been constantly increasing, till now there are more than 1,200 ministers of the gospel. Then there is a Protestant Press, which is more fully equipped than that of any other Church of equal size. French Protestantism supports one daily political, four large weekly religious papers, three monthly reviews, besides 162 smaller papers. Finally, the Foreign Mission Board has sent eighteen missionaries at one time to the Zambesi, forty to Madagascar, doubling the mission contributions in three years.



The Appellate Division of this State has rendered a decision which brings a feeling of calm content in the public mind. The decision referred to confirms the sentence of John Most to one year's residence at hard labor in State prison. In doing this service the Court expressed some general views upon the subject of anarchistic incitements to assassination and murder which will commend widespread approval in all quarters save those mysterious mental caves in which such utterances are regarded as the essentials of "free speech" and "liberty of the press." A year's imprisonment, we may add, is a very effective and costly method of imparting instruction in the school of experience.



Latest dispatches from Rome indicate the growing weakness of the Pope and the increasing activity of parties within the Sacred College with a view to the succession. The contest, it is stated, is divided into two distinct forces, headed respectively by Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State, and Cardinal Vannutelli. The latter or Cardinal Gotti, it is said, is the most probable successor to Leo XIII. Rampolla might be, but he has made too many enemies.



The "final vote" upon the question of selling the Danish West Indies to the United States in the Landsting resulted in the declaration that ratification of the treaty will be refused by three votes, unless provision is made for a plebiscite with restricted suffrage. As the matter now stands, the two houses will have a conference and will undoubtedly agree to ratify the treaty, conditioned upon some expression of the islanders' wishes. This means a further postponement; but ultimate annexation seems assured.



Congress will do well to rebuild the Military Academy at West Point, or to bring the entire institution "up to date," as proposed. The officials are seeking to provide accommodations for the increased number of cadets appointed under the new law, and to meet the demands of the future. The country has a direct interest in this effort, not only out of justice to its wards, but in recognition of its gratitude to West Point.



"The Mayors of the various London boroughs," says a cable dispatch, "have fixed July 5 as the date for King Edward's dinner to the destitute poor of the capital to commemorate his coronation." The number of the King's guests at this dinner will be about 500,000, and he has given

\$150,000 for their entertainment. Such dinners are customary at English coronations, and we may not therefore criticize a practice so thoroughly rooted in precedent. It is, noteworthy, however, that London's total population is about six millions. One in every twelve of them is classified as "destitute poor." Half a million paupers in King Edward's capital to whom a square meal is a welcome coronation compliment is a fact that may well engage the thought of his Ministers. Wars, war loans and war taxes, including a tax on bread, do not seem to be exactly the remedy for this mass of metropolitan pauperism.



The public will learn with satisfaction that the complete report of Col. Enoch Crowder, who was sent to Port Chalmette, La., to investigate charges of violation of the neutrality laws, completely exonerates the British officials at that place. Colonel Crowder finds that men were not enlisted at the mule camp there for the service in South Africa, and that arms and ammunition were not shipped to the seat of war.



Horace Bushnell.

By the rounding of a century since the birth of Horace Bushnell the life-work and great service rendered his fellow-men by the great preacher are brought anew to public attention. And with this rehabilitation we see emphasized the fact of the great change in theologic thought which has swept through the country since his death, nearly thirty years ago.

It is impossible within the scope of a brief newspaper article to traverse even the principal events in the life of the great spiritual preacher and writer. But we may start with the great change that came over him in 1848, when, in the midst of his longing for a higher Christian life, all at once—"not as something reasoned out, but as an inspiration, a revelation from the mind of God himself"—there came to him the knowledge of the true way, and this conception he embodied in his work, "God in Christ."

Here it was he discerned the untenableness of that view of the Trinity prevailing very largely which, brought to its last analysis, was little else than a modified tri-theism of the fourth century. The mischief wrought by the change in the meaning of the word person—*persona*, to indicate an individual rather than a character—had resulted in formulating a contradiction in terms which he could not accept. He declared with the prophet, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God," while, in his view, the Divine Spirit of the one God dwelt in Jesus during His ministry, and after His death and ascension continued his work and is continuing it now. Indeed, this view of the Trinity largely commands the assent of evangelical thinkers to-day, and it is safe to say that were Dr. Bushnell now living his views would bring him little, if any, trouble, even in circles pronouncedly evangelical.

Dr. Bushnell's pulpit audiences were not large; but his book audiences are large, and are increasing in numbers every day. Among the most valuable of his books we regard his "Sermons on Living Subjects" and his "Forgiveness and Law"; among his sermons "The Outside Saints," "Feet and Wings," "A Single Trial Better than Many" are perhaps most notable and helpful.

Two years after the great revival of 1857 Dr. Bushnell ended a pastorate of twenty-six years, often interrupted to-

ward the close, but still involving a quarter-century of labor and love among one people. He gave them his freshest and ripest thought, and filled them with enthusiasm for the things of Christ. After this he took no other charge, but began his "ministry at large"—and how useful a ministry! It was his province to cheer and encourage during the Civil War, by his unbounded faith; his work it was to impress the city of his residence with the stamp of his spirit; his to write books which, though refused and strongly condemned by some, were instinct with a manly piety and the noblest thoughts—books whose influence for good are a more potent influence to-day than ever.

However some views that he put forth may invite dissent, the fact remains that he enlarged the spiritual horizon, showed himself a spiritual rather than a mechanical force, and prepared the way for a more rational—may we not say more spiritual?—conception of God. He was a re-former without the name, and his influence to-day is seen to be constantly extending, lifting up the thoughts and feelings of men to a nobler, more intelligent and more spiritual apprehension of the nature, and especially the Fatherhood, of the Divine Being. And what service could be nobler than that?



A Terrible Confession.

According to despatches received from Manila on Saturday last Gen. Jacob H. Smith, accused of inhuman warfare in Samar, has confessed that he did give instructions to Major Waller to "kill and burn and make Samar a howling wilderness"; he admits that he wanted everybody killed, capable of bearing arms, and that he did specify all over 10 years of age, as the Samar boys of that age were equally as dangerous as their elders. This is an awful confession for a commanding general to make, and indicates a deadness of the moral sense and an indifference to the claims of humanity which are not only out of place in this twentieth century, and opposed to the thought and feeling of the American people, but which rank the author of that order with Alva, Katherine and Weyler.

It may be said that neither the case of General Smith nor any other accused person should be prejudged; and as a rule this is true. But some cases, such as those involving manifest atrocities on their face, must be prejudged, subject to modification of mitigating evidence showing provocation and the necessity for retaliation. In the present instance it may be said with confidence that General Smith's plea of justification confesses to practices contrary to the opinions and principles of civilized men everywhere, and particularly of the American people, to whom ultimately he is responsible. Indeed, General Smith admits by his counsel that he issued orders to make Samar a howling wilderness, and to kill not merely all natives engaged in fighting our men—which would be cruel enough—but all natives capable of bearing arms; furthermore, all boys of 10 years and upward were included in this order because they were "as dangerous as their elders." These orders are bloody and cruel to a degree which the American people will not believe to be justified even against the most treacherous savages; and we cannot believe the American people will regard as fit to remain in the service an officer capable of issuing them.

This bloody order assuredly will ever remain a blot and a reproach upon the American name unless the result of the court martial is to end the military career of Gen.

Jacob H. Smith. It is not to be denied that the methods of warfare employed by the natives are barbaric and cruel; but it is not easily conceivable that a court will sustain a policy which aims at the extermination of the non-combatants as well as those caught red-handed with arms in their hands. Provocation may be urged in mitigation of the killing of the young, caught red-handed, it never can be successfully pleaded by General Smith or by any other officer in justification of the slaughter of innocents—that is, if we understand the character and spirit of our army officers and the Administration or the temper of the American people.



A Roman Catholic Hymnal.

About two years ago, we believe it was, an attempt was made to introduce congregational singing in some of the Roman Catholic churches. It failed, however, and it was concluded that such singing was foreign to the Roman Catholic spirit. There is probably something in this, for a congregation that has never sung a note as a congregation can hardly adopt it as an expression of religious worship on the instant.

But, notwithstanding the failure of the first attempt, it is now stated that a Roman Catholic Hymnal will soon be issued for use in the worship of the church: and here we should modify what has been said regarding the use of a Hymnal by the Catholics by saying that for a generation and more the Paulist fathers have had a Hymnal for their own use, and have cultivated congregational singing with conspicuous success. But this is due, we imagine, to the fact that the Paulists are a distinctively religious organization founded mainly by Catholics who had originally come out from Protestantism—only to mention Fathers Preston, Hickey, Young and others, who simply introduced a feature of worship in their particular church with which they had long been familiar as Protestants and whose efficiency as an aid to devotion they had observed.

Concerning this matter of sacred song in the church, no denomination has such a rich repertory to draw from as has the Roman Catholic Church. Indeed, our Protestant hymnaries could be greatly enriched by recourse to some of the sacramentaries. No hymnody is comparable to that which was produced in the Middle Ages by pious monks in the seclusion of their hearts. And it is to be noted that in Rome, in Milan, and in France there are breviaries and sacramentaries whose treasures have never been placed at the service of the people, but which, could they be brought out of their hiding places and given to the people would result in a perfect aviary of song being established in the House of the Lord.

Lastly, let us say we do not hesitate to confess the conviction that the Roman Catholic Church, in this country at least, could do nothing better to bring its worship in closer touch with the popular feeling than to establish congregational singing. The forthcoming Roman Catholic Hymnal will be awaited with interest by Protestants as well as Catholics; it is a significant sign of the times that the Catholic Church in this country is about taking a step which will still further accentuate the distinctively American character of this denomination in the United States. We add one remark—that in making up their Hymnal, our Roman Catholic friends will find plenty of admirable material in our various Protestant Hymnals to which they would do well to utilize and to which they will assuredly be heartily welcome.

The Inhumanity of War.

While Gen. Jacob Smith, of our army in the Philippines, is charged with perpetrating the most awful cruelties, for which he is to be tried (on the charge of "conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline"!), a new list of alleged British atrocities in South Africa has just been published at Amsterdam, and as it is declared to have been sent by General De la Rey and is supported by affidavits, as well as countersigned by a man claiming to be a Transvaal official, special notice will have to be taken of it by the British authorities if another outburst of Continental vilification is to be avoided. General De la Rey's alleged charges of cruelty against Lord Methuen appear ill-founded in view of the recent facts of the latter's release and the obligation under which he had formerly placed De la Rey by humane conduct. But putting all the facts obtainable together, it seems clear that awful forms of cruelty have been practiced by Boer and by British, by Filipino and by American troops; and Spain, with the ever-memorable Weyler, adds her testimony to the horrors of war. As pertaining to this matter, the testimony may be cited of a trooper of the Bushveldt Carabineers who states that the guilty Australian officers of that shamed and disbanded corps killed nearly forty unarmed Boers, including three children who had come to ask for food. In despatches sent by the chivalrous De la Rey to Holland, the details of many atrocities committed by British troops are sustained by affidavit. As we have said, the Boers themselves are not free from like charges.

The fact is, war is never free from atrocious cruelties and horrors. The idea that war is simply the firing by one set of men upon another, according to established rules, and all the claims of humanity being strictly regarded, is simply academic and wholly false to the facts. War is a dreadful contest of the worst passions—the most brutal, the most savage, the most inhuman and debasing of all contests. As General Sherman said, "War is hell." When this becomes thoroughly understood perhaps less sneering will be indulged in against the advocates of peaceful methods for adjusting international quarrels, and less patience will be meted out toward the promoters of war, with all its calamities and cruelties and its demoralization.



Things of To-day.

Preparations are being made for the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which is to be held in the Fifth Avenue Church, of this city, beginning May 15th. The Hospitality Committee has secured accommodation for the commissioners and their families at the Murray Hill, Fifth Avenue, Earlington and Empire hotels and at private boarding-houses and also in Presbyterian homes. All the commissioners have free entertainment; secretaries and missionaries are also provided for, while arrangements at special rates are made for those members of their families who come with them. The Central Church on 57th street, near Broadway, has been placed at the disposal of the Women's Boards, and Carnegie Hall is to be used for a special service by the Home Mission Board. Among the social events of the Assembly may be mentioned a visit to the University of New York, a visit to Princeton University and a steamboat excursion up the Hudson River in one of the famous day boats which has been generously offered for the use of the Assembly by the heirs of the late Commodore Van Santvoord. The Presbyterian Union has also made arrangements for a reception to the Assembly and its friends at the Waldorf-Astoria. The Assembly will receive the report of the Committee on the Revision of the Confession of Faith, but what disposition it will make of the report is beyond the ken of uninspired prophets. It will at least have serious and careful consideration.

A London journal presents pictorially the remarkable religious ceremonies which took place last Easter in Jerusalem. One of the illustrations shows the arrival of "the sacred fire." According to ancient tradition heaven sends this fire into the Holy Sepulchre on Easter Eve. A Greek priest, borne by half-naked porters, thrust an unlighted torch through a hole in the wall of the tomb, and it came out lighted. An indescribable scene of disorder then took place. The crowd in a state of frenzy rushed toward the priest to try to light a candle at the sacred torch. To protect the priest the Turkish soldiers "were obliged to drive back the people with the butts of their guns, while the police kept them in order with the lash." The great desire to light candles is due to the fact that the fire is supposed to cleanse the possessor from sin. So Promethean and Christian legend work on common fabulous ground.



In the current issue of the *Contemporary Review* Austin West brings to public attention the great revolution of opinion on the subject of Biblical criticism produced in the highest Papal circles. The Pope, whose famous Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus* of 1893, reaffirmed in unqualified terms the old Roman doctrine of verbal inspiration and infallibility, has now become fully alive to the claims of the new scholarship. Says one writer:

On one occasion after a Catholic scholar in private audience had portrayed vividly to the Pope's mind some of the real difficulties of the situation Leo XIII. is reported to have flung aloft his hands, exclaiming in a tone of mingled anxiety and wonderment, "*Je le sais! Je le sais! Ou allous nous?*"



The most significant feature of the new movement, of which mention was recently made in this journal, is the recent appointment by the Pope of an International Pontifical Commission for the special study of modern Biblical problems. What is not least remarkable here is the character of the men who are delegated to take part in it. They may all, from Cardinal Parocchi, the president, downward, be said to be progressives. Father Gismondi, the Jesuit representative, is wholly on the side of liberty for Catholic scholars; the Abbot Amelli, the Benedictine, has written against the authenticity of the "three heavenly witnesses" passage; while the Dominican delegate, Father Esser, has in his published works shown his attachment to modern historical and critical methods. Canon Fracassini is an accomplished Orientalist, whose work in New Testament criticism has been commended by such a scholar as Holtzmann. Father Hummelauer, of Germany, has declared for the composite character of the Pentateuch; Dr. Van Hoonacker, the Belgian Commissioner, has been eulogized by Kuenen for his labors on Ezra and Nehemiah. The other delegates have similar records. It is noteworthy that the Biblical scholarship of the Roman Church exists almost entirely outside of Italy—which is not a land of Biblical scholarship; indeed, throughout the length and breadth of that land there exists no society for Biblical studies. An academy of this nature, founded at Rome by Cardinal Parocchi, languished and died for lack of interest. As in the sixteenth century, so in the twentieth, the awakening of the Papacy comes from the vigorous nations to the West and the North.



Some little time ago we made comment upon the death of Harold Frederic, who was treated by "Christian Science." We said at the time that "the whole matter could be adjusted by the adoption of the Wisconsin law, under which all who assume to act as healers of disease must possess and exercise the knowledge and skill of a physician in good standing." Thereupon a correspondent raises the inquiry, "What would have been the result had such a law been in force in Palestine in the time of Our Lord?" And, again, "Had you been in Jairus' place, would you have denied yourself His help because He had no doctor's diploma?" To this obviously sincere inquiry we reply: First, the gravamen of the charge against Christian Scientists is not simply that they try to cure disease, but that in attempting this they also exclude all regular practitioners, and that even in the case of dangerous endemic and zymotic diseases; secondly, no comparison but only intense contrast can be instituted between Christ with His many healings and a "Christian Scientist," whose practice has sent so many to premature graves and endangers the public health; thirdly, our correspondent's argument, carried to its logical conclusion, would insist that no limits should be placed around the practice of pathology, and the materia medica, but that all charlatans should be given

free license in the matter of treating disease dangerous to the public health, as in the case of smallpox, or scarlet fever, etc.; lastly, it is not a tentative hypothesis that confronts us, but a perilous condition, which, having regard to the public health, should have the careful concern of legislatures and of thoughtful people everywhere.



With the Muse still his friend, Mr. William Allen Butler has been moved in his last poem, an extract from which will be found on page 999, to declare the needs of the Church to-day. They do not lie, he tells us, in a "new-found creed," nor in a "cold, agnostic creed." Perhaps, too, Mr. Butler would tell us the Church does not need a slavish adherence to the bald literalness of an ancient creed. Evidently it is not the skeleton timbers the poet would look upon for his ideal of the Church. Instead, he would demand of her

The voice prophetic, as with trumpet blast,
To call her children to redeem the Past,
To lift and bear the burdens that oppress,
To stand for Truth, for Right, and Righteousness,
To war with War, till Peace on earth shall sound
Her Christmas carol all the earth around!

These, with scorn of ill-gotten gain, with exaltation of the civic virtues, respect for the Sabbath, and the winning of hearts for Christ, are the needs of the Church to-day; and how many churches, may we thank God, are striving to bring about just these results. And surely it is through their ministrations that they are to be obtained and the world won for Christ. In all this there is great cause for encouragement, both in the record of the past and in the hopes for the future. The world cannot be won for Christ in a day; it is equally certain that the moral and religious sense of the civilized world is being quickened as never before—shown in its demand for civic righteousness, for higher public and private morality and in its growing abhorrence of the horrors of war. The line is upward, but it takes time to reach the stars.



The Presbyterian Ministers' Association of New York last week distinctly uttered its protest against the production of any "Passion Play" in this city. It protested "against the presentation of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, in any of its phases, upon the stage in our city, by either amateur or professional actors, as sacrilegious in the sight of God and utterly abhorrent to the good taste and Christian sentiment of the community." The language is every way fitting and deserved. Let us have none of this "staging" of Calvary, and let every association of ministers in this city take like action.



Two Princetonians join Professor Edward C. Moore at Cambridge. We think the purpose of President Eliot and those behind him in the task of broadening the scope of the work of Harvard Divinity School is not realized, as it is very imperfectly known. But pass a little time and the character of the work will become more apparent. The whole world of theology is on the move, and the forces are none the less active and resultful that the movement is not clearly perceived by many.



Dwight L. Moody once offered his Northfield pupils a prize for the best thought. This took the prize: "Men grumble because God puts thorns with the roses; wouldn't it be better to thank God that He puts roses with the thorns?" And here you have illustrated the difference between the pessimistic and the optimistic attitude of mind. How is it with you?



It will not commend Major-General Brooke to the approbation of the country that at a dinner in this city last week he should justify and commend the practice of forcing a man full of water, then rolling him on the ground, forcing it out, and repeating the operation. Gen. Brooke rightly said war was brutal; but brutality, therefore, is not to be defended. We are surprised that General Brooke should take such a position.



If Christianity was inculcated in the home as it should be—we say nothing here of the Sunday-school—the plea of the Catholics for sectarianism to be taught in the public schools at the public expense would vanish like the rainbow when the sun sets.

Dr. Albert Schintz, professor of the French language and literature in Bryn Mawr, in a recent lecture affirmed that there "is no doubt that the moral level of America is much superior to that of Europe. There is much wickedness in New York, perhaps more than in the great cities of Europe; and in Chicago houses of corruption extend their arms to you; but, in general, dissimulation is better understood than in the old continent, and innocence is less quickly dragged into the abyss. The church has certainly much to do with this purity of customs. This statement is corroborated by many. Vice would not dare flaunt itself in New York as it does in London."



To the decision of President Roosevelt to send a diplomatic commission, consisting of Governor-General Taft, the Roman Catholic Bishop O'Gorman, and Judge Smith, of San Francisco, to the Vatican to confer with Leo XIII. in regard to the pacification of the Philippines, we have to add the appointment by the President of Archbishop Ryan to the vacancy in the Board of Indian Commissioners created by the death of Bishop Whipple. We do not altogether like the action taken in these instances.



The new editor of the London *Daily News*, George Cadbury, of an old Quaker family, has bought out the other shareholders and will hereafter exclude all betting and racing news from its columns, though full attention will be given to sports. We should like to see some such change instituted in our New York press, beginning with the exclusion of its immoral "personal" advertisements from the *Herald*.



When you want to read "English that is English" open your Bible and go through the fortieth and sixtieth chapters of Isaiah and the seventy-second Psalm—notice the close relationship between the last two. Then you might add the ninetieth Psalm. Religious expression has never got higher or deeper than that "Prayer of Moses, the Man of God."



Chicago bird-lovers threaten the arrest of women who wear birds in their bonnets as well as milliners who sell them. It is well to enforce the law. But better than that, we want that feminine good taste and humanity which reject the unnatural and hideous decoration of dead birds. We want, in one word, better innate, refined sensibility and less external force.



Baseball is "on" again, but outside the "sporty" world no one takes interest in it. State pride in the games has been blotted out by the revelation of "put-up" games, and the dominance of the gambling element. Purely a money-making affair, the game as now played has ceased to appeal to local pride in any direction.



When was there a damper spring since the Ark rested on Ararat?—*Tribune*.

Really we cannot tell you. We only know that the Ark rested on Ararat October 17, and not in the spring. See Genesis VIII, 4.



The selection of Archbishop Falconio, the Papal delegate to Canada, to succeed Cardinal Martinelli as Papal delegate to the United States, is a good one. Our Catholic friends, however, are more interested in the selection than the Government or people of the United States as a whole.



An old saw says that March always borrows ten days of April. In this latitude this year March seems to have appropriated three weeks, without so much as saying "by your leave."



Negus Menelik, of Abyssinia, is building telephone lines between his capital and the Italian settlement in Erythrea. Italy furnishes the wire and Menelik the poles. Any one caught cutting wires will have his hand cut off and his property confiscated to pay for the damage.



They hold fairs and dances on Sunday in Havana for "Sweet Charity" and Protestantism assists in it. It is the Spanish way; but we wish Protestant Christianity would have none of it.

Current Comment.

The spiritual oversight of hotel guests is a question which should press more heavily on ministers and Christian workers in our larger cities than it does. In New York there has been organized a Hotel Chaplaincy Committee, which will provide a pastor, always ready to serve the transient population of the city. To this question attention should be directed. It is, however, only a part of the larger question which the coming of the summer raises in its acutest form.



The work of the church need not, and, as a fact, does not, stop when the sexton clasps the padlock on the door after the last lingering committee-woman has finally given him the opportunity. True religion does not consist in going to church, but in carrying out beyond church walls the lessons of mercy and righteousness learned within them.—*Church Economist*.



There are as many modes of revelation as there are flowers on the earth or stars in heaven or human souls with their passions, sentiments, affections, hopes, fears and ideals. Truth is infinite, and revelation is as varied as human nature and opportunity.—*Christian Register*.



The *Episcopal Recorder* (Philadelphia) finds the present conditions of our colleges most encouraging, when compared with those existing fifty or a hundred years ago. It comments:

"Our universities and colleges are not the homes of a lawlessness and sometimes ruffianism that the unknowing are often led to suppose. The incidents of cruel hazing and lawlessness with which we are now and again regaled in the newspapers do not represent the normal state of college life in our midst. The deeds of the lawless are 'splendid attractions' for a sensational press; but the press is strangely silent about the vast preponderance of truly religious men who are coming to the front in all works of life and who are the products of our higher schools of learning."



The returns from our churches appear to be more and more favorable, and indicate quite a revival wave throughout the East and West. It may not be as general as many hoped for, but when the summary is made by the Stated Clerk of our General Assembly from the Presbyterian reports we believe the grand total of additions from the world will be of such a character as to cause much rejoicing and congratulation. What has been accomplished ought to be an encouragement and stimulus to an increased taking hold of God in covenant and to a larger activity toward the enlargement of His Zion and the salvation of souls.—*The Presbyterian*.



About People.

The death of Dr. Ernest Lieber removes a large figure in German life, his leadership of the Centrist or Roman Catholic party in the Reichstag for many years having made him as potent a figure in parliamentary affairs as Germany has seen for a generation or two, Bismarck finding in him a foe to whom he had to bow at times.



Senator Vest, of Missouri, who ended his eulogy of the late Wade Hampton in the Senate last week by quoting from Tennyson, is said to outrank even Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, in his familiarity with the poetry of England and America. It is said that his command of quotations is astounding, that he has one at his tongue's tip for any case that may arise.



The young Gaikwar, of Baroda, India, who was educated in England, is the first native ruler in India to legalize the remarriage of widows by specific enactment. In all India there are more than 23,000,000 widows, many of them children under ten years old. Baroda, the State of which the Gaikwar is chief, shows the largest relative increase of Christians in all India for the last ten years, or from 646 to 7,691.



Leo XIII. is the only Pope who has strolled along Piccadilly and occupied a seat in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery at the House of Commons, where he had the pleasure of hearing a speech by Daniel O'Connell, the Irish leader of the period. The Pope has always been fond of recalling this experience when receiving Irish pilgrimages and visitors.



Among prominent names on the lists of the Northfield conferences the coming summer are those of Rev. F. B. Meyer and Professor Kelman, who has been so prominent of late among the students of Edinburgh as to be called the follower of Professor Drummond. Mr. Meyer is also to deliver post-conference addresses.



The Rev. Barnabas T. Sakai, head of important missionary work in Tokio, and a graduate of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, Cambridge, Mass., is in this country lecturing on missionary work among the educated classes of Japan.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

President-elect T. Estrada Palma sailed for Cuba on April 17.

Philadelphia meat dealers have organized to fight the Meat Trust.

The South African war has exhausted the supply of small mules in the West.

Senator Hanna has again denied that he would be a candidate for the Presidency.

The bill fixing the State tax rate at 13-100 of a mill has been signed by Governor Odell.

The strike of the miners of the Rochester and Pittsburg Coal and Iron Company has been settled.

The White House is to be thoroughly renovated and refurnished under the direction of Mrs. Roosevelt.

Secretary Root has made arrangements to have the Statue of Liberty, in New York harbor, lighted again.

Secretary Root sailed for Cuba, April 17, to superintend the transfer of the government to the people of the island.

Governor Odell's 15-year-old son had his right leg broken on Thursday by the fall of a horse at his home in Newburg.

Great advances in the cost of vegetables and canned goods are declared to be due to the forcing up of prices by the Beef Trust.

Wreckage from the British warship *Condor*, lost last December, is washing ashore at various points on the Oregon and Washington coast.

Dr. N. M. Freeman, after laughing heartily at a funny story at the Aschenbroedel Club, fell from his chair and died from heart disease.

The National White Lead Works, at 160 to 174 Front street, Brooklyn, were damaged to the extent of \$200,000 by a fire last Friday morning.

There is little prospect that the Territories of Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico will be admitted to statehood this session of Congress.

The House on Friday night passed the Cuban Reciprocity bill by a vote of 247 to 52, after adding to it an amendment cutting off the differential on refined sugar.

The will of Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage was filed here to-day. It disposes of an estate valued at more than \$300,000. There were no charitable or religious bequests.

Frank Miles Day & Bro., of Philadelphia, have been selected as the architects of the Municipal Hospital, to be erected in Washington, D. C., at a cost of about \$3,000,000.

The Naval Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, which has been built in Sands street, Brooklyn, by Miss Helen M. Gould, at a cost of about \$450,000, will be opened formally on May 15.

Thirty-seven American artists have entered the competition for the construction of the proposed Grant statue or memorial to be erected in Washington, and for which there is an appropriation of \$250,000.

Francis Richard Stockton, the American novelist, died suddenly at the residence of Robert F. Brown, 2129 P street, Washington, on April 20, of paralysis, immediately resulting from a hemorrhage of the brain.

John Hays, one of the oldest residents of Cleveland, Ohio, who bore the distinction of having discovered and opened the first copper mine in the Lake Superior region, died at his home there, April 21, aged nearly 92 years.

The drastic Chinese Exclusion bill prepared by Pacific coast Congressmen was defeated, on Wednesday, and the substitute offered by Mr. Platt, of Connecticut, continuing the present law and extending it to new possessions, was passed.

A despatch from Falls City, dated April 18, says the mercury reached 100 in the shade at that place, and that fall wheat is suffering from lack of moisture. Other points in Southern Nebraska report record-breaking temperature for April.

The President has appointed Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners. He succeeds Bishop Whipple, of the Episcopal Church, who died recently, and is the first Catholic prelate appointed to the board.

Fire on Monday last destroyed the freight transfer house in the railroad yards, East Hartford, Conn., together with the contents of the building and the books and papers of the agent. Nine cars

loaded with freight caught fire, four of them being totally destroyed.

Gen. Egbert L. Viele died at his home, 342 West 88th street, this city, on April 22, from indigestion and heart disease. He came to this city on Monday morning from his country place, in Tarrytown, to attend a dinner at Delmonico's that night, and was apparently in the best of health.

The side-wheel steamer *City of Pittsburg*, Captain Phillips, from Cincinnati to Memphis, was burned to the water's edge early on the morning of April 20, at Turner's Landing, near Olmsted, Ill. The latest reports show that sixty lives were lost, and that many were badly burned and otherwise injured.

Vincennes Apartment Hotel, Chicago, was destroyed by fire, April 21. Fanned by a high wind the flames threatened to spread to adjoining structures, and it was with difficulty that the fire was restricted to the hotel. There were 150 apartments in the building, but all the occupants escaped in safety. The loss is \$150,000.

The death of five negro children from starvation is reported from Haywood County, about forty miles north of Memphis, Tenn. They were the children of "Jim" Mills, who left them several weeks ago ostensibly to find work. The family had lived in an isolated spot and their condition was not discovered until they were beyond help.

The State Department at Washington has received information by cable to the effect that General Uribe-Uribe, the Colombian insurrectionary leader, has been completely overwhelmed by the Government troops at a place called Medina, and has been compelled to retreat to Venezuelan territory. It is believed in Bogota that the war is practically over.

The details which are being received here of the result of the earthquake shocks which were general throughout Guatemala on Friday, Saturday and Sunday show that Solola, Nahuala, Amatitlan, Santa Lucia and San Juan were badly damaged, and that Quezaltenango was partly obliterated. Fire added to the horrors there. Two hundred persons were killed, mostly women, and many people were injured.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

Queen Wilhelmina is reported to have typhoid fever.

A report from Southern China confirmed the serious nature of the revolt in that region.

The German Emperor's new yacht, *Meteor III*, had a rough voyage across the Atlantic.

Princess Louise, a sister of the Duke of Orleans, saved the life of her brother last week by killing a wild boar in a hunt in Portugal.

Don Francisco d'Assissi, the husband of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, died in France, April 17. He was expelled from Spain in 1868.

The Brussels Chamber rejected the appeal for universal suffrage, but the Socialists say they will appeal to the King, and keep up the struggle peacefully.

General Palma, President-elect of Cuba, landed at Gibara, Cuba, April 20, after a pleasant voyage from Old Point Comfort, Va., and was welcomed with great enthusiasm.

Morgan, the Barings and the Rothschilds have taken half the new British loan of \$160,000,000, and the other half, offered to the public, was thirty times oversubscribed.

Heavy fighting is said to have taken place on Friday on the Isthmus of Panama in the neighborhood of Panama and Bocas del Toro; it is asserted that the situation on the isthmus does not improve.

The first wheat ship to come under the new British taxation regulations, the German ship *Henriette*, from San Francisco, has arrived in the Tyne. The American wheat on board the vessel will have to pay a duty of £660 (\$3,300).

The London *Daily Mail* claims to have authority to announce that bases of peace have been practically agreed upon at Pretoria, but says that some little time will elapse before the details of the plan can be perfected. The impression is general that the South African war will be closed by June 1.

A severe explosion occurred at Managua, Nicaragua, on the night of April 16. A large two-story barracks, situated near the lake front and in the center of the city, was blown to fragments. Between one hundred and two hundred officers and soldiers are reported to have been killed, and many soldiers and other persons are reported to have been injured.

Four Notable Church Commemoration Services.

The First Presbyterian Church, Yonkers.

That was a fine semi-centennial celebration which was had in the old First Presbyterian Church of Yonkers on Sunday of last week. The celebration was participated in by three out of the four ex-pastors who have officiated during the fifty years of the church's existence, and by two of the original members who were among the first forty members of the church. The pastors were the Rev. Dr. Ralston Smith, now of Philadelphia; the Rev. Dr. John Reid, of New York City, and the Rev. Dr. George F. Pentacost, who will shortly leave for Manila, where he will take charge of the Presbyterian missions in the East. Among the exercises were the reading of an original poem by the venerable William Allen Butler. At the services in the morning, a history of the church was read by Gen. Ralph E. Prime, followed by addresses by all three of the former pastors. The music, led by a large chorus choir with solo voices, was of a high order. The occasion was an inspiring one, long to be remembered by those who were present. We have much pleasure in presenting below an extract from Mr. Butler's admirable poem. It is evident the affluence has by no means left our poet in what are sometimes called the "declining years" of an active and fruitful life.

"WHAT NEEDS THE CHURCH TO-DAY?"

By William Allen Butler.

[Extract.]

As Nature builds in all her wild domain,
Where order due and due proportion reign,
So must the Church, the image of the True,
From age to age, her ancient path pursue,
Lifting on high her myriad domes and spires,
The faithful wardens of her altar fires.
To-day, as when the Hebrew outcast went,
In all the bitterness of banishment,
To pray by Bethel's stone, for help divine,
Men's souls still seek the symbol and the shrine;
In humblest house of prayer, with ritual scant,
Or great cathedral with resounding chant
And echoing organ peal, alike may dwell
The visible Church, the Church invisible.

What needs the Church to-day? No new-found Creed
To measure heavenly grace and human need;
No blind assault on death and sin and pain
With loud denials, hollow and inane;
No cold Agnostic cult, in arms arrayed
To thrust the Maker from the world He made;
Nor half-solved problems of the realms without,
Where Science halts and Faith is chilled by Doubt;
But the prophetic vision to foresee
The whitening harvests of the years to be,
And voice prophetic, as with trumpet blast,
To call her children to redeem the Past,
To lift and bear the burdens that oppress,
To stand for Truth, for Right and Righteousness;
To war with War, till Peace on earth shall sound
Her Christmas carol all the world around;
To stamp with blazing scorn, like brand of Cain,
The sordid greed that grasps ill-gotten gain;
To share the toil where civic virtue strives
For better laws and homes and nobler lives;
To keep and guard that bright, celestial guest
God's gift to man, His sacred Day of Rest;
To seek and ever find, in darkness wild,
The Father's image in His lowliest child;
And more than all, by love divine to win
A weary world from sorrow, strife and sin,
To Him who calls, with this supreme behest:
"Come unto Me and I will give you rest."
* * * * * as now, with each new Spring
Earth, air and sky their wonted blessings bring;
And, year by year, beneath thy steep hillside
The mighty river flows with tranquil tide,
Under its rocky ramparts to the sea.
May this a symbol of thy future be,
As in the far-off forests of the North,
From crystal springs, its waters issue forth
Through woodland shades and in the sun's bright beam,
Deepening and broadening till the unfettered stream
Glides on, majestic, bearing on its breast
The wealth of harvests garnered in the West,
To go through ocean's gate to distant shores,
That all the earth may share its golden stores,
So, fed by purest springs, world-wide may flow
Each gift and grace Thy loving hands bestow,
While here Thy children worship and adore
Till Earth shall vanish, Time shall be no more.

Church of the Ascension, New York.

At the same time of the commemoration noted above, three churches held noteworthy services. The first was a service at the Congregational Broadway Tabernacle, the second the celebration of its seventy-fifth anniversary by the Episcopal Church of the Ascension, and the third the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Church of the Incarnation, of the same communion. When the Ascension Church was first built in Canal street in 1828 New York had become the most populous and the richest city in the Union. Philadelphia, which had been in the first place, fell into the second rank. Only the year before was negro slavery abolished finally in this State. The Legislature had empowered the Governor to declare all the people of the State free on and after July 4, 1827. In bringing about this emancipation John Jay was a hero.

The Broadway Tabernacle.

Sunday, April 27, was a memorable day in the marked history of one of the most noted churches in this city. It was the last day of worship in the building at 34th street and Broadway, and was marked by a sermon in the morning by its present pastor, Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, the evening service being given up entirely to the administration of the communion. During the morning service Dr. Jefferson briefly outlined the plan of work which he hopes to see carried out when the church shall have taken possession of its new building at Broadway and 56th street. It is a grand and far-reaching plan, and in keeping with the spirit and purpose which has always actuated this grand and aggressive church. Dr. Jefferson calls for eight separate endowment funds, aggregating nearly a half million dollars, and which, when carried successfully out, would constitute this church a grand monument to the spirit of Puritanism as solid and as lasting as Plymouth Rock itself, upon which our forefathers set their feet.

The first pastor was Rev. Edward W. Andrews, who was installed in January, 1841, and released by his own request in 1844. One of the happiest memories of the writer is the privilege he enjoyed of preaching one Sunday for Dr. Andrews during his pastorate at the Tabernacle. Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson was installed as his successor in 1845, and under his labors the Tabernacle reached its highest point. His pastorate ended in 1871.

The Tabernacle sent Dr. Thompson to minister on the battle-fields of Tennessee during the war. On one occasion, while the war was in progress, he delivered a sermon in the Tabernacle calling upon the Church to do something to save the Government. Some one present, at the close of the services, asked the congregation to remain a few minutes, and proposed a subscription for a church regiment. Before night of that Sunday more than \$30,000 had been raised for this purpose. When Dr. Thompson's health forced him to relinquish the Tabernacle his congregation gave him \$55,000. His successor, Dr. William Mackergo Taylor, whom every one will remember, remained with the Tabernacle until 1892, when his health, too, gave out, his death occurring in 1895. For several years, Dr. Taylor, in addition to his pastorate, was also editor of *The Christian at Work*, and that not in name merely, but really, as the fruits of his vigorous pen bore testimony. Dr. Taylor's successor was Dr. Henry A. Stimson, who gave way in 1898 to the present pastor, Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, under whose ministration the Tabernacle is showing much of its old-time vigor, and seems about to enter upon a new era of prosperity.

Church of the Incarnation.

The Church of the Incarnation was organized in 1852. The completion of the Erie Railroad had been celebrated the year before, with imposing ceremonies, and the same year the Hudson River Railroad was opened. In 1851, too, the Cup was won by the yacht America. The town had been growing rapidly, more than sixteen hundred houses having been built in 1849. A house built by Dr. Townsend at 34th street and Fifth avenue a few years later was described as of "royal splendor." This was where A. T. Stewart built the residence which lately was torn down.

We have only touched on a very few of the interesting incidents and episodes in the history of New York recalled by these three church celebrations. It is a history full of fascination, which has never been written in a way to do it literary justice. The great mass of the people of New York as it is have no reminiscences of the life of this town even half a century ago, and they know nothing of it from the recollections of others. Their traditions are of other places and countries. A wholly new society has grown up without any connection with the New York of the past.

One of the Problems of the Century.

How Shall Unemployed Minister and Vacant Church Get Together?

In a Western State a church in a small city within ten days after its pastor left received thirteen applications from men desiring to be heard. These communications were usually from those who had already resigned, or from those who had only been a year or two in their fields. Several of the applications were accompanied by typewritten commendations—copies, of course, of originals given by friends in former parishes. The original manuscripts had probably been worn out.

Two were in printed form, like the circulars of popular lecturers, and the commendations of friends were also printed. This is a new scheme, and has some advantages, especially to a man who cannot write legibly or spell correctly. It moreover saves time and expense, especially when a man makes a business of it, and expects to move every year. With some liberties, on the line of higher criticism, and the substitution of my imagination for my memory, one of these printed applications was not unlike the following:

"To the Clerk of Pleasant Plains Church:

"Dear Brother—I have for a long time desired to come to your beautiful State, and now that your church is vacant I offer myself as a candidate. I have been in Blowerville for nearly one year, and have had great success. At times our house of worship has been crowded, but I feel that I ought to seek a larger field. I am a young man, and married, with no children. I am a graduate of Podunk University, from which I received my title of S.P.D. I am also a graduate of the Boanerges School of Oratory, and I ask your careful attention to the testimonials of teachers and friends. I preach without notes, and my sermons are very brief, and illustrated by such appropriate anecdotes that they are attractive to the young people. My wife is a great worker in the line of getting up entertainments. Hoping you will very early give me an opportunity to exhibit my great oratorical powers in your city, I am

"Sincerely yours, Mercurius Soarhigh."

The gist of the whole matter was that a brilliant orator on his way to fame in the great cities was willing to tarry for a few months in the little city of Pleasant Plains. The testimonials all referred to his remarkable gifts of oratory, and were silent about his character. Indeed, there were several things lacking, even in this printed form. There should be flattering half-tones of the candidate and his wife, and some allusion to his ability as a teacher of divine truth and consecration to his work; some reference to his pastoral work, social qualities and ability to conduct prayer-meetings, and attend to various other duties would not have been out of place. But, of course, Brother Soarhigh thought these were minor matters, or that it would not be modest to have all these things printed. We ought not to expect everything in a printed form. We ought to be able to read between the lines. What right have churches to be so inquisitive? Notwithstanding the trouble these young men have taken to gather up all these flattering tokens and have them printed, there are churches that do not accept them, but send out committees to hear other men preach who have not applied for the place, and to inquire into their methods

of work and the details of their lives and the habits of their wives and children.

Now, if this custom shall prevail, of what use will be these elaborate printed forms and the scores of laudatory testimonials. It seems as though the churches are already discerning that it is not the man with the biggest envelope of puffs that is the most desirable. Something must be done to stay this tide in the churches, or this twentieth century scheme will fail, and there will be no show for the man who can only stay one year in a place.

Query: Would it not be a better way for the churches that are not fully pleased with their ministers and are slow and uncertain in payment of stipend, to hustle a little and pay up in full, and say personally to the discharged pastor before he resigns a few of the sweet things you plan to say at farewell receptions, and are so willing to say in letters of commendation?

When all the churches treat worthy ministers as they ought, and refuse to write sugar-coated testimonials for the unworthy and inefficient, then there will be fewer vacant churches. There will also be fewer ministers who are worthy that have not fields of labor and the office of church clerk will be less burdensome. For the few ministerial tramps that bring reproach to the churches, a careful study of Second Corinthians, iii., 1-3, commended.

SAMUEL J. ROGERS.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., April 17, 1902.



The Peoples of the Philippines.

By Prof. Otis T. Mason,

Curator National Museum, Washington, D. C.

The blood of all mankind flows in the Philippine Islands. It is the most interesting spot on earth in which to study the mingling of races. Black, brown, red, yellow and white are all there, pure or mixed in binary, tenary and quaternary combinations. You have conquered and annexed a living museum of ethnology, containing more souls than did the Western Hemisphere at the discovery.

The following table exhibits their distribution:

Luzon and neighboring islands.....	3,600,000
Mindoro and vicinity.....	225,000
Visayas Archipelago.....	2,400,000
Mindanao	600,000
Calamianes and Palawan.....	72,000
Sulu islands and Basilan.....	104,000

Total7,001,000

In a total area of 300,000 square miles the densest population is in Mindanao, sixty-two to the square mile; the smallest in Palawan, five to the square mile; while that of Luzon is thirty-three to the square mile.

Blacks.—There are two kinds of natives in the islands—native tribes and Africans. The former are negritos or little negroes, called locally Aetas or Aitas, from the Malay word *hitam*, black. Similar folk live in the Malay peninsula under the name of Sakais, and in the Andaman islands as Mincopies. One ethnologist will tell you that these negritos are merely impoverished Papuans, while others strenuously hold that they are the modern remnant of a race of pigmies or dwarfs, the missing link, the "little people" who once owned the earth.

At any rate, you bought about 10,000 of these tiny savages, averaging only 4 feet 10 inches in height. These are to be found in small groups away from civilization. In the center of Luzon you may stumble on them; also in Mindoro, Panay, Negros, and in the northeastern part of Mindanao. They are extremely shy, live a degraded life, and literally have for the ages been Ishmaelites. The Aetas clothe themselves in the climate, have few tools, utensils or arts, and trade by deposit, as the moonshiners are said to do in the Tennessee Mountains; that is, they place what they have to sell at a spot agreed upon and go away. The next day when they return the goods have been removed and something they crave has been left instead. In political matters they would not know the difference between the Constitution and the Flag, and they pay no tribute to Cæsar.

In a few parts of Luzon they are crossed with Tagals, and are agriculturists. In Mindanao there is a powerful tribe called Atas, who may be brown-black, and the same name is given to mixed Vicols and Aetas in southeastern Luzon.

The African blacks in the Philippines are cousins many times removed of those in the United States, descendants of those unfortunate captives who for more than three hundred years were carried by the Spaniards to all their colonies. They form no separate settlements, and their influence on the mass of the population has not been salutary. They are here mentioned to make good the saying that the blood of all mankind flows in Filipino veins. An ethnological table of the negro slaves involved in the colonization of the Philippines would show that the "white man's burden" there had representatives from all negroid Africa.

Brown.—There are two kinds of brown peoples in our new islands, namely, the Polynesian browns, resembling Hawaiians, and Malayan browns, more plentiful everywhere in the group.

Inasmuch as the population of 7,000,000 is almost wholly Malayan brown, pure or mixed, some care is needed in order to comprehend it. Let it be assumed that the little negroes were in the islands first. It is not difficult to follow this with the hypothesis that early in the course of those migrations that carried the Indonesian browns all over the Pacific the Philippines were both resting place and wayside station.

F. Blumentritt, the Austrian ethnologist, finds these brown migrations—that of the head-hunters, 200 B. C.; a second, to which the ancestors of Tagals, Visayas, Vicols, Ilocanos and other advanced tribes belong, 100-500 A. D., bringing alphabets and literature; and a third, Islamic, or Moro, from Borneo into the Sulu islands and Mindanao in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, A. D., brought to an end by the Spaniards. To the first migration have been assigned the Igorrotes, Apayaos and Zambales, and, later, the Catalanganes, Irayas and Tinguianes, all in Luzon, names frequently occurring in the newspapers.

Virchow, the German savant, basing his conclusions on the finding of crania in ancient caves, holds to a still older brown people, whose arrival was between that of the head-hunters and that of the negrito.

This long-continued brown migration has been gathering into itself the blood of all other peoples with which it came in contact, giving brown-black, brown-yellow, brown-white, brown-red and brown-yellow-white as the present result.

Red.—The red, copper-colored, or American type, standing nearest to the brown in the ethnological lists and in biological characters, began to go to the Philippines about the year 1570, and continued their visits during 200 years or more. The migrants did not belong to the wild hunting and fishing tribes of North America, but to the more cultured nations of Mexico. Some of them returned and introduced into the New World the arts they had learned abroad, but more of them remained in their new home and practiced their native arts, much to the confounding of modern ethnologists.

There are accounts of small settlements of these Mexican Indians in the Philippines, and collectors, both in Mexico and the islands, are discovering similarities that can be accounted for only by the fact of these interminglings across the Pacific.

Yellow.—The yellow races exist in the archipelago as pure bloods and as mixtures of Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, Cambodians, etc. In the Chinese you obtain Sinite and Mongol; in the Japanese a complex race with a large ingredient from western Asia, as divided stockings, stilted shoes, and many elements of speech attest. Practically all Asia is in the Philippines. It is entirely impossible to set a date for the earliest importation of the yellow element. A long time ago the Chinese anticipated the Portuguese in the discovery and came near forestalling the Spaniards in the possession of the islands. It is certain that the founding of Manila, 1570, and the coming of Mexican and Peruvian silver opened a floodgate of migration from the yellow area which has never closed. The tale of war and misery that ensued will have to be omitted.

The coming of silver to Manila happened thus: Spanish fleets could not sail around Cape of Good Hope to the Philippines all the way through Portuguese waters; the journey by way of Magellan Straits was both tedious and dangerous. Hence, 250 years before any one ever dreamed of Panama or Nicaragua canals, or Tehuantepec ship railways, the King of Spain sent annually a fleet from Acapulco, Mexico, straight across to Manila loaded with Spanish goods and precious metals, and these were returned

through friendly winds and currents by way of the northwest coast of America to Acapulco freighted with the treasures of the yellow and brown Orient. Here was the beginning of the "yellow peril" in America, and it is not a new one, as the crimsoned streets of Manila will bear witness.

The mixture of the yellow man with the brown woman, and subsequently of the mongrel Spaniard with this compound created the standard population of Luzon and the Visaya islands. The basis is Malay, but the mercantile and political standing, no less than the culture, comes through Asiatic and European fathers.

White.—The blood of the white man found its way into the Philippines by two methods—stealth and force. Professor Keane and other ethnologists believe that the early brown people, of whom mention has been made, had the blood of the Caucasian in their veins. Their wavy hair and certain elements in their speech point in that direction. More probably the later brown invasions, with their alphabets and cults from India, beginning 200 years B. C., were purveyors also of racial mixtures. Copper images from India have been found in graves of British Columbia, doubtless left there by the Spanish fleets.

These trifling ingredients, however, may be disregarded in comparison with that whose presence dates from the very beginning of the sixteenth century, first through the Portuguese, but largely through the Spaniards. In this connection it will be advantageous to read the life of Magellan, but chiefly the volume of De Morga in the Hakluyt Society's publications. It would far transcend the limits of this narrative to trace the thrilling turmoil of races under Spanish rule for nearly four hundred years. It is concerned here with kinships, with the mixture of blood contained in the word Spanish. Semite and Hamite, Iberian and Basque, Goth and Vandal, Roman and Kelt—all are there. On the confusion of breeds in Spain one must read Deniker, Ripley and Sergi.

If there be a kind of white man from Europe or northern Africa that the Spaniards did not bring the United States has completed the tally and added him to the list.

The Islamism of the Sulu Islands is Semite and swept to the archipelago traces of Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia and Arabia. The name Moros or Moors is suggestive of Berber affinities.

There are in the Philippines 150 native tribes with names. Some of these are small and live in out-of-the-way areas. They never succumbed to Spanish rule or the Catholic religion, while others are vastly more numerous than all the Indians that were ever in the United States at one time. Let us call them all Filipinos. It will be impossible here to characterize them singly. For this purpose the Smithsonian Report of 1899 must be consulted. Just a few native peoples whose names occur in the newspapers may be noted:

Igorrotes—Head-hunters of the province of Benguet, in northern Luzon; never tamed. But the name now applies to all wild Filipinos, the same as our word Injun. The Christianized islanders would say: "There is no good Igorrote but a dead Igorrote."

Ilocanos—Christianized, civilized, literary, brown-yellow peoples of northwestern Luzon.

Pangasinanes—Christianized, civilized, brown people about Lingayen Gulf, 112 miles north of Manila. They have just been made a separate political jurisdiction by the President under the "provincial organization act."

Tagals—Christianized, civilized, literary, brown-yellow-white peoples, occupying all the provinces of Luzon about Manila Bay. They are the most numerous and powerful of all. Aguinaldo is a Tagal.

Vicols or *Bicols*—Christianized brown peoples of southeastern Luzon and islands adjacent.

Visayas or *Bisayas*—Next to the Tagals the most numerous Filipino ethnic group, occupying all the central islands, Samar, Masbate, Panay, Escalante, Cebu, Bohol, Leyte, as well as the northern and eastern shores of Mindanao. It was in the midst of them that Magellan was murdered in 1521.

The Moros have been previously considered. An excellent map of the islands will be found in the new Century Atlas.

Surely, the ends of the earth have come to us in blood, language, industry, social life, knowledge and religion through this beautiful and teeming archipelago. The possibilities of infinite development and blessing to the missionary in every department of cult and culture are there where their good work may be prosecuted without let or hindrance.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for May 11, 1902.

Peter Delivered from Prison.—Acts xii., 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Ps. xxxiv., 7.

This chapter closes the first general division of the Acts, the account of the Jerusalem church and the missionary operations of which it was the center. About the time of sending the contributions from Antioch to the brethren in Judea, a new persecution arose under Herod Agrippa, who died a loathsome death by the hand of an angel, after which the mother church disappears from the inspired history, increasing and prosperous.

THE SECOND PERSECUTION AT JERUSALEM.

The lull in persecution was but temporary. It began again with great fierceness. Herod, the king, stretched forth his hands. He killed James, the brother of John, with the sword, and Peter was arrested that he might be killed. Peter seemed to be in a very perilous position, securely locked and chained in a Roman prison, with sixteen soldiers guarding him. But Peter's enemies had left God out of their calculations, and also that church which links itself to God by prayers. And now the last night for Peter had come. What shall the church do? There is but one thing, and that is, to pray. So they appealed the case from Herod the king to God the King of kings. So prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him. Herod's design was, after Easter, to bring him forth to the people, and make a spectacle of him. After Easter, lest, as was the custom, having such an interest with the people, they might demand his release at that time.

THE ALMIGHTY POWER OF PRAYER.

We have in the verses following an account of Peter's deliverance out of prison, by which the design of Herod against him was defeated, his life preserved for further service and a stop put to this bloody torrent. One thing that magnified his deliverance was that it was a signal answer to prayer. The delay of Peter's trial had given him time for prayer. James had been hurried off so suddenly and so privately, that there had been no time to pray for him. Doubtless God so ordered it that they should not have space to pray, when He designed that they should not have the thing prayed for. James must be offered upon the sacrifice and service of their faith, and, therefore, prayer for him is restrained and prevented. But Peter must be continued to them, and, therefore, prayer for him is stirred up and time is given them for it by Herod's putting off the prosecution. Howbeit he meant not so, neither did his heart think so.

PRAYING FOR PETER.

They were very earnest as well as particular in their prayers for Peter, that it would please God, some way or other, to defeat Herod's purpose and to deliver the lamb out of the jaws of the lion. The death of James alarmed them to a greater fervency in their prayers for Peter, for if they be broken thus with breach upon breach, they fear that the enemy will soon make a full end. Stephen is not and James is not, and will they take Peter also? All these things seem against them. Though the death and sufferings of Christ's ministers may be said greatly to serve the interests of Christ's Kingdom, yet it is the duty of the church earnestly to pray for their life, liberty and tranquillity. Sometimes God seems to bring them into imminent dangers, for the very purpose of stirring up prayers for them. Times of public distress and danger should be praying times with the church. We must pray always, but then especially.

MAN'S EMERGENCY IS GOD'S TIME.

Another thing that magnified the deliverance of Peter was, that when the King's commandment and decree drew near to be put in execution, then his deliverance was wrought. It was the very night before Herod designed to bring him forth, which made it to be so much more a consolation to his friends, and confusion to his enemies. It is probable that some who had an interest in Herod had been improving it to secure a discharge for Peter, but in vain. Herod resolves that he shall die, and now they despair of prevailing that way. To-morrow is the day set for bringing him forth, and they will probably make as quick work with him as with his Master. And now it was that God opened a door of escape for him. God's time to help is when things have reached

the last extremity. It is when Isaac is bound on the altar, and the knife in the hand stretched out to slay him, that Jehovah-jireh the Lord will provide.

HOW THE PRISONER WAS SECURED.

He was fast bound with two chains between two soldiers, so that even if he stirred he wakens them. Besides this, though the prison doors were locked and bolted, yet, to make assurance doubly sure, the keeper before the door kept the prisoner that no one might so much as attempt to rescue him. Never could the art of man do more to secure a prisoner. Herod, no doubt, said, as Pilate, "Make it as sure as you can." It was when he was sleeping between the soldiers. There was but a step between him and death, and yet he could lay him down in peace and sleep in the midst of his enemies. Having a good cause that he suffered for, and a good conscience that he suffered with, and being assured that God would direct the issue in such way as would but conduce to His glory, and having committed his cause to Him that judgeth righteously, his soul is at ease. God gives him sleep, as He doth to His beloved.

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD.

Here, again, his deliverance is magnified, in that an angel was sent from heaven on purpose to rescue him. "The angel of the Lord came upon him." He seemed as one abandoned by men yet not forgotten of his God. Gates and guards keep all his friends from him, but cannot keep the angels of God from him. And they invisibly encamp round about them that fear God, to deliver them. A light shined in the prison; through it was a dark place, and in the night Peter shall see his way clear. So is God the light of every believing soul. The soldiers to whom Peter was chained were either struck into a deep sleep for the time being, or, if they were awake, the appearance of the angel made them to shake and to become as dead men, as it was with the guard set at Christ's sepulcher. The angel awakened Peter by giving him a blow on his side, a gentle touch, enough to arouse him out of his sleep, though so fast asleep that the light that shone upon him did not awake him. The language of this stroke was, "Arise up quickly," as if the angel feared coming short by his delay.

PETER AROUSED.

His chains fell off from his hands. It seems they had handcuffed him to make him sure, but God loosed his bands. He was ordered to dress himself and to follow the angel, and he did so. He must bind on his sandals, that he might be fit to walk. Those who are delivered out of spiritual imprisonment must follow their Deliverer, as Israel did when they went out of the house of bondage. They went out, not knowing whither they went, but whom they followed. It is said, when Peter went out after the angel, "he wist not that it was true which was done by the angel," that it was really matter of fact, "but thought he saw a vision." He was led safely by the angel out of danger. Guards were kept at one pass and at another, which they were to make their way through, when they were out of the prison, and they did so without any opposition, or, for aught that appears, without any discovery. Either their eyes were closed or their hands were tied or their hearts failed them. Thus the angel and Peter safely passed the first and second ward. But still there is an iron gate that led to the city, and that opened to them of its own accord. When God will work salvation for His people, no difficulties in their way are insuperable. Even gates of iron are made to open of their own accord.

THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE.

The deliverance of Peter represents to us our redemption by Christ, which is often set forth as "the setting of prisoners free and bringing them out of the prison house." The application of the redemption of souls is the sending forth of the prisoners by the blood of the covenant. The grace of God, like this angel of the Lord, brings light first into the prison by the opening of the understanding, smites the sleeping sinner on the side, by the awakening of the conscience, causes the chains to fall off, by the renewing of the will, and then gives the command, "Gird thyself and follow me." Difficulties are to be passed through, and the opposition of Satan and his instruments, "a first and second ward," but we shall be saved by the grace of God if we put ourselves under the divine conduct. And at length the iron gate shall be opened to us to enter into the New Jerusalem, and be brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. When this was done, the angel departed from him. He was out of danger from his enemies and needed no longer any guard.

Up-to-Date Points of View.¹

A Hopeful Religious Sentiment.

At no period in the history of Christianity have there been such subtle assaults upon faith. It has seriously affected attendance upon the churches; it has sent a wave of skepticism through the colleges and the universities; it has invaded the theological seminaries. I know of no crime against the peace and happiness of the individual, against restfulness and hope like that which undermines the faith which passes from mother to son, without furnishing any substitute or any foundation in its place. And yet, notwithstanding all this, there is a healthier and more hopeful religious sentiment and practice of the precepts of all beliefs in the world to-day than at any other period of Christian history.

We enter upon the twentieth century, especially we of the United States, under conditions so prosperous, under prospects so bright, under relations between capital and labor, employers and employees, so much improved and so harmonious, under an absence of political malice and vindictiveness and under such a superior knowledge of the laws of health and the practice of that community of interest which makes all the world akin, that we pass from this year into the next more than ever convinced that life is worth the living.

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APRIL 22, 1902.

Unwarranted Pessimism.

Editor of THE CHRISTIAN WORK:

Your interesting issue of last week contained, among "Points of View," an item attributed to *The Watchman*, in which the deplorable spirit of "pessimism" figures most conspicuously. It is an unaccountable fact that professed Christians even, who have been connected with gospel work for many years, should be influenced by a doctrine that teaches the deterioration of the world.

If this is true, let the teachers of it establish the failure of the church to confirm the ideas which, to them, are so pleasing and helpful. They seem to have no use of their gifts except in painting the picture of weakness, to represent the helpless condition of the church in its endeavor to conquer sin and save men. If the church was represented by men of this class it certainly would be the feeble instrument for good that "pessimists," by their professed convictions, consider it.

Undoubtedly, there are many aside from myself who would be glad to receive information as to what portion of the broad code of teachings enunciated by the great teacher of Nazareth they find their excuse for writing and speaking in a tone surcharged with the spirit of complete discouragement. If they find it not in the Master's teachings, their arguments are without an atom of significance. Jesus taught that no power under Heaven could deal destructive blows against the world's greatest institution, the Christian Church. Now, our pessimistic friends to be consistent must admit that the powers of evil at work are far more successful than the working power of the church. And if this so, it follows that our Divine Saviour and Lord was mistaken when he expressed so much faith in the authority of the church. Those who have for their pet subject the faded and misty side of life will, probably, be shocked by such a line of reasoning. But it will be received by them as no more surprising than it is for some of the Lord's followers to learn that there is a class of people who are called Christians and still doubt that the organization of Christ is anything other than "the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

How can the Church exist if it is not more than sufficient to cope with the powers of darkness? What has the church done in Japan, China and Africa? We admit that her members do not do what they might in the several branches of missionary effort, but where ever the standards of the church have been planted the pulsating power of her nature has been experienced, and Christ

with the enlightening power of his love has saved and is saving the people from their sins.

How men can review the grand work that the Gospel has accomplished in all parts of the world, and still contend that the world is growing worse, is an attitude toward righteousness that is enigmatical in the extreme. The abolition of American slavery was the product of the evolutionary character of Christian enlightenment. Who is so blind as to not see that our country is much better than in the days of slavery? Is not Europe better to-day than during the reign of feudalism?

It seems as though every thoughtful person ought to see that the signs of the times are indicative of conditions that cannot fail to more perfectly supply the needs of man. The beauty and perfection of the Christ-life are appreciated as never before. And this appreciation will grow in brilliancy and power until the Redeemer is crowned "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

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What Is It?

The story is told that the great electrician, Lord Kelvin, once paid a visit with a friend to some well-known electrical works. They were escorted over the workshops by the senior foreman, a man of much intelligence and an enthusiastic electrician. Entirely unaware of his visitor's identity, he minutely explained the details of the plant and machinery, and lectured him in his role of layman quite professionally. Lord Kelvin's friend was on the point of interrupting several times, but an amused signal from the great master of electricity kept him silent. When the tour of inspection was complete, Lord Kelvin quietly turned to the foreman and asked: "What, then is electricity?" This was a poser for the man, who, somewhat shamefaced, confessed that he could not say. "Well, well," said Lord Kelvin, gently, "that is the only thing about electricity which you and I don't know." This reminds us of what Newton said of gravitation: "We only know results." What it is we call by the names of "electricity," "gravity," "substance," etc., we know quite as little about as we do of spirit. The tangible is more real, but not more or better understood than the spiritual.

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Married Life versus "Single Blessedness."

In the absence of questions of great interest to the world there has been for some years an acute discussion upon the subject whether marriage is a failure, and whether married life does not prevent by its absorption in domestic cares the greatest intellectual development and achievement. Having tried both single blessedness and marriage a sufficient number of mature years to thoroughly test the question, I bear unqualified testimony to the fact that the man who passes his life in what is called single blessedness has missed most of its pleasures. The newer idea that great achievement is either rendered impossible or reduced in proportions by domesticity seems hardly worth considering. If the libraries should be searched for gems of thought, for immortal works in poetry and prose; if statesmanship should be culled for those who have accomplished most for their country; if the conquerors of the world in arms whose names have survived the centuries, and will survive them, are collected, the searcher would be astonished to find how few of them remained unmarried and how many of them acknowledged deep indebtedness for their success to the advice, the counsel and the assistance of their wives.

—e—

"Is Life Worth Living?"

In the old Attic days its famed philosophers and its brilliant youth would sit all night around the banquet table and discuss the question, "Is life worth the living?" Under the inspiration of their discussions which have been preserved, this subject either for information or despair has been the theme of the ages. But when I listened to the experiences and achievements of my class, two of them members of that greatest tribunal in the world, the Su-

¹ This department is an open court in which, numbered alphabetically for convenience, will be found original "Up-to-Date" items, short articles, news, facts and opinions of our own and other people. We especially welcome letters, comments and opinions from any source, and upon any subject of real interest. The responsible source of information for each "Point" other than our own will be given in every case. In the above these authorities are as follows: a, C. M. Depew b, Rev. F. C. Viele, Pleasant Brook, N. Y.; d, e, f, Chauncey M. Depew; h, Dr. Cuyler. [Instead of Prof. C. W. Pearson, in note of last week, read Henry G. Smith.]

preme Court of the United States, others of them famous lawyers, preachers and professors in colleges, editors and writers, soldiers, statesmen and men of affairs; others still, those who started and had always remained country clergymen of rural parishes, and grasped the sum of what they had got out of and contributed to the world, I felt, as never before, surely life is worth the living. The fact that they were all still as active in their careers as at the beginning, and leaders because of experience and trained ability, suggested another thought; that is, the power of those who are classed as old men; whom the casual youth calls "played out" and no longer of any account. When I was twenty-one I thought a man of forty very old, and that he ought to retire. When I was forty, I thought a man of sixty had grown senile and worthless. When I got to be sixty, I reversed my opinion and thought that fifty and forty and thirty and twenty knew little of the pleasures of existence and the utilization of cultivated power.

—f—

Chauncey on
"Our Class."

This last summer there gathered under the old elms at New Haven the class in which I graduated from Yale forty-five years ago. There were ninety-seven members when we received our diplomas. Twenty-six, thirteen on the one side and thirteen on the other, enlisted in the Civil War. Thirteen were killed and they are to be eliminated from the question of the longevity of the class. The other thirteen contracted diseases or suffered from wounds which carried nearly all of them off. Taking out from the ninety-seven the twenty-six whose conditions are abnormal, we have seventy-one left who are to be judged according to the accidents common to all humanity. Of that seventy-one, forty-eight are living and forty were present at our gathering, and after forty-five years of combat with the world, after an average of sixty-six years of life, two-thirds of these men who went out into the world in 1856 are still making careers and pursuing their pathways with the vigor, the cheerfulness, the activities and the hopefulness of their youth. This result is a superb tribute to the lessons of education and the necessities for work. No similar body selected at random from business, or the professions, or the trades could show a like marvelous proportion of mental and physical living activities after their span of life had passed two-thirds of a century.

—g—

Honesty in Outspoken
Religious Opinions.

Paul says, "If eating meat maketh my brother to offend I will eat no meat while the world lasts," and yet he bids us "Be strong and fear not." We should therefore have due regard to the effect of our own outspoken theories and opinions upon weak minds, but this does not mean that we should hide our light under a bushel. Within proper bounds we think no honest thinker need ever hesitate to give to the world his intellectual criticisms of religious doctrine, however calculated on the ground that they might seem to undermine the prevailing religious faith; for he may be certain that the effect of them will only be very gradual. They will appeal to a minority, but the majority will be hardly conscious of them until the minority have debated them and ascertained their value, and by that time instead of disturbing the religious life of the majority they will begin to be slowly absorbed by it and to afford it fresh nutriment. We may indeed say that, from a religious point of view, destructive religious criticism is justifiable only because its immediate effects are never more than partial, and instead of deriding these characteristics of human nature which render the diffusion of new ideas so slow, we ought to recognize in them one of the main conditions of progress.

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Why Are
Conversions Fewer?

One other cause for the decline in conversions must be noted—and that is the decline of a warm living and attractive religion in too many professedly Christian homes. The parents do not maintain the "church in the house." Family worship is either neglected entirely or else made a pious sham. Instead of following up the faithful preaching in the pulpit by watering the Gospel seed at home they choke the seed by their worldly talk on the Sabbath and their worldly walk during the week. The downward pull of their six days is too much for the upward pull of the best work of their pastor on his one day. When the Elkanahs and Hannahs become scarcer, who wonders that the Samuels are fewer also?

I have ventured to indicate two chief causes for the downward

trend in conversions. That trend can be stopped; and it will be if every minister will face his Master when he enters his pulpit and will see the light of the Judgment-seat in the faces of his auditors. As my own very imperfect life draws toward the sunset I would say to my younger brethren that whatever of good I may have wrought through the press, the sweetest joy of my pastorates was the privilege of receiving over two thousand souls into Christ's flock on confession of their faith in Him. Many a hard-toiling brother who never had my favoring opportunities will deserve a goodlier crown. And the one crown that is within the reach of all of us is that of the winner of souls to Jesus Christ!

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The Uses
of Satire.

Satire is not always the best weapon with which to fight folly, but it must be admitted that there are times and circumstances in which it is not only proper, but also the most effective means. We doubt whether all the serious editorials on the Tillman episode in the Senate of the United States have succeeded in more clearly demonstrating the exceeding foolishness of that piece of folly than the following witty lines, entitled:

THE WHITE HOUSE SONG.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

The shoddy-backed chivalry made a wry face;
"The White House is asking a darkey to dine!
Any gentleman, after this shocking disgrace,
When he is invited will sho'ly decline!"
But Booker T.
Washington, he
Sat down to his soup as polite as could be.

A Prince came to town, and we made a grand spread
In the very same mansion where Booker had dined.
"A black man has been there before you," they said,
But the Emperor's brother remarked, "Never mind!
But Booker T.
Washington, he
Is a mighty good fellow, his friends all agree."

The guests were invited; who wouldn't forget,
In the hope of such honor, that horrid disgrace!
But one, at a very wrong moment, had set
The seal of his fist in a sad brother's face,
"Tell Senator T.,"
Says Teddy, "from me,
There'll be no room for him with Prince Henry at tea."

"No room, sir? and all the Ambassadors there!
With even a German schoolmaster, they say!
They could put in a leaf and fetch some sort of chair,
And let me squeeze in between Pauncefote and Hay!"
Senator T.
Swore a word, and says he:
"The chair Booker sat in might answer for me!"

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Nature and Science.

Wireless Telephony Through the Earth.

M. Ducretet, repeating the experiments of Bourbouze, made in 1876, has lately endeavored, with success, to transmit human speech through ordinary telephones, using the earth as the only conductor. The results are very interesting, though difficult to explain. One thing is certain, says the experimenter, namely, that earth filters out, so to say, the continuous current necessary to the operation of the apparatus. This current is diffused into many others capable of actuating a certain number of telephones distributed around the transmitter, and in the experiments cited these diffused currents were strong enough to operate a relay with a call-bell.

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The Height to Which Birds Fly.

The aeronaut, Hergesall, of Strasburg, saw, in one of his ascensions, an eagle at a height of 3,000 meters and in another two storks and a buzzard at 900 meters. Larks have been seen at 1,000 meters and crows at 1,400. But these are exceptional heights. Birds are rarely seen above 1,000 meters and very few above 400. Birds have been released from balloons at heights varying from 900 to 3,000 meters. In a clear atmosphere they flew directly downward, remaining near the balloon, however, if the sky were cloudy. Pigeons were released from a balloon thirty miles away from home in cloudy weather. The first pigeon returned home in three hours, the second in four, and the last took nearly a day. In clear weather they reached home from that distance in about forty-five minutes.



PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARIES AND TEACHERS IN PORTO RICO.

"The Uttermost Parts of the Earth" as Our Home Mission Field.

By Joseph Newton Hallock, D.D.

Within the next two weeks we propose to print a "Home Mission Centennial Number" of *THE CHRISTIAN WORK*, and as at that time the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America will celebrate its Centennial Anniversary of Home Missions, it seems fitting at this time to give our readers some idea of the vast field now embraced in our home mission work, which, since the acquisition of Alaska, the Philippines, Porto Rico and our new relations with Cuba and the Danish Islands, now properly comes under this general head. Truly, our "Home" mission field has become extended to the uttermost parts of the earth, and embraces peoples and countries as far from our own Christian civilization as they are remote geographically.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE WORK.

The subject presents itself in such extended relations as almost to confuse the mind in contemplation, and the words of the Psalmist, "I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," are becoming a reality as never before in the history of this or any other country. As a preparatory meditation to the feast before our readers two weeks hence, the following illustrated article, showing some of these "uttermost parts" and the work along mission lines that is going on therein, may not be uninteresting at the present time.

The illustration at the head of this article represents our present missionaries and teachers of the Presbyterian Church in Cuba and Porto Rico. At the left is seen our good friend and contributor, Rev. J. Milton Greene, D.D., Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in Cuba, with whom every reader of *THE CHRISTIAN WORK* is on almost as intimate and cordial relations as with the venerable Dr. Cuyler himself. Only week before last Dr. Greene gave us that powerful protest and plea for a better Sabbath observance, entitled "The Sabbath in Cuba," a whole broadside of effective hot shot, in which occurred the memorable passage, which, like a boomerang, has come home to many of us here, and should be heeded by both the Government and the private citizen. He here says, truthfully, and it will bear repetition:

"No one knows better or confesses more frankly the lack of moral character in Cuba than does General Wood, and as a man of declared evangelical convictions he ought in consistency to use his influence in giving us the civil rest day of his New England ancestry. But not alone the Government has failed to support us in our effort to give Cuba a holy rest day. The same may be said of very many of our countrymen who have come to this island to introduce or sanction the saloon, the racecourse, the Sunday base-

ball game, the Sabbath hunting or pleasure excursion, etc. To judge by the conduct of the great majority of our Americans, residents and tourists, one would be fully justified in the conclusion that we are a nation as truly without a Sabbath as France or Italy."

In the background, and the center of the above group of missionaries, stands the efficient Secretary of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D.D., to whose energy and ability the cause owes more than it can ever repay. His stirring address on Home Missions, before the General Assembly last year at Philadelphia, to which, if space permits, we may refer later, gave a mighty impulse to the work, and just when it was most needed. It is to her self-sacrificing and noble workers that the Church owes its wonderful success in this great work, than which there is no greater, or more important in the entire Christian field. Dr. Thompson has lately visited Porto Rico, and we are indebted to his report, made at the time to the Board of Home Missions, for many of the following facts in regard to the work in that new and most interesting field of Home Mission work.

A HISTORICAL FIELD OF "HOME MISSIONS."

It will be remembered that it was upon this island that Columbus first landed on his second voyage of discovery, and within a few years a granite shaft has been erected at the historical old town of Aguadilla to commemorate this event. The palace, a part of which is at the present time occupied by the chief executive of the island, was one hundred years old when our Pilgrim Fathers came over in the *Mayflower*. Till within the last three or four years, for four long and oppressive centuries, Spain has ruled that land in State and Church—in the State giving no liberty and in the Church showing very little of the true spirit and reality of the Christian religion.

At 12 o'clock, October 18, 1898, a new civilization and a new government commenced upon Porto Rico. The United States forces took formal possession of the Government buildings at San Juan and the old Stars and Stripes went up on Morro Castle. Progress since has been rapid and substantial in every direction. American enterprise and American capital are going there, and in many ways the island is waking from its sleep of centuries. As a whole, the people are peaceable, quiet and loyal. They never have



PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.

One of the Most Important Missions on the Island.

been given to agitations in any of the centuries of the past, and they are going to accept—most of them joyfully—the new opportunity and the new civilization that has come to them. Our missionaries tell us that the people are tired of the old régime, with its oppression and tyranny and meaningless rituals. And so the people are gradually coming to understand that the Romish Church in the centuries past has really done nothing to help, but



SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

much to oppress, them. Poor, ignorant and miserable, as it found them, it left them still worse, and a sense of the emptiness of its unintelligible forms is gradually dawning upon them. The lamentable fact cannot longer be kept from them that the Roman Catholic Church of Spain, holding sway in this beautiful island, through four centuries has kept more than a million people in such absolute ignorance that not 15 per cent. of them can read or write. In a land that will yield two or three harvests a year she has kept them in poverty and squalor, and on a plane of morals so low that the purity of family life has been but little regarded, and from the people is taken all the life and reality of the religion of Christ; and she has so conducted herself as to drive a large part of the men of the island into practical infidelity and disregard of any form of religion whatever.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN PORTO RICO.

This is in San Juan and is well attended. A short time since there was a meeting of Home Secretaries of the different Christian denominations, and an announcement was sent to the Porto Ricans, in Spanish, saying that those different denominations were going to their island as brothers, not in rivalry, but with the earnest desire to do good and to help the people to see and to practice the truth. In a general way a division of territory was agreed upon, and San Juan—the capital, and Ponce—the largest city, were to be considered open territory to any denomination. Therefore, at present in San Juan, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and Lutherans are at work. Throughout the island these denominations are endeavoring to distribute their work with due regard to economy of men and money and with the only purpose of being helpful to the people and of delivering them from the bondage in which for centuries they have been oppressed.

MISSION WORK COMMENCED.

At first Rev. J. Milton Greene, D.D., the present Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in Cuba, and formerly in the missionary field in Mexico, took charge, with Rev. H. T. Jason and Dr. Grace Williams Atkins as assistants. Soon they had there two stations. At one, Santurce, Dr. Greene dedicated a new church, which, we believe, is largely attended. The other station is in the shipping district of the city, called La Marina, with

a large population, who were before that time wholly without Gospel privileges.

REV. M. E. CALDWELL AT MAYAGUEZ.

One of the best towns on the island is Mayaguez, on the west coast, with a population of 20,000 people. The Presbyterians here first began work. Two years ago last summer the Rev. M. E. Caldwell, from Cincinnati, an adept in the Spanish language, began work there. He has now two stations in the city—one uptown and one downtown at the Playa, the port of entry. Both of these stations are said to be crowded at every service. Mr. Caldwell held occasional services in three other stations—San German, Las Marias and Maricao. To crowd the largest room available in any of these towns, it was only necessary to give public announcement that service would be held.

WHERE COLUMBUS LANDED.

We have heretofore made mention of the old historical town of Aguadilla. This is only a short distance north of Mayaguez, and is the place, as our readers will remember, where Columbus landed. It gets its name from the fountain of

waters that spring from the mountain's base and where, it is believed, Columbus watered his ships. It is a town of 8,000 or 10,000 people. The Rev. Judson L. Underwood is the Presbyterian missionary there, and he began work two years ago in April. His prayer meetings are attended by large numbers, and he has a catechumen class each week of over a hundred people. There is no music, and the only exercises consist in the opening prayer and the study of God's Word. The interest in the study of the Holy Scriptures there evinced by the common people is something marvelous and most encouraging.

REV. MR. UNDERWOOD'S GOOD WORK.

Mr. Underwood has three out-stations—San Sebastian, Moca and the barrio Montana. The latter is a strictly rural commu-



SAN JUAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—EXTERIOR.

nity. He is begged to hold regular services there, but he cannot go often. When he does go the people gather by hundreds and hear the Word with gladness. At Moca, another out-station, he recently had a unique experience. As usual the house was packed. At the close of the service, as the congregation was passing out, the priest of the town took his stand on the veranda, and, corraling as many as he could, begged them not to forsake the old Church, assuring them that the things the Protestants had told

them were not true. He was not successful, and the people turned their backs upon him and refused to listen to him, and as the missionary rode away they begged him to come again and come as soon and as often as he could.

OUR GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITY.

And so our glorious opportunity has come. Our missionaries must be reinforced. They are doing a great and a good work in many towns, and there are a score of other towns calling



REV. JUDSON L. UNDERWOOD.



SAN JUAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—INTERIOR.



REV. MILTON E. CALDWELL.

for the Gospel. The population is more dense than that of Connecticut, and every one of them is accessible to us and willing to receive instruction. Not since the Apostles went to the poor people of the Roman Empire has such an opportunity been afforded for the spread of the Gospel.

THE MARCH OF OUR CIVILIZATION.

In the first part of this article we referred to the inspiring address of the Secretary of Home Missions at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, held last year at Philadelphia. We cannot do better than to recall that portion of Dr. Thompson's address which refers to our wonderful national progress along the line of missionary work, as follows:

When the historian writes the history of national progress in the nineteenth century, he will first of all take account of the home missionary. The march of our civilization is to the music of our religion. That gave the inspiration. Without that music the pioneer had not marched to such victory.

Look at our country at the dawn of the century. The ordinance of 1787 had just given the Central West to the three nation-building ideas—liberty, education and religion. Supreme courts have decided that these principles were imbedded in that ordinance. They gave it power to transform a wilderness into great States. When those triple signal lights rose over the shadows of the Alleghenies, a resolute young nation accepted them as the marching orders of Almighty God as reverently as the Israelites broke camp when the Pillar of

graduates of Princeton were the pioneer leaders.

See them push on—preaching the gospel to the Six Nations and to the scattered settlers, until in daring missionary adventure they had crossed the Empire State. See the little Connecticut colony carve the Western Reserve out of the woods of northern Ohio and established Christian institutions, whose power has been mighty in shattering slavery, in promoting new educational ideas and in stimulating an evangelical spirit which has permeated our religious life.

So it is in 1825. The old Northwest is being peopled under

Home missionary guidance. Churches, schools, colleges light up the wilderness. And now, as the historian looks back and inquires why that Central West is more typically American than even the Eastern States, he finds the answer in the fact that typical American Christians from the East explored and stamped and transformed that wilderness before European ideas and customs had influenced, if not enfeebled, our national life. So in the time of our nation's peril it was to that old Northwest that



JUNEAU, ALASKA.

Across the bay from Juneau is Douglas Island, the scene of large mining interests, and where is located the largest stamp mill in the world. Mr. Jones, assisted by Mr. F. L. Moore, a native worker, is holding services there with the most encouraging results. Fifty miles west from Juneau, past the wonderful Muir Glacier, is the beautiful island of Hoonah, where the Rev. W. M. Carle and his wife have been as missionaries for the past two years. Mr. Carle is assisted by a native interpreter and by Mrs. J. W. McFarland, as teacher in the school.

we looked for leaders—and found them—captains like Grant and Sherman—a military genius like Stanton—a deliverer like Lincoln. So there have not failed us, in national or Church councils, from that same Central West men who have been the builders of our greatness like him whom we yet mourn—at once the model President and the model ruler in the house of God, the illustrious Benjamin Harrison; and like him we honor as our Christian Chief Magistrate to-day.

Presbyterian Mission Work in Alaska.

From official sources we are enabled to present our readers with the latest account of our mission work along this vast territory now belonging to and an integral part of the United States. To Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., more perhaps than to any other one man, the Church is indebted for the magnificent work accomplished here, and he has long and most successfully been engaged in this one of the "uttermost parts" of our Home Mission work.

MISSION WORK AT SITKA.

Sitka, the capital, beautiful for situation, is well known to the Church as the seat of the training-school, of which Mr. W. A. Kelly is superintendent, supported by a strong corps of consecrated teachers. The work that is done there, both academic and industrial, is justified by its results in the young men and maidens whom it has trained for useful Christian lives. The industrial department greatly needs strengthening and enlarging, for we can do nothing better for the natives of Alaska than to train them to the knowledge and use of such industries as will make them self-supporting and will enable them to be teachers and helpers of their people. The students who are gathered at Sitka come from many tribes scattered throughout Alaska.

One of the most discouraging elements that enter into mission work at this noted locality is brought about by the contami-

nations of our own countrymen and others of the white population, many of whom have been drawn to Alaska by the lust for gold, and all from a class which has an utter disregard for the Sabbath, for common morality, and the welfare and rights of the natives. The work among the natives has some encouragement,

but is rendered much more difficult by the white element by which it is largely surrounded. Rev. H. P. Corser ministers here to a native church and a church of the better element of the white people. Aside from this element of greed and lust for gold from the whites, the cause of missions here is most encouraging, and as to the work among the natives throughout Alaska generally, it may be said that many of them from the first live up to their light and are faithful to their Christian duties. It requires the highest kind of heroism when a native comes

out from his own people and takes a firm stand for Christ among the old-time customs of his race and against the influence of bad white men. We should, therefore, not forget that they have many obstacles to their spiritual progress—their inherent savage instincts, their environment and the superstitions to which they cling most tenaciously. Making allowances, however, for all these things, the Christians of our native churches are an honor to the cause which they have espoused, and deserve great praise for their faithfulness and devotion to the work. It is certainly most encouraging to find them so ready to receive instruction.



SITKA, ALASKA.
From a Recent Photograph



FORT WRANGEL, FROM MT. DEWEY.



SITKA MISSION.

The Rev. Norman B. Harrison and his wife went to Skaguay, Alaska, in the summer of 1899, and they entered at once upon a most prosperous work. A valuable church property and parsonage has been secured and large congregations attend the services there. The church is open every day in the week, and the opportunities which it affords are highly prized by the many earnest and intelligent people who have settled in that wonderful little city. Skaguay is the beginning of the railway into the interior.

THE RUSH FOR GOLD.

When Alaska began to yield its gold, and the people rushed in, wild in pursuit of the almost fabulous treasures reported to be hidden away under the mountains of rock and ice, our Church decided that the missionary of the cross should go with them. Alaska is yet in its infancy as a gold producer, although it is already rich. It is related that when William H. Seward lay dying he was asked what he considered the greatest act of his life. He immediately replied: "The purchase of Alaska. But it will take the people a generation to find it out." The generation has passed, and the country is finding out the truth of his words. Among those who are flocking to Alaska it is true that a very rough element is largely represented, but many Christians are among them eager for church and prayer meeting, and there are hundreds more who, without the Gospel, will drift away from their early training into all kinds of vice. Books for reading-rooms, organs, bells, hymn books and Bibles for the missions, and, more than all, devoted ministers of the Gospel are wanted; for these people we seek to help and save are our own brothers and need the Gospel equally with ourselves.

And here let us close with a word of prophecy. In the first quarter of the dawning century Alaska will be ready for statehood. Her contribution to the wealth of the nation, already surpassing many of the Western States, will be counted by hundreds of millions. Her people will be conspicuous for their enterprise and intelligence, and her countless waterways will be the rest-voyage for countless travelers from all over the world.

Mission Work Among the Indians.

The Presbyterian Church is doing great work among the Indians. It is a long and inspiring story, from early Colonial effort, beginning with the Shinnecock Indians on Long Island to the end of the nineteenth century, when at least thirty-five tribes have been christianized, in part at least, and 120 missions and schools are in successful operation in the great West. It already has 88 churches, 13 ministers and about 5,000 church members. But the end of the century sees also the significant spectacle of a tribal interchange of the blessings of the gospel—when one band of Christian Indians carries the good news to another tribe and the Red Man reads the Church a lesson in giving and telling.

Back in the thirties four Nez Perces braves came across the mountains of the Northwest, looking for the Book of Heaven. Marcus Whitman was the answer to their appeal, and all the world knows his story, if not theirs. The martyred Whitman, the Spauldings and the Cowleys served and suffered and conquered for Christ, and the Nez Perces came into the light. Overlapping the last eventful years of the

Spaulding ministry the McBeth sisters entered the very heart and life of this wonderful mission, and when at last Miss Sue went to her reward. Jonah, the sub-chief, brokenly said to General Howard of her work: "It make Indians stop buying and selling wives, stop gambling and horse racing for money, stop getting drunk and running about, stop all time lazy and make them all time work." It did more, for she was the "theological seminary" that prepared Nez Perces young men for the ministry.

But already these awakened Indians are reaching out helping hands to the tribes that sit in darkness about them. Two years ago two Indians from the Fort Hall Reservation, Idaho, traveled to the Nez Perces for help to worship God, as, long ago, the Nez Perces had appealed for and which at length was granted.



UNION CHURCH. SKAGWAY, ALASKA.



INDIAN WEDDING—SKAGWAY.

Our Old Folks at Home.

The Lord Reigneth.

By Mrs. E. H. Walker.

I bow my soul beneath the rod,
All submissive watch and wait;
Whatever comes, it is my God,
And I am in a blest estate.

My trust is God, the eternal Lord—
He is my tower of strength, my all;
When trusting to His gracious word
I cannot fail, I cannot fall.

I love to think 'tis God who reigns,
I love to think He's King.
In all my cares and all my pains
His ruling grace I sing.

He is my God, the eternal rock,
Firm and secure He stands;
I cannot dread the fiercest shock.
For I am in His hands.



Turning Gray.

"There are some people who turn gray, but do not grow hoary, whose faces are furrowed but not wrinkled, whose hearts are sore wounded in many places, but are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to age, and there is a kindness which laughs at the world's rough usage. These are they who have returned good for evil. * * * Whom the gods love die young, and they die young because they never grow old."

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

The fine, genial character alluded to in the fiction from which we have called a few words, was also a strong character, taking great solace and delight in the happiness of others. One sign of increasing strength of character among men and women of the present age is the decreasing reluctance at turning gray which constantly evinces itself. Not very many years ago it was a prevalent custom to dye the hair when it began to turn gray, especially when the change began with ladies were still comparatively young. To-day it is considered rather a mark of beauty to have white hair and a still fresh and youthful face. Some of our handsomest women have this distinguishing phase of good looks, and the combination of a bright, fresh complexion and gray hair, either arranged in fluffy waves or raised over a cushion, lends great attractiveness to the pretty face.

Now, we mistrust that this matter of turning gray before what would be considered the natural time goes very much in families, or, as some would say, is a family mark. At the same time, we do hold that growing old, or keeping perpetually young, has not only to do with the temperament and the disposition, but with the will, and what grace has done for the heart. Who of us have not seen people who are blessed with abundant means, good health, and what would be called "a fine show" for nearly all kinds of enjoyment, who are forever worrying about one thing or another, given to anticipating evil things, and who come up to old age wrinkled and seamed, and with an expression of distrust and anxiety?

And then again, how readily can be recalled many a saintly face that has remained placid and apparently untroubled through adversity, pain and affliction. Temperament is not the grace of God, neither is buoyancy of dis-

position a rock against which earthly storm and tempest can beat and leave no deep and indelible scars.

It is true natures differ, and one has great cause for thankfulness who is naturally light of heart and inclined to look on the bright side of things. The struggle toward continued cheerfulness is much greater for one who inherits a gloomy or morbid way of looking upon the events of life, for inherit such traits we do, almost beyond question. But no person of ordinary intelligence comes up to middle life and years of maturity without knowing when such traits exist, and also what must be their baleful influence if indulged. Then it is that the wise man or woman, and particularly the Christian, begins a fine, stanch struggle against the misfortune of despondency and the almost sin of worry.

We have heard dear old people say, "I used to worry over this and that, but now I have given over all worrying; it does no good, and I have faith and belief that God will take care of me, and the best way is simply to trust Him." It is astonishing how the human countenance will index the workings of heart and mind. And it is quite as sad as it is deplorable to see a look of dissatisfaction and nervous unrest on the face of an old person.

Let us all rejoice that various influences are brought to bear in this, our day, on daily life and current thought that tend toward greater cheer for aging persons than formerly existed. The old and the young mingle and commingle their interests as never before. Old people are younger in thought, manner and appearance than they used to be. We think our old friends will bear us out in these statements, and admit that they are very different grandparents from what their grandparents thought of being.

Turning gray no longer means growing old and carrying a wounded heart does not indeed mean that the heart has died or become insensible to many great blessings still enriching the life. This, however, is chiefly the case where Christ is known and loved, and where His grace rules the heart. Many of us can recall the vivid picture that Thackeray draws in "Vanity Fair" of a graceless old person, and exclaims, "Picture her to yourself, and ere you be old, learn to love and pray!"

We willingly confess to assuming that our "old folks" are nearly all, if not entirely all, of those who love the Lord. And although it is not a proof or a sign that a person is not a true Christian because at times they droop or despond, yet, how beautiful is that trustful kind of youth that bids defiance of age, and that kindness of heart that laughs at the world's rough usage. Oh, it takes faith and courage and prayer thus to bear up and keep a cheerful face when the weakness of age asserts itself! But to be a lovable old Christian is to be a very charming and favored child of God. It is worth striving for. We could amend the closing words of our quotation by saying, Whom God loves and who implicitly trust God may die young, because at heart they do not grow old.



If you have a murmuring spirit, you cannot have true cheerfulness; it will generally show in your countenance and your voice. Some little fretfulness or restlessness of tone will betray it. Your cheerfulness is forced, it does not spring up freely and healthily out of your heart, which it can only do when that is truly at rest in God; when you are satisfied with his ways, and wishing no change in them. When this is truly your case, then your heart and mind are free, and you can rejoice in spirit.

PRISCILLA MAURICE.

The Home Life

Em.

By C. M.

In reading "Life on an African Farm" the interest one feels in the beautiful heroine, from her blue pinafore days when she defies the Boer woman to the time when she lies on her death mattress in the ox-wagon, defying all of the conventionalities of life, gives place, as one recalls the story, to a growing admiration for her girl companions, so different from herself in every respect, the little, fat, wrinkled old woman of sixteen, whose prospect of being an heiress in a small way fails to furnish her with any more romantic rôle in society than that of every one's friend.

Some writer tells of the satisfaction of taking up a quiet little kitten, after trying to pet a frisky squirrel. One can imagine what a solace Em's society was to those who had been exposed to the caprices of her wayward cousin. Of good little domestic Em it might be said that you always found her where you left her. She was not ornamental, but that is a failing more easily forgiven by all the world than non-ornamental girls are apt to fancy. Em played on no musical instrument, but she knew how to run a sewing-machine. Em had a kitchenful of colored servants, but she herself exceeded them all in the art of baking mealie cakes. Em was slow in learning from books, but she was a mind-reader to the extent of divining the wants and wishes of those whom she might assist to comfort. Em, we take it, was an improvement on Martha of Bethany. The latter, if we do not misinterpret the text, may have looked well after the comfort of those about her, but it is to be feared that she was what in these modern times might be described as *fussy*, and, in consequence, was somewhat of an irritant. Em's society, on the contrary, was soothing. If things went wrong about the house, and, of necessity, as long as the Boer woman was at the head of affairs there things went oftener wrong than right, Em was never pouty or petulant, though she might occasionally weep and lament for a brief season. She had the placidity of her Boer neighbors, without their insensibility; she had the kindness of heart that distinguished her German friend without his proneness to self-torment. We all of us know Em in real life. Many of us have her photograph. Sometimes she is a pretty girl, sometimes she is a plain one, but people always say of her face that it is a good one. Often it is not up to the average in the matter of intelligence, but that does not, in the opinion of the average looker-on, detract from its power of pleasing. Usually, though not always, Em has the gift of tact. If she never says anything very bright, she never says anything that her hearers think had best be left unsaid. She has, so to speak, no angles about her, and so never comes into collision with the angles of her neighbors. She is unselfish; never trying to monopolize the attention of the company. If she has more than an ordinary share of conversational talent, she has along with it a sufficient amount of tact to prevent her trying to show off at the expense of a roomful of other persons, all of whom have tongues of their own. If she has no conversational powers to speak of, one may be sure she is always a good

listener, never yawning or looking bored, no matter how tiresome may be the task that demands her attention. She is easy to talk to, say those persons who have at last discovered that she herself really has not much to say, and so she puts her companions in a good humor with themselves.

Em may never have been at a finishing school, nor had a high-priced governess. She may never have gone into fashionable society, but all the same she is always well-bred, being, as some author expresses it, "polite at heart." It was of Em that a society belle was speaking, when she exclaimed, with some amazement: "That girl was not pretty, not even stylish; she was not rich; had no accomplishments, and yet she has outmarried us all!"

Em was, it was true, none of these things, but all the same she was Em, and the lucky man who won her knew that he had gained a wife whose price was above all the rubies of the Russian crown.



Futile Arguments.

By Annie M. Toohey.

Religion and war have always formed the basis of the bitterest human argument since the beginning of time, and shall, doubtless, continue to do until the end. Sensible argument is always both interesting and productive of good results, mentally and practically. But the rules of common sense and gentle forbearance should govern it on all occasions. There are people whom everybody is destined to encounter who cannot or will not allow themselves to be convinced, no matter how lucid an explanation is advanced for their enlightenment on any subject. Therefore, such people should be let alone, if not out-and-out dangerous fanatics, in their stubborn inconsistency, until common sense works its magical touch on their unreasonable minds and unloosens the tenure therein of vain sophistries. To argue against the religious belief of a person who has been persistently trained from birth to certain devotional practices is, at best, a vain pursuit, and, even if their mind is diverted from its natural course of tenets, often proves only a temporary change of belief, to revert in the long run to its earlier creed. Thus it also is in matters of national prejudices and loyalty. We find the average foreigner who seeks our land of freedom a monarchist in spirit, no matter what his protestations to the contrary, until he breathes his last upon our soil. No matter how much he may deprecate the fetters of monarchical rule, there are moments of enthusiasm when he will bare to view the impress of his bygone native chains, with loyal, unconquerable pride; because, after all, it is but natural. Therefore, to strive to argue with a person against their native land and its accepted modes of government is usually a futile labor, no matter how reasonable may be your projected notions of its means of governmental betterment. Then, again, there are people who simply argue for argument sake, and they are a very disagreeable class to encounter by those who are heart and soul in their individual opinions. Another class, also better avoided, are those who cannot sustain their part in a controversy without losing control of their tongues and temper. Religious and national controversies should only be entered upon in the mutual spirit of peace and good-will, and kept free from all tendencies to personal animosities of speech and action. To convince gently often reaps a better harvest of conviction than scathing argument, and the controversialist or evangelist who recognizes this fact is the one whose sheaves of salvation for God and country eventually reveal the noblest triumphs in the great fields of life.

The Children.

Brave Beth.

"I wish that I lived in a little room at the top of ever so many flights of rickety stairs, and we didn't have anything to eat in the house, nor any fire, and no bed, only a heap of straw and rags in the corner, and I had a little brother who was very sick, and we didn't have but one old cloak between us," said little Nellie, as she closed the book which she had been intently reading.

"Why, Pettie, that is rather a strange ideal of perfect happiness. What could have put such a wish as that into your head?"

"Because, Auntie, then perhaps I could become a heroine. All the heroines of the stories are poor girls. There isn't much chance for little girls to do anything brave who have all they want, and good, kind mammas to keep their hair combed, and fix pretty dresses with nice little ruffles and ribbons."

"Don't you know, Pet, that a great many years ago a very wise man said: 'He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city'? So that every time you keep back an untrue, or a cross, impatient word, you become a little heroine. And every time you sacrifice your own pleasure, ease or convenience for the sake of others, you have fought a great battle and become a mighty conqueror over a strong enemy. But perhaps the reason so many little heroes and heroines of stories are poor, friendless children is because it is so remarkable that without training and advantages they should exhibit such nobility of character. Let me tell you about a little girl who did not belong to this class, who was one of the grandest little heroines that I ever knew.

"Little Beth lived in a beautiful home on the bank of a river, and she had all the nice clothes, and books, and playthings that she wanted, and a kind father and mother, who loved her dearly. Sometimes she thought she was the happiest child in the world, except her little brother, Rob, baby Rob, whom everybody loved for his sunny temper, cunning ways, and sweet, lisping baby talk.

"When Rob was two years old, one summer afternoon Beth came running home from school and went in search of him for their usual romp. Mamma was busy, and said he was not with her, but had gone into the garden a little while ago. So Beth went on into the garden, where she found his little wagon and his hat lying out under the tree, but she could see nothing of Rob. Then she ran down the garden walk, calling 'Rob! Rob! Where are you, baby Rob?' But no sweet little voice answered her. When she reached the farther end of the walk she found that the gate, which was always kept fastened, had been carelessly left open. Passing through, her heart stood still at the sight before her. A little back of the house ran the railroad, with a long, high bridge over the river. Some planks had been laid along the middle of the bridge for the convenience of persons crossing on foot, and away out on this narrow walk, half-way across the bridge, was baby Rob. In one hand he carried a little basket, and in the other a little stick which he was using for a cane. There he was, trudging

along, as unconscious of danger as if he had been walking across the nursery floor.

"It was no wonder that Beth's heart stood still, for that first glance had also shown her a train coming up the track—coming, it seemed to her, faster than train ever came before. And it was so near.

"Beth gave one scream, hoping that her mother might hear it, and then started down the track. It seemed as if her feet had wings. She knew that she had never run so fast before, but run as fast as she could, the train ran faster. She reaches the bridge and darts along the narrow walk. She knows that she is putting her own life in danger, but she does not hesitate; she does not even think that she is performing a heroic act, but only that her darling little brother is in great peril, and that she must save him if she can. Even baby Rob at last seems aware of danger, as he notices the panting monster rushing down upon him.

"He turns and begins to run as fast as he can, and seeing Beth coming he reaches out his little arms to her, and cries:

"Take Rob, Beth! Rob's 'fraid!"

"And Beth clasps him in her arms, and feels his soft little arms around her neck; but she also feels the bridge tremble beneath her. The engine has reached it. She knows that she cannot reach the other end of the bridge with her burden; yet, even now, she might escape had she nothing to carry. But the thought of saving herself and leaving poor, helpless little Rob there to be crushed to death never enters her mind.

"She can almost feel the hot breath of the merciless giant. Think quick, little Beth, is there no way of escape? One way seems possible to her; she will try it. And running to the end of one of the ties, she loosens the little arms that cling around her neck, and, kissing the soft baby cheek, she says, 'Good-bye, Rob!' and drops the little burden in the stream below. She hopes that some one will come and save him before he drowns.

"And now she will make a brave effort for her own life, so clasping her hands over one of the ties she drops down with her body hanging over the stream. If she can only hang on this way till the train has passed she may yet be saved. But the sharp edges cut her wrists, and the ties tremble under the weight of the cars, and with the roaring in her ears she grows faint and dizzy, and loosens her hold and drops into the dark water beneath.

"The engineer had at last seen the brave act of the little girl, and quickly as possible he stopped his train and went back to rescue the children. One man, throwing off his coat, swam in and easily brought baby Rob to shore, but it was some time before Beth's body was borne by strong arms to her father's house. For a long time loving ones worked over their unconscious forms to win them back to life. At length baby Rob opened his eyes, and trying to lift up his weak little arms cried, 'Take Rob, Beth! Rob's 'fraid.' And for weeks this cry rang in the mother's ears, as she nursed the little sufferer through the delirium of fever. But Rob called in vain, for the loving arms which would so gladly have taken him were motionless forever. Little Beth was dead. They folded the poor bruised hands over the brave little heart, and covered them with flowers, and when they laid her under the maple in the quiet graveyard they wrote on her headstone, 'Our Beth. Aged ten.' 'Greater love hath no man than this, that one should lay down her life for her friends.'"



"I'm Dottie."

How do, all little people?

I've come to play with you;
I'm little Dottie Burns; can't
I have a "grandma," too?

I've got a *really* grandma,
And a darling, dear mamma,
And an auntie—sweet and dainty—
And a jolly fat papa!

But I want a *paper* "grandma,"
Same as you all have, you see,
And I want you to move closer
And make room for *little me*!

One summer by the seashore
I stood upon the sand,
And a man he took my picture
With my dolly in my hand.

I gave it to a lady,
Who loves little folks, you know,
And she said she'd take me some day
To "Grandma's Chair"—and so

I've come to join your circle,
And love your "Grandma," too;
I'm little Dottie Burns, and
I'm pretty well, are you?



My Little Friends.

Of these I have many; but there are four especially of whom I wish to tell you. They are real, fun-loving children, too, and not "make-believe." Their true names are Ethelind, James, Leslie and Leonard.

The father of the first two is a carriage-painter; of the others, an ironsmith. These fathers are brothers, so the two pairs of little friends are cousins, aren't they?

Ethelind and Jimmy's mother is away from home about all day, caring for a poor blind woman. The children do all the housework they can, which makes their mother's burden lighter, pleases their father, and helps care for the blind lady.

This brother and sister are fond of animals and birds. Among their pets are turtles, fishes, hens, rabbits, squirrels.

Last summer Jimmy found a sad, hungry bird, too small to fly. He warmed and tried to care for it, but the poor thing wanted its own home-nest and papa and mamma so badly that it soon died.

A three-colored kitten—black, white, yellow—named Mischief, is very cute.

One day a bad boy caught the kitten's mamma by the tail and began to whirl her about. Ethelind asked him to stop. When he would not, she cried. This made Jimmy very angry, and he said, "How would you like a big man to catch you by one foot and swing you? Put that cat down or I'll put *you* down, flat and solid!"

Don't you think Jimmy a good, brave boy to defend the helpless little kitty?

My two friends noticed that the Christmas tree last winter held no presents for some sick people. On Christmas night, with the aid of their mother, they arranged pretty candies, nuts, oranges and other tempting goodies in a basket; their mother wrote and laid in a tender note of Christmas greeting and covered all with a white cloth.

As Ethelind was too busy, Jimmy went, alone, to carry the little gifts.

You should have seen the glad surprise of the sick ones when they saw the tokens of loving thought, and heard one of them say, "May Jesus, whose birthday this is, bless you! May He help you and your sister to become as good man and woman as you are boy and girl."

Fervently the child replied, "We'll try to be that and better!"

What a beautiful Christmas act! By their cheery words and looks, alone, these children help others. That, too, is beautiful!

Next time I'll tell you of the other two friends.

COUSIN RHODA



OUR POST-OFFICE.

ANSWERS.

MARSHFIELD, Ore., April 6, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I have never written to you before, but I want you for my grandma. My papa is a preacher in the Presbyterian church. I am eleven years old and am in the fourth grade. I think I can answer three of Lillian Teller's riddles: 1. Because it goes fast when you lick it. 2. Because the one you put on last is left. 5. Because there is not a single person there. Please print this letter, because mamma and papa do not know I am writing this letter. Your loving grandchild,

MILDRED MCCLELLAND.

I think you have answered the riddles correctly, too. Lillian will be pleased to see that you are so interested. Write me again and let me know something about your home.



"I'm Dottie."

GOOD FAIRIES.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 15, 1902.

Dear Grandma—To-day is my birthday. I am eleven years old. I had a few presents. Mamma gave me a nice work-box, all furnished. I like to sew, and often help mamma hem towels and napkins. We take your paper and I should like you to print this among your letters. My own grandma lives in Chicago. She is coming to make us a visit soon. I have a pretty canary. He is a fine singer and does many cunning tricks. I will not tire you out the first time, so good-bye. Your loving grandchild,

EVELYN E. MURRAY.

I'm not a bit tired and I welcome you most cordially to my side. What a useful present that work-box was! You will find that it is worth its weight in gold many times, I am sure. I am glad you like to sew—a needle and thread are two good and helpful fairies. Once upon a time I was in your city. I wonder if I saw you?



THE CRUISE of The CACHALOT

By Frank T. Bullen
First Mate



CHAPTER XXV.—Concluded.

ON THE SOLANDER GROUNDS.

As if to fill up their cup, in came the old *Chance* again, this time with a whale on each side. Captain Gilroy was on the house aft, his chubby red face in a ruddy glow of delight, and his crew exuberant. When he passed the American ships, as he was bound to do very closely, the sight of their scowling faces seemed to afford him the most exquisite amusement, and he laughed loud and long. His crew, on the impulse of the moment, sprang to the rail and cheered with might and main. No one could gainsay that they had good reason, but I really feared for a time that we should have "ructions." As Paddy said, it was not wise or dignified for those officers to be so angry with him on account of his success, which he frankly owned was due almost entirely to the local knowledge he possessed, gained in many years' study of the immediate neighborhood. He declared that, as far as technical duties of whale-fishing went, all the Americans could beat him hollow; but they ought to realize that something else was needed here which no man could hope to have unless he were content to remain on the coast altogether. With which words of wisdom our skipper cordially agreed, bearing in mind his own exploits in the bygone time around those rugged shores.

The strong breeze which brought Paddy and his whales home died down that night, enabling us to start for the grounds again—a concession gratefully received, for not the least of the hindrances felt there was the liability to be "wind-bound" for a long time, while fine weather was prevailing at the fishing ground.

We made a fine passage down the Straits with a leading wind, finding our two late companions still cruising, having managed to get their whales aboard without mishap, and being somewhat inclined to chaff our old man for running in. He gave a wink full of wisdom, as he replied, "I'm pretty ole whale myself naouw; but I guess I ain't too old to learn; 'n wut I learn I'm goin' ter use. See?" Of course, the fine weather did not last long—it never does; and seeing the gloomy masses of violet-edged cumuli piling up on the southern horizon, we hugged the Solander Rock itself pretty close, nor ventured far to seaward. Our two consorts, on the contrary, kept well out and on the northern verge, as if they intended the next gale that blew to get north, if they could. The old man's object in thus keeping in was solely in order that he might be able to run for shelter; but, much to his delight and certainly surprise, as we passed about a mile to the southward of the lonely, towering crags of the great rock, there came from aloft the welcome cry of "Sperm whale!"

There was only one, and he was uncomfortably near the rock; but such a splendid chance was not to be missed, if our previous training was of any avail. There was some speculation as to what he could be doing so close inshore, contrary to the habit of this animal, who seems to be only comfortable when in deep waters; but except a suggestion that perhaps he had come in to scrape off an extra accumulation of barnacles, nobody could arrive at any definite conclusion. When we reached him, we found a frightful blind swell rolling, and it needed all our seamanship to handle the boats so that they should not be capsized. Fortunately, the huge rollers did not break, or we should hardly have got back safely, whale or no whale.

Two irons were planted in him, of which he took not the slightest notice. We had taken in sail before closing in to him on account of the swell, so that we had only to go in and finish him at once, if he would let us. Accordingly, we went in with a will, but for all sign of life he showed he might as well have been stuffed. There he lay, lazily spouting, the blood pouring, or rather spurting, from his numerous wounds, allowing us to add to their number at our pleasure, and never moving his vast body, which was gently swayed by the rolling sea. Seeing him thus quiescent, the mate sent the other two boats back to the ship with the good news, which the captain received with a grave smile of content, proceeding at once to bring the ship as near as might be consistent with her safety. We were now thoroughly sheltered from sight of the

other ships by the enormous mass of the island, so that they had no idea of our proceedings.

Finding that it was not wise to take the ship in any closer, while we were yet some distance from our prize, a boat was sent to Mr. Cruce with the instructions that he was to run his line from the whale back to the ship, if the creature was dead. He (the mate) replied that the whale died as quietly as he had taken his wounds, and immediately started for the ship. When he had paid out all his line, another boat bent on, until we got the end on board. Then we merrily walked him up alongside, while sufficient sail was kept drawing to prevent her being set in any nearer. When he was fast, we crowded on all canvas to get away; for although the sea was deep close up to the cliff, that swell was a very ugly feature, and one which has been responsible for the loss of a great number of ships in such places all over the world. Notwithstanding all our efforts, we did get so near that every detail of the rock was clearly visible to the naked eye, and we had some anxious minutes while the old ship, rolling tremendously, crawled inch after inch along the awful side of that sea-encircled pyramid.

At one point there was quite a cave, the floor of which would be some twenty feet above high-water mark, and its roof about the same distance higher. It appeared to penetrate some distance into the bowels of the mountain, and was wide and roomy. Sea-birds in great numbers hovered around its entrance, finding it, no doubt, an ideal nesting-place. It appeared quite inaccessible, for even with a perfect calm the swell dashed against the perpendicular face of the cliff beneath with a force that would have instantly destroyed any vessel unfortunate enough to get within its influence.

Slowly, slowly we forged past the danger; but the moment we opened out the extremity of the island, a fresh breeze, like a saving hand, swept across the bows, filling the head-sails and swinging the old vessel away from the island in grand style. Another minute, and the other sails filled also. We were safe, all hands breathing freely once more.

Now the wind hung far round to the eastward—far enough to frustrate any design we might have had of going up the Straits again. The old man, however, was too deeply impressed with the paramount necessity of shelter to lightly give up the idea of getting in somewhere; so he pointed her for Preservation Inlet, which was only some thirty miles under her lee. We crowded all sail upon her in the endeavor to get in before nightfall, this unusual proceeding bringing our two friends up from to leeward with a run to see what we were after. Burdened as we were, they sailed nearly two knots to our one, and consequently intercepted us some while before we neared our port. Great was their surprise to find that we had a whale, and very anxious their queries as to where the rest of the school had gone. Reassured that they had lost nothing by not being nearer, it being a "lone" whale, off they went again.

With all our efforts, evening was fast closing in when we entered the majestic portals of Preservation Inlet, and gazed with deepest interest upon its heavily wooded shores.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PADDY'S LATEST EXPLOIT.

New Zealand is preëminently a country of grand harbors; but I think those that are least used easily bear off the palm for grandeur of scenery and facility of access. The wonderful harbor, or rather series of harbors, into which we were now entering for the first time, greatly resembled in appearance a Norwegian fjord, not only in the character of its scenery, but from the interesting, if disconcerting, fact that the cliffs were so steep to that in some places no anchorage is found alongside the very land itself. There are, however, many places where the best possible anchorage can be obtained, so securely sheltered that a howling south-wester may be tearing the sea up by the roots outside, and you will know nothing of it within, except what may be surmised from the motion of the clouds overhead. It was an ideal place for a whaling station, being right on the Solander.

We found it exceedingly convenient, and much nearer than Port William, but, from the prevailing winds, difficult of access in nine

cases out of ten, especially when hampered with a whale. Upon cutting in our latest catch, an easy explanation of his passive attitude was at once forthcoming. He had been attacked by some whale-ship, whose irons had drawn, leaving deep traces of their presence; but during the battle he had received *seven* bombs, all of which had entered around his small, but had not exploded. Their general effect had been, I should think, to paralyze the great muscles of his flukes, rendering him unable to travel; yet this could not have taken place until some time after he had made good his escape from those aggressors. It was instructive, as demonstrating what amount of injury these colossi really can survive, and I have no doubt that, if he had been left alone, he would have recovered his normal energy, and been as well as ever. From our point of view, of course, what had happened was the best possible thing, for he came almost as a gift—the second capture we had made on those grounds of a like nature.

At the close of our operations the welcome news was made public that four more fish like the present one would fill us bung-up, and that we should then, after a brief visit to the Bluff, start direct for home. This announcement, though expected for some time past, gave an amazing filip to everybody's interest in the work. The strange spectacle was witnessed of all hands being anxious to quit a snug harbor for the sea, where stern, hard wrestling with the elements was the rule. The captain, well pleased with the eagerness manifested, had his boat manned for a trip to the entrance of the harbor, to see what the weather was like outside, since it was not possible to judge from where the ship lay. On his return, he reported the weather rough, but moderating, and announced his intention of weighing at daylight next morning. Satisfied that our days in the southern hemisphere were numbered, and all anxiety to point her head for home, this news was most pleasing, putting all of us in the best of humors, and provoking quite an entertainment of song and dance until nearly four bells.

During the gray of dawn the anchor was weighed. There was no breath of wind from any quarter, so that it was necessary to lower boats and tow the old girl out to her field of duty. Before she was fairly clear of the harbor, though, there came a "snifter" from the hills that caught her unprepared, making her reel again, and giving us a desperate few minutes to scramble on board and hoist our boats up. As we drew out from the land, we found that a moderate gale was blowing, but the sky was clear, fathomless blue, the sun rose kindly, a heavenly dream of soft delicate color preceding him; so that, in spite of the strong breeze, all looked promising for a good campaign. At first no sign could be seen of any of the other ships, though we looked long and eagerly for them. At last we saw them, four in all, nearly hull down to seaward, but evidently coming in under press of sail. So slow, however, was their approach that we had made one "leg" across the ground and halfway back before they were near enough for us to descry the reason of their want of speed. They had each got a whale alongside, and were carrying every rag of canvas they could spread, in order to get in with their prizes.

Our old acquaintance, the *Chance* was there, the three others being her former competitors, except those who were disabled, still lying in Port William. Slowly, painfully, they labored along, until well within the mouth of the Straits, when, without any warning, the wind which had been bringing them in suddenly flew round into the northward, putting them at once in a most perilous position. Too far within the Straits, to "up helm" and run for it out to sea; not far enough to get anywhere that an anchor might hold; and there to leeward, within less than a dozen miles, loomed grim and gloomy one of the most terrific rock-bound coasts in the world. The shift of wind had placed the *Chance* farther to leeward than all the rest, a good mile and a half nearer the shore; and we could well imagine how anxiously her movements were being watched by the others, who, in spite of their jealousy of his good luck, knew well and appreciated fully Paddy's marvelous seamanship, as well as his unparalleled knowledge of the coast.

Having no whale to hamper our movements, besides being well to windward of them all, we were perfectly comfortable as long as we kept to seaward of a certain line and the gale was not too fierce, so for the present all our attention was concentrated upon the laboring ships to leeward. The intervention of the land to windward kept the sea from rising to the awful height it attains under the pressure of a westerly, or a south-westerly gale, when, gathering momentum over an area extending right round the globe, it hurls itself upon those rugged shores. Still, it was bad

enough. The fact of the gale striking across the regular set of the swell and current had the effect of making the sea irregular, short, and broken, which state of things is considered worse, as far as handling the ship goes, than a much heavier, longer, but more regular succession of waves.

As the devoted craft drifted helplessly down upon that frowning barrier, our excitement grew intense. Their inability to do anything but drift was only too well known by experience to every one of us, nor would it be possible for them to escape at all if they persisted in holding on much longer. But it was easy to see why they did so. While Paddy held on so far to leeward of them, and consequently in so much more imminent danger than they were, it would be derogatory in the highest degree to their reputation for seamanship and courage were they to slip and run before he did. He, however, showed no sign of doing so, although they all neared, with an accelerated drift, that point from whence no seamanship could deliver them, and where death inevitable, cruel, awaited them without hope of escape. The part of the coast upon which they were apparently driving was about as dangerous and impracticable as any in the world. A gigantic barrier of black, naked rock, extending for several hundred yards, rose sheer from the sea beneath, like the side of an ironclad, up to a height of seven or eight hundred feet. No outlying spurs of submerged fragments broke the immeasurable landward rush of the majestic waves toward the frowning face of this world-fragment. Fresh from their source, with all the impetus accumulated in their thousand-mile journey, they came apparently irresistible. Against this perpendicular barrier they hurled themselves with a shock that vibrated far inland, and a roar that rose in a dominating diapason over the continuous thunder of the tempest-driven sea. High as was the summit of the cliff, the spray, hurled upward by the tremendous impact, rose higher, so that the whole front of the great rock was veiled in filmy wreaths of foam, hiding its solidity from the seaward view. At either end of this vast rampart nothing could be seen but a waste of breakers seething, hissing, like the foot of Niagara, and effectually concealing the *echeaux de frise* of rocks which produced such a vortex of tormented waters.

Toward this dreadful spot, then, the four vessels were being resistlessly driven, every moment seeing their chances of escape lessening to vanishing-point. Suddenly, as if panic-stricken, the ship nearest to the *Chance* gave a great sweep round to the other tack, a few fluttering gleams aloft showing that even in that storm they were daring to set some sail. What the maneuver meant we knew very well—they had cut adrift from their whale, terrified at last beyond endurance into the belief that Paddy was going to sacrifice himself and his crew in the attempt to lure them with him to inevitable destruction. The other two did not hesitate longer. The example once set, they immediately followed; but it was for some time doubtful in the extreme whether their resolve was not taken too late to save them from destruction. We watched them with breathless interest, unable for a long time to satisfy ourselves that they were out of danger. But at last we saw them shortening sail again—a sure sign that they considered themselves, while the wind held in the same quarter, safe from going ashore at any rate, although there was still before them the prospect of a long struggle with the unrelenting ferocity of the weather down south.

Meanwhile, what of the daring Irishman and his old barrel of a ship? The fugitives once safe off the land, all our interest centered in the *Chance*. We watched her until she drew in so closely to the seething caldron of breakers that it was only occasionally we could distinguish her outline; and the weather was becoming so thick and dirty, the light so bad, that we were reluctantly compelled to lose sight of her, although the skipper believed that he saw her in the midst of the turmoil of broken water at the western end of the mighty mass of perpendicular cliff before described. Happily for us, the wind veered to the westward, releasing us from the prospect of another enforced visit to the wild regions south of the island. It blew harder than ever; but being now a fair wind up the Straits, we fled before it, anchoring again in Port William before midnight. Here we were compelled to remain for a week; for after the gale blew itself out, the wind still hung in the same quarter, refusing to allow us to get back again to our cruising station.

But on the second day of our enforced detention a ship poked her jibboom round the west end of the little bay. No words could describe our condition of spellbound astonishment when she

rounded to, cumbrously as befitting a ship towing a whale, and revealed to us the well-remembered outlines of the old *Chance*. It was like welcoming the first fruits of the resurrection; for who among sailor men, having seen a vessel disappear from their sight, as we had, under such terrible conditions, would ever have expected to see her again? She was hardly anchored before our skipper was alongside, thirsty to satisfy his unbounded curiosity as to the unheard-of means whereby she had escaped such apparently inevitable destruction. I was fortunate enough to accompany him and hear the story at first hand.

It appeared that none of the white men on board, except the redoubtable Paddy himself, had ever been placed in so seemingly hopeless and desperate a position before. Yet when they saw how calm and free from anxiety their commander was, how cool and businesslike the attitude of all their dusky shipmates, their confidence in his ability and resourcefulness kept its usual high level. It must be admitted that the test such feelings were then subjected to was of the severest, for to their eyes no possible avenue of escape was open. Along that glaring line of raging, foaming water not a break occurred, not the faintest indication of an opening anywhere wherein even so experienced a pilot as Paddy might thrust a ship. The great black wall of rock loomed up by their side, grim and pitiless as doom—a very door of adamant closed against all hope. Nearer and nearer they drew, until the roar of the baffled Pacific was deafening, maddening, in its overwhelming volume of chaotic sound. All hands stood motionless, with eyes fixed in horrible fascination upon the indescribable vortex to which they were being irresistibly driven.

At last, just as the fringes of the black-beaten billows hissed up to greet them, they felt her motion ease. Instinctively looking aft, they saw the skipper coolly wave his hand, signing to them to trim the yards. As they hauled on the weather braces, she plunged through the maelstrom of breakers, and before they had got the yards right round they were on the other side of that enormous barrier, the anchor was dropped and all was still. The vessel rested, like a bird on her nest, in a deep, still tarn, shut in, to all appearance, on every side by huge rock barriers. Of the furious storm but a moment before howling and raging all around them, nothing remained but an all-pervading, thunderous hum, causing the deck to vibrate beneath them, and high overhead the jagged, leaden remnants of twisted, tortured cloud whirling past their tiny oblong of sky. Just a minute's suspension of all faculties but wonder, then, in one spontaneous, heartfelt note of genuine admiration, all hands burst into a cheer that even over topped the mighty rumble of the baffled sea.

Here they lay, perfectly secure, and cut in their whale as if in dock; then at the first opportunity they ran out, with fearful difficulty, a kedge with a whale line attached, by which means they warped the vessel out of her hiding-place—a far more arduous operation than getting in had been. But even this did not exhaust the wonders of that occasion. They had hardly got way upon her, beginning to draw out from the land, when the eagle eye of one of the Maoris detected the carcass of a whale rolling among the breakers about half a mile to the westward. Immediately a boat was lowered, a double allowance of line put into her and off they went to the valuable flotsam. Dangerous in the highest degree was the task of getting near enough to drive harpoons into the body; but it was successfully accomplished, the line run on board and the prize hauled triumphantly alongside. This was the whale they had now brought in. We shrewdly suspected that it must have been one of those abandoned by the unfortunate vessels who had fled, but etiquette forbade us saying anything about it. Even had it been, another day would have seen it valueless to any one, for it was by no means otto of roses to sniff at now, while they had certainly salvaged it at the peril of their lives.

When we returned on board and repeated the story, great was the amazement. Such a feat of seamanship was almost beyond belief; but we were shut up to believing, since in no other way could the vessel's miraculous escape be accounted for. The little, dumpy, red-faced figure, rigged like any scarecrow, that now stood on his cutting-stage, punching away vigorously at the fetid mass of blubber beneath him, bore no outward visible sign of a hero about him; but in our eyes he was transfigured—a being to be thought of reverently, as one who in all those qualities that go to the making of a man had proved himself of the seed royal, a king of men, all the more kingly because unconscious that his deeds were of so exalted an order.

I am afraid that, to a landsman, my panegyric may smack strongly of gush, for no one but a seaman can rightly appraise such doings as these; but I may be permitted to say that, when I think of men who I feel glad to have lived to know, foremost among them rises the queer little figure of Paddy Gilroy.

(To be continued.)

School Reform in Russia.

By Madame Sophia Friedland.

No doubt telegrams from Russia have informed the American public that the Empire of the Czar is on the eve of the greatest reform since the liberation of the serfs—the reform of our entire school system. This reform is to precede compulsory education in our country. In talking the other day with one of the members of the reform committee about the everlasting dissatisfaction of both student and professor, I asked why we had submitted so long to such an abnormal condition. "The question of public education in our country," answered Mr. Smirroff, one of the best Russian pedagogues, "might be compared to a cancer, a disease which can only be cured with a surgeon's knife. We have tried to change our school system several times; we have tried to treat it, to administer a dose more or less of freedom of thought and action to pupil and master, but we have had no success, and now circumstances have taught us, that while Russia has undertaken great economical and social reforms which have amazed Western people, she has neglected the question of public education. Such a neglect could not remain unpunished, and the student troubles were the result. Even the budget in Russia is an eloquent proof how far public education has been neglected, for the Government limits the expenses of the schools to one-eighth per cent. of the sum allotted to the entire administration. This averages 35 copecks (17 cents) per capita.

"This is the reason," continued Mr. Smirroff, "why recognition of our school system is welcomed with such enthusiasm by every Russian subject—it is the forerunner of culture and civilization for our country, and the eyes of the rest of the world are directed on Russia at the present day."

At the head of the committee for the new reform is General Wannosky, a man who had been greatly appreciated while Minister of the War Office, and chosen by the Czar three years ago to investigate the cause of the student riots which broke out at that time. That General Wannosky has proved equal to the task is expressed in the fact that he is to-day not only Minister of Public Instruction, but also chairman of the reorganization committee, at the time when the greatest reform, after the abolishment of slavery, is to be introduced in our country—the education of our masses. That he proved, three years ago, the friend of the students became evident when, at the time, our young Emperor took their part. General Wannosky is as just and honest as he is educated and liberal-minded, and his election to the important position of Minister of Public Instruction has caused tears of joy in educational circles.

With education, as with everything else in Russia, there has been much more freedom in former years than of late. The idea of an autonomy for our students is as old as the universities themselves, and it existed until 1848, when political events made it necessary to limit the rights of the students. In 1864 full independence was granted to all universities, and their material support was greatly increased, until 1884, when the nihilistic movement became very strong. Although it was well known that there was but a small percentage of students involved in the political manifestations, yet Count Tolstoy, then Minister of Public Instruction, thought it necessary to deprive professor and student of the liberty they had enjoyed, and, besides, to introduce a system which has since been termed "the police system," and at which the students have since rebelled. Those pedagogues which had been the pride of our universities felt it beneath their dignity to remain in the chair, and their positions were filled by regular despots. Thus every link between teacher and pupil was broken. While formerly the presidents, or rectors as they are called in Russia, had, thanks to the respect they enjoyed, been able to keep down the unmanageable Russian student, the rectors of the time excited them the more. We all remember the time when one of the students of the University of Moscow boxed his rector's ears, and this was not the only case of violence throughout those years, for our Russian boys will not submit to insult on the part of the higher authorities.

At the age of 18, when the American student has but one aim, to be the best foot-ball player; when the German student is bent on consuming the largest quantity of beer, the Russian student has become acquainted with the literature of the world, has read the philosophers, one and all, and as a born idealist tries to improve humanity. He is eternally dreaming of liberty for him-

self and his people, and, of course, rebels at the very thought that the rector and other school authorities are not elected by the votes of the collegiate, but are appointed by the Government. In the early fall, when the committee for the reorganization of the schools will have completed its work, the Russian student will have as much liberty of action as his brethren in other countries. He will have his own laws, and if he does not submit to them, he will be tried by judges elected by himself. There will be no more necessity for him to start a riot in order to attain a certain purpose. The student will choose his own representatives at meetings, hitherto prohibited, and he will once more enjoy all the privileges to which by tradition he is entitled. The rector of the university will be elected by the collegiate for a term of three years, and the professors, besides an increase in salary, will have more advantages than the professors of the universities of other countries. While I am writing these lines the news comes to me that women will be admitted on equal terms with the men at the University of Helsingfors. There is not the slightest doubt that before long women will also be admitted at the Russian universities, "for," says the *Novaja Vrenja*, "apart from a few local differences, the University of Helsingfors is also a Russian university, and there is no reason why every university in the country should not receive women."

Russia is by degrees breaking with conservatism and tradition, but we Russians hope and trust that we have also broken with the foreign yoke imposed upon us since the days of Peter the Great.

In 1848 the program for our gymnasiums (high school) was compiled from the Lyceum in Paris, and later on we had an entirely cosmopolitan course of studies, unfitted for Russian children. One day, a year ago, an Imperial rescript was issued in which the press was declared free, and parents and professors alike invited to give their opinion in regard to the future education of our children. Thus opens a bright era for Russia.

ST PETERSBURG, Russia.



Whose Fault and Why?

By Rev. David Junor.

One of the daily papers this week had the following in an editorial: "The town will be dry (next Sunday) through due process of law, because the men on duty before the saloons, on the East as well as on the West Side of the town, will do their duty." Why have they not done it before, since the reform administration came into power? That they did not do it under former administrations and the reason for such failure are well known. I was told a few years ago by a policeman (now retired), who has been for years an elder in one of the Presbyterian Churches of Brooklyn, that in all his service of nearly twenty-five years on the force he only made one excise arrest. That was when he was new on the force, and as he found in this one case that to continue such arrests would bring trouble on him from "up higher" he never tried to make another. Now we hear the same reason assigned for the failure of the men before the saloons to do their duty, viz.: Corrupt protection, and it is said this corruption is "up to the captains." By corrupt protection in this case is meant, of course, protection paid for by those who wish to violate the law, and a great many have asked whether this will not also apply still "higher up"; whether the failure of the men before the saloon does not more properly lie at the door of Mayor Low, and whether it is not in his case as in the case of the captains, although in a different way, a case of corrupt paid protection. In his published answer to Dr. Parkhurst Mayor Low practically said to every policeman on the force: "I never had any intention of doing my duty in enforcing the excise laws of this city, of which I am chief magistrate, and I do not expect you to do yours." No one with a grain of sense can for a moment imagine that the reason he assigns for this stand is the real one, coming, as it does, from a man of his intelligence and experience. What applies to violations of the excise laws will apply as well to violations of any other law, and who can conceive of a chief magistrate saying to a policeman, "because it is impossible to enforce the laws against stealing, therefore you will be excused if you fail to arrest a thief even if you see him steal and make off with a citizen's purse"? But if we cannot accept the reason assigned by the Mayor as the real one, what is it? Does there not appear to be some ground for the question asked by many: "Did Mr. Low make a corrupt ante-election promise that, in consideration of the votes of those opposed to the excise laws, he would not, if elected, make any effort to have them enforced?"

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 15, 1902.

In the Library.

AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS: Four new volumes are soon to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in the "American Men of Letters" series, of which the late Charles Dudley Warner was editor. Arrangements were made long since for volumes on Hawthorne, Whittier, Motley and Longfellow, but the books have been delayed by the absorbing occupations of the writers engaged on them. Prof. George E. Woodberry, who wrote the excellent volume on Poe in the same series, has almost ready the volume on Hawthorne. The Longfellow is nearing completion at the hands of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson; Prof. Edward G. Bourne, of Yale, expects to finish the volume on Motley in time for publication in the autumn, and Prof. George R. Carpenter, of Columbia, will probably deliver the manuscript of his Whittier in time for publication before the end of the year. Meanwhile the publishers have entered on plans for volumes dealing with Prescott and Holmes.

STOCKTON'S LATEST STORY: "Kate Bonnet," Frank Stockton's new novel, went to its second edition before it was published. D. Appleton & Co., the publishers, found the first edition unequal to the demand. Mr. Stockton laid the foundation for this by discovering an entirely new field and a distinctly original plot. It is the story of an English gentleman residing at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, in the early part of the seventeenth century who conceives the grotesque idea of turning pirate out of sheer deviltry. Hitherto a respectable churchwarden and cow-raiser, the desire to be "just simply downright wicked" overpowers him, and then the fun begins. He gets tangled up with the infamous Blackbeard, a veteran pirate, is captured by him, but gets untangled only to get into worse predicaments. All this time the merry, maidenly Kate is having troubles and adventures of her own in her search for her mad father, finding a new lover at every turn, and experiencing embarrassments and excitements with a rapidity to keep one awake nights thinking of them. The book abounds in quaint and humorous situations, treated in a manner of which only Mr. Stockton is capable.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH: This work by Charles A. Hanna will prove of exceeding value to all students of genealogy who are of Scotch descent. It has far wider scope than if it were simply a genealogical work, however, and will probably be followed by a volume giving a detailed history of Scotch-Irish families in America. Among its leading features are a brief history of Scotland from the earliest times to the beginning of the eighteenth century; an account of the plantation of Ulster by the Scotch in the time of James I., as taken from contemporary records; the "Ragman Roll" of the landowners of lowland Scotland in the time of the Bruce; extended accounts of the origin and location of the families of Scotland; an account of the derivation of Scottish surnames in Scotland and in Ireland; together with a consideration of the part the Scotch-Irish took in the colonization, separation and the final unification of the American Colonies. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

GENERAL WILSON AND HIS WORK: The appointment of Gen. James H. Wilson, together with Whitelaw Reid and Capt. Charles E. Clark to represent the United States at the coronation of King Edward VII. next summer, is a deserved honor and reward to a gallant and capable soldier. His most famous diplomatic work was performed as military adviser to United States Minister Conger in China, whither he went in 1900 to act in the peace negotiations at Peking. One result of this very eminent service is a book which is probably the most informing and reliable of the recent works on China. "China: Travels and Investigations in the Middle Kingdom" (Appleton's). This extremely valuable work is a study of the civilization and possibilities of the Celestial Empire, and it contains a detailed account of the Boxer war, the relief of the legations, and the reestablishment of peace. This is the third edition, revised throughout, enlarged and reset. It forms a thoroughgoing and comprehensive review, written on inside knowledge, of the leading political question of the farther East.



As if every one could not talk enough in his own tongue, Volapuk having failed, there is discussion over a new universal language. Well, what is better than Americanized English? It will strike most persons that, come what may, the language of the United States, the most growing and active nation of to-day, stands the best chance of being commercially and in other ways the most prevalent language of the future. The course of language, as of empire, is westward.

In the Library.

The *May Queen* is fragrant with the breath of approaching Summer. It is a most seasonable number. Besides several complete stories it contains numerous articles of exceptional interest to the housewife, the embroidery worker, the fashionable woman and the beauty seeker. Its front cover, by Malcolm Strauss, is most effective, and its fashion pictures—sketches of the latest, prettiest and most seasonable suits, waists and children's dresses—will prove of great service to the economical and artistic woman.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for May contains the following articles: "The Electronic Theory of Electricity," by Professor J. A. Fleming; "Sulfuric Acid and Its Manufacture by the Contact-process," by Dr. R. Kneitsch; "The Physical Basis of Heredity," by Professor Carl H. Eigenmann; "Children's Vocabularies," by M. C. and H. Gale; "Mescal: A Study of a Divine Plant," by Havelock Ellis; "Infectious Diseases," by Dr. Alfred Springer; "The Relations of Electrically Charged Molecules to Physiological Processes," by Professor Jacques Loeb, and "An Afternoon at Chelles; or the Earliest Evidences of Human Industry in France," by Professor A. S. Packard.

The death of Frank R. Stockton, the popular novelist, was a surprise to his many friends. He was one of the most unassuming, genial, and amiable of men, whose personality entered largely into his works and partially accounted for their popularity. "Rudder Grange," his first big success, was not published until he was well advanced in life. Others of his most amusing books are, "A Bicycle of Cathay" and "The Associate Hermits," both of which are "vacation" stories, full of bubbling humor and outdoor life.

It is a matter of special good fortune that the life of Hawthorne in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s American Men of Letters Series has been written by Professor George E. Woodberry. No literary man of our time is better fitted to deal with Hawthorne's elusive, subtle and fascinating personality. The book is now in preparation.

Mr. Dooley is to appear in *The Century* for May with "A Little Essay on Books and Reading," in which the philosopher ventures back into the past and traces the literary habit down to the present day. The paper will be fully illustrated by Steele, whose pictorial impersonations of "Dooley" and "Hennessy" have been drawn under Mr. Dunne's careful supervision.

No more genuine production of American humor has been put forth in many years than Mr. James Jeffrey Roche's "Her Majesty the King." Indeed, the humor of Shacabac the Wayfarer is deemed by many critics the most original offering of latter-day literature. It has the quality of a classic, yet is not without pointed reference to some recent history-making. The book has become so popular that a new and competent edition is now urgent-

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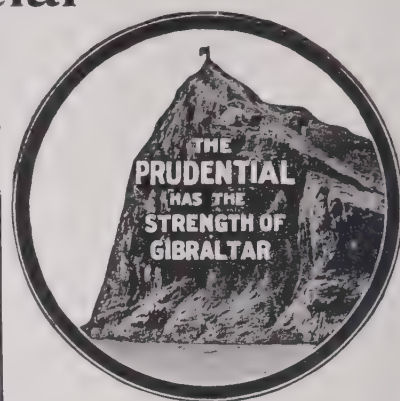
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"A Vacation with Nature." By the Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage. Studies of the natural forms under which God reveals His power and loving kindness to men. Its author is the son of the late Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, and he possesses in full measure his famous father's "gift of tongues" for the interpretation of divine truth.

"Baird's Graded Work in Arithmetic—Eighth Year." By S. W. Baird, Principal Franklin Grammar School, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. American Book Co. This volume is the last of the eight-book series, completing a remarkably well-graded and comprehensive grammar school course in arithmetic. It begins with a review of the essential parts of the lower books, and then furnishes a thorough treatment, with applications, of percentage and interest, including also exercises on the metric system, the elementary principles of algebra, involution, evolution, and mensuration. Operations, explanations and analyses are given in full; the numerous illustrative examples have been carefully selected; and the principles involved will

be easily and clearly understood by the pupil with but little assistance from the teacher.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in press for immediate publication the authorized edition of Count Tolstoi's new book, entitled "What is Religion?"

The Patron Saint of bachelor girls is a saint of expedients. He has to be. He couldn't hold down his job or his halo if he were not.—*The Misdemeanors of Nancy.*

If the sentence "Thy desire shall be unto him" was laid on Eve as a curse, yet her daughters have found their deepest happiness therein.—*The Winding Road.*

WEALTH.

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My wealth is heaven-sent;

A strong right arm and love at home

And in my heart content.

—Charles Henry Chesley in the *May Era.*

Mr. Frank L. Stanton's first book, entitled "Songs of the Soil," was published some years ago by D. Appleton & Co. His many admirers will be glad to learn that a second book of verse will, in the fall, be brought out by the same firm as a holiday offering. Mr. Henry C. Appleton recently had a conference with the distinguished author with the above result.

Books Received.

Any of the books mentioned in the list below (and all others excepting subscription books) will be mailed, postpaid, to our subscribers at a special reduction of ten (10) per cent. from the retail price. Address, THE CHRISTIAN WORK, 90 Bible House, New York City.

- None But the Brave. By Hamblen Sears. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- Cape Cod Ballads and Other Verse. By Joe Lincoln, Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J. \$1.25.
- Training the Church of the Future. By Francis E. Clark, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75 cents.
- Windows for Sermons. By Louis Albert Banks. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.20.
- A Revolution in the Science of Cosmology. By George Campbell. Crane & Co., Topeka, Kan. \$1.
- The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. John Lane. \$1.50.
- A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. By Mark Twain. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.
- The Westcotes. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Henry T. Coates & Co. \$1.
- Islam and Christianity. By a Missionary. American Tract Society. \$1.
- Lessons on the Gospel of St. Mark. By Rev. A. Irvine Robertson, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co. 40 cents.
- He's Coming To-Morrow. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Fleming H. Revell Co. 25 cents.
- Old Glory and the Gospel in the Philippines. By Alice B. Condict, M.D. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cents.
- Gipsy Smith; His Life and Work. By Himself. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50.
- Carpenter's Geographical Readers, Europe. By Frank G. Carpenter. American Book Co. 70 cents.
- American Literature. By Julian W. Abnerthy, Ph.D. Maynard, Merrill & Co. \$1.
- King for a Summer. By Edgar Pickering. Lee & Shepard. \$1.
- Lost on the Orinoco. By Edward Stratemeyer. Lee & Shepard. \$1.
- Parliamentary Usage for Women's Clubs. By Emma A. Fox. The Baker & Taylor Co. 65 cents.
- William Black, Novelist. By Sir Wemyss Reid. Harper & Bros. \$2.25.
- A Tale of True Love and Other Poems. By Alfred Austin. Harper & Bros. \$1.20.
- A Mighty Means of Usefulness. By Jas. G. K. McClure, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cents.
- The Story of Christian Centuries. By Edw'd G. Selden. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.
- The Principles of Jesus. By Robt. E. Speer. Fleming H. Revell Co. 80 cents.
- Evolution and Man. By John Wesley Couley. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cents.
- Mosaics from India. By Margaret B. Denning. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25.



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We often see a friend, a relative, or an acquaintance apparently well, but in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their severe illness, or sudden death, caused by that fatal type of kidney trouble—Bright's disease.

EDITORIAL NOTE—If you are sick or "feel badly" begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince any one.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact, their very lives, to the great curative properties of Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in THE CHRISTIAN WORK, New York City.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

it seems as if I should make an exception in the case of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. My experience, so far as I have tested it in my practice, forces me to the conclusion that it is a remedy of the greatest value in all kidney, liver, bladder and other inflammatory conditions of the genito-urinary tract. I now take pleasure in prescribing Swamp-Root in all such cases with a feeling of assurance that my patients will derive great benefit from its use. I shall continue to prescribe it in other cases in my practice with the expectation of good results.

Very truly yours,

A. J. Haile, M. D.

GENTLEMEN:—I have prescribed that wonderful remedy for kidney complaint, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, with most beneficial effect and know of many cures by its use. These patients had kidney trouble, as diagnosed by other physicians, and treated without benefit. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root effected a cure. I am a liberal man and accept a specific wherever I find it, in an accepted school or out of it. For desperate cases of kidney complaint under treatment with unsatisfactory results I turn to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root with most flattering results. I shall continue to prescribe it, and from personal observation state that Swamp-Root has great curative properties.

Truly yours,

L. Bantow Irish, M.D.

276 9th St., Borough of Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The Housekeeper.

Dead Men's Shoes.

By Cousin Viny.

"There goes Ben Hopewell," said I, looking out at a passer-by. "He don't seem to do any sort of work."

"He's waiting for dead men's shoes," my Cousin Martha remarked; "he's waiting for his pa to die."

"Well, if he's waitin' for his pa's shoes," broke in Sarah Parlow, who always took a remark literally, "I don't reckon he'll ever get 'em. Mis' Hopewell is one of the kind of women that puts away the clothes of her dead an don't allow anybody ever to touch 'em."

Sarah's remark started a train of thought in my mind. How many dead men's shoes are put away to molder and decay when so many feet are not sufficiently protected from the cold? How many dainty dresses are laid by in bureau drawers, securely hidden from the light of day, when the hearts of poor mothers would beat joyfully at the gift of them for their precious, needy children?

Who does not know of warm coats and cloaks, underwear and dresses (whose owners are now, perchance, clothed in celestial garments), which have been stored away in attic trunks, the prey of moth and mice, to be taken out once a year and wept over? I think their one-time owners, if they can look down from above and see, will drop tears of sorrow that these things are not distributed among the poor—for "the poor ye have always with you."

I said something of this to Widow Stout, whose husband and little daughter died within a week of each other last May.

"I suppose you mean me, Cousin Viny," she said, a little sharply, "but you can't be a judge. You can't guess how hard it would be to see somebody else wearing dear little Mary's things, or to see some man walking down street with my dead husband's clothes on. It would be a terrible shock. Besides, it would seem almost like a desecration."

I told her about the different homes for the friendless and the many orphans' homes and charitable institutions in different States, and how glad they were for donations which were so much needed and so judiciously distributed. I did not say anything personal and soon left.

As you all know, I have always been a firm believer in speaking out when I think it is right, as I did in the Widow Stout's case. I am more convinced of the wisdom of such a cause now than ever, for three days later I saw her man going by with two big trunks.

"Is Mrs. Stout going away, Jim?" I asked.

"No'm. These is some clothes and things she's sending off to be give to the poor in the city," Jim answered.

"Thank the Lord!" I said, after he had passed. "A word was spoken in due season."

A friend of mine lost her little baby,

whom she came as near to idolizing as her religion would permit. The beautiful baby carriage was put away with other precious relics, but one day the sight of a frail-looking mother carrying her baby in her arms, which were almost too thin and tired to hold the little one, moved her heart. Then ensued a hard struggle in her breast. Could she bear to see this child wheeled around in her dear one's little carriage?—for she was liable to see it daily if she gave it to the woman. It would be harrowing to her feelings, she feared, yet the thought of the poor, frail mother bearing her heavy burden could not be dismissed, and her better impulses conquered. Strange though it may seem, it gave her bereaved heart a sad pleasure to see the other child taking its outing in the little carriage which had belonged to her darling.

Some time since I had occasion to look through some trunks which held some possessions of a dead relative. These things had been put away after the person's death and left undisturbed for years. As I lifted out the garments one by one, yellow and moth-eaten, I thought: How much comfort these might have bestowed upon some needy ones, but, because of a feeling of sentiment, they have been lying here, useless, all these years, and must now go into the rag-bag.

We are told that evil is wrought by lack of thought, and it is often so in the case of "dead men's shoes." We do not need these personal mementoes to keep fresh the memory of our beloved dead, but others do need them, oh! how bitterly, for practical purposes. If you have such things stored away, will you not open your hearts and send them where they will do good?



Points on Laundering Shirt Waists.

It is a well-known fact that if one wishes to keep colored shirt waists fresh and unfaded one must eschew steam laundrymen and John Chinamen and cultivate the good, old-fashioned way of "doing them up" at home.

The secret of success is absolute cleanliness from start to finish; clean washing, clean lines and clothespins, not lines left out from one week to the other, and pins that are put anywhere regardless of dust; clean starch, the clear-boiled starch minus lumps and made non-stickable by adding a very little clean white lard, the cold starch to be of good strength and well rubbed into the cloth, while both hot and cold starch is to be entirely free from dust and grit, which, no matter how small, shows up alarmingly after the iron flattens it.

The ironing-cloth must be spotless and each iron rubbed and tested before using; a touch of beeswax will make them run smoothly, but the iron must be well rubbed afterward or the wax will smooch the garment. Have some thin clean cloths to lay over the cold-starched portions for the first ironing, which takes up the surplus moisture; remove these and stretch the goods smoothly before ironing again; the

second ironing should be upon the rear side without laying on a cloth; this gives stiffness; then turn the garment upon the right side for the polishing.

Collars and cuffs should be finished by "curving" them, which is done by ironing upon the wrong side, bending the ends to follow the moving iron.

The irons must be hot—as hot as possible without scorching; colder irons are liable to blister the article, and at best do not stiffen.

Cuffs and neckbands made with less than three thicknesses of cloth will not hold the starch well, and these thicknesses should always be cut the same way of the cloth or one side will be fuller and wrinkle in a manner that will prove very troublesome when ironing.

When the edges of cuffs, collars and neckbands become frayed they can be trimmed off, turned in and stitched again, after which they will enjoy a new lease of life; but it is far better to avoid these worn edges, and this can be done by soaking the garments in a medium suds of pearline one-half hour before washing them. The dirt and sweat stains yield without the hard rubbing necessary when washing with common laundry soap, and the pearline will not injure the colors. Care should be taken that the suds are well stirred, that no undissolved lumps stick to the waists. Violent rubbing wears clothes more than service.

Pink and yellow goods should never be blued—it gives them a dull hue; but black and white and all shades of blue are improved by bluing.

All colored cottons should be washed, rinsed and dried with all possible despatch—should be hung out upon the wrong side and taken in immediately when dried.

By ironing the body and sleeves of waists on the wrong side they will not gloss but preserve their newly manufactured appearance; the sleeves, will, of course, have to be pressed again after being turned. Absolute cleanliness must also govern the finished work and the waists be kept away from flies, dust and soot.

A. B. W.



An Ingenious Article.

There is a nice little article on the market now, of interest to the traveling public, and the invention is a woman's, too, hence of value to others of her sex especially.

A slender bar of nickel, so constructed that it will lengthen or shorten according to the size of the trunk, and its purpose is to prevent ladies' gowns from being shaken and rumped in the trunk during journeys to and fro. No pressure on the gowns, but absolute firmness in the keeping of the articles beneath it in place.

When not in use for packing, the rod is convertible into a couple of waist hangers for the closet. Thus there are *two* conveniences in *one* article, and very useful it has proved to be. The article is called "The Traveler's Joy" and is another proof of how women are coming to the front in inventive genius.

GETTYSBURG & WASHINGTON

Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The battlefield of Gettysburg, and the National Capital in all the glory of its Spring freshness, are attractions so alluring that few would feel like refusing to visit them. It is to place these two attractions within easy reach of every one that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces a tour over the interesting battlefield, through the picturesque valleys of Maryland, and an entertaining stay at Washington.

The tour will leave New York 8.00 A. M., and Philadelphia 12.20 P. M., Saturday, May 17, in charge of one of the company's tourist agents, and will cover a period of six days. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the trip throughout. Round-trip tickets, covering transportation, carriage drives, and hotel accommodations, will be sold at the *extremely low rate* of \$22 from New York, \$21 from Trenton, \$19 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

BOOK OF VACATION STORIES

The Summer Book just issued by the Lackawanna Railroad contains a series of delightful vacation stories entitled "The Experiences of Pa." Every one who is seeking a place in which to spend the summer months will be interested in these amusing sketches. The book is handsomely illustrated and describes some of the most attractive resorts of the East. It will tell you where to go, how to go and the price of board; it is called "Mountain and Lake Resorts of the Lackawanna Railroad"; and will be sent on request accompanied by 5 cents in stamps to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, New York City.

HERE IS A CURE.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 1, 1902.

Publisher of CHRISTIAN WORK:

Dear Sir—We cure every case of catarrh, stomach trouble, constipation, kidney disease, congested or torpid liver and inflammation of bladder or prostate gland. One dose a day of our Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine does the work quickly, thoroughly and permanently.

We prove above statements, and will send a trial bottle of this remedy to those of your readers who write for it. We will send every bottle free, safely packed in plain box, charges prepaid. We would like to hear promptly from all those who suffer from any of the troubles mentioned. We cure the most stubborn cases.

Please give this a prominent place in your publication.

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Among the Churches.

Rev. Dr. Rand, secretary of the American Tract Society, after fifty-four years of continuous service as editor of its publications, has resigned, to take effect in May. He has shown high scholarship and marked skill as a Bible exegete. He is the author of a Bible Dictionary, first issued in 1860 and enlarged in 1877, of which 223,000 copies have been circulated. He has prepared for the press the publications of the Society books, tracts and periodicals for many years, including those in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German and other languages. Beside these polyglot gifts he has been a man of excellent judgment, untiring industry and wonderful endurance, so that now in his 86th year he is regularly in his office and accomplishes daily as much as many men in their prime. With all this he is a man of sound doctrine and fervent piety. He does not separate himself from the service of the Society. As Secretary Emeritus he will continue to render such counsel and aid as his strength will permit.

Rev. Dr. James A. Little, first and only pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Hokendauqua, Pa., entering the thirty-fourth year of his happy Hokendauqua pastorate received at the April communion eleven young people into church membership.

Rev. Dr. Robert Crook, of the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his home, in Mount Vernon, April 21st. Dr. Crook, who was 73 years old, had been on the superannuated list for about three years.

Rev. Walter E. Avery, pastor of Scott Methodist Episcopal Church, Wilmington, Del., died on April 22d. Dr. Avery had been pastor of Scott Church only about a month. While he was preaching on Sunday, April 13th, he was stricken with apoplexy, which resulted in his death.

The Spanish Methodist Church at Clayton, N. M., a large frame structure, was completely demolished during a severe gale on April 21st.

Rev. Carlton Bannister, pastor of the Southern Church at Ramsey, N. J., died at his home on April 22d. The cause of his death was nervous prostration, brought on by overwork and deep study.

Rev. Harris A. Freer, pastor of the Reformed Church, of Buskirk, N. Y., has accepted a call to the Reformed Church at East Greenbush, N. Y.

The unanimous call lately extended to Rev. Charles Lorenzo Lawrence, of High Bridge, N. J., to the First Reformed Church, of Irvington, N. J., has been accepted, and he has been duly installed as minister of that church.

Rev. A. E. Garvie, M. A., B. D., of Montrose, Scotland, has just been called to the chair of Systematic Theology and Apologetics in the Congregational College, Montreal. Mr. Garvie has written an able work on Ritschliu Theology, and will be a strong acquisition to the Canadian ministry should he accept. He is considering the call with interest.

Rev. James A. Francis, of the Second Avenue Church, in New York, has been called to the pastorate of the Clarendon street Baptist Church, of Boston, Mass., and it is confidently expected by the Pulpit Committee that he will accept.

Just as Rev. Walter E. Avery was finishing his sermon in Scott Methodist Episcopal Church, Wilmington, Del., on Sunday, April 13th, he was stricken with paralysis, and had to be carried from the pulpit. His condition is serious. Dr. Avery became pastor of the Scott Church less than a month ago, having been transferred from Harrison Street Church by the last Conference.

Rev. William H. Fulton, of Pittsburg, has accepted a call to the pulpit of the First United Presbyterian Church of Chicago, one of the largest congregations of the denomination in the West.

It was reported to the New York Methodist Conference, at its recent session, that \$400,000 had been subscribed to raise church debts and \$300,000 for the Deaconesses' Home, Conference Claimants' fund and St. Christopher's Home for Children. This was the most gratifying fiscal report ever made to any Conference.

The secretary of the Twentieth Century Methodist Episcopal Thank Offering movement says that \$16,000,000 of the \$20,000,000 originally projected has already been subscribed, and the agitation has resulted in a revivifying of Methodist interests from the Atlantic to the Pacific, strong enough to suggest hopes of a general revival.

Rev. Edwin Heyl Delk, of Hagerstown, Md., has been elected pastor of St. Matthew's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, to succeed late Rev. Dr. William M. Baum.

Garret R. Conover, a prominent worker in the Christian Missionary Alliance movement died suddenly on the night of April 10th, while attending a meeting of the Alliance at Asbury Park, N. J. An undertaker was sent for, but as he did not arrive for some time the members continued the meeting, while the corpse sat propped up in the chair just as it was when life left the body.

By a blaze which turned the edifice into a roaring furnace, the interior of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church was destroyed last Sunday evening. The historic structure caught fire a little before 6 o'clock. The blaze started under the altar, evidently from a defective electric wire, and before the flames could be extinguished, nothing but the walls remained. Rev. James H. Hoadley, the pastor, lives in No. 149 West Thirteenth street, two doors from the church, and when he was informed of the fire he dashed into his study, which was in the rear of the altar, and, by heroic work, managed to save the old records of the church and the communion sets.



Man was made to mourn, but probably it was never intended that he should spend so much of his time at it.

In the Library.

For rare charm and grace, Mr. Henry Harland's new novel, "The Lady Paramount," stands first among the books of the year. The delicacy and sweetness of this love story impresses the reader strongly as page follows page. The Countess of Sampaolo, masquerading as Madame Torrebianca, a young Italian widow, is as strong and winsome a heroine as it has been our good fortune to meet with in fiction; but Mr. Harland made a mistake when he named the two principal male characters Anthony and Adrian. The reader is continually mixing the A's, and has to look out sharp to give the right man due credit for various clever speeches. In chapter 15 the author shows himself to be not only a lover, but also a close student of nature, for the scene of the taming of the greenfinches which occurs in this chapter is ideal and will live in the memory of the reader long after the mere story is forgotten. Like "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," "The Lady Paramount" will have many readers and admirers, who will not only enjoy the tale, but who must receive profit from a story reeking with good English cleverly rounded and turned. John Lane, The Bodley Head, London and New York, publisher.

Why does a man write a book and then advise the reader by the title of the chapters not to read it? This question is pressed home to one in "Mary Garvin," by Fred Lewis Patee, in which it occurs four times and become rather wearisome. The story is one of the present day, located in New Hampshire, and is a simple tale of back-country folks. It is very true to life in detail, but unfortunately Mr. Patee has made the hero, Luke Farnum, a weak, vacillating creature, whom the reader soon despises—no one despises a hero lacking backbone so completely. The heroine, Mary Garvin, has more strength of character, but even she is lacking in the end, when she takes her recreant lover back, forgiving and forgetting in true biblical style. As there is nothing to be learned after reading through pages of homely dialect, one is inclined to believe that, after all, the author knew what he was about when he advised skipping so profusely in the contents. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, publishers.

"The Boers in Bermuda" is the title of an article in the May *Era*, written by J. B. Mattison. Those who are tired of the ceaseless flow of complaint concerning the treatment of the captured South Africans will find a relief in this more pleasing picture. Dr. Mattison does not hesitate to call to account those whose published statements were not based on fact:

I saw none unseasonably clad, without hats, or unshod. The Government gives each man a supply of clothing, to which has been added many boxes of various garments from friends in America and elsewhere.—These gifts, however, have put Dr. Harvey, the health officer of Ber-

muda, "in a state of mind," for many of them came from places in or near which smallpox, measles and other contagious diseases have been rife, and so brought risk of ill-result. In consequence, every supply has been thoroughly disinfected after reaching Bermuda. Happily, no outbreak occurred, and the Government has now forbidden further receipt of second-hand clothing. All gifts are admitted duty free. Another statement about "four thousand almost naked" prisoners is untrue.

Concerning sanitary conditions let it be noted, first and foremost, that the very locale of the camps is, in the fullest degree, fitted to conserve the well-being of the captives along hygienic lines. All needful precautions and regulations are rigidly observed. Attest of these facts is found in their healthful appearance—which was my first impression on reaching their laager—and in the convincing fact of a specially small sick list and death rate.

Regarding hospital care, the captives are fortunate, for they are in charge of Major Edye, one of the most accomplished medical men in English service, who, with two assistant surgeons, looks well to the welfare of all ill. Port's Island is entirely a general hospital of 200 beds. The Royal Army Medical Corps lives on it, and the only other occupants are a telephone operator, a small guard, and four press censors who read about 5,000 letters for each mail.

Boers ill are at once sent to hospital—a wooden building and several marquees—where they are seen, morning and night, by the surgeons. The hospital outfit is large and varied. The food supply is ample and of most excellent kind. Every Friday a cablegram goes to Africa, giving details to friends of those dangerously ill. Briefly told, the best proof of good care is the fact that since the hospital was opened, July 1st, 951 cases have been admitted to January 17th, and only twelve deaths. Surely, that is a record, generous and humane.

"What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know." By Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M. D. The publication of this book completes the best and most exceptional series ever published on avoided subjects. The only regrettable thing about this valuable series is that these books should not have been written and published generations ago. In this latest and concluding book of the series, Mrs. Drake has equaled in style and interest the character of her previous book, entitled "What a Young Wife Ought to Know," for which she received a prize of \$1,000. It is written in that same wholesome, sympathetic manner characteristic of all the purity books in this series. It should be read by every woman nearing and passing through middle life. It will do much to reassure nervous ones needlessly alarmed by patent medicine advertising and opinions of ill-advised friends, and will dispel apprehensions aroused by groundless forebodings. This book is for single women as well as those married, and its pure, yet stimulating,

teaching is calculated to give confidence to the most timid. Besides telling of the heralds of the change and the various symptoms disturbing the mental and nervous equilibriums of women at this trying period of their lives, it gives many valuable suggestions for the improvement of the health and the care of the body. Careful following of the hygienic advice given in this book ought to lengthen the lives of our women and make their closing years the happiest and most useful of all. Vir Publishing Company, 113 Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia.

"The Bible in the Twentieth Century," was the theme of Rev. T. Harwood Pattison, D. D., at the last anniversary of the American Baptist Publication Society, held at Springfield, Mass. So much of the address as was delivered on that occasion was published in the report of the Society's proceedings. It was so full of interest and information, and of marked excellences, from beginning to end, that there have been repeated calls for its publication in its unabridged form. The demand has now been met by the American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, which has issued the address in its complete form, in a handsomely printed pamphlet, 56 pages, 12mo., price, 10 cents. The address awakened wide interest at the time, but in its present form will no doubt accomplish a much greater and far wider influence.

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Christian Endeavor.

Sunday, May 11th.—John vi., 22-35; 48-58.

Jesus the Living Bread.

By Lina Jeanette Walk.

This lesson and the chapters from which it is taken relate especially to eternal life. It is always hard for young people to realize what might be considered *ultimate* blessings and eternal results. Not that we should give the impression that accepting Jesus Christ as the Living Bread, or sustenance of the soul, has only to do with the future, but the large idea should enter into our hearts and abide there that love for the Saviour and accepting Him as the chief source of life for us all not only secures us safety and comfort during our earthly career, but it also gives us the assurance of life everlasting.

Four times in this sixth chapter of John's gospel Jesus Christ assured His hearers that whosoever believed in Him and received Him as a Saviour and as the Bread of Life, He should raise up at the last day. And over and again the dear, earnest Redeemer declared Himself to be the Living Bread. It seemed imperative that the important truth should be repeated over and over, in order that the disciples as well as the questioning Jews should be brought to believe in the life-giving power and influence of the Son of God. Alas! does not the same necessity exist to-day of telling the story time and again that only by feeding on Christ, taking in of His spirit, believing in His teachings and accepting Him as the soul's support can we hope for the salvation so freely offered, its one condition, with all its vast accruing benefits, being simply acceptance?

When older and more experienced persons desire to have the young take to themselves anything they feel is to be of great personal advantage, whether it be some method of physical treatment, a new way of managing affairs or even an invigorating tonic, they often say, persuasively: "Try it, only try it! and see if it does not aid, strengthen or uplift, even as we promise it will." In the same persuasive, urgent spirit we feel like begging all young people to try relying on this Saviour, who sought with so much of earnest endeavor to make people believe in Him and accept Him as the true Bread of Life sent of the Father from heaven.

Even a child knows the value of bread. He knows that unless the body is fed daily it will pine away and die. Young Christians have need to remember that, having accepted Christ as a leader and Saviour, they must continually draw on Him for the spiritual food and supply, without which their Christianity will decline and gradually fade away.

There is nothing elusive about the free supply that can be found at any time and in any place. We are most of us familiar with the story of Tantalus, who, in the midst of a flowing lake, could never reach the water to quench his thirst, as it disappeared at his near approach, and from boughs laden with fruit could never suc-

ceed in reaching or quite grasping the food his hunger demanded. Had the fabled waters been drank and the tantalizing fruit been eaten, the son of Jupiter would have thirsted and hungered again, but whoso is wise and eats of the bread Christ gives and drinks His cup to blessing, will be satisfied and saved eternally.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness," the Saviour said. There are many different kinds of hunger in this world, and some of this worldly hunger is associated with much evil. There is the greed for wealth, which is, perhaps, the most disastrous in these days, for once the appetite for money is acquired it grows stronger and stronger until the things which belong to Mammon alone occupy the mind and control the thoughts continually, and the hunger and thirst for righteousness is lost. The love of the things of this life, placed before that of the "manna" which heaven supplies, is a most dangerous condition. "What profiteth it a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" We cannot hope for that higher appetite which will give us the desire for the joys of eternity if we eat only of the meat that perisheth. May this be the prayer of every professing Christian:

"Bread of heaven, on thee I feed
For thy flesh is meat indeed.
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread,
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died."

A MOTHER'S MILK

may not fit the requirements of her own offspring. A failing milk is usually a poor milk. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has been the standard for more than 40 years. Send for book "Babies," 71 Hudson street, N. Y.

A Beautiful Vacation Book.

First, as usual, of the summer railroad literature, and more beautiful than ever, comes the "Summer Homes" book of the New York, Ontario & Western Ry. It is a volume of 200 pages, and for artistic merit cannot be surpassed by any of the numbers of the great monthly magazines. It is full of information for those of our city residents who are seeking a spot high up among the cool and breezy mountains, where the wife and babies may enjoy a vacation during the heated term. The book may be obtained without charge at 425 Broadway, or any other of the company's offices.

Man's Mission on Earth

Medical Book Free.

"Know Thyself," a book for men only, regular price 50 cents, will be sent free (sealed postpaid) to any male reader of this paper, 6 cents for postage. Address the **Peabody Medical Institute**, 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass., established in 1860, the oldest and best in America. Write to-day for free book, "The Key to Health and Happiness."

EDITOR'S NOTE For 40 years the Peabody Medical Institute has been a fixed fact, and it will remain so. It is as standard as American Gold.

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preserves and pickles, spread
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**PURE REFINED
PARAFFINE**
Will keep them absolutely moisture and
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Sold everywhere.
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Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed!

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY
BY A WOMAN.

While traveling in Mexico I discovered a drug which removes hair from face, arms, neck or any part of the body instantly and permanently. I have been offered hundreds of dollars for my secret but I would rather handle this valuable treatment myself, so will send to anyone afflicted information without any expense but a postage stamp. Don't judge my treatment by unsuccessful attempts of others. I have treated thousands who are now thankful for life to me. I suffered for years with this affliction and now my life's work is to help others from this humiliating trouble. My treatment is easy and accomplished at home, and I will forfeit \$100 if it fails to remove hair. Don't suffer longer. Relief is now yours for the asking. Don't send any money, merely write me of your case and I will personally send you full information that will end that shame and sensitiveness that you must suffer. Everything sent you will be carefully sealed and your letter strictly held confidential. Address, MME. DOREE, 1544 Euclid Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

**LADIES. If you have superfluous
HAIR ON THE FACE**
send for new information how to remove it easily and
effectually without chemicals or instruments. Cor-
respondence confidential in plain sealed envelopes.
Mrs. M. N. PERRY, C 108 Box 83, Oak Park, Ills.

In answering advertisements found in these columns the writer will confer a favor on the advertiser as well as the publisher of the paper by mentioning the name of THE CHRISTIAN WORK.

TAKEN FROM SCHOOL

Her Mother Says She Did Not Receive Proper Treatment.

There has of late been considerable trouble in the schools and not a few girls have been kept at home by their parents on account of it.

One of these is Grace E. Locke, a prepossessing miss of sixteen years. Her mother, Mrs. Alice M. Locke, during an interview on the subject said:

"My daughter is a good girl and I have never had any trouble with her. But about six months ago I was obliged to take her out of school. She had worked hard and, since her heart had not been good for about three years, it had been too much for her. She grew pale and listless, she was tired all the time and the least exertion made her breathe hard. The disease was anæmia and I was afraid of it, but I hardly knew what to do, for medicine didn't seem to be doing her any good.

"But at last we noticed an advertisement in the paper saying that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People would cure diseases caused by impoverished blood, and I made up my mind to have her try them. Her trouble was deep-seated and obstinate, and, at first, the pills didn't seem to help her much. But she kept on and in a little while she began to feel better. She continued using them till she had taken ten boxes and now she looks and feels like a different person. She is back in school, as well and strong as any of the girls and I feel very thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have done for her."

Mrs. Locke and her daughter live in Whitman, Mass., and many of their neighbors are willing to vouch for the truth of the above statement. As nearly everybody knows, anæmia, the disease from which Miss Locke suffered, is a dangerous one to neglect. It is caused by an actual deficiency of the blood, and a watery and depraved state of that fluid.

The one remedy that has proved itself a specific for anæmia is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills will never fail to effect a cure if used persistently for a reasonable length of time. They may be bought at all druggists, or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., fifty cents per box; six boxes for two dollars and a half. Send for free booklet of medical advice.



BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL 33c.
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Good Coffees 12c. and 15c.
Good Teas 30c. and 35c.

Cook Book Free
to customers, bound in cloth.
\$25 pp., 2,500 receipts.

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One hour a day for study and practice.
Results uniformly satisfactory.
Terms moderate. Send for circular.

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Just for Fun.

Customer—Didn't you tell me this horse was afraid of nothing?

Dealer—That's just what I said.

"Why, he shies at his own shadow."

"Well, a shadow is about as near nothing as anything I know of."

A story is told of a man who went to see a doctor. The doctor examined him carefully, and, with a grave face, told him that he was very ill, and asked if he had consulted any one else. "Oh," said the man, "I went to see a druggist and asked his advice, and he—" "Druggist!" the doctor broke in, angrily. "What was the good of that? The best thing you can do when a druggist gives you a bit of advice is to do exactly the opposite." "And he," the patient continued, "advised me to come to you."

She—If you had told me you weren't feelin' well, I'd have fixed up some of these old-fashioned remedies a couple of days ago.

He—Yes, I know. That's why I didn't say anything about it.

"It was so slippery coming down here to-night that I lost my feet several times," remarked the awkward dancer to his fair companion, as they were enjoying the dreamy mazes of the waltz.

"Well, I notice you've found them again, all right," said the fair one, as she stopped dancing and limped over to a chair.

A well-known bishop was once just starting on a railway journey from Chester Station, when the stationmaster came up to him and said, referring to his baggage, "How many articles are there, my lord?" "Thirty-nine," was the reply. "I can only find sixteen," answered the other. "Then," said the bishop, "you must be a Dis-senter!"

"I'd like to see Miss Passay," said the man at the door.

"You can't," replied the maid; "she's got the toothache."

"Impossible, for I'm from her dentist, and I've got her teeth here in this package."

Wigg—What a beautiful nose she has.

Wagg—Yes, that's her scenter of attraction.

He—Then you think he has found his affinity?

She—Decidedly! He has debts and she has money.—Puck.

She—I hear the sheriff is after your sister.

He—Yes; I believe he has an attachment for her.

"I have called, sir, to see if you will contribute to our Home for Incurable Children."

"Yes, rather. There's three of mine upstairs you can take at once, and I'll send the other two around as soon as they come home from school!"

Ida—But Belle always said Harry was "one man in a million." Why did she jilt him?

May—Oh, she found one man with a million.

TEARFUL,

Trembling, frightened, she knows not why. Between her sobs she tells her husband of her misery. It is not enough for the husband to comfort the wife in this condition, she needs help. In those early days when the shadow of maternity first begins to fall upon the woman she is often nervous, sleepless, without appetite, and full of vague fears.



The help needed by women at this crisis is fully furnished by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It nourishes the nerves and so quiets them. It restores the appetite and induces refreshing sleep. It gives physical strength and mental buoyancy to meet the trial of motherhood, and makes the baby's advent practically painless.

"I will be very glad to say a few words for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. P. S. Douglas, of Mansonville, Brome Co., Que. "During the first four months when I looked to becoming a mother I suffered very much from nausea and vomiting, and I felt so terribly sick I could scarcely eat or drink anything. I hated all kinds of food. At this time I wrote to Dr. Pierce and he told me to get his 'Favorite Prescription' and a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I got a bottle of each and when I had taken them a few days I felt much better, and when I had taken hardly three parts of each bottle I felt well and could eat as well as any one, and could do my work without any trouble (I could not do anything before). I feel very thankful to Dr. Pierce for his medicine, and I tell all who tell me they are sick to get these medicines or write to Dr. Pierce."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate the bowels.

HOME

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OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE, NO. 119 BROADWAY.

Ninety-seventh Semi-Annual Statement.

JANUARY, 1902.

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks,	\$ 743,517 01
Real Estate	1,638,892 06
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate,	128,750 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents,	771,087 42
Interest due and accrued on 1st Jan., 1902,	53,663 04
Bonds and Stocks,	11,924,960 00
	\$15,255,869 73

LIABILITIES.

CASH CAPITAL,	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	5,060,677 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims,	1,288,849 85
Net Surplus,	5,906,342 88
	\$15,255,869 73
Surplus as regards Policy-holders,	\$8,906,342 88

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ELBRIDGE G. SNOW, Vice-President.
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WM. H. CHENEY, } Secretaries.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given, and notice sent at least one week before such change is desired.

ARTICLES FOR PUBLICATION, or books for review, should be addressed "Editor of THE CHRISTIAN WORK," and not to any individual.

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Odds and Ends.

The butcher may not be funny, but he does a lot of cutting up.

A goat has a great head for business.

No man can be selfish while he is in love.

Your life isn't worth living unless you think it is.

Love is one kind of praise and envy is another.

Switchmen are paid for sidetracking other people.

Self-inspection is said to be a sure cure for self-esteem.

A boy's headache is always worse just about school time.

Some men have brains and some seem to have wheels.

The average man deceives himself oftener than he does others.

The way of the transgressor is often rough on the other fellow.

Men with narrow views are apt to be broad in their conversation.

Woman does not enjoy a funny story unless there is a man in it.

Probably the first parasol was made from the rib of an umbrella.

A woman never feels comfortable unless her shoes are uncomfortable.

The better the physician the less respect an undertaker has for him.

If a man says only what he thinks he is not likely to be a great talker.

A man is always on time when he has an appointment with a pretty girl.

Any man can learn to make mistakes without serving an apprenticeship.

There is something wrong with a pie if a small boy refuses a second piece.

Many a man grows wealthy by acting contrary to the advice of the majority.

Spring lamb is one thing in the dictionary and quite another on the bill of fare.

The man who is willing to lend you money to-morrow always wants to borrow to-day.

Not infrequently the wedding ring is a circle that squares the debts of a poor man.

A woman would rather other women would talk disrespectfully about her than ignore her.

After a girl who married for money becomes a widow she is very likely to be married for her money.

That student who lingers around the foot of his class may eventually become a first-class chiropodist.

It is not wisdom to tell everything you know, but some people can't avoid it if they tell anything at all.

An egotist is a man who insists on telling you the things about himself that you want to tell him about yourself.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. - Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Henry M. King, D.D., of Providence, says: "The ordinance is a spiritual joy NOW to many who shrank from it before."



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CHRISTIAN WORK

Illustrated Family Newspaper

Volume 72.

MAY 10, 1902.

Number 1838

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NO unwelcome tasks become any the less unwelcome by putting them off till to-morrow. It is only when they are behind us and done, that we begin to find that there is a sweetness to be tasted afterwards, and that the remembrance of unwelcome duties unhesitatingly done is welcome and pleasant. Accomplished, they are full of blessing and there is a smile on their faces as they leave us. Undone, they stand threatening and disturbing our tranquillity, and hindering our communion with God. If there be lying before you any bit of work from which you shrink, go straight up to it and do it at once. The only way to get rid of it is to do it.

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M. E. Munson, Pub., 77 Bible House, New York

THE CHRISTIAN WORK

Weekly---Continuing The Christian at Work.

Volume 72

New York, Saturday, May 10, 1902

Number 1838

For Terms See Prospectus on Page 735.

Rending the Veil
from the Philippines.

We are to have the full truth regarding the methods of warfare practiced in the Philippines, and in this every right-minded man will rejoice. In addition to the awful confessions of Major Waller and General Smith, despatches show that a similarly heartless campaign was conducted by Brigadier-General Bell in the provinces of Laguna and Batangas. In one of his reports he says that he is starting out "expecting to destroy everything I find outside of towns. All able-bodied men will be killed or captured." The story of the charges on which Second-Lieutenant Roberts was tried and released with a mild reprimand is too repulsive to be dwelt upon. The American people—and apparently also the civil authorities in the islands—have been kept in the dark as to the infamous conditions in the Philippines by the military authorities. But now the truth is out, and further witnesses are to give testimony, among whom is Major Gardner, formerly Governor of Tayabas. Then there is the case of Major Glenn, who is accused of ordering that the water cure be administered to the Presidente of Igaras, Panay. The order was carried out, it was charged, by Lieutenant Arthur L. Conger, Eighteenth Infantry, assisted by Captain and Assistant Surgeon Palmer Lyon. Major Glenn is to be court-martialed immediately. As the President has already roundly denounced these cruelties, the matter is in no wise a party but a National one, in which the good name of the whole country is involved. The truth, and the whole truth, is what is wanted, with punishment of the guilty. Nothing less will satisfy the temper of the American people and clear the American name from reproach.

The Negotiations
in South Africa.

That the Boer commanders have at last made up their minds on the question of peace or war is evidenced by the announced change in the date of the final conference from May 25 to May 15. From Holland the report comes that the decision will be to renew the struggle. But there may be a purpose in the announcement to induce the British to grant concessions desired by the Boers, and there are not wanting signs that peace may be the result, for it is known that Botha, Delarey, De Wet, Schalkburger and Meyer have been going over the terms offered them with a desire to terminate hostilities, and that all the commandos are being consulted in turn. Previously nothing of the kind has been attempted, and it is a good sign when combatants after long and desperate fighting are willing to parley, as the Boers and British are doing to-day. The burghers are putting the question of peace to a vote, and every voice will be heard. When the time proposed for the purpose is reduced by the Boers themselves, it signifies a meeting of minds and not a division in councils. The mid-

dle of May will see a renewal of fighting to the bitter end, or a peace that will be the beginning of a wonderful new era in South Africa. Meanwhile, reports from any source must be accepted with reserve.

The Beef Trust
Hit by the People.

Some measure of retribution is already overtaking the Beef Trust—the Chicago stockyards are jammed with live cattle eating their heads off and dressed meats in refrigerators for which there are no buyers. The leading packers in the combine are discharging men by hundreds because there is no work for them to do. This is admittedly due to the adoption at hundreds of meetings all over the country of resolutions carrying out the plan of paying back the Trust by eating no meat. If this practice is continued the Beef Trust will be powerless against this popular form of government by abstention. The people can easily break its "corner" and knock down its extortionate prices if they only choose for one short month to eat anything else than beef, mutton and pork. The list of alternative foods is long and tempting, and will grow more so as May advances toward June. There are both health and wealth in it for the mass of consumers—and demoralization for the Beef Trust.

More Delay for
Cuban Relief.

A subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Relations with Cuba is now investigating Mr. Teller's charge that the Sugar Trust owns almost the entire crop of this year, and will consequently be the chief, if not the sole, beneficiary of any tariff reduction intended to benefit the planters. Mr. Havemeyer, president of the American Sugar Refining Company, has already testified that his purchases were very light, and he owns but little of it. Very clearly this investigation will not only delay Cuban relief, but it is wholly unnecessary, for only a month ago Gen. Leonard Wood wrote the Secretary of War from Havana, declaring positively that the Cuban planters and sugar dealers hold the accumulated crop "almost entirely." That not only settle the matter, but puts the present "investigation" as in the light of a farce—save that it seems to be made in the interest of delay for Cuba, and profit for the Beet Sugar Trust.

For Getting
All the Facts.

The committee formed in this city to secure all the facts regarding the conduct of the war in the Philippines, and especially in Samar, will serve a good purpose if its proceedings are conducted in the right spirit—that of learning all the facts and doing justice to all. At heart the American people are sound. They will not tolerate unwarranted cruelty, nor will they hold the Government responsible for the acts of individuals, unless it can be shown that atrocities have been winked at or supported by the

official authorities at Washington. Meantime, the prompt action taken in the cases of Major Waller and General Smith, and the stern tone of the President's order, leave no doubt in most minds that the National character is safe in the keeping of those who are officially accountable. Moreover, a committee of the United States Senate is already engaged in a Philippine investigation. The machinery of "complete publicity" is in motion, and we are sure to have all the facts even if the committee should be able to add little to what is officially obtained. The committee consists of Mr. Carl Schurz, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, Mr. Herbert Welsh, and President J. G. Schurman.



American Gallantry
Takes a Philippine Fort.

Despatches from Manila give the particulars of a gallant performance by American arms; the Moro fort at Bayan, Mindanao, was captured by direct assault, by Lieutenant-Colonel Frank D. Baldwin, of the Fourth infantry, and the 470 men of his command, who had laid siege to the fort, mounted the walls by scaling ladders, having a hand-to-hand struggle with the Moros, whose bodies line the ditches under the walls. Only eighty-four of the three hundred or more Moros survived. One officer and seven men of the Americans were killed and four officers and thirty-seven men were wounded. The Sultans of Bayan and Pandapatan, and many leading dattos were killed. Lieutenant Bovars, of the Twenty-seventh infantry, was killed in the engagement at the fort, and Captain Moore, of the same regiment, was mortally wounded. Surgeon Porter and Lieutenant Henry S. Wagner, of the Fourteenth infantry, and Lieutenant Jossman, of the Twenty-seventh infantry, were also severely wounded. President Roosevelt has telegraphed his congratulations to General Chaffee and the officers and men engaged. The event it is claimed will end the war in Mindanao, which will be welcome news if it proves true.



Diverse
Opinions.

Speaking in the House of Commons last week, Mr. Balfour, the Tory leader, refused to pledge the Government to prevent the formation of Mr. Morgan's marine "merger." Lord Brassey, a very high authority on shipping, has declared in a public address that the combination is not "disadvantageous to trade" and that "the public has no right to object to the steps taken to prevent the cutting of rates, which has proved so disastrous in the past." On the other hand, Mr. Labouchere, a keen observer of British affairs, declared last week that not only is British supremacy in trade and commerce threatened, but doomed, and that it will take all the best efforts the Empire is capable of to prevent a retrograde movement, which, if it begins, will increase year by year. Evidently the fear in England of seeing the British mercantile marine disappear or become fatally weakened is fully as acute and depressing. In the midst of so great diversity of opinion Time alone can answer the disputed question.



One Million for
Southern Education.

To no better educational purpose could money be devoted than to that which has just been made a beneficiary to the extent of \$1,000,000 by Mr. John D. Rockefeller—the educational institutions of the South. The cause of education in the South is in deep need of financial aid, and Mr. Rockefeller's splendid gift is timely, not only

on account of the immediate wants of such worthy institutions, as those at Hampton and Tuskegee, but because it may divert into a new channel part of that stream of educational benefactions which has been a feature of recent philanthropy in this country. It is high time that the South should share in the liberal giving of education, and it is gratifying to see Mr. Rockefeller setting an example which is likely to be potent. In this matter we may assume that neither the interests of industry nor academic scholarship will be neglected. Here is a good field for benevolence, and it is to be presumed that having begun this work, Mr. Rockefeller will promote it still further in the future.



A Constitution
for Russia.

So beneficent would be the work of giving Russia a constitutional government that every lover of free institutions will hope that the report that the Czar proposes doing this will prove true. It will be recalled that Alexander II., grandfather of the present ruler, had actually approved a plan for more liberal government drawn up by Gen. Loris Melikoff, Minister of the Interior, in 1881. According to this plan revision of the laws was to follow the creation of a representative assembly, and the council of State was to be in a measure responsible to this assembly, though when its decisions were not unanimous the ultimate resort was to be the will of the Czar. It is not improbable that Nicholas II., unable to cope with the political difficulties that beset him, has fallen back upon this scheme with all the more relief because it had the tentative approval of his grandfather. Time ought soon to determine the truth of the report. Meantime, it is to be recalled that the Government is chiefly in the hands of the Councillors of State, and that Czar Nicholas will be pretty sure to act in accordance with their recommendations. It is by no means improbable, while far from certain, that the present disturbing conditions of unrest are telling upon the personnel of the Government with the result that a conservative constitution will be given the people, as Alexander II. proposed a score of years ago.



There's a Cry
from Macedonia.

Cablegrams from the Far East include some ominous items of intelligence respecting the ferment in Macedonia. That province of ancient Greece is unfortunately still under the heel of the Ottoman. This fact, applied to a Christian territory, is sufficient to involve chronic misery for a whole population. Intermittent conflicts are reported between Turkish troops and Macedonian revolutionists. At Sistovo Turks surrounded the village and overcame the resistance of the rebels. Several Macedonians and Turkish soldiers were killed, and many on each side were wounded. All the male inhabitants of the village were arrested. It is reassuring to learn that the Turkish troops refrained from great excesses, with the exception that they killed one woman of Bulgarian nationality. Such occurrences in the Macedonian and Bulgarian borderland are growing more and more frequent. They betoken the simmering of the caldron, which is never quiet. As long as Moslem domination still oppresses Christian populations in European territories, there is constant peril for the world's peace, seeing that any spark may ignite the Balkan powder-barrel. The Macedonian unrest is simply the result of oppressive taxation, which robs the cultivators of the best part of their annual harvest, and of the arrogance of a

dominant caste actuated not only by racial antipathy, but even more by religious fanaticism. Nothing, it would seem, can very long avert the explosion in the Orient.



The Nervous
Sultan Hamid.

According to a Constantinople despatch the Sultan, tormented by fears of rebellion and assassination, has quietly executed his brother, Raschid Pasha, who, according to Mohammedan law, ranks before the Sultan's own children in the succession. The statement is, of course, possible, as Raschid has been undoubtedly an object of Ab-dul-Hamid's jealousy, but we should on the whole think it improbable. Raschid is a man of little nerve, ability, or presence, and there seems no reason why conspirators should not accept a son of the Sultan as readily as a brother. It should be carefully noted that all accounts from Constantinople repeat the same story of the Sultan's ceaseless watchfulness, and of incessant arrests and executions, which sometimes strike very high indeed. It is at least possible that Ab-dul-Hamid, who has one of the keenest brains in Europe and unlimited means of espionage, is unusually well informed, and that there really exists a plot against his throne or his life which becomes from time to time active, and is then brought summarily to an end, as in the present instance.



General Palma's
Tour Through Cuba.

Making a partial tour of Cuba before his inauguration as first President of the new Republic of Cuba, wherever he goes General Palma receives the heartiest welcome—in fact, his itinerary is a constant triumphal procession. In all the speeches of General Palma and Señor Quesada, who is to be Cuba's Minister at Washington, there has been perceptible a most friendly and fraternal feeling toward the United States, with which the people are in evident accord. As in the case of American so in that of Cuban independence, the man of the hour is evident. The welcome of President Palma to Cuba has been unanimous and sincere. The hearty indorsement of the popular choice by General Maso, the new president's former chief opponent, is a pledge that no obstacles will be put in the way of the administration by the only faction that might prove troublesome if so minded. As with Washington in his first term, so with Palma—there is but one party now. Divisions will come later.



A Question of
State Rights.

While the Civil War is supposed to have definitely settled the whole question of State rights, it really is not so. What the war did settle was that no State might, of its own volition, secede from the Union. And now the United States Supreme Court is called upon to decide the relation of one State to another, and of each State to the Federal Government. This is the story: Kansas and Colorado have joined issue over the right of each State to the waters of the Arkansas River. The river has its rise in the Rocky Mountains in Colorado and crosses Kansas in its meanderings toward the southeast. For some time the farmers of Colorado have been diverting the water of the river to their own farms, greatly to the damage of Kansas people. A broad valley of about 2,500,000 acres in Kansas is absolutely dependent upon the moisture obtained from this river for the growth of crops, owing to the inadequate supply from rainfall. Not only are the fields affected, but

the wells run dry, thus causing great trouble and expense each summer. Kansas as a State filed a bill of equity in the Supreme Court against Colorado, praying for a decree enjoining and restraining Colorado from granting any license or authority to any person, firm or corporation for the diversion of any of the water of the Arkansas River, and from granting any one the right to enlarge a canal or ditch now in use, or to build others, and further restraining Colorado as a State from constructing canals or ditches. Colorado, on the other hand, contended on demurrer that there can be no issue between the respective States, but only between private parties. But the Supreme Court has decided that Kansas is acting as a trustee or guardian of all its citizens. The situation, then, is this: Colorado claims her right as a sovereign State to consuming for beneficial purposes all the waters within her boundaries; that she may absolutely and wholly deprive Kansas of any of her share in the waters of the Arkansas River; that "she occupies toward Kansas the same position that foreign States occupy toward each other." The case will go to trial, and we shall doubtless see a noble forensic contest worthy the best legends of the Supreme Court.



Papal Finance. The poverty of the Pope was a very short-lived legend, and proof is ample that the revenues of the

Roman Curia are not inconsiderable. The last one to bear witness is the Roman correspondent of the London *Morning Post*. In a letter printed in that journal he states that, although the Papacy has lost great amounts through injudicious investment, it is still fairly well off. Its investments, which have now been transferred to Italian undertakings, yield some \$2,000,000 a year, a sum which, under the careful management of the Pope and Cardinal Mocenni, who acts as Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Vatican, is slowly increasing, while \$1,200,000 more comes in from "Peter's Pence," the free gifts of the faithful all over the world. As the Vatican, and the immense ecclesiastical establishments of Rome, have to be supported out of this fund, the total of \$3,200,000 a year is by no means too large, and any considerable addition to "Peter's Pence" is heartily welcome. Considering that the Church includes the upper classes of France, Austria, Spain, Brazil and Spanish America, not to mention at least thirty-six millions of meaner households scattered over the earth, the statement does not say much for the devotion of the Roman Catholic world to its central religious authority. The total subscribed income represents at 3 per cent. only eight millions sterling, the fortune of a single first-class millionaire. The Vatican still rejects as unhallowed gold the million sterling a year which Italy is bound to pay her for the absorption of the States of the Church.



Last week the House passed the bill reported by the Public Buildings Committee, appropriating \$17,000,000 for public buildings. The bill allots \$2,680,000 for Federal buildings in thirty-nine cities with a combined population of but 350,000—an average of less than 9,000 per city. The bill goes to the Senate where the River and Harbor bill, appropriating \$70,000,000 for rivers and harbors, is pending.



The death rate from pneumonia in the United States, in 1890, throughout the area of registration, was 189.9, and in 1900 it was 191.9, per 100,000 of the population; whereas,

in 1890 there were 245.4 and in 1900 there were 190.5 deaths from consumption under the same relative circumstances. Therefore, while the last-named disease is upon the decline, pneumonia, as the chief destroyer of life in this country, is coming into fateful prominence. According to the statistics of the census year of 1900, the three most common causes of death were pneumonia, consumption and heart disease, and in the order enumerated.



Revolution in
Santo Domingo.

Another of the periodic revolutions that are constantly breaking out in Spanish-American countries, has ended in Santo Domingo, the Government of President Jimines having been overthrown and the insurgents under Vice-President Vasquez having triumphed. Despatches say the revolution was due to "finance," which being interpreted probably means that the Government personnel was appropriating public funds. Whether a better condition of affairs will supervene time alone can disclose.



The Presbyterian General Assembly.

It is under circumstances particularly auspicious and encouraging that the Presbyterian General Assembly meets next week, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, this city. It is true the advance in church membership has not been what was desired; it can hardly be said that it was less than was expected; for the period of general spiritual decline in all the churches is no less fully recognized—as it has been anticipated—than it is profoundly deplored. And this decline is not peculiar to the Presbyterian Church, but is shared by all denominations. Whether it is due to this "era of business prosperity," whether it is owing to the fact that this is a transitional period in theologic thought, due to the fuller light that has come to the whole Church through the revelation of scholarly criticism and the discovery of ancient documents, carrying one back to the time of the apostles, the fact of the change is indisputable, as is the other fact of spiritual recession. At the same time, it is true that there is no change in fundamentals, no weakening of the basic foundations. God, Christ, the Holy Spirit—these blessed facts of revealed religion remain; hence, it is that we look in the near future, as always in the past, for a return to more vitalized spiritual conditions. Meantime it is worthy of note that never has so much money been devoted to religious purposes. Mammon does not sit down at ease in Zion. Consecrated Christian men give as they have won business success, while the sacrifice of true giving by the less favored is as much in evidence as ever; and all these hopeful indications are shared in full proportion by the Presbyterian Church, and here it is fitting to note that the entire Eight Boards of the Church will report themselves free from debt; this is a triumph of finance on the part of the directors and secretaries and testifies to Presbyterian liberality.

The feature of deepest interest in the Presbyterian Church, it scarcely need be said, is that of Creed revision. The Committee appointed for this purpose has prepared its report, which is threefold in character; it embraces, 1, verbal revision of certain Articles; 2, explanatory addenda to certain statements in the Creed; and 3, a brief Creed is submitted for the use of the churches—perhaps the more important feature of all. The report will presumably be adopted. This will cause it to be sent to the Presbyteries, two-thirds of whom must adopt it in order to give it effect;

its ultimate adoption is scarcely questioned, especially considering that extreme conservatives with strong convictions are on the committee and the report is said to have been unanimously agreed to.

Another and most inspiring feature of the present Assembly will be the commemoration of the Centennial of Presbyterian Home Missions. While the theologic conflicts over orthodoxy on the continent in the seventeenth century had a most unfortunate effect upon all phases of religious activity, and especially upon missions, it was not until the nineteenth century that the Church awoke to its duty as a Home Mission church; indeed, it was not until then that the movement of the new settlers westward in this country made imperative the duty of the churches to carry the gospel westward with the tide of migration. To that call the Presbyterian Church responded with alacrity; and now at the culmination of one hundred years it celebrates a century of mission work among the Indians, and the new settlers otherwise deprived of religious privileges. On Sunday, the 18th instant, sermons on Home Missions will be delivered in all the Presbyterian Churches, and the Board has issued a circular letter, prepared by Secretary Charles L. Thompson, appealing to the churches to make prominent the command of the risen Lord to "Go, preach, . . . beginning at Jerusalem." In further observance of the Centennial, on Monday the 19th, addresses will be delivered, commemorating the advance of missions from the Atlantic to the Alleghenies, from the Alleghenies to the Rockies, and from the Rockies to the Pacific coast. On Tuesday evening will be the social meeting at Carnegie Hall; Rev. Dr. D. Stuart Dodge, President of the Home Mission Board, will preside. President Roosevelt will make an address, and Secretary Thompson will be heard from. The celebration will end with a reception by the President of the Presbyterian Union, to the General Assembly at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Another interesting feature will be the subject for Judicial Commissions for any Synod or Presbytery desiring them, or a possible permanent commission of the General Assembly, for considering such questions affecting church members or officers as may be brought before it. Such Commissions, it is believed, would facilitate the administration of justice and prevent the turbulence resulting from precipitating such trials upon a gathering of over 600, in the case of the General Assembly, sitting as a jury—more, in that of an audience rather than a jury.

We have only to add that the present Assembly bids fair to be one of exceptional interest, and of far-reaching effect upon the future of the great Presbyterian Church. May the Holy Spirit be with the General Assembly in all its deliberations, and may its actions be marked by wisdom and prudence.



"In Non-essentials, Liberty."

This is a cardinal doctrine of the Evangelical Alliance, and we may believe it is assented to by right-minded Christians the world over. We give it place at the present time in view of the decision reached last week by the Presbytery of Elizabeth in licensing a young man who did not accept the Adamic record in the first chapter of Genesis as historical, but regarded it, he said, as allegorical. This action of the Presbytery supplies a forceful illustration of the fact that new views are constantly growing in the Church, and that the Presbyterian denomination is prepared to meet them.

And it does this not by asseverance, insistence and antagonism but by an enlargement of the boundaries in the domain of the non-essential. God, Christ, the Holy Spirit—these are the cardinal facts of the Christian religion. To what extent man is a free agent, just what is the nature of the Atonement, who was Adam, and to what extent man sinned in him and how—these and kindred matters belong to the philosophy of religion, and do not concern its fundamental truths.

Concerning the question of the Genesis record, it is a fact that scarcely a scholar in the country now holds to the historical character of the first chapter any more than to that of the Book of Job; we doubt if a single professor of Old Testament History in any theological seminary in the country holds any other than the allegorical character of that narrative, as we know that ministers all over the country in the Presbyterian and other evangelical denominations do. This being so, the question naturally arises, Why should a view held by the older brethren in the ministry be denied the young graduate just out of the seminary? The question may safely be left to answer itself. The fact is, all over the world in scholarly and scientific circles Adam is regarded as a type or figure: the garden, the tree with its fruit, the loquacious serpent—these representations are not taken literally, nor is there any occasion why they should be. Then why should not the Presbytery of Elizabeth or of New York, or the whole Church, for that matter, place itself in accord with the spirit of the time, not by accepting this view or denouncing that view, but by allowing every one to think as he may please, so long as he accepts the fundamentals? In this way the individuality of the young minister—his piety, his zeal for the Master, his ability, his spirit—these, not the specific interpretation of a questionable narrative, become the paramount things—not what he thinks of Adam or Job, or “the Beast” of “Revelation.”

This decision of the Presbytery of Elizabeth is the first of its kind ever rendered in the Presbyterian Church; but other decisions on the same lines of cleavage will follow; and we may say it is difficult to see how any other result can be reached than that declared by the Elizabeth Presbytery. It is as fortunate for the Church as a whole, as it is creditable to the Presbytery, that such a position should be taken. It indicates that the Church will determine such matters in the light of reason, not in the spirit of prejudice, and demonstrates that it preserves the open mind, ever welcoming new truths, which, we may believe, are brought to the knowledge of man, as the years go by, and will continue to be brought, until the consummation of all things, when there shall shine upon the world the brighter light of the Perfect Day.



Rochambeau.

On the 24th of this month will be set up in the city of Washington a statue of Jean Baptiste Donatien de Vimeur, Count de Rochambeau, Lieutenant-General in the French army. It was in July, 1778, when the cry for peace prevailed in England, that Count D'Estaing persuaded Marie Antoinette to propose a French expedition for the help of America, then engaged in the great struggle for independence. The result was that on July 17 of that year a French fleet of twelve ships-of-the-line and three frigates sailed for America, and arrived in the Delaware early in October. How D'Estaing captured four British ships of war by surprise, and otherwise served the cause of inde-

pendence, every American schoolboy knows. Upon his return to France he urged the despatch of more vessels, in which he was joined by Lafayette. The response was the despatching of 6,000 men under Rochambeau, who was selected for the command “not by court favor, but because of the consideration in which he was held by the troops.” Upon his arrival at Newport, he informed the Legislature “My life and the lives of my men are entirely at the disposal of America.” It was then that Washington, in July, 1780, two months before the capture of André, desired the American officers to wear white and black cockades, as a symbol of appreciation of their French allies. How Rochambeau placed himself and his army at the entire disposal of Washington, and at the critical period of Yorktown was the right man in the right place, and gallantly led his troops until Cornwallis was captured and the war ended, history has told. It was ninety-five years ago from the date of this issue—on May 10, 1807—that Rochambeau died. And now, lacking five years of a century, a statue is set up in the capital of the nation, which has become indeed a strong one, commemorating the gallantry and the nobility of one of the most honorable, unselfish and able of the allies who so effectually aided our Fathers in the work of winning national independence, and gave it its opportunity from passing from the nebulous condition of a colony to a puissant nation devoted to freedom and the rights of man. It is fitting to recall at this time the noble service rendered us by France and her illustrious men who have carved ever memorable names on the pages of American history.



Things of To-Day.

The American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society has set a good example in offering prizes for the best and most expressive names for the bridges over the river between New York and Brooklyn. The idea is that the names of the great public structures should not be left to mere chance, or the whim of some individual, as such things generally are. The English language is rich in expressive and euphonious words suitable for geographical names, and local history and tradition may often be drawn upon for apt and pleasing terms. In some parts of this country, notably in Maine, Wisconsin, and several Southern States, the practice of using names derived from the Indian tongue has been followed with the happiest results, and where changes in nomenclature are made or new names are needed in the future for new towns, counties, and other divisions recourse may well be had to the same treasury of unique, expressive and euphonious words. Such words as “Kennebec,” “Oconee,” “Williwemock,” “Ontario,” “Wasumsett,” “Menominee,” “Minnewaska,” “Oneonta” and “Seneca” have a pleasing sound, their historical associations are interesting and suggestive, and they can hardly be used too numerous and freely. Considerations of justice and true patriotism urge the use of these words from the language of the aborigines, since they suggest the foundation period of our national history, and serve to perpetuate the memory of a race destined in the near future to disappear almost entirely from the face of the earth.



A contemporary has “no special fondness for ecclesiastical millinery,” but it thinks that “a decent and uniform vestment of the singers in a church choir would add to the reverence of worship.” We think it will, and that it does, as seen in many churches. There are, besides the Protestant Episcopal, one Baptist and two Methodist churches in this city which have large vested choirs, mostly children, and the sight, it must be confessed, is imposing. Nevertheless, we reiterate our conviction that in order to secure the best musical effect the place for the choir is in the organ gallery—the organ *loft*; the higher the voices, the sweeter and more harmonious the volume of song; this is a principle of acoustics which cannot be gainsaid. Then there are reasons, we think, why it is better that the choir should be placed, with the organ, at the

rear of the church, opposite the pulpit. There is less distraction of the public attention in this way, and more centering of the attention upon the pulpit. This may not be a vital matter, but the elevation of organ and singers above the level of the heads of the congregation assuredly is, if you want the best musical effects in the public worship of God.



With reference to this subject of vested choirs in non-episcopal churches which we consider elsewhere, we have to notice the appearance of an amusing editorial article on the subject in the *Sun* of this city. As the imaginative Scot saw in every bush an officer, so the *Sun* discovers in the tendency to vested choirs a change to "the pomp * * * and the imitation of purely ritualistic features." It further tells us that "signs of unprecedented revolutionary changes appear in many directions." The same journal thinks "we are likely to see the Cross introduced, and perhaps the time will come when the plain Communion table will give place to a veritable altar," our contemporary evidently being unaware that the Methodist Church has, and always has had, its "altar," which is not known as "a plain Communion table" at all. Passing this, however, the processional Cross and the doctrine of the Real Presence are not imminent in non-episcopal church polity, although there is no law preventing a newspaper from jumping from one extreme to another if it takes pleasure in doing so.



In an editorial note regarding Secretary Hay's eulogy on President McKinley, which it declares to be "above the level of conventional eulogisms," the London *Spectator* especially commends the lines in which, after referring to Mr. McKinley's record in the Civil War, Mr. Hay continues:

"In coming years when men seek to draw the moral of our great Civil War, nothing will seem to them so admirable in all the history of our two magnificent armies as the way in which the war came to a close. When the Confederate Army saw the time had come, they acknowledged the pitiless logic of facts, and ceased fighting. * * * We may admire the desperate daring of others who prefer annihilation to compromise, but the palm of common sense, and, I will say, of enlightened patriotism, belongs to men like Grant and Lee, who knew when they had fought enough for honor and for country."



We confess to surprise at the statement made by the *Central Presbyterian*, of Richmond, Va. It calls attention to a curious fact: Every one of its Presbyterian exchanges from the North celebrated Easter with a special number, devoting the entire paper to the glad festival, but not one of the papers from the South makes a reference of any kind to the Easter celebration. No picture of angel at the tomb, nor of the risen Lord, and no editorial on the resurrection, not even a verse of Easter poetry. This is another reason for Presbyterian union. Let Northern and Southern Presbyterians unite and see how soon Easter would travel tropicward.



The Rev. W. H. Roberts, clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, has issued statistics containing a table of the record of 7,000 Presbyterian churches for the year ending May 1, 1901. No less than 2,000 churches reported no converts. In only 81 churches were there more than 50 converts for the year. This is not a favorable showing, but it is a part of the paralysis that seems to have settled upon all the churches. An age of money-getting is not an age of spiritual growth. The country will have to lose some money before the people cultivate the knee posture.



Bishop Fowler recently told the colored ministers of a Mississippi conference to "cut the big words out" of their sermons. That was good advice, but it goes without saying that for some colored ministers to "cut the big words out" of their sermons would be a good deal like removing the epiglottis from the throat. The Georgia colored brother is not more fond of watermelon than colored preachers are of big words. They run as naturally to them as deer to the lily-pads.



In an interview reported in the Milwaukee *Sentinel* Dr. William C. Roberts, president of the Central University, of Danville, Ky., who was the chairman of the committee appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church to revise the confession of faith in 1890, says that the committee's report submitting a number of changes in the confession would have been adopted undoubtedly

had it not been that Dr. Charles A. Briggs came forward with his higher criticism of the Bible at the time, which served to complicate matters, and the revision was put off for a few years. We believe this to be the exact truth. That controversy, however, belongs to an irremediable past. The present outlook for revision is most auspicious. The world moves, and Presbyterians move with it.



The *Congregationalist*, we believe, is ranked as an orthodox journal. But with reference to the fact that three young candidates for the Presbyterian ministry were the other day rejected by presbyteries, because they declined to affirm the literal historicity of the Genesis narrative, so far as it refers to Adam and Eve, our contemporary says:

We do not know of a professor of Old Testament literature now teaching in any theological seminary of the Presbyterian Church who claims that the story of Adam and Eve in the first two chapters of Genesis is literal history. For the churches to demand that candidates for their ministry shall believe what is not believed by the teachers, which the churches provide for them, is to discourage honest and intelligent men from entering the ministry.

When the inability to answer "small conundrums," as Dr. Parkhurst puts it, "is made a bar to the Presbyterian ministry, the churches suffer."



We are moved to speak a good word for an interesting and important work, which includes an English translation of the six great Ecumenical Councils of the Church, the translation being made by James Chrystal, M. A., (Colgate University). An extended notice of this work will be found on pages 728 and 729 of this issue. A subscriber, who has become interested in these translations has sent us \$25 to aid in the prosecution of this work and toward the completion of the remaining four volumes, the first and third having already been published. These six volumes when completed will include the Councils of Nicæa, Constantinople, Ephesus, Chalcedon and Constantinople (two councils). All remittances in aid of or for subscription of the work should be sent to Mr. Chrystal, 255 Grove street, Jersey City, N. J.



A first-class humorist of the Artemus Ward class seems to have suddenly come to maturity in the House of Representatives, and he is a good-natured humorist, too. He is Representative Cushman, of Washington, and in the course of a speech on Friday said:

"A man who introduces a bill here puts his manhood in his pocket and goes trotting down the aisle to the Speaker's room, or the bill dies. Between a pressing constituency and the stone wall in the Speaker's room, I have been flattened out like a canceled postage stamp."

Again:

"Later on I promise you a speech on this subject that will be so hot that it will have to be printed on asbestos and tied to a hand grenade for distribution."

There is room for good humor, and it is especially fortunate that it has found expression in our national parliament.



Americans generally will find no occasion for alarm nor discouragement in the statements coming by way of that chronic fault-finder, the London *Saturday Review*, to the effect that Hawaii is in a deplorable condition as the result of annexation to the United States, that the act has brought no good to the island and that "every" class regrets it. Periods of transition and political reconstruction are never favorable to tranquility and the highest prosperity. In ten or fifteen years from now it will be time enough to talk about the results of annexation. We have not the slightest doubt, we may say, that by that time, or before, the benefits of American control of Hawaii will be recognized and conceded by every one, with the exception, possibly, of the Tory *Saturday Review*.



So far as social influences go it is encouraging to learn that the bicycle is to be more generally taken up this year. The recrudescence of the wheel will inevitably benefit multitudes of people who cannot purchase automobiles. The mile-a-minute machines may afford amusement to the wealthy, but bicycles furnish recreation, enjoyment and healthful sport to those of modest means, whether speeding on the highways or seeking the bypaths beside which the loveliness of Nature is to be seen and appreciated.

Changes in Church Worship.

Speaking the other day before the Newark Methodist Conference, the Rev. Dr. Ryman declared that he "would pray for the day to come when all Methodist churches would adopt a system such as prevails in the Episcopal Church, so that worshipers coming to Methodist churches would know just what part to take in the service."

There is no doubt that at this time of transition not a little confusion prevails in the churches, and will continue to exist until some formal service is adopted and both the congregation and "temporary supply" in the pulpit know just what part each is to take in the service. As it is now, with responsive parts taken respectively by the congregation and minister, and the "amen" pronounced, now by the minister, and now sung by the choir, the preacher who officiates as temporary supply in the absence of the pastor easily becomes confused, and the services become decidedly "mixed"; and this, notwithstanding the fact that he has most carefully and minutely pondered the very explicit instructions imparted to him by some church official just before the beginning of the services.

Passing this phase of the matter, however, it is to be noted that while in non-episcopal churches there is an evidently growing appreciation of the beauty and spiritual strength of forms of worship which were once condemned *in toto* because they were linked in thought with the services of churches whose forms were abhorred, a still deeper feeling is manifested in a desire on the part of the people for fuller participation in the services of the Church. The truth is, the singing of the doxology and three hymns—where the tunes are singable—does not satisfy the spiritual yearnings and needs of the people. Especially in the sacred office of prayer do they wish to "make confession with their hearts and mouths"; and certainly to very many it is a solemn privilege and pleasure to join with their fellow Christians in audible prayer. Especially do many non-episcopal congregations delight to unite in offering each for himself the beautiful Prayer of General Confession of the Prayer Book, the authorship of which is attributed to Calvin—"Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep." And it is no reflection upon the clergy of to-day to say that very few, if, indeed, a single minister, can offer such an uplifting prayer as that. And, furthermore, it is to be noted that listening to such a prayer vicariously offered by another is very different from offering that prayer by one's self, whose audible tones unite with the voices of the assembled worshipers.

As pertaining to this subject we have to note that already printed prayers selected from the old liturgies and sacramentaries are being utilized in Presbyterian, Congregational and other non-liturgical churches, and the practice is increasing. Only the other day a minister gave his experience of such a service in a Presbyterian church. He declared that the prayer, which was "reverent, exalted and in felicitous language, in one marked respect differed from the usual method in the Presbyterian Church, in that it was not extempore, but a part of the printed directory." He adds that "it was evidently formed from a careful study of the old liturgies and was worthy of a place with any of them." The entire congregation joined in the prayer, and the effect was most uplifting.

To conclude: Whether we look at the vesting of the choristers, the singing of processional or recessional, the use of alternate readings of the Psalter or the enlarging of the sacred office of prayer, so as to include the participation of the congregation, this much may be said: No sacrifice of faith or basic doctrine is being witnessed in any church. On the other hand, the bonds of Christian brotherhood are tightening, and eyes long blinded by prejudice are being opened to what is true and good in all faiths. Luther would not let the devil have all the good tunes. By the same reasoning there is no need for evangelical churches to deny themselves an inspiring and beautiful order of service merely because certain other forms of ritualism are foreign and distasteful.

The Late Rev. Dr. Birch.

Rev. George W. F. Birch, D.D., LL.D., who died at his home on Friday night, April 25, after an illness of several days, of a complication of diseases, will long be remembered as among the most learned and noted clergymen of his time. Over a thousand persons, among whom were a large number of ministers, attended the funeral services, which were held in the Bethany



The Late Rev. George W. F. Birch, D.D., LL.D.

Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, of which he was the pastor, on the evening of April 28. Among other touching features of the occasion was the marching past the casket of five hundred children of the Sunday-school, each one placing upon the casket a white rose.



About People.

Professor John H. Gray, head of the department of economics at Northwestern University, has been appointed by Commissioner of Labor Carroll D. Wright to go to England and investigate the effects of the labor unions on the output of mills and factories.

Prof. Alexander Agassiz, who has just returned home, completed while abroad a prolonged and successful study of the coral formations among the Maldiv Islands in the Indian Ocean. His expedition went among the remote and unfrequented groups in the Southern Indian Ocean, and it is said that specimens of the rarest coral formations were gathered.

Sir William McDonald, who has been a generous benefactor of McGill University, Montreal, has just given that institution \$20,000 for the purchase of books needed for the research work of students in arts, and has also presented to the physics building a liquid air plant, and to the zoological department equipment for the teaching of embryology.

The venerable Dr. Henry M. Field, for so many years editor of the New York *Evangelist*, has just passed his eightieth milestone. His long life is replete with honor and good works. The world is the better because of him, and eternity alone can fully compensate for all that he was and is.

Rev. William W. Rand, D.D., a venerable secretary of the American Tract Society, after fifty-four years of continuous service as editor of its publications, has resigned his position. He is the author of a Bible dictionary, first issued in 1860 and enlarged in 1877, of which 223,000 copies have been circulated. He has prepared for the press the publications of the society, books, tracts and periodicals for many years, including those in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German and other languages. Besides possessing polyglot gifts, he is a man of excellent judgment, untiring industry and wonderful endurance, so that now, in his eighty-sixth year, he is regularly in his office and accomplishes daily as much as many men in their prime. Rev. John H. Kerr, D.D., professor of Greek exegesis and New Testament literature in the San Francisco Theological Seminary, and pastor of the Trinity Presbyterian Church of that city, has been chosen as Dr. Rand's successor, and will enter upon his duties immediately.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

The Spanish war veterans will meet in Detroit in September.

The city of Memphis presented to Rear-Admiral Schley on Monday a silver service.

The entire business block at Red Oak, Ia., was burned April 24th.

The National City Bank directors have recommended the increase of the capital stock to \$25,000,000.

An Indiana husband sued for divorce, alleging that his wife covered him with salt and tied him where the cattle could lick him.

The Government's naval program for the next fiscal year embraces the building of four great battleships and armored cruisers.

A disastrous fire in Glens Falls, N. Y., on April 27th, threw 1,100 operatives out of work.

J. Sterling Morton, who was Secretary of Agriculture under President Cleveland, died at Forest Lake, Chicago, April 27th.

The business portion of Sarcxie, Mo., was wiped out by fire last Thursday night. Fifteen business houses and several residences were destroyed.

The President reprimanded General Funston for criticizing Senator Hoar, and directed him to stop public discussion of the Philippines question.

A tornado passed over Glen Rose, Somervell County, Tex., April 28th, killing five and injuring forty persons and doing much damage to property.

Part of the crew of the whaling bark Kathleen arrived here on Thursday and reported that the vessel had been smashed by a whale east of the Windward Islands.

The President has decided to appoint Henry Clay Evans, the present Commissioner of Pensions, Consul-General at London, to succeed William McKinley Osborne, who died April 29th.

An agreement has been entered into among the 2,000 employees of the Chicago and Alton shops in Bloomington, Ill., which provides that none of their number will eat meat during the next thirty days.

The California limited train on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad was ditched at Cama, Mo., on April 29th, and five persons were killed; twenty others were injured.

Sol Smith Russell, the actor, died at the Richmond Hotel, Washington, April 28th, from perpetual hiccup. He had been ill for some time from this malady, but in the last few days the disease took a serious turn.

Elizabeth (N. J.) has decided to erect a soldiers' and sailors' monument at a cost not to exceed \$10,000. It will be placed in North Broad street, on a triangular plot of land opposite the Westminster Presbyterian Church.

Quincy (Mass.) has not had a saloon for twenty years, and in that time, while the population of Quincy has increased 120 per cent., pauperism has decreased 12 per cent. Quincy savings bank depositors and deposits have both multiplied fourfold.

The wooden buildings for 2,500 feet along South Beach, Staten Island, were destroyed by fire last Sunday evening, which started a few minutes before 9 p. m., and lasted for two and a half hours. The portion destroyed is one-third of the total settlement, and includes all the recent and more valuable structures put up within the last three years.

The Court of Appeals has denied the application of John Most for a certificate of reasonable doubt on his conviction and sentence for a year for publishing inflammatory matter, and he must now serve his term in the penitentiary.

Moses L. Cohen, 60 years old, a Jewish rabbi, while engaged in evening prayers in the synagogue of the Linas Hazedek congregation, in Prince street, Newark, N. J., on Tuesday, was stricken with heart disease and died.

Governor Odell has pardoned Amer Ben Ali, better known as "Frenchy," who has been serving a life sentence in prison for the murder of a woman called "Old Shakespeare," in New York City, in 1891. The pardon was granted by the Governor because he believes that there are grave doubts of the prisoner's guilt.

The suit brought by Mrs. Lottie G. Dimon, the widow of Henry G. Dimon—who was killed in the Park avenue tunnel accident, against the New York Central Railroad for \$100,000 damages for the loss of her husband, came up in the Supreme Court and resulted in a verdict of \$60,000 for the plaintiff.

A verdict of \$60,000, which is said to be the largest amount ever awarded in this State for the loss of a single life, was found on Friday last by a jury in White Plains in the suit of Mrs. Lottie G. Dimon against the New York Central Railroad Company for \$100,000 damages for the death of her husband in the Park avenue tunnel disaster on January 8.

The Jewish Theological Seminary of America, now housed at No. 736 Lexington avenue, this city, is about to enter a new era in its career. Three persons having contributed an endowment fund of \$200,000, it has been enabled to invite Dr. S. Schechter, the reader of the rabbinic at Cambridge University, England, to become the president of the faculty.

One man was killed, three others severely injured, a tugboat was destroyed and three others were badly wrecked Thursday morning by the explosion of a boiler in the tugboat John Anson, moored at the pier of the Chelsea Jute Mills, in Newtown Creek, near the Vernon avenue bridge, Greenpoint, Long Island. The shock of the explosion was felt for a mile, and hundreds of panes of glass in the jute mills were broken. The dead man was John Donnelly, fireman of the Anson, whose home was on the boat.

Michael Cherko was murdered about a hundred feet from the Greek Catholic Church at Freeland, Pa., last Sunday morning during the progress of the Greek Easter services. George Smith is under arrest, charged with having committed the crime. It is alleged that Smith, upon entering the church, failed to remove his hat, and when requested to do so by Cherko, one of the trustees, drew a blackjack and assaulted Cherko. The latter ran out of the door, followed by Smith. Cherko had not gone far when Smith, drawing a revolver, shot him through the back, death being instantaneous.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

The uprisings among the Russian peasants have grown serious.

The financial situation in London and Berlin showed improvement.

Reports of Queen Wilhelmina's condition continue to be satisfactory.

The Chinese Emperor and Empress Dowager returned to Peking on April 29th.

It is reported that the Czar will grant to Russia a constitution embodying administrative reforms.

Captain Albers, of the Deutschland, died suddenly on the steamer near Cuxhaven on April 29th.

It has practically been decided to leave the question of the sale of the Danish West Indies to the islanders.

Guevarra, who succeeded Lucban as leader in Samar, has been taken by the expedition under Gen. F. D. Grant.

It is reported that J. Pierpont Morgan is interested in a plan to consolidate a number of Scotch coal companies.

Venezuelan Government troops were defeated by revolutionists on April 24th and Gen. Ramon Castillo was killed.

William McKinley Osborne, Consul-General of the United States at London, died at Wimbledon on April 29th.

The Pope received 20,000 pilgrims at St. Peter's, Rome, on the morning of April 24th. His Holiness seemed to be in perfect health.

The polling for the election of new members to the French Chamber of Deputies took place on Sunday last, and resulted in the loss of several seats for the Ministerial party.

The Venezuelan Government has decided to use the Mint at Washington, instead of the Paris Mint, as formerly, for the coinage of bolivars (silver coins, worth about 20 cents).

Capt. R. F. Wynne, of the cruiser Chicago, was sentenced at Venice to imprisonment for four months and ten days. The other Americans arrested were sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

Off the Tyne, on April 23d, a new steamer, the Dilkera, of Adelaide, South Australia, was on her speed trial trip, when she ran down the Norwegian steamer Hekla, which immediately sank, drowning seven of her crew.

Since April 21st twenty-five Boers have been killed, seventy-eight have been taken prisoners and twenty-five have surrendered. There has been desultory fighting in various sections of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony.

Bitter criticism of Emperor William has been aroused among the old German aristocracy by his marked attention to untitled business men. The fear is expressed that this will lead to the adoption of "the American idea" at the German court.

Hope.

By Mary R. Diefendorf.

Hope is the star immortal
That cheers the traveler's night;
Hope is the golden portal
From loneliness to light.

Hope is the guiding finger
That points our way along;
Hope is the wandering minstrel
That thrills the world with song.

Hope is the guardian angel
That soothes our earthly woes;
Hope is the bud that blossoms
Amid the Arctic snows.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Typical Elders and Deacons.

By the Author of "Clerical Types."

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CHAPTER IX.

A CRITICAL ELDER.

"It was my custom in my youth," said a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep to watch, pray and read the Koran. One night as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practiced virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone awake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'" Like this self-confessed accuser, Elder Black is said to lie awake o' nights thinking over the sins of his brethren. If anything goes wrong he is the first to see it; not that he hastens to put it right. Oh, no! That is none of his business. His Christian duty ends in exposing and denouncing whatever in his opinion is wrong. He acts as if he held a commission of prosecuting attorney for the High Court of Heaven. It is said that:

"The best critics are they
Who, with what they gainsay,
Point out another and better way."

But Elder Black is not that sort of a critic.

The elder is tall and slender, with deep-set eyes, beetling brow, bushy eyebrows and a hooked nose of the Jewish type. Like Cassius he hath a hungry look. His features, which are very irregular, are overspread by a calm and judicial serenity which gives them a sort of unity. He has the air of being a very knowing man; a man in whom is embodied the sum total of the world's wisdom. But it is impossible to escape the conviction that no mortal can ever be half as wise as he looks.

Elder Black is evidently upon good terms with himself. He delivers his opinions with a smack of satisfaction. But he is too critical to get much satisfaction out of the opinions of others; he sees a flaw in every argument, a dead fly in every pot of ointment. He has a way of taking the other side in every question that comes up. During a discussion he sits silent, and when every one else has spoken he shoots his bolt. His word is final in more senses than one. It is uttered as if it were the measure of truth, and as if against it there could be no possible appeal. For obvious reasons he is generally allowed to have the last word; and, unfortunately, he is thereby confirmed in the conviction that he has closed the case.

In the elder's creed the unpardonable sin is the denial of his infallibility. If his minister pays him becoming

homage; if he defers to his judgment; if he seeks his council, especially if he submits to him his sermons for criticism, he becomes his slave, and the way in which he will defend him, rebuking the people for their uncharitable judgments, has often won for him the good opinion of many. But let his minister call his wisdom in question, let him dare to be independent, especially, let him have the temerity to run counter to his decision, and his doom is sealed. Nevermore can he do right in his eyes. No sign may for a time be given of his changed feeling; but the wound inflicted upon his vanity will bleed inwards, poisoning all the currents of his life. A strong friend, the elder is also an implacable foe. He is feared more than he is loved. Those who acknowledge that they ought to oppose him often keep at a distance from him because they fear the lash of his rebuke. No one is safe from his censure. A brother elder once facetiously remarked: "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Elder Black."

The place of the wasp in the economy of nature it is difficult to explain. But he must have some end to serve or he would not be here. The place of such a man as Elder Black in the church is equally difficult of explanation. Perhaps he is given to the church as Paul's thorn in the flesh was given to himself personally, as a means of grace.

It is maintained by some that in the development of character evil plays a necessary part. If so, the evil-doer may serve some end that we do not understand; but no thanks to him for it; he has no good intention; and good intention alone makes conduct meritorious. That Elder Black has often sent his coreligionists to their knees; that he has often changed inertia into activity as effectively as is done by the sting of a wasp, and by the same process; that he has often bound into closer fellowship the faithful few to whom the spiritual interests of the church are paramount, goes without the saying. But no thanks to him for these results. They lay altogether outside of his intentions. That good has come from them is due to the mercy of Him who causeth the wrath of men to praise Him, and who out of evil educeth good.

Up to this point this sketch ought to have been written in the past tense, for Elder Black has been described as he was years ago. Upon a recent visit to my old parish I found that a wonderful change had taken place in him. An avalanche of trouble had fallen upon him. His health had failed, his wife had died, and through the misdoings of his only son, in whom his life was bound up, his fortune had been swept away. He had held to the theory that parents are responsible for their children's actions, inasmuch as if they were rightly trained in childhood they would not afterwards go astray. He failed to take into account the cross currents of influence which lie outside the home. When the crash of all his hopes and theories came he was humbled and softened. The bitter fountains within him became sweet. Some of his Christian friends spoke of the change which had taken place as a second conversion. And that it undoubtedly was; for all old things have passed away, and all things have become news. His old cynical, censorious spirit has been exorcised; the severe lines in his face have softened; his eyes wear a gentler, meeker look; his judgments of others have become more generous; he has come to know that there are a great many things which he does not know; he is ever ready to defer to the opinions of others; in a word, he has become one of those childlike souls to whom belong the kingdom of heaven.

What the Bible Has to Say to Fathers and Mothers.

Its Message to Mothers.

By Mary Lowe Dickinson.

"How gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are."

Not long ago an intelligent young mother said: "Motherhood seems, indeed, the crown and glory of my life, but why do people congratulate me as if wifehood and motherhood were the end and aim of existence? I thought God made me to be a good woman. I mean to be a good wife and mother in passing."

Throughout the Bible we find recognition of this divine purpose to bring the mother-soul to the "full stature of a perfect womanhood," uplifting the whole nature as the surest way of enabling any part.

We can never begin to gather from its sacred teachings the direct messages for any class without finding how little the Bible specializes. Running all through its pages there is a broad stream of general instruction applicable to all human beings alike. Here and there may be traced little rivulets of precepts for a particular class, usually the untutored or subordinate. To these belong such commands as: "Children, obey your parents," "Honor thy father and thy mother," "Servants, obey your masters." But the mother's need is a broader and a deeper need, and for her flows the whole wide stream of suggestive teaching—the water-courses of the Bible that ought to make the woman-soul, and so the mother-soul, like a tree planted by rivers, of which it is said: "Its leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever it doeth shall prosper." As we study this more general teaching we say not only, "How gentle God's commands! How kind His precepts are!" but how wise, how strong, how mighty to pull down womanish weakness of character, but powerful to upbuild, until women—like Jacob, who became a Prince of God—shall also have a new name given and become princesses in the household of the King.

Every mother who approaches the Bible lovingly, claiming its unmeasured treasure as a part of her inheritance, though she may find its direct words to mothers few, will find that all its riches belong to her womanhood, and that its principles, if not its precepts, may become the spiritual food on which the mother-life exists.

But in the search for specific texts we are impressed with the overwhelming indications of the high value set on motherly character and motherly service to the child, the home, and the nation. She is not urged and commanded to rise to her high calling, but it seems to be taken for granted that she will do so. And that the mothers of the Bible met this expectation is shown by abundant passages calling upon others to exalt and honor her. Thus in the example of her life, and the esteem to which her life entitled her, the mothers of our time may find most practical and valuable teaching.

The references in the Old Testament imply full recognition of the mother, not only as parent and as participant with the father in the care and rearing of the children, but they everywhere demand for her the love and honor due to her unparalleled devotion.

For the noblest women of their race, without regard to the character of the service that won for them distinction, the chosen people of God had no better name than "mother." With the name and fame of the great Law-giver and Leader of his people through the wilderness runs always the story of the mother who saved him for his great career through days and nights of watching by that hidden cradle in the rushes of the Nile. For Deborah, to whose voice as prophet the leaders of armies listened; who went up with the hosts to battle because the captains of the hosts refused to go without her; who sat under her palm tree judging the children of Israel—they found no name so great as "Mother in Israel." Adam's name for the woman God had given him was "The mother of all living."

For the aged wife of Abraham, the friend of God, what distinction like that of "Mother of Nations," and what sweeter testimony to her hold on the life of Isaac than we have in the simple story of the new love that came to him with Rebecca, which lifted from his heart the shadow from that gloomy cave in Hebron and "comforted him after his mother's death."

One does not forget the glory and power of God or the honor

of Elijah as shown in the healing of the son of the woman who had shared her cruse of oil, but we must remember, too, that here God through His prophet shows His own tender sympathy with the mother-heart. We find ourselves watching breathlessly, while the flush creeps through the pallor and the light of life comes into the dulled eyes, and the white lips quiver as the child's soul comes back to him. We see the look on the prophet's face as he lays the boy in his mother's arms, hear his voice, "See! thy son liveth," and hear her answer, as she takes him back, "Now know I that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth." God's love, comprehending the mother's anguish, and answering the cry of the mother-love, was the surest, swiftest way to win the answer of that mother-heart to the yearning heart of God. That poet told it when he wrote,

"O Great Heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed,
Will not weary—will not even
In our death itself be lost.
Love of God! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost,
Cost of Love, that all grief sharing,
Gave itself to save the lost."

The greatness of the mother-love and its likeness to the love of God is revealed by David when his tender submission voices itself as in the 131st Psalm. "Lord, my heart is not haughty nor mine eyes lofty. Surely I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother. My soul is as a weaned child."

How high a value he placed on mourning for a mother is shown when he measures his goodness to his enemies in their affliction, by saying (Psalm 35:13, 14), "When they were sick my clothing was sackcloth: I humbled my soul with fasting. I bowed down heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother."

And the quick recognition of the kinship of the spirit of motherhood and the spirit of God is shown in the almost universal transference to our own lives as individuals, that utterance of the prophet concerning Jerusalem in the sixty-sixth chapter of Isaiah, when he says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." So sorely has the individual heart needed this comfort that it has claimed and taken and rejoiced in it, regardless of the fact that the word was for Jerusalem, and we were asked to "rejoice and be glad with Jerusalem, and be glad with her all ye that love her."

In Proverbs 23:22, sons are urged to "despise not the mother when she old," and all evil things are attributed to a generation that "doth not bless their mother," and the highest reward of the good woman is, as we see elsewhere, that "her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

Coming down to the New Testament we find abundant evidence of the appreciation and exaltation of motherhood. St. Paul recognizes it when, speaking of the unfeigned faith which he finds in Timothy, he reminds him that it "dwelt first in his grandmother Lois and in his mother Eunice." In another epistle he urges, "entreat the elder women as mothers."

All these examples and precepts which, in one way or another, seek to stimulate the heart's honor and devotion for the mother, by their very loving loyalty influence the mother to be worthy of all by her own recognition of her high destiny and her profound responsibility to God.

Leaving this line of human illustration, there remains only to call attention to Christ's evident ideal of the rank of the mother in the kingdom He established. There are not many sentences, but they are pregnant with meaning. The obedience of His boyhood, the evident surprise that His mother's heart should not have known intuitively what was passing in His heart in Jerusalem when He asked, "Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" The gentle question surely might have been, "I thought, of course, my mother would have understood." The tender committal of her to His beloved John at the last—these seem human, tender, personal. This was Mary's son providing for His mother—a great example for every mother and every son.

But the broader message, "He that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother and sister and mother," was for His kingdom for all time, for all the world—opening the door for all manhood and womanhood to live for Him in divinest companionship of sisterhood and brotherhood. And for all motherhood He made a way to share the blessedness of Mary the mother of Jesus. She

who, down through all the ages, lives to do the will of His Father—she who trains her own children to the Christ life, she who mothered any one of the little ones of whom He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these ye have done it unto me," she might enter, nay, even unto this day she does enter, into the promise given at the cross. Surely, if all other pages of the Bible were barren of a message to mothers, this last and sweetest is enough.



Future Relations of Canada and the United States.

By Hon. John Charlton.

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The Anglo-Saxon occupies the energetic and a considerable portion of the subtropical zones of North America. His territorial possessions in this field reach a total of over 7,000,000 square miles. The English-speaking inhabitants of this great region already number nearly 85,000,000 souls. To-day it may fairly claim to be the center of Anglo-Saxon power, and it will, beyond doubt, be in the future the theater of the highest development of civilization. The area of this great region is about equally divided between the United States of America and the Dominion of Canada. About two-thirds of the total arable area belongs to the United States. Canada possesses the greater timber resources. The Canadian fisheries are at least twofold more valuable than those of the United States. The auriferous region of Canada is more extensive than that of the United States, and the two countries are both supplied with inexhaustible deposits of coal and iron ore, while Canada possesses the most valuable nickel deposits in the world so far as known.

The United States is very far in advance of Canada in population, in wealth and in the development of resources, but the disparity now existing in these respects will, no doubt, rapidly diminish in the future. In the Canadian Northwest is situated the greatest undeveloped wheat region of the world, where at least 250,000,000 acres are adapted to the growth of this cereal, and where only 2,000,000 acres are now under cultivation. Already the tide of immigration into this region has commenced to flow from the United States, and this movement must rapidly gain momentum, for Canada alone now possesses great stretches of virgin soil, inviting the occupation of the pioneer settler.

The future relations of these two great countries is a matter of high importance to the inhabitants of each, and will be a matter of interest to the world at large. To the American mind the question of annexation, when considering Canadian matters, is generally in view, and the advantages to be derived from commercial and political union seem to him to be so obvious that surprise is felt that the Canadian does not see the matter in the same light. The American realizes the advantages that have been derived from unrestricted free trade between all the States of the American Union since the Constitution was framed. He thinks, and reasonably so, that the extension of the same system to Canada would result in material advantages equally great. The Canadian, however, has no object lesson to lead him to the same conclusion. With him it is an abstract question. The advantages likely to result from free access to the American market the Canadian has had but little practical knowledge of since 1866. For twelve years prior to that day the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 gave free admission of Canadian natural products into the markets of the United States. The result of this treaty was that Canadian exports to the United States quadrupled in twelve years. The exports to the United States in 1866 were \$44,143,000. The exports to the United States in 1900, without coin, bullion and the precious metals, were \$44,459,000, an increase in thirty-four years of less than 1 per cent. The exports of farm products to the United States in 1866 was \$25,046,000; in 1900, \$7,367,000. During all of the years since 1866 the American tariff has borne heavily upon the importation of Canadian natural products, and with special severity upon farm products by means of duties reaching in some instances 100 per cent.

If the American market under a free trade policy can offer satisfactory prices to the Canadian producer, extraordinary precautions have been taken, by means of McKinley and Dingley bills, to conceal the fact from him, and within the last generation no practical

demonstration that the American market would be a desirable one has been offered him. As a result, the Canadian has become indifferent to American markets and American matters in general. Meeting the American tariff wall he has not wasted time in vain regrets, but has pushed the work of securing markets elsewhere with great success. In 1890 the total exports of Canada to Great Britain were \$48,353,000. In 1900 the total exports to Great Britain were \$107,736,000. Of this amount \$70,000,000 consisted of farm products, or ten times the value of exports in the same line to the United States. The same year the balance of trade in favor of Canada and against Great Britain was \$62,000,000.

In 1849 an annexation manifesto was issued in Canada and signed by a large number of leading public men. During the American civil war over 40,000 Canadians served in the Northern army, and the two peoples were constantly being drawn into more intimate and cordial relations. Thirty-four years of American tariff legislation, calculated to reduce to the lowest possible scale the volume of Canadian imports, has caused the state of feeling that led to issuing the annexation manifesto of 1849 to fade from public recollection, and to-day no annexation sentiment exists in Canada. Whether the inauguration of intimate and liberal commercial relations would lead to a revival of this feeling it is impossible to say, but that this feeling will ever again manifest itself, while the present trade policy of the United States continues, it would be absurd to expect. Canada is well satisfied with her own political institutions, modeled upon those of Great Britain, with executive responsibility to Parliament, and all the British safeguards of liberty and with instant application of the popular will as expressed at elections, and perhaps the best interests of the race will be promoted by allowing the American and the British systems of government to develop side by side, with such international policy in force as will deal equitably with mutual interests and promote harmonious and intimate relations.

While the trade policy of the United States toward Canada has certainly been characterized by want of breadth and liberality the trade policy of Canada toward the United States has, in the main, been quite the reverse. In 1900 the United States duties on total imports were 25 per cent. and the duties on dutiable imports were 49 per cent. The same year Canadian duties on total American imports were 12½ and on American dutiable imports 25 per cent. This liberal policy has led to a great expansion of the import trade from the United States, the imports from that country having risen from \$28,572,000 in 1866 to \$116,972,000 in 1900, an increase of 305 per cent. Of the imports from the United States in 1900 \$55,946,000 was on the free list. This was 73 per cent. of the total free imports of Canada. During the same year the free imports of the United States from Canada, aside from coin and the precious metals, was practically nothing.

Of the Canadian imports from the United States in 1900 nearly \$63,000,000 consisted of manufactures, \$18,000,000 of which was on the free list. The same year the imports of manufactures from Great Britain was \$38,000,000. In 1900 Canada imported farm products from the United States to the value of \$17,862,000 and exported farm products to that country to the value of \$7,360,000. The importation of corn, free of duty from the United States, nearly equaled the total export of farm products to that country. The list of farm products which Canada imported from the United States in excess of her exports to that country comprises horses, pork, bacon and hams, meats, lard, hides, butter, cheese, poultry and game, eggs, oats, corn, cornmeal, oatmeal, wheat flour, mill feed, potatoes, hops, flaxseed and other seeds, hemp, tobacco leaf, trees and plants, apples, dried and green, cherries, grapes, plums, peaches and berries to the value of \$15,915,000.

Canada is the best customer the United States has in the world. Her purchases exceed those of all Latin America, with 56,000,000 inhabitants. Her imports from the United States in 1900 were seventy times greater than the imports of the Philippine Islands from the United States. She is willing to continue to buy and buy freely, but she has reached a point when she is not satisfied with buying more than two and a half times as much as she is permitted to sell. An export of \$24,000,000 of coin and precious metals and a balance of trade still remaining against her of over \$48,000,000 is unsatisfactory. She asks no favors, but she wants fair play. When her farmers, who take \$35,000,000 of the \$63,000,000 of manufactures coming in from the United States, see \$7,000,000 of free corn coming in from that country and a total of \$17,862,000 of farm products, while they can only squeeze \$7,367,000 of farm products

into the United States past its prohibitive tariff wall, they naturally conclude that some change should be made. Of course, the United States possesses a perfect right to make her own tariff, and make it just as she pleases. Canada possesses the same right. She is in favor of reciprocity, and has strived for a generation to obtain it. She has the power at any time to adopt reciprocity of tariffs and advance duties from her own scale of 25 per cent. to the American scale of 50 per cent. on articles, the manufacture of which she desires to promote in her own country. By adopting this course she could soon secure the feeding of the majority of the artisans who produce the \$63,000,000 of manufactures she now imports from the United States. Is it good policy for the United States to force her to adopt this course?

The relations of the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race upon this continent will be settled for a long period of the future by negotiations and decisions near at hand. Canada is a vast country in extent and in resources. She can sustain a population of 100,000,000. Unimpeded trade between herself and the United States is a matter of infinite importance to both. To secure this it may safely be promised that Canada will make no unreasonable demand and will make any reasonable concession. If met in the same spirit by her great neighbor existing differences and difficulties will be adjusted, an era of good will, with mutually advantageous trade relations, will be established and blessings to untold millions will follow.

LYNEDECH, Canada.



Joy in Coming Days.

By Alexander McKenzie, D.D.

It is a grand thing to be alive and to live in God's world, which is our world also, held in trust for Him. The certainties of the coming days are of far greater consequence than the uncertainties. To be certain that we shall live is a superb fact, even when we cannot foretell all which will enter our life. There will be days of sunshine; there will be days which are "cold and dark and dreary," when the vine will cling to the moldering wall, and "at every gust the dead leaves fall." But these will not endure the year, nor any day of it, unless we so appoint. There will be rough places, but they will not destroy the road. If there is a God and He is our Father, there will be no difficulties we cannot surmount, no temptations we cannot escape, no work we cannot do, no grief we cannot bear. The year will be other than we expect, but it will be better if we will to have it so.

Let the lesson be repeated that we are sharply to distinguish between an incident and a career. Not very many conditions are essential, and these are within our reach. To the rest we must adapt ourselves. When a self-appointed prophet announced to Mr. Emerson that the world was soon to come to an end, he answered that he could get along without it. Of course, he could. The world is a convenience, not a necessity. There are worlds enough when this fails us. I have many times been helped by the simple remark of a friend of steady mind that he had learned not to be troubled by small things. He knew that great results may come from humble causes. He meant that he would not be disturbed by such things as the weather or the defeat of some designs or some minor vexation. I have myself learned that much of the good life comes in the train of disappointment, and that if one bears an enforced waiting patiently he gets a better thing than would have contented him before. We must study proportions. Things are great and small in relations. We may undervalue our virtues and our works. We may underestimate our disappointments and failures. Yet let us not rate our good works too highly. They are not great if they are separate incidents, exceptional in our career. We should not overrate our failures, unless the whole life is a failure, nor our sins, unless the life itself is wrong. By all means let us avoid failure and fault and keep them exceptional and contradictory to our daily life. But if a good man fall he is not utterly cast down, if he still grasps his Father's hand. Even our greatest sorrows are not all, and they are in the presence of abounding consolation.

We must be sure of the intensity of life, of its wisdom and virtue and piety as a whole, of the purely exceptional character of our faults, as well as of our sorrows. We owe this to ourselves and to Him who is ready to make all things work together for our good. We must determine with a stubborn will that into what-

ever incidents we may be brought the life itself shall not be a defeat—a prolonged disappointment. There is only one way to make life sure and safe. It is to live in the divine order, to live and walk with Him who is the Way, the Truth, the Life. Let the ship be headed as He commands, and never mind the weather; never be thwarted by tides and currents. You will reach port if your vessel is seaworthy. I have seen a great ship plunge into the deep, while the towering waves broke upon her deck, and it seemed impossible that she should rise. But she did rise, and when she had mounted to her place she was further on her way. In a confidence like this we can live and be brave and quiet and get the good of life, confident and content, calm through incidents, steady in vanities. "None of these things move me," St. Paul said. Put the emphasis on "these." "I know Him whom I have believed, and I am persuaded."

After His life of divine triumph and success Christ is enthroned. We can follow Him in the way He has prepared. Then we shall come to Him where He is and see Him and be like Him, and then we shall be satisfied.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



Wrecked by Wrong Punctuation.

By A. Z. Conrad, D.D.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God."

Put the period after "thyself" and you have an injunction, obeyed to the letter. Read it; "study to show thyself." Now watch the reckless race of humanity to fulfil the admonition! Evidently the world has misplaced the period. Altars with the perverted inscription are smoking with offered incense. Their votaries are to be counted by millions. The hidden rocks in life's sea are periods. Misplaced periods are wrecking immortal souls by myriads. A misplaced period is a full stop in the wrong place. Ships anchored in the highways of commerce when they ought to be traversing the high seas; belated trains, standing midway between stations, are illustrations. A Brooklyn broker, it is said, lost \$100,000 in one afternoon through the misplacement of a period in a telegram. Punctuation changes orthodoxy into heterodoxy, truth into error, logic into unreason, inspired truth into idle invention. Falsehoods are forced upon men by simply de-tailing a comma. Misrepresentations and malignments are possible without changing a word in a paragraph or a letter in a word. The meanest lies are those that bear the semblance of truth. A misread letter can easily defame its author. Sectarian bigotry uses perverted periods and inverted commas for ammunition. The most reckless man on earth is he who punctuates with a miniature Gatling-gun, scattering the marks promiscuously over the written or printed page.

Nine-tenths of life's failures may be symbolized by a premature period. A dwarf is Nature's premature period. At ten years of age or less Nature made a wrong punctuation—a period instead of a comma—and the unfortunate child carries Nature's error through life. These full stops in the wrong place are applicable to every department of activity. The scholar at school gets tired of study and stops his education, when every opportunity to continue was offered. He has employed a period where he ought to have used a comma. Later years reveal his mistake when it is too late to change.

The collegian, half through his course, is attracted by some unexpected opportunity and stops when he is prepared to go on to highest successes. Young men and women learning trades or preparing for business dwarf their entire career by prematurely breaking off in their preparation. Half prepared they enter upon a life career. They are handicapped from the start. Incomplete preparation keeps them in subordinate positions through life. Everywhere about us we see structures in all stages of incompleteness. Abandoned enterprises which might with reasonable energy have proved highest successes stare us in the face. An artist draws a bold outline of a portrait and proceeds with the detail. At certain stages of the work a period would mean a caricature instead of a finished picture.

The sculptor with merely a rough outline cut from the cold, white block wins neither reputation nor reward. Possible angels have been debased to curbing-stones through the premature abandonment of work by a sculptor. Amateurs fail to become artists through too early abandonment of study. But for the fatal period

in life painters, musicians, sculptors, skilful mechanics and successful business men would be counted by thousands where now we number them by tens.

King Joash took the arrows at the command of Elisha. The quiver was full, but after three times bending the bow he stopped. "He smote thrice and stayed." Elisha told him that his premature period meant Syrian victory after three defeats. "Thou shalt smite Syria but thrice." In character all this has its counterpart. Half-finished characters bear witness to the peril of wrong punctuations in life. Splendid qualities would adorn character if they had not been dwarfed for want of exercise. Men begin to gain victories, but before the triumph is complete they stop. New Year's resolutions promise and prophesy great things for the year to come. All will depend on where the period is placed. If the war against sin is waged without cessation, the year will record your most brilliant triumphs. The premature periods that wreck humanity bear labels. Why do individuals forfeit the honors of a victory? Why is the half-written page, the unfinished building, the incompleting picture, the fragmentary character everywhere seen? The answer is, "the full stop in the wrong place"—wrong punctuations in life.

A period often employed is labeled "laziness." We grow weary in well-doing. Any one can act heroically for a brief moment. An army can make a grand charge in the face of fearful odds, but the winning by inches, the daily dying, that takes heroism of an exalted type. Self-indulgence and love of ease writes down the period and stops. It is easier to rest than to race. The drain on mind and nerve and muscle is tremendous, involved in life loyalty to duty. The student tires of study and throws up his course. The five-finger exercises pall on the musical taste, and, after months of time and hundreds of dollars have been expended, the period falls and the practice ceases and success is lost.

"What genius is required in order that one shall succeed as a violinist?" asked a father of an eminent instructor. "The genius of practicing ten hours a day for ten years" was the reply.

The clerk finds disagreeable things about business and wearies of his task and punctuates his career with a period. Opulence and eminence were before him, but the fatal period shuts him off from both forever. When the brush begins to move sluggishly upon the canvas and the desire for ease overcomes the desire for success the career of the artist is ended and a period rests on the canvas which ought to have materialized ideals of beauty.

Another period is labeled "fickleness." It is a sort of a switch, marking an end of a beginning. The transition is usually abrupt and marks almost a return to the old starting point. Such a life leaves a zigzag trail; progress is slow, and life more than half failure. Another period is labeled "conceit." "I know enough," says the student; lays down his books on the period of conceit and goes out into active life a fool. Another is wrecked by the period of pleasure. Stopping too long for refreshment has cost many a traveler his trip and train. The perilous period in moral affairs is "self-righteousness." Satisfied with "about as well as others" or "about right" sandbars many a ship. "Study to show thyself." No preceding age could claim a more implicit obedience to such an injunction than this. What wonder when the proverb most familiar to children is this: "Children should be seen and not heard." By a wrong punctuation of the proverb the little ones read it: "Children should be seen," and proceed to make themselves conspicuous. Love of display seems to be inborn. It is a passion that does not lessen with maturity. If encouraged in the least it becomes a crowned monarch of the heart. Pride is an almost universal sin. It is like weeds in the garden, in that it requires no cultivation, but only to be let alone in order to vigorous growth. In modern society *appearances* count for so much, that, rather than offend the goddess of fashion, money-drawers are pilfered, indebtedness beyond income is incurred, deceptions are practiced, gilt is passed for gold and brilliants for diamonds, while cotton-backed silk, mahogany-stained pine and shoddy broadcloth are all common counterfeits. Every kind of chicanery is practiced for the sake of *appearances*. In the estimation of the world (there is no concealing the fact) people rise and fall with their tailors' bills. In high society women lose position when they lose their milliners. But what is a reputation good for that can be made or unmade by one's tailor? The fearful waste of time and attention on mere external appearances is a spectacle for men and angels! Not that appearances are un-

important. They are. But when the right internal condition obtains they will take care of themselves. Good health and pure blood will enable complexion to take care of itself. Chalk and rouge make quite respectable counterfeits, but they can never give a good complexion. No more can artificial externals ever give any worth to character.

A plant that cannot make a good appearance without artificial leaves and flowers is worthless. Good soil, good water, good light will make all artificial additions superfluous. This absurd passion for applause and study for appearances saps individual vitality and weakens character. Leaf and flower and fruit will all regulate themselves if we are "rooted and grounded" in truth.

Nine-tenths of the abominations of society are the product of inordinate love of display. No sanctum is so holy as to insure freedom from the polluting touch of this Harpy. Funeral customs bear the mark of it. The trappings and paraphernalia associated with many funerals are a wretched parody on grief. One of the hard features of a true bereavement is the impudent intrusion of fashion upon grief. Oh, crucify the love of personal display and study for something better! Punctuate truthfully and the purposes of life are instantly changed. Put the period where it belongs. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." "Approved unto God" A No phrase of the English language is more full of meaning!! Judgment with acquittal! Investigation with commendation! Tried at the highest tribunal of the universe and rewarded! Who can lack in perseverance with such a possibility? Here is motive for undying determination and unceasing effort. Self-approbation doesn't determine eternity. "Not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth." Deeds are useless if not "approved" by the courts. Checks are useless if not "approved" by the bank. Recommendations are of no avail except as "approved." Bills of Congress lie on the table of the Chief Executive awaiting the word "approved." But immortal lives await the stamp from the King's signet ring "approved." No man is approved of God who violates conscience. Divine approbation demands two things: First, pardon. Christ was the only man who wrote a stainless record and was approved on His merits. Pardon requires two things—penitence and purpose; sorrow for the past and purpose for the future. No idea is more false than that a repentant sinner can go on sinning *wilfully* and still be forgiven. It is not so found in the book. Approval of God requires, in the second place, persistent attention to details. No periods until the end; no full stops for the Christian. We must rest as we run. As Christians and character builders we fail to give proper attention to details. The rough outlines of the portrait are essential, but they are not the portrait. The labor of the artist comes in filling in the details of the picture. Conversion sketches the outlines of the Christlike life, but the details require patient service for a lifetime. Divine approbation is not a matter of the judgment alone. We must seek it every day. Only that pillow is soft enough for a Christian to rest upon at the close of a day's record that has upon it the tracings from an invisible hand "approved." A dying couch becomes a downy bed full of rest when God's "approved" labels the departing life. The approbation of men gives no soul a passport through the gates of bliss. Glib-tongued defamers of God's Word and short-sighted sophists can never prevent the human conscience from restlessness under divine disapproval and placidity under divine approval. Christ's incomparable life was most lustrous and wonderful in this, that no smallest fraction of it is without inscription, deep-written with the finger of God "approved." Christianity is Christlike-ness.

WORCESTER, Mass.



On the Ormond, Fla., beach recently a fine specimen of the Indo-Pacific basking shark came ashore. It was 18 feet 10 inches long and a most formidable-looking monster. It had encountered an enemy, a swordfish, as a long gash on the side testified, and the fight had proved a fatal one. A telegram was sent to the Smithsonian Institute telling of the find, and a reply was received asking that certain measurements be made, a photograph taken and the skin with skull be sent them. No specimen of the fish is in any museum in America. In 1828 one was presented to the museum in Paris, and in 1868 the British Museum received one.

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for May 18, 1902.

The Early Christian Missionaries.—Acts xiii., 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“Go ye therefore, and teach all nations.”—Matt. xxviii, 19.

FIRST MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

The first great missionary movement, especially among the Jews at Jerusalem and extended as far as Antioch, under the leadership of Peter and the apostles, is recorded in the previous twelve chapters. With this chapter begins the second great division, extending to its close, in which is narrated the great missionary movement from Antioch among Gentiles, under the leadership of Paul, till he is left a prisoner, preaching at Rome. This and the next chapter relate his first missionary journey to Cyprus, Pisidia and Lycaonia. We now have a divine warrant and commission to Barnabas and Saul, to go and preach the gospel among the Gentiles, and their ordination to that service by the imposition of hands, with fasting and prayer.

A FRUITFUL CHURCH.

In the church at Antioch, a regularly organized church, was a large membership, and also one of great importance. It was made up mainly of foreign-born Jews and Gentiles. The prophets here spoken of were inspired teachers, and by the teachers are meant instructors. All prophets were teachers, but all teachers were not prophets. Both classes are mentioned in the epistles to the Corinthians, Ephesians and Romans. In the apostolic churches certain persons were endowed with supernatural gifts. But after apostolic days these supernatural powers appeared to have ceased. The church at Antioch seems to have been well supplied. Antioch was a great city, and the Christians there were many, so that they could not all meet in one place; it was therefore requisite that they should have many teachers to preside in their respective assemblies, and to deliver God's mind and will to them. Barnabas is the first named, probably because he was the eldest.

THE ORDERS FOR SETTING APART.

The Holy Spirit said, “Separate me, Barnabas and Saul, for the work hereunto I have called them.” To separate means to set apart, to a special work or service. Paul thus uses it in reference to himself and his work. Mark, too, that the expression is “Me.” Here is a proof of the divinity of the Holy Spirit. He does not say separate them to the Lord, but to me for the ministry to which I have called them, showing that he is co-equal with God. “I have called them” implies that they had had a previous call. Saul had been called at his conversion and later at Jerusalem to the Gentile work, and Barnabas had been led by the Providence of God and the Spirit to this work at Antioch. The Church doubtless knew something of these experiences and consequent feelings of duty, but probably did not comprehend the apostleship of Paul, and the greatness of his work. It is not said how the Spirit called, whether in an audible voice, or silently, in the inner recesses of the heart, but he spoke in an unmistakable way. So when the Spirit calls to us, there is nothing vague or uncertain about it.

THE SETTING APART.

When they had fasted and prayed, they laid their hands on them. In thus doing they conferred no new grace or power, but recognized publicly their call to their work, giving it their sanction, approval and prayers. But why did they lay on their hands? Certainly not to ordain them to the ministry, for both Barnabas and Saul had been successful preachers for several years. Nor was it to set them apart and elevate them to the apostolic office, for they had no authority to do this. Besides Paul asserts that his apostleship was not from men, nor through man, and that he received it from Christ himself at his conversion. There is no evidence that any of the apostles were ordained by the imposition of hands. Barnabas is never called an apostle alone, and only twice when associated with Paul, doubtless for the sake of brevity. The true reason is afforded by the narrative that follows. They were set apart as missionaries to the Gentiles, or heathen. This was the work to which the Holy Spirit called them. It was a public

notification on the part of the church of the divine call of these men to their special work.

DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST MISSIONARIES.

So they being sent forth by the Holy Spirit, specially and authoritatively as described, departed, or came down from Antioch unto Seleucia, the seaport of that city, 15 miles away, on the Mediterranean, near the mouth of the river Crontes. Thus westward began the first great missionary tour of the Apostle Paul, probably A. D. 45. From thence they sailed to Cyprus, a beautiful island about 150 miles long and 50 miles wide, and about 60 miles from Seleucia. It became a Roman province in B. C. 58 and contained a number of populous and wealthy cities. It was very natural for Barnabas and Saul to make Cyprus their first field of missionary labor. It was the first country they would reach. Its mountains could be seen from Seleucia and the Syrian coast. It was the native land of Barnabas, and about half of its population consisted of Jews, whose synagogues would offer them a channel for reaching the Gentiles. They might have gone to Tarsus, but Saul had already preached in Cilicia. But most of all we must believe that those who were sent forth by the Spirit was also directed by the Spirit to enter upon this field.

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL.

They went to Salamis, the chief commercial city on the Eastern side of the island, and the nearest port to Seleucia, having a good harbor. It was afterwards ruined by an earthquake, under Constantine, and rebuilt and called Constantia. The Jews were numerous at Salamis, and so great in Cyprus, that in the reign of Trajan, A. D. 98-117, they rose and massacred two hundred and fifty thousand of the native inhabitants. On account of this Hadrian destroyed or expelled the whole Jewish population from the island. In the apostolic ages the Jews had their synagogues wherever they settled. Their advantages to early Christianity can hardly be estimated, for wherever the early preachers went they found in them a pulpit and an audience. They were evidently one of the preparations of Providence for the spread of the gospel. As they went through the whole island, the time occupied was doubtless several months. There had been Christians in Cyprus before this and other congregations were now added to them. So large and important was the field, that when Paul and Barnabas separated, the later chose Cyprus, taking with him Mark as his assistant.

ELYMAS, THE SORCERER.

When they had gone through the isle unto Paphos they found a certain sorcerer, who practiced magic arts. He was not like Simon Magus, a heathen, but a Jew, a false prophet, who pretended to be inspired of God. The statement that he was apparently residing with the governor, and esteemed by him, is in harmony with the skeptical and superstitious character of the times. This proconsul, Sergius Paulus, was a prudent man, an intelligent and thoughtful man. He also showed his intelligence and understanding in not accepting all that this magician said, and in sending for Barnabas and Saul, and his desire to hear from them the word of God. He sent for them to come to his house, not from a mere curiosity, but from a sincere desire to know what their teaching was. If that which we hear has a tendency to impress us and lead us to God, it is the part of both prudence and wisdom to desire to hear more of it.

OPPOSING THE GOSPEL.

But Elymas, the sorcerer, opposed them, and did all he could to obstruct their progress. He withstood them, resisted them, not only by his private and personal influence, but also publicly, by arguments, denunciations, and contradictions. Seeking actively to turn away, to corrupt and thus turn aside the proconsul from the faith, from accepting and believing the new doctrines which Barnabas and Saul preached, for then his influence would be at an end. Satan busies himself especially with those persons of influence and power to prevent them from giving the gospel a right consideration, for he knows that their example will have an influence upon many. It is the chief business of Satan to turn men away from the faith, or to prevent them, if possible, from coming within the sphere of its influence. Elymas did not yield without a strenuous fight. Neither does the devil.

Up-to-Date Points of View.¹

The Spelling Reform. One of the most theoretically simple, yet practically difficult, things in our language is consistency in spelling. We are led to suppose that a substantial reform is going on in this department of useful learning, but to the lay mind it would seem to be just the reverse. For instance, the old way to spell "oxide" has now developed into four ways—all correct, all accepted ways of spelling the word, to wit: oxid, oxide, oxyd, oxyde. Twenty-five years ago you dared not spell ketchup any way except catsup, and our hiccough of blessed memory had not given way to hickup and hiccup—both now acceptable. Even the best spellers cannot help being confused by this reckless freedom of selection permitted by our lexicons. We hardly know which to use, mitre or miter, metre or meter, theatre or theater, ocher, ochre or oker, naught or nought, Kaffir, Kafir, or Caffre, Mohammedan, Mahometan, Mohamedan or Muhammadan, meager or meagre, lodestone or loadstone, indorse or endorse, mistletoe, misseltoe or misletoe, mold or mould, smolder or smoulder, sabre or saber, programme or program, whiskey or whisky, darkey or darky, woolen or woollen. It rests with the editor to say which style shall prevail, and no two editors agree. So we used to spell judgment with two "e's"—as judgement. Can do it now either way. As between acknowledgement and acknowledgment take your choice. One is as correct as the other. You can spell traveler, and a host of similar words, with one or two "l's" as you choose, and in numerous words ending in "ize" in our younger days the "z" has given place to the "s." Legalise is just as acceptable as legalize. Mama is more often used to-day than mamma, but the later is etymologically correct. We are killing diphthongs as fast as possible.

Inconsistencies of Phonetic Spelling.

The college life of the writer was spent under the tuition of Prof. James Hadley, father of the president of Yale University, who was regarded as the ablest philologist of his day. He used to say that our common spelling is often an untrustworthy guide to etymology. This the phonetic reformers have attempted to remedy. But they are as yet far from perfect in their system. For instance, is it not strange that the advocates of phonetic spelling spell phonetic with a "ph" instead of an "f"? Faddists to be successful should start right at all events. As a matter of fact our system of spelling is still in the chrysalis state, neither caterpillar nor butterfly. There is often no authority for the spelling of a word other than the mere whim of an editor. Our dictionaries are almost worthless as guides, their seeming ambition being to put forward as many words as can be found, and with as many different spellings as the law allows. The writer of a daily newspaper spells this week according to Webster, next according to Worcester, next according to the Century, next according to the Standard, and he is sure to make a regular patchwork of philology. Henry Sweet, a Heidelberg Ph.D., does not hesitate to say: "It is mainly among the class of half-taught dabblers in philology that etymological spelling has found its supporters."

Tendency Toward Simplicity.

The natural tendency is, however, in the right direction—toward simplicity. Time is of more consequence than it used to be, and there is an inclination to be relieved of the double consonants and all superfluous and silent letters—as, for instance, program for programme, honor for honour, etc. Preterits, past participles and present participles burdened for centuries with double "l's" are having a hard row to hoe, the single "l" being generally accepted nowadays as correct. As spelling is so changeable and changing constantly, many writers pay little attention to it and leave their manuscript for the proof-

readers to attend to in this respect as also to punctuate. Good spelling by them is considered to be no more an art than the retouching of a negative. Good handwriting is also coming to be discounted. The typewriter has discounted it. Some of our old correspondents still send good, readable manuscript—like that of Dr. Cuyler, who always delights the compositors—but as a rule great geniuses are not paid handsome salaries to exhibit what we used to call "Spencerian" styles of chirography. They are hired to express fact or fiction in graphic style. There are men in the office to take care of the spelling, and it is fortunate for them that the readers of the paper or magazine never have to read their handwriting.

An Illustration.

A laughable incident is related in some of the comic papers which may or may not have happened, but which illustrates my point exactly. Mrs. B. has suddenly acquired a fortune, and she hastens to substitute the so-called "accomplishments" of "first-class society" for the common acquirements necessary for the ordinary breadwinner, as represented by stenographer and typewriter:

"I wish," she said to her daughter's new teacher, "that you would now drop spelling from the list of Janet's studies."

"Drop spelling!" exclaimed the teacher. "Why?"

"It is so common," replied Mrs. B. "Everybody learns to spell."

"But your daughter will need the knowledge," protested the teacher. "She'll need it for her correspondence and—"

"Enough," interrupted Mrs. B., haughtily. "Evidently you cannot rise above the common level. My daughter will move in the upper circles of society and be rich enough to have a private secretary to write anything that she does not wish to have engraved. I do not wish to have her time wasted."

Female Education.

In a recent address at Hartford, Conn., Judge S. E. Baldwin, of the Supreme Judicial Court of Connecticut, and, in addition to this, a professor in the Yale University Law School, declared "No woman should feel that she knows more than her husband," an assertion which under more or less variation, doubtless, many of us have heard frequently. Much has been said and written, wisely and unwisely, about the necessity of having laws forbidding people to marry unless they are physically fit for marriage with each other, but here we have announced a rule of mental fitness based on the absence of knowledge beyond a specific limit. Of course, under such new legislation there must be brands of mental as well as physical examiners, the latter to determine whether couples intending marriage have health enough, and the former to find out if either one of the parties knows too much. Previous to obtaining a marriage license, it will, of course, be necessary for the applicant to produce a certificate of ignorance, the amount of ignorance being carefully and most accurately graded. While in the opinion of Judge Baldwin women as a sex know too much, he does not appear to consider absolute ignorance necessary, but only proportionately to that of the male member of the proposed partnership. This reduces the matter to one of comparisons, and would necessitate both the prospective bride and groom to undergo a competitive examination in ignorance. If the examining board should be satisfied that the woman did not know more than he, a very neat certificate to that effect, suitable for framing and hanging up in the parlor, should be issued. Such family heirlooms would in time become invaluable in solving many disputed questions which might arrive to darken the connubial atmosphere. The board of examiners would, of course, have no sinecure. They would have to

¹ This department is an open court in which, numbered alphabetically for convenience, will be found original "Up-to-Date" items, short articles, news, facts and opinions of our own and other people. We especially welcome letters, comments and opinions from any source, and upon any subject of real interest. The responsible source of information for each "Point" other than our own will be given in every case. In the above these authorities are as follows: f, Dr. A. L. Wood, in his address before "The 100 Year Club"; g, W. M. Crane; h, Sa, Review (London); j, Irish Times; l, Literary Digest; n, Sir Henry Thompson; o, Philadelphia Ledger.

find out by examination and make a list of all the things a man did not know, and also a list of all the things that a woman did not know. The officer issuing the certificate might check off one ignorance against the other, and thus arrive at a balance. But it would be a formidable and complex proceeding, and one that in the end would greatly diminish the number of marriages, and the amount of the parson's fees. We rather hesitate to give the weight of our sanction to this proposition, and prefer to believe that neither party to a marriage contract knows any too much, even in those cases where the woman does happen to know a little more than the man. As a general rule marriage is a great promoter of knowledge, as in due time each of the high contracting parties discovers.

—f—
Look Out
for the Filter.

The domestic filter may become a dangerous article of the worst description. People rely upon it in fancied security, while in 99 cases out of every 100 the water is more dangerous to health and life after passing through it than before. All soluble mineral salts and all impurities of every description, including the deadly poisons from disease germs, which are held in solution, pass through the very best filter at all times as freely as the water itself, and, unless the filter is cleaned and sterilized several times a day, which is rarely if ever done, the germs of typhoid fever and other diseases multiply with great rapidity within the filter itself and pass through with the water. Many eminent chemists and scientists have testified to the truth of these statements.

—g—
Primal Creations
versus
the Individual.

The history of the birth and development of the primal forms of animate creation are characterized by an almost incredible fecundity. The codfish, for example, produces 6,000,000 eggs semi-annually. These lower forms of life, the fishes and reptiles, are of no individual significance; they are apparently designed for use as food for similar and other forms of life. Rising to higher forms of creation the annual birth rate sinks to a thousand, to four hundred, to forty, and, among many birds, to five or six; and, finally, among the *simia* and the genus *homo sapiens* to an average of one every two years. Coincident with this decrease in fecundity is an increase in cerebral capacity and in the care which is lavished upon the offspring, culminating in the maintenance of a home around and in which center and are cultivated the virtues and mental refinements which distinguish civilized man from the brutes. It has taken a great while, from the beginnings of life, to reach this place of exaltation of the individual: innumerable swarms of life, countless as the grains of sand on the seashore or the stars in the Milky Way, perished, and are perishing, without individual significance on the road leading up to the life which is cherished, and sheltered, and given a chance to be of distinct value in the making of life-conditions and the shaping of destiny; to be a "coworker with God." Truly, the individual life is precious; it is the apex of a long-continued, significant, purposive series of steps from an innumerable, non-significant offspring to the relative sterility of man, with his wide sweep of power and opportunity.

—h—
Faith and
the Intellect.

Religious belief, more than belief of any other kind, in the case of the naturally devout tends to permeate the whole of life—to incorporate itself in the most cherished associations, the deepest affections, in the most important principles of conduct, and in a man's entire conception of what a useful and good life is; and thus, though parts of the intellectual foundation of his belief may be removed, the belief, in seeming defiance of all structural principles, still stands, upheld by a variety of other forces.

Among those who look at life exclusively from an intellectual point of view, such a spectacle may excite derision. Indeed, as we know, they often point to it as a proof of the blindness and stupidity of the majority of the human species. What the spectacle really proves to us is something very different. It proves to us indeed that all men are not equal in intellectual power; but it proves also that intellectual power, essential to progress as it is, is not the sole power on which progress and the highest activities of human life depend. It proves also that the unequal distribution of this special power among men—of this power which brings logical thought into immediate connection

with belief—instead of being a hindrance to religious progress is essential to it; for if the religious convictions of all men—and especially of all influential men—were liable to be weakened at once by that criticism of faulty theories, which must necessarily precede the establishment of others that are more sound, the practical influence and the practical continuity of religion would be continually disturbed, with results of the most disastrous kind, by the very process of strengthening and purifying it as a system of defensible doctrines.

—i—
The Mind
of the Ant.

Have ants minds? If not, they possess something akin to it at least. The *Literary Digest* raises this question and seems to answer it in the affirmative. The warlike expeditions of the ant-tribes and the amount of intelligence shown in so minute a brain is something beyond the power of the human intellect to fathom. Recently M. Forel, a Swiss naturalist, who has devoted a lifetime to the study of ants, reported to the Zoological Congress at Berlin the last results of his observations. He warns us against confusing mind with consciousness. There is an animal psychology as well as a human psychology. The question of what consciousness is, and whether animals have the same kind of consciousness as man, he considers quite a different one. He goes on to say: As to the senses of ants, that of touch is completely absent, or rather it is perhaps changed into a sense of smell. It seems, in fact, that ants have two distinct senses of smell, one that acts at a distance and another for near objects. The latter is almost a sense of touch for the gaseous emanations of every near object. Complex experiments enable us to show that ants have a memory. Ants were narcotized, and in this state they could not tell friends from enemies. Sense perception in ants gives rise to association of sensations, and also to conclusions by habit and by analogy. It is evident that ants communicate with one another, but this is by no means analogous with the communication of man. Their "way of talking" has so far remained an absolute mystery.

—j—
Ancient
Copes.

Not the least interesting of the many treasures belonging to Westminster Abbey which will see the light on Coronation day are the ancient copes which were last worn by the Dean and the members of the Chapter at the Jubilee Service in 1887. The majority of the existing copes, purple, crimson, and cloth of gold, were originally manufactured for the coronation of Charles II, though there is one of exceedingly curious design which is said to have been procured from Spain for the coronation of Queen Victoria. Time, however, has wrought sad havoc here, for several of these splendid vestments have lost their color and are no longer suitable for wear. The crimson copes will figure once more at the coming coronation, but several others of the same royal color and no less magnificent are at this moment in process of manufacture. The copes used at St. Paul's Cathedral are very magnificent, and were made for the Jubilee Service held in front of the cathedral in 1897, when the vestments worn by Dr. Mandell Creighton were so rich in fine needlework and cloth of gold that they quite put in the shade the purple velvet copes of the archbishops, while the Dean and Chapter were resplendent in robes of green and silver brocade.

—k—
The Theological
Trend of the Times.

There is probably nothing so characteristic of the theological trend of the times as the rejection of authority in religion, including that of the Holy Scriptures. We do not mean merely the rejection of the inerrancy of Scripture or any particular theory of inspiration, but the denial of the trustworthiness and authority of the Bible. This drift of current speculative thought toward the rejection of authority as a ground of belief is fruitful in practical results. There is a widespread restiveness under definite statements of doctrine and duty, and a strong desire for greater latitude in the rejection of old beliefs and rules of conduct. There is an undue exaltation of the human element in the Scriptures, and a corresponding ignoring of the divine, till the latter is largely left out of sight. Nay, more, in some cases it has come to this, that prominent teachers within the Christian churches hold that whether the Scripture records, including what the Gospels tell us about the Lord Jesus Christ, are facts or fictions is a matter of minor importance, that need not affect Christian faith or piety. This is as

much as to say that those who reject the historic Jesus Christ of the Gospels may still claim to be His disciples. The poet Coleridge counted nothing in the Bible inspired except what "found him." Some modern teachers appear to hold that nothing in the Bible has any authority for them but what they choose to indorse. They regard the Scriptures merely as the thoughts and lessons which good men of former times addressed to the people of their day. Many claim that divine inspiration was not peculiar to the sacred writers, but that it is possessed by all devout Christians, in proportion to their piety. Individual opinions are exalted to the level of the teaching of the prophets and apostles in a way that would make every Christian an oracle to himself.

But it should not be forgotten that, as Christianity is an historic religion, its foundation facts must be received on the evidence of testimony. The rejection of the testimony by which these truths are attested is perilous to Christian faith. As the mariner who discards chart and compass and guiding stars is sure to be swept by adverse winds and waves out of the true course, so Christian preachers and teachers who disparage the truth and authority of the Bible and speak not according to the words of "the law and the testimony," are sure to be found "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." The theology, whether old or "new," which undermines the authority of the Holy Scriptures, or divests our Lord Jesus Christ of those divine attributes which make Him an all-sufficient Saviour, is misleading and dangerous, no matter what its claims to superior liberality may be.

A Peaceful Revolution.

One of the most wonderful revolutions of our time, or, indeed, of any time, is that of the city of Havana, which, on the 20th day of May, becomes the capital city of the free and fully established Republic of Cuba. While the expulsion of the Spaniards and the placing of the government in the hands of its own people was a memorable event indeed, yet the conversion of Havana from one of the filthiest and most sickly in the world to one of the cleanest and most healthful is even a more radical and beneficent change than any in its political history. While London has 2,000 cases of smallpox, and New York contains many scores of cases, there is not a single case in all Havana; nor has there been in many weeks. Until three years ago that city was the very hotbed of yellow fever, from whence it was often brought to our shores. Now it is absolutely free from that dread disease. Such a complete and rapid change in the health conditions of a large city was never before accomplished. It is a greater revolution, and has been brought about in shorter time, than the most hopeful observer of the work of Havana's physical purification dared to hope for. In due time that city will be dotted with monuments to the memory of the men to whom she is most greatly indebted. Prominent among those should be a monument to George Waring, the man who planned the redemption of that city from infectious diseases, and carried the work so far forward that its completion was left easy for others when he himself fell a victim to the deadly forces he was conquering. Waring had already proved himself a great practical reformer. He had regenerated this great city of New York, that had never before in all its history been clean until he mastered the problem. Such men are too often overlooked, but they are the men who bestow benefits upon mankind that entitle them to the lasting gratitude of their own and succeeding generations.

An Alphabet of Two Thousand Characters.

When we remember that the English alphabet contains but twenty-six characters, and the difficulty we find in selecting the proper one of these, we wonder how the Chinaman can succeed at his task of composition. His memory must be far superior to ours in this respect. It is impossible for a Chinese compositor to stand at his case and, remaining in erect posture, pick up type, as in a foreign office. He needs both arms and legs, a good stooping back, and, if the editor's vocabulary is especially rich, a stepladder. There must be a pocket for every character, and as ordinary newspaper uses require about 4,000 characters one compositor needs almost enough room to live in. It is a mark of distinction to employ unusual characters. Every paper likes to appear learned. There are editors who seem to employ their leisure in devising combinations which, while original and distinctive, shall yet be self-explanatory. As no merchant could anticipate or supply such demands, every office contains its own

foundry. Two men attend to this. One of them keeps busy making steel dies and the other melts and stamps out the type. The compositors make new pockets for all creations. It behooves them to burnish their memories frequently, or they may be hours in setting up a single article, which would never do. As the types are of soft lead and easily worn, one man has his hands full in sharpening their lines by picking out the ink that they gather or in filing down the inequalities that are always appearing. When a type becomes worthless it is thrown into the pot, to be melted over for a fresh stamp.

A Word About Indigestion.

What is called "indigestion" as a rule does not depend upon any fault of the digestive apparatus, but solely upon its being called upon to accomplish work which is beyond its powers; so that the remedy is not to be found in the gastric juices of the pig, or in the ingestion of the various chemically prepared messes advertised as being digestible or as being demands made upon the stomach to its capacity for fulfilling them. I would leave the pepsin and the messes to be applied, if at all, by skilled physicians in cases of illness which may possibly require them, and lay down, as of practically universal application, the principle that the elderly person neither requires nor can digest as much food as the young person, and that this principle should govern the arrangements of his life. The total amount of his food should be steadily diminished as age advances, and this total amount should be divided among a larger number of meals than were sufficient for his wants in former days.

Which Was Right?

A man and a woman were walking up Wall street a few days ago. Said the woman, pointing to Trinity Church: "What an impressive thing it is that that splendid church should stand there at the head of this street of finance, silently but powerfully pointing to God, here where the competition for gold is fiercest!" Answered the man: "Nothing of the kind. The church is a nuisance there. It should be pulled down and the site given over to business, which needs it." Something of the spirit of this man actuated the capitalists who are said to have recently offered \$5,000,000 for St. Paul's Chapel and church yard for the site of a great office building. The spirit of the woman influenced the churchmen who refused the offer. Unquestionably, the city is a gainer by this refusal. There are many skyscrapers, but there is but St. Paul's Chapel. Most things have to give way to the advance of commerce and the demands of business. Recently business has forced the Broadway Tabernacle to sell, and its congregation will have to move elsewhere. But St. Paul's, with its long historic record, is too impressive a memorial to be permitted ever to disappear. It should stand as at least one barrier against a type of commercialism that would sacrifice every fine sentiment to the selfish purpose of gain.

"An Embarrassment of Blessings."

In an open letter to the Rev. Charles H. Brent, of Boston, the newly elected Bishop of the Philippines protests against the establishment of an Episcopal diocese in the islands. We have given the Philippines war and the saloon, and the writer thinks we should not add religious rivalry and bitterness. The letter goes on to say:

We Americans are in the Philippine Islands by virtue of our military power. The people do not want us there; a very large number of our own people do not think we ought to be there, and the occupation and government of the islands present the gravest problems that our Government has ever had to deal with. Now if we add to these complications religious rivalry and bitterness; if every Protestant denomination rushes in there, not to build up the kingdom of God, but to secure denominational advantage and prestige, then we make a bad condition worse and the work of pacification much more difficult than it is at present. Surely the people of those islands have suffered enough without having forced upon them all the evils and discords of sectarian Protestantism.

It seems to many of us that we should leave the schools and other agencies of our civilization free to do their work, and when that work is done leave the Philippine Islands to develop their religious life naturally along the lines of their history.

It is impossible that any new form of Christianity should take root in that soil. Experience teaches that the seed of the Reformation is sterile in lands long under the influence of the Latin race. Our missions have been barren in Mexico and in South America, and they will be barren in the Philippines, in Cuba and in Porto Rico.

The Christian Life

Present with the Lord.

By Rev. M. Porter Snell.

He's present with the Lord,
My loved one gone before;
Now perfect health, nor richest wealth,
Are his forevermore.
Why should I, selfish, mourn
That he has gone from me?
I will rejoice with heart and voice
At his felicity.

He's present with the Lord,
Where oft he longed to be;
No pain nor care hath he to bear,
Now perfect rest hath he.
Why should I wish him back
Amid these scenes of woe?
I will rejoice with heart and voice
That God hath blessed him so.

He's present with the Lord,
Whom here he learned to love;
With joy he heard the Living Word—
It led his heart above.
And since I have that Word,
And live in Christ the Vine,
I will rejoice with heart and voice
That his joy shall be mine.

WASHINGTON, D. C.



Loyalty to Christ.

By Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert, A.M., Ph.D.

The men of the present generation feel no sense of personal attachment to the heroes of the past. We admire them and honor their memory, but never think of them as of the living people around us. We do not think of John Wesley as a personal friend. We cannot be said to love Socrates or Paul. We do not look to Lincoln or Luther for help.

To this attitude toward those who have lived in time past, there is one remarkable exception. That exception is Jesus of Nazareth. He is loved by multitudes more than life itself, who would die for the memory of earth's greatest hero! But for Jesus, hosts of men and women "would even dare to die."

It may be said that earth's great ones are dead, and that Jesus lives.

But they are not dead, they live, for God is still their God, and he is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

Somewhere in God's great universe they live and exercise their lofty and ever-expanding powers. Then, whence the difference in our attitude toward them and our attitude toward Jesus. Is it not in this that Jesus is divine, the eternal son of God, and hence, present with us? These others are we know not where, but Jesus walks by our side, and in our joys and sorrows is an ever-present friend. He sustains a personal relation to us. We receive benefit from all that sages have thought, poets sung and heroes dared, in the ages past, but in all their wise utterances and brave deeds they had no thought of us.

Jesus died for us, suffered, atoned and rose for each individual believer. Hence our relation to Him is most

direct, intimate and personal. Such being the case, our loyalty should be that of tried and intense friendship.

Not to be loyal to Jesus would be base ingratitude.

True loyalty implies a public profession.

If we are ashamed of him, he will justly be ashamed of us. If we deny him, he will deny us.

Some tell us that they believe in Jesus and yet they will make no public profession of their faith and love.

Such love is of little worth. Back of this hesitation is often moral cowardice. They feel that more will be required of them, if they make public profession, and are known as church members. They are often afraid that they will be called upon to bear reproach, or to suffer some taunt. Such discipleship will meet with no reward in the Day of Judgment. We have little respect for the man who is afraid to wear his political colors, and we have no high estimation of the man who is ashamed to be publicly known as a disciple of Jesus Christ.

Loyalty to Christ demands not only a public profession, but a consistent life. Some profess with their lips, and deny by their lives. More harm comes to the Church of Christ from the inconsistencies of Christians than from any other cause.

Nothing will win men sooner to Christ than the Christ-life exemplified by his followers. The loyal follower of Christ will engage heartily in his service.

The salvation of his own soul is a great thing, but not everything. The word Christ means anointed, and a Christian is a Christ-man; one anointed with the spirit of Christ.

Now the spirit of Christ is one of service. He came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

There is such a thing as spiritual selfishness. The old saints of the desert, who fled from the world of living men and women, and spent their years in prayer and meditation, and a supreme effort to save themselves, did not represent the highest type of sainthood. In those who minister beside the bedside of the sick, who feed the hungry, clothe the naked and instruct the ignorant, do we find the ideal follower of Christ. The loyal Christian puts nothing in the place of Christ. He pleads no good works; he does not put his trust in church or creed, in form or priest. There is a place for form, and creeds may serve a useful purpose, but only a living Christ can save.

Such is the Christian relation to Christ, a vital and eternal union. This union insures our eternal life. Where he is, we are to be.

The old-time Methodists used to sing:

"We too are so joined,
He'll not stay in glory,
And leave me behind."

And there was logic, if not much poetry, in the words.

Our relation to Christ decides our future. United to Him we will never really die. That which men call death will only be the unfolding of the gates of life.

HALEDON, N. J.



My times are in Thy hand, O Lord! And, surely, that is the best. Were I to choose, they should be in no other hands, neither mine own, nor any others. When He withholds mercies or comforts for a season, it is but till the due season. Therefore it is our wisdom and our peace to resign all things into His hands, to have no will or desires, but only this, that we may still wait for Him. Never was any one who waited for Him miserable with disappointment.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

The Home Life

The Passing of Easter.

By Rev. George W. Crofts.

Now sweet Easter Day is gone,
And we still are hurrying on;
Sweeping swiftly far away
From the blessed Easter Day.

On a ship we seem to be,
On a ship and far at sea,
Where we've passed a verdant isle
Radiant in the summer's smile.

Lofty palms were growing there,
Flowers perfumed all the air;
Birds poured forth their melodies
From the top of sun-kissed trees.

Naught was there that spoke of tears,
Blasted hopes or haunting fears,
Mortal bodies wracked with pains,
Souls in prisons or in chains.

Everything was full of life,
Deathless, sinless, free from strife;
Not a shaft of polished stone
Told of some companion gone.

Ah, it seemed a Paradise
Underneath the clear blue skies,
Floating on a purple sea
In a sweet tranquillity.

But we passed it, and at night
Faded that sweet isle from sight;
Died away the liquid notes
From the feathered songsters' throats.

* * * * *

All that night a dream had we
Of a home beyond the sea,
Where the blessed Easter Day
Never more shall pass away.

BEATRICE, Neb.



The Blessing of Being Taught.

"Common sense is, of all sense, the most uncommon."

Such is the paradoxical assertion of an author who has held his own on our bookshelves for a century or more. It is quite possible that what is known as instinct in the lower animals may have its counterpart in some human endowment, but the observer must often have been struck with the fact that such endowment is the exception rather than the rule. The Afro-American active-transitive verb *to sense* may not be acceptable to the more orthodox disciples of Lindley Murray, but nevertheless it suggests wisdom.

If brutes shared their instincts with humans, if the infant came into the world as well equipped for dispensing with oral instruction as is the cub or kitten, we may take it that, as things too often go now, the former would find life much better worth the having.

The brute, for what it has to do, would seem to need no teaching, and so even if the father and mother brutes should have as hazy ideas regarding their responsibility as have only too many human parents, their offspring is none the worse for it.

We have been told over and over again that experience is a teacher, but it has never been satisfactorily explained to us why, in so many cases. Experience should have no assistant. Why should the path of learning, that is the learning that lies outside of schools, be left so difficult when it might be macadamized, so to speak, by a little instruction on the part of earlier travelers? Experience is a hard master, so they tell us. Why then should not those who themselves have so long been undergraduates in his school that they need not fear to do so, volunteer their services as assistant teachers, and so make this hardness easier?

"I suppose I have no natural faculty for housekeeping," observed a young wife. "I know mamma is of this opinion, for everything I can do in the kitchen I learned from her. I remember when she stood by me and showed me how to make my first cup of tea. She probably knew I'd make it wrong if she did not."

Cooks are born, not made, so it used to be said, but let us hope that this is one of the many old saws whose fallacy is being exposed by twentieth century logic.

The duty of one generation to the next is to teach it what it knows, not only by means of books, but orally. There is one right and usually half-a-dozen wrong ways to do anything, and though, in some cases, that common sense of which, *Dieu merci*, we hear less now than of yore may suggest the former, the chances are many to one that it would be the lot of the uninstructed doer to choose one of the latter, a mistake so easily avoided if some one would only volunteer a word of counsel.

"Live and learn," says another of those ill-natured old saws. Why should it be necessary to live half a lifetime to learn from one's mistakes what could so easily be taught by one qualified to give instruction?

In the general iconoclasm of the present day let us hope that that old Dagon, known as the desirability of learning from experience, may be so completely overthrown as never to rise again. We are prone to make mistakes, no matter what may be the conditions under which we act; why should these mistakes be multiplied by ten because of the moss-grown prejudice that there is no knowledge like that acquired by experience? It is vain to tell us nowadays that experience is the best teacher. Experience is nothing of the kind. She is too slow in her methods, and we often pay too high a price for her instruction.



Let us seek the grace of a cheerful heart, an even temper, sweetness, gentleness and brightness of mind, as walking in His light, and by His grace. Let us pray to Him to give us the spirit of ever-abundant, ever-springing love, which overpowers and sweeps away the vexations of life by its own richness and strength, and which, above all things, unites us to Him who is the fountain and the center of all mercy, loving-kindness, and joy.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.



In the night of distress, feel after somewhat which may quiet and stay thy heart till the next springing of the day. The sun will arise, which will scatter the clouds. And in the day of His power thou wilt find strength to walk with Him; yea, in the day of thy weakness His grace will be sufficient for thee.

ISAAC PENINGTON.

The Children.

The Land of Story Books.

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun I crawl,
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow 'round the forest track,
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read,
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are the starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in fire-lit camp they lay,
And I, like an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of story books.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



Gretchen.

By Florence E. Weld.

Gretchen was sitting under a plum tree in the garden, knitting a long brown stocking. The ground was beautiful all around her with the white petals of plum blossoms, and her brown, braided hair was flecked with them, too.

She was a little German girl, but she did not live in the "fatherland;" here in America had she been a whole year, with the father and mother, the old grandmother, little Hans, and Karl. The new home was on the outskirts of a manufacturing town, at the foot of a green, wooded hill. The father had work now, and they all tried to be happy in this queer, breathless country.

"Gretchen!"

It was the mother who called from the open doorway.

"Ya, mutlerchen." (Yes, little mother).

"Gretchen, where is little Hans? Go and seek him, my child."

Gretchen put her knitting in her workbag and hung it on the arm of a wooden chair. Where, indeed, was Hans? Not in the porch, not in the front yard; not in the back yard, but the gate of the latter was open. And where was Karl, also? Karl was not another little brother, only a large strong dog—very gentle, very amiable, but, alas! not very intelligent was Karl considered.

"A big, big heart, but a tiny bit of brain in thy head, my Karl," the old grandmother used to say.

"Karl has carried Hans up the hill," thought Gretchen; and she ran swiftly along the ascending path.

Karl dearly loved to carry the baby about. He would seize his clothes at the waist, in his mouth, and carry him as

safely and carefully as a cat does her kitten. Hans thought it was great fun generally, but when Karl bore him too long, or held him too tightly, he would begin to cry, and then Karl would put him down and kiss his face with his red, wet tongue.

Gretchen followed the path until she came to a ravine over which the ground above hung like a miniature precipice. The path became steep here, and she turned aside and ran along the lower edge of the chasm, calling, "Hans, Hans, come! Come, Karl, Karl!" Pausing an instant for breath, she glanced up the hill for a sight of the truants, then, with a shriek, sprung down the bank of the ravine, through the briers, over the stones. There, on the highest part overhanging, just ready, seemingly, to roll from a height of nine feet or more down upon sharp stones and stinging nettles, lay Hans fast asleep. The moment she saw him with the soft sunlight shining across his face, Gretchen thought of a wonderful painting she once looked at, over the sea, of the Christ-child lying in his mother's lap. The Christ-child! "O, the good Jesus was once a helpless baby like Hans. He will never let him fall," thought Gretchen. "Only let me spread my woolen skirt to catch him—only be in time to spread my woolen skirt, dear Christ."

Gretchen was in time. She stretched wide the skirt of her gown and waited. Hans did not fall. He moved the least bit nearer the edge, perhaps, as he tossed one little arm, but slept on peacefully.

"If I only dared leave to climb and snatch him," muttered Gretchen. "What shall I do? Shall I call to the mother? She would scarcely hear."

Still, Gretchen did cry with all her might, "Mutter! Mutter!" No one came. With straining eyes fixed on the little sleeper, with widespread arms that began to ache, stood Gretchen. The sun rose higher and higher, and beat upon her head; she grew thirsty and faint, and her eyeballs burned. Hans looked more and more like the Christ-child, as he smiled in his sleep; and in Gretchen's dazzled vision the shadows of the branches waving above him seemed to form the figure of Mary, the mother; and rays of sunlight to make a shining crown about his head.

Ah! that was a welcome sound from away up in the woods: Karl's deep bark, coming nearer all the time. Presently Gretchen heard a bound, and saw his fluffy tail, waving like a graceful feather; then his shaggy head, mouth open, red tongue lolling from one side, was thrust over the ravine. Gretchen smiled up at him, and begged faintly, "Do help me, some way, good Karl!"

Karl took in the situation at once; he snuffed at Hans, barked, seized his gown, dragged him back, raised him in his strong jaws, and trotted slowly down the hill with his burden. Little Hans, awakened so suddenly, kicked and screamed, but Karl held on firmly, and dropped him only at the cottage gate. Gretchen ran on behind to tell the story.

Whether Karl deposited Hans near the chasm, or in some safer place, whence the baby had crept and rolled, no one could tell. In the end he had rescued Hans, and that was enough. Stupid Karl! Never, never!

"A big brain in thy head, as well as a big heart in thy body, my Karl."

And Gretchen? Gretchen laughed and wept, and the mother soothed her, and bathed her burning face. She told how the light and shadow had made the picture over the sea, and the old grandmother solemnly nodded her head.



OUR POST-OFFICE.

A RASH PROMISE.

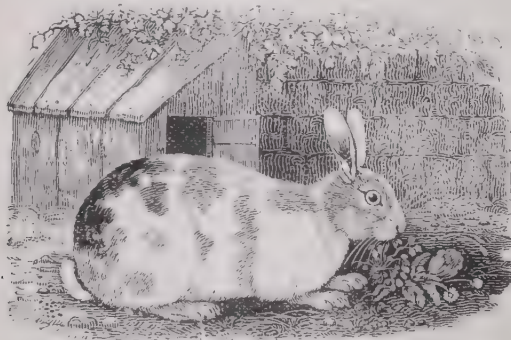
NEW YORK, April 28, 1902.

Dear Grandma—Isn't the answer to the puzzle about the postmaster 8.01 P. M.? I have never written to you before. My sister has a dog named Teddy. She said in fun she would sell it to me for two cents. I gave her two cents, but she hasn't given me her dog yet. I hope you will have room to print this letter so I can surprise my mamma.

Affectionately,

CHARLIE PARSONS.

I think Edith Terhune will say that you are right in your guess, or that you are pretty "warm" anyway. How is it Edith? I believe sister has repented of her promise; looks like it, doesn't it? She is evidently more attached to "Teddy" than she thought she was. Well, she will have to return your money to make things all square, and she will not be so rash again.



"Bunny."

A little white bunny
Stole out from his house
(When the door was left open)
As still as a mouse.
He did not go far from his home
When he stopped
To nibble a flower
Which some one had dropped.

ANOTHER GUESS.

WESTMINSTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
WESTMINSTER, Md., April 25, 1902.

Dear Grandma—May I be one of your grandchildren?
I think the answer of the riddle Edith Terhune sent must be 8 P. M. (ate postmaster—P. M.).
I was 10 the seventh of this month. I have a brother named Hugh Latimer.

THE CHRISTIAN WORK comes to the seminary of which my father is president. Good-bye.

Your grandchild,
DOROTHY ELDERDICE.

Yes, you may, Dorothy. I am glad to see that your "thinking cap" helped you out with the riddle, too. Maybe you can send us one to guess.

AFRAID!

SAG HARBOR, April 27, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I thought I would write to you. As I have not written for so long a time I am afraid you have forgotten me. I am 10 years old and am in the 7th grade in school. I have two teachers, who are both very nice.

I have thought out the answer of Edith Terhune's puzzle, which is 8 P. M.

I must stop now as I have written too much now and I hope this will not reach the waste-paper basket.

Your loving grandchild, BESSIE DAVIS.

Well, here is another clever little head. You have "thought out" the answer very nearly, if not exactly, I am sure. Edith will

be delighted. I have not forgotten you, and, if you please, dear, I have no "waste-basket" for any little grandchild. Don't be "afraid" to come again.

A COMPLIMENT.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., April 18, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I live near Perth Amboy and our post-office is there. I hope you will let me come round your chair, as I read it every week. I am so glad the summer is coming. I go down to the ocean in vacation. I like to go in bathing. My papa has a sailboat and we go sailing sometimes with him. I go to school and like to study. Last winter I went to New York with my auntie and stayed a week. I went to the park and had a lovely sleigh ride. I think New York is a beautiful place. I shouldn't think any one could get lonesome there. Papa has taken your paper a great many years. He says it seems like an old friend. I think he will be surprised when he sees this letter. I must close by sending you my love.

Your grandchild,

AGATHA ROSS HUNT

Thank you for the compliment to our city. To Grandma there is no place quite like New York. But, my dear, amid all the bustle and gaiety and entertainment to be found in a large city, there are many lonesome times for some persons. Think of being friendless and alone and poor in such a place! I hope you will find your dear ocean as delightful as ever this summer.

GETS HER BACK UP.

SAGAPONACK, April 27, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I am a one-year-old pussy cat. May I come and play with the rest of the kittens around your chair?

My name is Tip. My mistress' mamma named me. When I see a dog running after me I put up my back, and if they run after me I jump on their backs and stick my claws into them.

Then they run and I get off.

My letter is getting too long for a puss, so good-bye.

Your friendly kitten, TIP TOPPING.

O, my! Miss Kitty, if you come into my family you will have to make friends with Mr. Doggie, for many of my little people have these animals for pets, and it would never do to have you sticking them with your sharp claws. I'll promise that none of the dogs that come around my Chair shall chase you—only to play tag with you. But if you are a little timid at first, you can just jump up into my lap if you see one coming your way; you will soon learn, however, that a frolic is what Master Doggie is after, and you will soon be as ready for it as the other little kittens.



The Night Watchman.

In a cozy corner Pussy sleeps all day,
So the little mousies venture out to play.
But when day is over and it grows quite dark,
Woe be to the mousie out then on a "lark."
For two bright, bright searchlights sweep through every nook
In the pantry, where are stored the goodies by the cook.
Be careful, little mousie; beware of what you do,
Or this sly night watchman will pounce right down on you.

In the Library.

"The Living Age." The issues of January, February and March, 1902, from volume 14 of the new or seventh series, a volume of more than usual interest and value. Those who know the worth of this excellent publication will readily admit that no man who desires to keep abreast of the times can possibly do without it. It reviews all the more important movements and events of the times, giving the best thoughts of the best minds concerning them, thus furnishing the reader with what the most competent and wisest judgments have to say on the subjects under discussion. This alone would constitute it an invaluable companion. But it also gleans the best from the whole wide field of literature, and gives in a convenient form whatever is most noteworthy, and which cannot be otherwise obtained but at the cost of considerable time and labor, and not always even then. Thus the present volume gives translations from the French, German and Italian, of interesting papers out of the reach of the general reader. It will be found a friend and an educator in every family where it finds entrance, and every member of the family will find in its pages something to specially interest and benefit him or her. There is no other publication that can take the place of "The Living Age." Its pages are a perfect treasure house in which are stored up the ripened thoughts of our most advanced thinkers on a multitude of current subjects, and the finest specimens that can be gathered in the great field of literature.

"Dicky Downy: The Autobiography of a Bird," is a very pretty little volume written by Virginia Sharpe Patterson, and that, too, for a most excellent purpose, to impress upon children especially to love and protect the birds. Apart from the cruelty and wickedness of wantonly killing the birds, it is a direct interference with the benign purposes of Creation. Nature has supplied a system of balances. Some forms of insect life are so prolific that but for the voracity and industry of the birds the world would become almost uninhabitable. The birds of beautiful are now threatened with extinction by the desire of womankind for personal decoration. Against this destruction Audubon societies especially have organized a crusade, and the principal purpose of Mrs. Patterson's little book is to direct attention to the wholesale slaughter of the birds of plumage and song. We trust the little book will have the wide circulation it deserves, and that it may accomplish all the good its author desires, and help to hasten the day when the least fitting adornment of a woman's headgear will be the torn and mutilated bodies of our song birds. The book has four colored photographs of birds. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

"Our Risen King's Forty Days." By George Dana Boardman, D. D., LL. D. In the various accounts of the risen Jesus during the forty days following His resurrection there are too many different diffi-

culties seemingly hard to harmonize. To meet these seeming contradictions, and to show the harmony of the testimony on this point, is the object of this deeply interesting little volume. It was a period of intense excitement among the disciples. They had suddenly and most unexpectedly lost their beloved Master, and all their hopes were so absolutely crushed that the thought did not occur to them that they would ever see Him again. Accordingly, His sudden reappearance to them was a total, bewildering surprise; no wonder then that under such circumstances an absolute harmony of separate accounts was almost impossible. As a matter of fact, we have five different accounts, those of the four evangelists and the Apostle Paul, each narrator having his own special purpose in view, and neither of them undertaking to give anything like a complete narrative. It is to be expected then, under such circumstances that the narrative in respect to minor details would somewhat differ, even when the same point was under consideration. Dr. Boardman gives a careful and thorough consideration of each appearance of the risen Saviour during the forty days, and shows the perfect harmony existing in the various accounts. It is not a book of sophistries, but of facts harmonized and brought into one clear harmonized whole. It is a volume that should be found in every Christian home. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

"Authoritative Christianity," by James Crystal, M. A. The six synods of the undivided Church, its only utterances, "those six councils which were allowed and received of all men," were constituted an important set of translations of Christian documents, deemed by large numbers to be next in value to the Scriptures in their bearing on Christian union. *

For the sake of both Church and State, Protestants should come together, for they have made and they alone under God preserve our nation. Unity is in the air. The Jewish Church had its reformation in Babylon. That consisted in casting away its creature worship and image worship. Its restoration at Jerusalem occurred some time after. But we have not had our restoration yet. It will bring us all together and enable us to control our land for Christ, as the restoration at Jerusalem finally brought the long-sundered twelve tribes together.

So we shall come together after our full restoration, and shall be the means of reforming the corrupt churches and bringing them to a godly and perfectly sound union with us. Some vastly important facts bearing on the full restoration were not known at the Reformation as they are now; it has taken time to separate the spurious from the genuine.

What shall be the basis and mode of the complete Christian restoration?

Exactly what we find in successive reformations and restorations under the pious kings of the old Testament, such, for example, as Hezekiah and Josiah; that is, not only to do away with idolatry, creature

worship and abuses, but to restore everything in strict accordance with God's Word, and as it was at the beginning. Besides, as Christ Himself has commanded us to hear the Church under pain of being considered as the heathen man and the publican (Matt. xviii, 15-19), even that Christian church which, till it became corrupt and broke to pieces into East and West, Greek and Latin, in the eighth and ninth centuries, was what the Holy Ghost by Paul calls it, "the pillar and ground of the truth." (1 Tim. iii, 15.)

There are six Ecumenical Councils, the sole utterances of the whole Church before its division into East and West in the ninth century. These have been faithfully translated by James Chrystal, M. A., of Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y., formerly teacher of the forms in Greek and Latin in the academic department, Burlington College, Burlington, N. J., and head master in Greek and Latin in Churchill's school, Sing Sing, N. Y. The first and the third volumes are already out.

(Continued on page 729.)

PUZZLED.

Hard Work Sometimes to Raise Children.

Children's taste is oftentimes more accurate in selecting the right kind of food to fit the body than that of adults. Nature works more accurately through the children.

A Brooklyn lady says, "Our little boy has long been troubled with weak digestion. We could never persuade him to take more than one taste of any kind of cereal food. He was a weak little chap and we were puzzled to know what to feed him on. One lucky day we tried Grape-Nuts. Well, you never saw a child eat with such a relish, and it did me good to see him. From that day on it seemed as though we could almost see him grow. He would eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper and I think he would have liked the food for dinner.

The difference in his appearance is something wonderful.

My husband has never been known to fancy cereal foods of any kind, but he became very fond of Grape-Nuts and has been much improved in health since using it.

A friend has two children who were formerly afflicted with the rickets. I was satisfied that the disease was caused by lack of proper nourishment. They showed it. So I urged her to use Grape-Nuts as an experiment and the result was almost magical. They continued the food and today both children are well and strong as any children in this city, and, of course, my friend is a firm believer in the right kind of food, for she has the evidence before her eyes every day.

When I have some task to perform about the house and don't feel very strong, a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream stimulates me and I am able to do the task at hand with ease.

We are now a healthy family and naturally believe in Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

(Continue from page 728.)

The terms are, \$3 a volume to subscribers. The books will be sent prepaid on receipt of price. All orders and subscriptions should be forwarded by money order or cheque, to the Six Councils Publishing Concern, 255 Grove street, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

Those Six Ecumenical Councils which were allowed and received of all men are as follows: 1. Nicæa, A. D. 325; 2. (1) Constantinople, A. D. 381; 3. Ephesus, A. D. 431; 4. Chalcedon, A. D. 451; 5. (2) Constantinople, A. D. 553; 6. (3) Constantinople, A. D. 680.



San Juan News, Porto Rico.

The friends and acquaintances of the Rev. James H. Van Buren, of San Juan, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. John the Baptist, of this city, rejoiced when they heard that the House of Bishops in session in Cincinnati had elected him to be the first Protestant Bishop of the Island of Porto Rico. He is admirably fitted for the position and has already exerted a strong influence in the educational and religious affairs of the Island.

Bishop-elect Van Buren is a modest, handsome man, of splendid physique and is a tireless worker. He is a rare conversationalist and is popular with all classes, being an equally welcome guest in the Governor's palace or the shack of a native convert. He arrived in Porto Rico on February 14, 1901, and has succeeded in building up a strong church organization in San Juan. His church society has purchased a large building site in the heart of the city and when the lease upon it, now held by others, expires next year, will erect a fine church edifice.

The new Bishop's warmest coadjutor is his wife, who has entered heartily into all his plans, and who, like him, enjoys an exceptional popularity. When he received the cablegram announcing his selection Mrs. Van Buren was on the ocean, bound for New York to meet their son, Albert M. Van Buren, who is about to depart for a two years' study of Oriental languages abroad, having won a Yale scholarship.

Bishop-elect Van Buren was born in Watertown, N. Y., on July 7, 1850. He prepared for college at Cincinnati, Ohio, and went thence to Yale, where he was graduated in 1873. He was ordained as a deacon at Berkerly Divinity School, in 1876, at Middletown, Conn., and was ordained priest at St. Peter's Church, Milford, Conn., in 1877. His rectorships have been: St. Peter's, Milford, Conn., 1876-'78; Trinity, Seymour, Conn., 1878-'81; St. Paul's, Englewood, N. J., 1881-'84; St. Paul's, Newburyport, Mass., 1884-'90; St. Stephens, Lynn, Mass., 1890-1901; St. John's Mission, San Juan, P. R., raised two months ago to the dignity of a parish, 1901-'02.

Mr. Van Buren was married in 1877 to Miss Anna M. Smith, of Norwalk, Conn. Their only son is Albert M. Van Buren who was graduated at Yale in 1900 with highest honors, being the valedictorian of his class.

Bishop Van Buren has frequently entered the realm of publishing, his printed works including "A Short History of the Christian Church;" "Phillips Brooks, a Tribute;" "Addresses on Confirmation;" "Aurora Lucis Rutilat," a translation from the Latin; and various sermons, essays and poems. He has ready for publication a volume entitled "Latin Hymns in English Verse."

While rector of St. Stephen's, Lynn, Mass., Mr. Van Buren was Vice-Dean of the Eastern Convocation, Archdeacon of Lowell, Examining Chaplain of the Bishop, editor of *The Diocese*, a member of the Lynn Emergency Relief Committee, director of the Lynn Boys' Club, member of the Shakespeare Club, Lynn Historical Society and Clerical Club of Boston. He has twice visited Europe, traveling through England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Holland, Belgium and France. At Yale he was a member of Psi Upsilon Fraternity, editor of the *Yale Record*, class historian and author of the Class Ivy Ode in 1873.

On Sunday, April 13th, three days before the meeting of Protestant Episcopal Bishops in Cincinnati, Rector Van Buren preached a comprehensive sermon, in view of the approaching election of a Bishop for Porto Rico, in which he clearly defined the doctrine and creed of the Protestant Episcopal Church, pointed out its relation to the Catholic Church and reviewed its history. After describing the great reform movement of the 15th century, he said:

"This movement made both church and state in England free from the usurpation of Rome. It was not a new creation, but a reformation begun in the days of Henry the VIII. But to say, as one sometimes hears ignorant people say, that the Church of England was founded by Henry the VIII, is like saying that Porto Rico was freed from Spain by William McKinley, only that President McKinley was a good man, while Henry the VIII was about everything that was bad. The United States set Porto Rico free. President McKinley but executed the will of the people. God led England to free herself in church and state from foreign usurpation. Henry the VIII merely carried out the will of the parliament and of the bishops."

The conclusion of his sermon was:

"We believe that there are many people in Porto Rico who, if they understood how true our Church is to the original Catholic faith, would find with us a refuge and a comfort in her pure religion, such as they can find nowhere else. We believe that by the dignity, order and beauty of liturgy they would be delighted, and that they would recognize in the Church of our love and our hope the uniting place for all Christendom, the "Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

Bishop Van Buren expects to visit the United States in June. While he deems a life in Porto Rico one of exile, he believes it his duty to remain on the Island and carry out the work he has planned. He has little assistance and there is much hard labor ahead of him. It is the consensus of opinion here that his selection as Bishop was a wise one, as well as a natural reward for his devotion to his church work here.

ADAM C. HAESELBARTH.
PORTO RICO, April 23, 1902.

A LETTER TO OUR READERS

NEW HAVEN, Addison Co., Vt.
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Gentlemen—About a year ago I was suffering from what I supposed was rheumatism. I became so bad that I could hardly get on my feet from a sitting position. I run down in weight from 195 to 145 pounds. I tried different kinds of medicine but received little or no help. I saw Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root highly recommended for kidney trouble, but I never had any idea that my kidneys were affected. I thought I would try a 50-cent bottle of Swamp-Root and see what the effect would be. I commenced taking it according to directions and in a few days I saw that it was helping me. I used the 50-cent bottle and then bought two more dollar bottles, and they completely cured me. I have got back to my original weight, 195 pounds, and I am a thorough advocate of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

Very truly, WM. M. PARTCH.

FEBRUARY 17, 1902.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root. If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular 50-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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The country traversed by the International & Great Northern Railroad, embracing the greater portion of East, South and Southwest Texas, contains thousands of acres of fertile land especially adapted to general farming, stock-raising, rice, tobacco, fruit and grape culture; trucking, mining and lumber manufacturing, that can be purchased at low rates and on exceedingly liberal terms.

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D. J. PRICE, G. P. & T. A.,
Palestine, Texas.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

The Housekeeper.

In Defense of the Pie.

Physicians, dyspeptics and many elderly people are forever descanting on the unwholesome and deleterious effects of "too many pies." Yet year in and year out the much-berated pie appears on most of our tables, is readily eaten and heartily enjoyed. But we remember once taking a saucer of very nicely prepared jelly to a sick-room, and finding that the doctor had arrived, the hale, ever-welcome physician, who was somewhat of a wag withal, we asked, "Doctor, do you think this is too rich?" The doctor took the saucer and tasted the jelly. "Will it hurt father?" we asked. "No, nor me either," said the doctor, and went on spooning up the jelly with smiling satisfaction.

Now we strongly suspect that these pie-condemning physicians, on finding a nice little three-cornered concoction on the dessert plate called "pie," even when it is that most pernicious preparation—according to some people—called mince-pie," will unhesitatingly "fall to," and the next question could very properly be, "What has become of the pie?"

Alas! so frail are the most of us in the face of a *tempting* temptation. And so, as the pie evidently came to stay after its first creation, has stayed, and is likely to stay, do let us have it just as appetizing, as wholesome and as nutritious as we possibly can.

In the first place, see that the crust is not too rich, that it is salt enough—a very perceptible want often—and that it is made at least half of butter as to the shortening. A biscuit crust is best where there are children in the family. Make a dough like biscuit, only making it quite short. It is very palatable.

Some kinds of pie that are considered rather vapid, as compared to others, can be made exceedingly acceptable by adding simple ingredients that perhaps might not generally be thought of as proving the improvement that they will. An apple-pie, almost invariably a favorite kind, will always be improved, we think, by adding the juice and rind of half a lemon mixed with a little water. And the mixing of an apple-pie, we know from experience, will have very much to do with its flavoring and the desirable absorption of the different ingredients. Be sure with this, as with all other pies, that the crust is "good and salt." Then, after lining the plate with crust, and putting on a bordering rim, put in a layer of sliced apple, sprinkle a little ground cinnamon over it, and a tablespoonful of the lemon and rind, and a couple of tablespoonfuls of sugar. Put another layer of the apple, the spice, lemon water and sugar. On the next layer put small bits of butter, and so on, until the plate is well filled. Then put on the upper crust and bake in a hot, steady oven just as long as you can without burning. We knew a lady who made her pies in this way, always baking them for

two hours or more, unless the oven was hotter than she liked.

Have we not said before that one secret of a finely assimilated apple-pie was due to this long baking?

A berry-pie is vastly improved by sprinkling a little powdered clove over the berries—remember, a *little*, not too much. And a little lemon juice improves it also. One excellent cook used to use a teaspoonful of vinegar to each berry-pie. These things give character, as one might say, to the rather tame spiciness of berries.

A prune-pie is made very tasty by sprinkling dried and grated orange-peel over the stewed and stoned fruit. It is surprising how the ground peel, or a few pieces of sugared orange-peel, will add to the flavor of prunes in a pie. It seems almost like another fruit.

Lemon-pie is made in various ways. The meringue-pie is generally conceded to be the nicest, and must be prepared with great care, but let it be remembered that the chief life of any kind of a lemon-pie lies in the grated peel. Just the yellow, surface peel; do not grate too far into the white part or the pie will be bitter. There are pies of this kind called "amber pies," which have no upper covering whatever either of crust or anything whipped, but are made of a kind of boiled mixture of lemon juice, grated peel, sugar, water and a little flour or corn-starch. They are very nice, not over rich, but palatable and wholesome.

Mince-pies are made in so many different ways that each and every skilled cook seems to have a rule of her own when it comes to making this famous pie. One old cook used to give repeatedly one piece of advice in making pies and cake, and dwelt with special force on the necessity of following the advice with reference to mince-pies. "Use the best of material," she would say, "if you do not want things to hurt you." This seems easy enough to say, and to be of exceeding simplicity in the way of general counsel. But if there is any kind of food that actually requires the best of material, the mince-pie surely does. We have heard even good housekeepers speculating as to whether the syrup of preserves that have fermented could not be boiled over and used in mince-pies. Nothing could be much more unwholesome. Any kind of preserve that has once fermented had far better be thrown away at once. We believe that what has once fermented outwardly will soon do so again inwardly. Then another fine cook said she often used various kinds of cooked meats chopped in mince-pies. That can be done with perfect safety. But be sure the meats have no suspicion of taint and are not too old, else, wo be to the eater! Study over these things, because they have to do with the priceless boon of health. And if we must have pie, as it appears that as a nation and as a people we must, do, dear housekeepers all, try to have them good, honest, virtuous pies. Do not smile; may not the pie occasionally possess real virtue? It ought to. It surely is sufficiently popular to possess all kinds, or, perhaps it were better to say, a variety of excellent traits.

Dainty Laundering.

A careful and fastidious young lady must look well to her small belongings if it is necessary for her to make a little money go a long way, and the economical woman not only makes her own pretty ties and handkerchiefs, but she learns how to launder them as well. Ribbons and laces will last longer and look far daintier if they are never creased by folding, and they are easily kept smooth by winding over a roller. Many old pieces of lace that have been laid away for years have been brought out and freshened up and made to look as good as new. Delicate lace can be cleaned by washing in alcohol, washing it in it as if it were water; but if much worn, it should be pulled into perfect shape and basted to a piece of thin muslin before it is washed. White laces are given a creamy hue by putting strained coffee in the rinse water until the right shade is procured. Green tea is a favorite wash for black lace. Kid gloves may be cleansed with gaso-

(Continued on page 731.)

AN HONEST FRIEND.

Cleared Away the Family Troubles.

There is not one thing on earth that could enter a family and do as much honest good and bring as much happiness as in certain cases where coffee drinking is left off and Postum Food Coffee used in its place.

A family in Iowa Park, Texas, furnishes a good illustration. The mother says, "I want to tell you what happened in our family when we left off coffee and took up Postum. About eight months ago we made the change. I had been, for quite a while, troubled with rheumatism in my right hip and shoulder, swimming of the head, and fluttering of the heart, so I thought I had heart trouble.

Sometimes in walking my head would swim so that I would be obliged to sit down. I had other disagreeable feelings I cannot describe but they will be readily understood by coffee drinkers if they will confess it.

My family were also more or less ill and were all coffee drinkers. Well we gave up the coffee and started in on Postum Food Coffee; husband, myself and four children. Even the two-year-old baby (she had been puny since having the grip) had her coffee along with the rest of the family. When we made the change to Postum she began to fatten and now is perfectly healthy and fat as a pig.

My boys, ten and twelve years of age, are so stout and muscular that people remark about them and ask what makes them so. I do not have any more trouble with rheumatism or with my head, neither does my husband, who was troubled much in the same way. We are all in better health every way than we have been before in years and we are always glad of an opportunity to recommend Postum. I hope what I have said will lead others to make the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

(Continued from page 730.)

line, but the work must never be done near a light or fire. Put them on the hands and wash them in a bowl containing a little gasoline. Rinse in clear gasoline and keep them on the hands until nearly dry, then pull them off in the proper shape. Pin them up in the air to dry and they will be unfaded and as soft as when new. To wash white veils, place them in a light suds and let them remain for half an hour; then press between the hands until quite clean and rinse in clear, warm water. Dry them by pinning to a cloth drawn evenly over some smooth surface, and when perfectly dry, wind them over a roller to keep them fresh and free from wrinkles. White muslin neckties and fine handkerchiefs and all such dainty articles can be made beautifully white and clean by washing in suds made with Pearline and warm, soft water; but the suds should be thoroughly mixed before putting in the articles. The suds are excellent for washing black or colored ribbons, and before they are quite dry they should be covered with a cloth and ironed on the wrong side until they are perfectly smooth. M. H.



Christian Endeavor.

Practical Consecration.

Sunday, May 18th.—Rom. xii., 1-21.

By Lina Jeanette Walk.

A story is told of a man in London who had endeavored in various publishing schemes to achieve a name and a fortune, but with poor success. He was just about despairing when he happened to come across a scrap-book belonging to his wife, in which were compiled a number of odds and ends which had struck her fancy, and which she had gathered from time to time, and labeled "Tit-Bits." This was an inspiration to the husband, and a little thought led him to the publication of a pamphlet, which he called *Tit-Bits*, for, he reasoned, if these scraps and items have so interested my wife, why should not such material be of interest to others? This proved a happy decision on his part, and soon the little penny paper appeared, which proved so popular and gained so wide a circulation that its proprietor became a millionaire many times over. The story shows the value of little things in worldly affairs and teaches us that even trifles are not to be despised.


In the matter of consecration to God there are many of us who would willingly make sacrifices for the Lord if the result was some great work accomplished for Him, but when it comes to the little efforts in His behalf—the "tit-bits," as it were, of our daily lives—we are not quite so ready and willing to devote ourselves to these small and apparently insignificant services. It is these small details, however, which, consecrated to the Master, form the beautiful mosaic which is the corner-stone of the most acceptable Christian character. It is not granted to each one of us to have some important gift by which we may show our love to Christ, but in the chapter from which our

lesson is taken we learn that we are not to be disappointed if we do not see in ourselves the same gift we admire in another. There are different gifts mentioned, and it is encouraging to note that none of them are beyond the ability of the humblest of God's children. If we "present our bodies as living sacrifices" and really desire to belong to Jesus we shall be able to render Him "reasonable" and "acceptable service." Every day is a fresh beginning, a new chance; not an hour, not a moment, but can be consecrated to the Master and the homeliest duty may be transformed if it is done "heartily" and as a part of our God-appointed tasks.

In one of Murillo's pictures there is the interior of a convent kitchen, but doing the work in it are not mortals in ordinary dresses, but beautiful white-winged angels. All are so busy, and working with such a will, and so refining is the work as they do it, that somehow, you forget that pans are pans and pots pots, and only think of the angels, and how very natural and beautiful kitchen-work is—just what angels would do, of course, if called upon to do it. The picture is very suggestive. It shows us the dignity of all duty, even the humblest of drudgery, for as Dr. Miller says, "It is the motive and the aim that alone can consecrate anything we do, and the doing of God's will is always splendid work, though it be but washing dishes or cleaning a street.

The humblest duty is a bit of God's will, and shines with heavenly radiance. This ought to be an inspiration to those who live in lowly places and can do only common task-work. Do it well, and as God's will, and no great man's brilliant deeds will shine more brightly than your little things in God's sight.

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On May 29th and 30th Excursion tickets at reduced rates will be sold at 425 Broadway, 1,354 Broadway, and Ferry Offices, giving an opportunity of personally selecting a Summer home, and also enjoying a day's fishing in this delightful region. Tickets good returning up to Monday, June 2.

IN NEW YORK: 3 Park Place, 113 141, 165, 425, 1,354, 1,370 Broadway, 287 4th Ave., 245 Columbus Ave., 153 East 125th St., 273 West 125th St., 182 5th Ave.; ticket offices, Franklin and West 43d St., Ferries.

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in mild or severe form a specialty. Expert individual instruction. Day or evening. Many years' experience with speech sufferers of all grades here and abroad. **DAVID GREENE, 1,122 Broadway, Madison Square, New York, N. Y.**

Among the Churches.

The International Council of Women, representing the women of Canada, Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, the United States, Sweden, Denmark, New South Wales, Holland, New Zealand, Tasmania, Italy, Switzerland, France, and Argentina, is arranging, through its Committee on Peace and Arbitration, to hold "Peace Demonstrations" simultaneously in all these countries, on the 15th of May, the Anniversary of convening the Hague Conference.

At Shokan, N. Y., on Sunday evening last, Rev. Charles L. Palmer, minister of the Reformed Church, of Shokan, N. Y., preached his annual sermon to Shokan Lodge No. 491, I. O. O. F. The church was packed to the doors, and the able discourse delivered by Mr. Palmer was published in full in the *Kingston Leader*.

As an earnest of the Smiley meetings, the Stone Street Presbyterian Church, of Watertown, N. Y., Rev. Henry N. Dunning, pastor, received fifty-four members at its recent communion. All the other denominations are gathering, likewise, the precious fruits of their united effort in Washington Hall and in the daily noon-hour services in the various factories of the city, under the direction of the evangelists, Smiley and McKinsey, of Chester, Pa.

The Prison Association of New York is much in need of cast-off clothing and shoes for the large number of discharged prisoners who receive no clothing or aid from the State on release. At this season of the year when people are laying off their winter garments, the question as to what to do with them may be easily settled by expressing them to the office of the Prison Association, 135 East 15th street, where they will be promptly acknowledged, or on receiving notice, by postal card or telephone an agent of the Association will call for them.

Another pastor has resigned from the Bedford Baptist Church, at Bergen street and Rogers avenue, Brooklyn, because it is impossible for a preacher to make himself heard in the church when trolley cars are passing the door. The church is in an unfortunate location. A number of trolley lines pass it, among them being one from Coney Island. In addition to the noise made by these cars in turning the curve from Rogers avenue into Bergen street, there is the din made by the hilarious crowds that return from the island while the evening service is in progress. The latest pastor to leave the church is Rev. William M. Tinker, a young and energetic preacher, who went there as the successor of Rev. Dr. R. Marshall Harrison, who resigned for the same reason. Dr. Harrison declared that the noise completely drowned the sound of the preacher's voice. The membership of the church has dwindled to 174.

The Baptists of Great Britain proposed to raise a Twentieth Century Fund of £250,000, and need now only £15,000 to make up the amount.

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The First Reformed Church, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has extended a unanimous call to Rev. Herman Vanderwart, of Hackensack, N. J.

The annual report of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, this city, of which Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman is pastor and Rev. John Lewis Clark assistant pastor, has recently been issued. It shows that the church has 723 communicants and a Sunday-school membership of 489. The amount of money raised in the year was \$30,857.

By the will of the late Betsey M. Cram, of Wilton, N. H., the following public bequests were made: To the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Home Missionary Society and the American Missionary Society, \$650 each; to the American Bible Society and the Second Congregational Society, of Wilton, \$500 each; to the Ladies' Home Circle of the above church, \$150; to the Baptist Church of Wilton, \$300.

At the thirty-first annual convention of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the East, at Binghamton, N. Y., on April 24th, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Sarah C. Duffee, Providence, R. I.; vice-presidents Mrs. Robert Harris, New York; Mrs. Joshua Lincoln, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. J. B. Colgate, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mrs. Alvah Hovey, Newton Center, Mass.; Mrs. F. W. Tustin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. W. R. Brooks, Morristown, N. J.; Mrs. S. W. Duncan, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. W. H. P. Faunce, Providence, R. I.; Miss Mary A. Green, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Charles Miller, Franklin, Pa.; Mrs. James Buchanan, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Fannie L. Twist, Meriden, Conn., and Mrs. F. W. Taylor, Buffalo, N. Y.; clerk, Mrs. George W. Dean, Fall River, Mass.; corresponding secretaries, foreign department, Mrs. H. G. Safford, Boston; home department, Mrs. N. M. Waterbury, Boston; treasurer, Mrs. Alice E. Stedman, Boston; auditor, Mrs. Charles H. Chandler.

Preparations are all completed for the General Assembly of the Presbyterian

Church, which is to be held in the Fifth Avenue Church, of this city, beginning May 15th. The hospitality committee has secured accommodation for the commissioners and their families at the Murray Hill, Fifth Avenue, Earlington and Empire hotels, and at private boarding houses, and also in Presbyterian homes. All the commissioners have free entertainment; secretaries and missionaries are also provided for, while arrangements at special rates are made for those members of their families who come with them. The Central Church, in 57th street, near Broadway, has been placed at the disposal of the Women's Boards, and Carnegie Hall is to be used for a special service by the Home Mission Board, which proposes to make this meeting of the General Assembly memorable by a special illustration of the Home Mission work in this country, in Porto Rico and Cuba.

Rev. Dr. McConnell, of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, has announced that all but \$5,000 has been obtained of the \$27,000 necessary to make available a gift of \$30,000. Nearly all of the latter will be applied to the endowment fund of the church, while the \$27,000 will be used to pay the debt of \$27,000 on the rectory.

(Continued on page 733.)

YOU ARE A READER

of CHRISTIAN WORK, and for that reason you are entitled to one bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine for trial, if you need it and write for it. One small dose a day of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine cures the most troublesome cases of constipation and you are at once relieved from the torture and danger of that common trouble. The same wonderful medicine cures the worst cases of stomach trouble and it is a speedy cure for all depraved conditions of the mucous membranes, including catarrh in the head, stomach, bowels and urinary organs. Send a letter or postal card at once to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and prove by a free trial that Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine cures all stomach troubles, constipation, catarrh, congestion and disease of kidneys, inflammation of bladder and enlargement of prostate gland, to stay cured. Write now for a free bottle. It will be sent promptly, free and prepaid.

(Continued from page 732.)

The congregation of the Orange (N. J.) Methodist Episcopal Church has decided to build a new church, and plans will be drawn and a site selected as soon as subscriptions of a sufficient amount to warrant the undertaking are received. The church was organized in 1828, and the present structure was built in 1859. During the pastorate of the Rev. Frank MacDaniel the church has grown rapidly and the present edifice has been cleared of debt.

The American Seamen's Friend Society celebrated its seventy-fourth anniversary on Sunday, April 27th, at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, this city. The annual sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Rufus P. Johnston. The society has published a report for the last year. It has sent out on different vessels 292 loan libraries, the total number of volumes being 12,556. The number of libraries placed on United States naval vessels and in the United States hospitals has been 1,069 containing 39,919 volumes. In the stations of the United States Life Saving Service are 161 libraries, containing 6,293 books. The chaplains and missionaries of the society have worked in many countries and cities. The New York Sailors' Home, at 190 Cherry street, has had in the last year 780 boarders, and has had in the sixty years of its existence 127,845 boarders.

The address of Rev. DeWitt C. Loop has been changed from Barnwell, S. C., to 1711 Mosher street, Baltimore, Md., and his many friends and correspondents will note accordingly.

Rev. Silas N. Adams has resigned the pastorate of the Westbrook, Me., Congregational Church, stating as the cause of the action the lack of harmony between the church and the parish.

While flames were eating their way into the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, at Morristown, N. J., on the evening of April 30th, the organist entered another part of the edifice and began to play hymns on the fine organ. The flames were started by the negligence of painters, it is believed, who were burning off old paint under the eaves. The furnishings were carried out and the damage of \$3,500 was confined to the upper part of the building.

The new church just erected at Lakehurst, N. J., was dedicated on the evening of April 30th. The entire property, bounded by Union avenue, Orchard and Pine streets, has been conveyed to the Presbytery of Monmouth free from debt. Notwithstanding the rain the audience room was filled with citizens of the village and guests of the Pine Tree Inn. The pastor, Rev. William Moore, presided, and the sermon was preached by Rev. David James Burrell of New York.



Before being taught how to shoot it might be well for the young idea to learn to know when it is loaded.

Faint praise will not obstruct a flow of words.

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summer and fall, and all-year-around retreat.*

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A PLACE where rest and recreation can be most happily combined. The climate and baths are especially applicable for nervous and rheumatic troubles. The pure mountain air, charming scenery and luxurious thermal baths are among the attractions which justly render Hot Springs a favorite resort for people seeking health and recreation.

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59 Carmine St.,
NEW YORK.

A STRANGE ACCIDENT

Fall from a Horse Results in Paralysis.

While Mr. L. J. Davis, of Manistee, Mich., was riding his horse near the railroad, the animal was frightened at a passing train and became unmanageable. The horse plunged and, although Mr. Davis is a good rider, the movement was so quick and unexpected that he was thrown from his saddle and struck the pavement with his head and shoulders.

He was picked up unconscious and it was at first thought his neck had been broken; but an examination revealed that this was not the case. When he came to his senses he was found partially paralyzed.

In telling the story, Mr. Davis said to the reporter of the Manistee Times: "It was three days and nights after the accident before I came to know any one, and then I found my left side was paralyzed, I could not move even a finger or toe on my left side and my left eye was affected. A doctor treated me for three months after I was hurt, but I got no better. After this had gone on for a couple of years I saw an account in a paper of how a man was cured of creeping paralysis by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I thought perhaps they would help me. And they did. I began to get better immediately and kept taking them till I was cured. I am doing my work now without difficulty and recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to every one whom I hear complain."

Mr. Davis is a marine engineer on the tug Stevens and, although the accident took place eleven years ago, he has not had a touch of the complaint since his marvelous cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

It is a reasonable claim that if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will cure severe cases of this nature they will readily accomplish as good results in lesser afflictions of the nerves. That this is so is substantiated by statements from thousands of people who have been cured by them. They are a positive specific for all diseases arising from a deranged nervous system or poor blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box; six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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by selling our celebrated goods.
25 to 30 per cent. Commission.
The Great American Tea Co.,
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AN EVENING PARTY AT MRS. MICROBE'S.—(Punch.)

By courtesy of Dr. A. L. Wood—from his printed address on "The Influence of Water Upon Health and Longevity," as delivered before the Hundred Year Club, at Hotel Majestic, New York, and elsewhere.

Just for Fun.

MARY TO DATE.

Mary had a little lamb,
With mint sauce on the side;
When Mary saw the Meat Trust's bill,
It shocked her, so she cried.

Mary had a little veal—
A cutlet, nicely broiled;
Her papa, to pay for that veal,
All morning sorely toiled.

Mary had a little steak—
A porterhouse, quite small,
And when the bill came in, she sighed:
"No dress for me next fall."

Mary had a little roast—
As juicy as could be—
And Mary's papa simply went
Right into bankruptcy.

Mary isn't eating meat;
She has a better plan;
She vows it's ladylike to be
A vegetarian.

"Mose," said Mr. Subbubs, "I want you
to clean out my cellar to-night."

"'Deed, mistah," Mose protested, "I
kain't do no wuck laik dat at night, sah,
dat would be satisfact'ry to yo', sah."

"Why not? You've often cleaned out
my chicken coop at night."

"Yes, sah; but I reckon dat wuzn' sat-
isfact'ry to yo', sah."

Not Too Liberal.—Parishioner—The
people are complaining that you are too
liberal.

Unorthodox Pastor—Oh, that's a mis-
take, my dear sir, a great mistake. I am
just as stingy as the rest of you.

SUPERSTITION

Has been responsible for much of human mortality. Men and women die by thousands in an Indian famine, not because of lack of food but because caste superstition prevents them from accepting it. Even in America there are still to be found those who believe that healing herbs lack virtue unless gathered during certain phases of the moon.

The great foe of superstition is science. Every year science increases the territory of the natural at the expense of the super-natural.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery achieves its successful cures because it is a scientific preparation originated by a scientific man. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, purifies the blood and establishes the body in sound health.

As the writer of the following letter says, "It is the best thing for nervousness and for a weak run-down condition that anybody would want. It gives a person new life and new blood."

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol and is free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics.

"I must again send a few lines to you to let you know how I am getting along since taking the wonderful medicine which cured me two years ago," writes Miss Bertha Ebeler, of 1416 Benton Street, St. Louis, Mo. "I still continue in very good health and think there is not a better medicine on earth than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best thing for nervousness and for a weak run-down condition, that anybody would want. It gives a person new life and new blood. I can now work all day long without feeling the least bit tired. I was very nervous and weak last summer. I took five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it just made me feel like a new person."



Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets stimulate the liver.

Odds and Ends.

Vanity is the daughter of selfishness.
Hypocrites pray cream, and live skim milk.

Some men are so stingy they won't even give advice.

A woman's idea of refinement is to be tall and thin.

Politeness is the zero mark of love's thermometer.

Unrequited love soon acquires a job-lot of wrinkles.

It's always advisable for a poor liar to tell the truth.

The new woman always departs when the new baby arrives.

Every woman would live long, but no woman would grow old.

Laziness too often succeeds in getting a strangle hold on ability.

Even in cash transactions the pocket-book is taken out in trade.

Prophets are often without honor, but seldom without competition.

No mother is ever satisfied with the second prize at a baby show.

Some men are known by the company they are unable to get into.

A man imagines his bride an angel until she asks him for money.

The farmer can give you spades—even if he has no cards to hand out.

It matters not what your ancestors were—it is what you are that counts.

Woman's idea of worldly wisdom is to know the failings of her neighbors.

When one man meets another that he is said to look like he usually swears.

A lot of time is wasted by clocks that run too fast and by fast young men.

The uses of adversity may be sweet, but it is apt to sour a man's disposition.

At the age of sixteen a girl begins to make a specialty of discovering affinities.

Some wives are so averse to mending that they won't even try to patch up a quarrel.

The good business man and the business man who is good are not necessarily synonymous.

If silence is golden the woman who is deaf and dumb must be twenty-four carats fine.

Many a would-be jolly good fellow might be really so if he would only stop telling jokes.

The more money a man has the harder it is for him to convince the world that he is a fool.

Students of good form are usually found well up in front at a burlesque show.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

It sometimes happens that a domestic explosion is the result of a lot of theories getting into man's head.

Women are naturally tender-hearted. No woman ever deliberately stepped on a mouse.

A diplomat is a man who knows how to hold his job.

Pennsylvania Railroad Summer Excursion Tickets.

On May 1, 1902, the regular summer excursion tickets via all-rail routes to all the principal summer resorts east of Pittsburgh and Buffalo are placed on sale at ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

These tickets will bear the usual summer excursion limit of October 31, 1902.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Summer Excursion Route Book for 1902 will be issued, as heretofore, on June 1st.

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The woman question—"What's the style?"

In its first throes—the baseball season.

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One prize fighter seldom strikes another favorably.

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A cynic says: "It takes sand to propose to a girl, but it takes rocks to marry her."

An ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut is often worth a pound of explanation.

Many a man frames his excuses in guilt.

The last shall be first—when a woman picks up a novel.

Genius is the ability to get other people to carry out your ideas.

Although times are supposed to be good, geologists report collections hard.

Poverty has killed its thousands and wealth has slain its tens of thousands.

It costs the average young man a lot of money to trot on the course of true love.

It's folly to preach future punishment to the man whose mother-in-law boards with him.

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JANUARY, 1902.

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks,	\$ 743,517 01
Real Estate	1,633,892 06
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real	
Estate,	128,750 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of	
Agents,	771,087 42
Interest due and accrued on 1st Jan., 1902,	53,663 04
Bonds and Stocks,	11,924,960 00

\$15,255,869 73

LIABILITIES.

CASH CAPITAL,	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	5,060,677 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and	
Claims,	1,288,849 85
Net Surplus,	5,906,342 88

\$15,255,869 73

Surplus as regards Policy-holders, \$8,906,342 88

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The Company is named after and is under the management of Professor George A. Treadwell, who first discovered the splendid value of the United Verde and brought it to the attention of the world, and whose career as a miner, teacher of mining, metallurgist and geologist has been one of uninterrupted success.

Professor Treadwell has always insisted that the United Verde was not the only great copper deposit on the Verde Copper Belt, but that it was rather one of many. The recent strike on the Cliff—one of the Treadwell properties—shows that he was right. The ore body is so large that so far no limit has been found to it, and the ores are in every respect equal to those of the United Verde.

The Jerome (Arizona) Mining News, announcing the strike, says it is the most important strike made in Arizona since the United Verde was opened twenty years ago, and calls it "Another United Verde."

The surface showing on the Cliff is better than on the United Verde, and the gossan cap covering it—the reliable indication of copper underneath—is the largest in the world. Professor Treadwell has always believed that the Cliff would prove a better mine than the United Verde and his prediction is coming true.

The Cliff is only one of many mines in the Verde Belt that are owned by the Treadwell Company. The Brookshire tunnel, from which copper water is already flowing so strong that the miners have to wear rubber gloves to protect themselves from it, is likely to strike in about four hundred feet more a deposit just as good as the Cliff. The Iron Queen is little, if any, behind the Cliff and Brookshire in importance, and numerous other mines owned by the Company have just as good surface showings and only need development to prove their values.

The Company has altogether the greatest extent of carefully selected mining properties of any mining organization in the United States, outside of the Amalgamated Copper Company.

Professor Treadwell says he expects to develop at least half a dozen United Verdes on the property.

A limited amount of the Treasury stock is for sale now at \$8.50 a share. After June 1st \$10.00 a share. Make checks to the order of the company and send to 27 William Street, New York.

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**"THE BEST IS AYE THE
CHEAPEST." AVOID
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SAPOLIO

THE CHRISTIAN WORK

Weekly---Continuing The Christian at Work.

Volume 72

New York, Thursday, May 17, 1902

Number 1839

For Terms See Prospectus on Page 783.

Admiral
Sampson.

In the death of Rear-Admiral Sampson a career is ended in a way in which the pathetic and tragic are united.

There is no question that the unhappy controversy to which he was an unwilling party hastened, if it did not occasion, his death, as it also embittered the closing years which should and might have been years of restfulness and happiness. There can be no question that the credit and glory of organizing the blockade off Santiago de Cuba are his, and his alone, and no squadron commander ever performed with greater efficiency any task assigned to him. From the inauguration of the blockade to the battle—that is from the end May until July 3—there was not an hour when the Spaniard could have sent the least of his vessels out of the harbor mouth without instant detection, or when he could have hoped to escape, even with the swiftest of them. It was, however, the Admiral's misfortune to be absent from the blockading station on the morning chosen by the Spaniard for his sortie. But for that we may believe the unhappy controversy never would have become the national scandal it did, a scandal largely promoted by injudicious partisans of Admiral Sampson, whose activities outran their discretion. Then politics entered into the unhappy matter and prevented an ethical adjustment of honors between the two distinguished officers. It remains to be said that Sampson enjoyed the recognition and the praise of his Commander-in-Chief, the President, the love and the admiration of his subordinates, the captains and the sailors of his fleet, and the consciousness that there was no stain upon his honor. He will always be regarded as an able, brave and resourceful commander, whose triumphs adorn the annals of our navy and are worthy its best legends, while expert judgment will award him the credit of doing faithfully and skilfully the most difficult naval work in the Spanish-American War.

✦

Senator Hoar Introduces an
Isthmian Canal Bill.

Senator Hoar last week introduced into the Senate an Isthmian Canal bill, which gives the President additional powers in the matter of determining the route, over those prescribed in the Spooner amendment. Mr. Hoar thinks that if the President's power to aid Congress in reaching a speedy conclusion can be increased, the chances of a canal being built will be greatly improved, and in fact this is the one hope of those who despair of this great work if Senate and House Committees and the power of railway lobbies are allowed to defeat the will of the people. With the knowledge that the President would make up his mind decisively according to the weight of expert evidence, popular opinion would not tolerate the tactics that have so long blocked canal legislation; nor would the investigation as to the respective merits of the

two routes be as easily made a party question in Congress. What the country wants is an Isthmian Canal; and it is losing patience with Congress because of the interminable delay and the growing conviction that the failure to provide the necessary legislation is due to sinister influences.

✦

The President and
Cuban Reciprocity.

The President has let it be known that if Congress before adjournment does not send him the Philippine bill and a bill providing for reciprocity with Cuba an extra session will be called. In this he will be sustained by the whole country. How the Philippines should be governed may be considered a party question, but Cuban reciprocity is as much the concern of the nation as the question of war with Spain was in the spring of 1898. We shall not have done our whole duty toward the Cubans until we afford them the means of conducting the separate Government which, upon our stipulation, is to give them a qualified independence and to range them by our side for offensive and defensive purposes against the world. They cannot conduct that Government without money, and they cannot raise money unless we open our markets to them by and through sufficient tariff concessions. For such concessions they are willing to give an equivalent. Fatuity could go no further than to challenge our duty in the premises or to continue to interpose objections to its performance.

✦

Lord Salisbury
on Peace Terms.

Last week Lord Salisbury made an address before the Primrose League which will no doubt disappoint the friends of the Boers. He declares Britain stands by her past, she has nothing to regret, and the war will go on to a British finish—the South African colonies will be governed under the British flag. That does not, of course, mean that the Boers will have no rights which the British are bound to respect. On the contrary, they will doubtless have equal rights with the British. But Lord Salisbury puts the matter in such a way as will disappoint and anger the Boers. Among several utterances he indignantly denies Mr. John Morley's statement, which seemed to many Britains and to all foreigners the statement of a truism, that, if the British Ministry had foreseen, thirty months ago, what has happened since, they would have behaved themselves more circumspectly. "It must be recognized," he says, "that the power, prestige, influence and magic effect of our great empire are more potent, more efficient and more admirable than ever before." But, as has been well remarked, "any man who considers that Great Britain stands higher before the world at the coronation of 1902 than she stood at the diamond jubilee of 1897 must be singularly insulated." But what is most important is the ending of the war. General Botha, General Meyer and their comrades understand the situation far better than do Mr. Kruger and Dr. Leyds, and they are far more likely to be influenced

by practical motives and not by sentiment or selfishness. It is to be hoped that it is upon the basis of knowledge of the purposes of these officers that Lord Salisbury is looking for a speedy establishment of peace. In any event, the peace which is made will be a British peace. Of that the Prime Minister's words admit no shadow of doubt.



Two Good Cuban
Appointments.

President Roosevelt's Cuban appointments—those of Mr. Hubert G. Squiers for United States Minister to Cuba and General Bragg for Consul-General to Havana—are both excellent. Mr. Squiers' record at Peking before and during the siege of the legation was most credible, and won commendation from his official superiors and his countrymen. It presumably is not the easiest task which confronts our Minister in Havana, and he will need to exercise suavity as well as firmness. This Mr. Squiers can be trusted to realize. As for General Bragg, he unquestionably possesses the qualities which will make him a useful Consul-General, and his experience as Minister to Mexico will be of value to him in many ways. With him and Mr. Squiers in charge of these important posts during the first years of the Cuban Republic this country should be in position to give aid of the most intelligent as well as the most friendly character.



New Head for
the Doshisha.

The appointment of the Hon. K. Kataoka, president of the Japanese House of Commons, to the presidency of the Doshisha at Kyoto, Japan, will delight the friends of Christian education in Japan. Mr. Kataoka is a stanch Presbyterian and influential statesman. Dr. Albrecht, dean of the theological faculty, voices the sentiments of all when he says, "Known from the Emperor's palace to the farmer's huts as a Christian patriot, modest, but sterling in character, loyal both to his divine Lord and to his imperial master, a leader among his people, he is the most worthy successor to our beloved Neesima, and under his leadership a new era lies before our Doshisha. May God spare him to us for many years!" Mr. Kataoka takes up his new duties with a strong religious purpose. After the oath of office was administered the new incumbent offered a brief prayer. The trustees took further action that showed the "New Doshisha" to be as international in spirit as it is trying to be interdenominational.



Increasing
Our Navy.

In view of the additions to foreign navies and the necessity of being prepared to safeguard American interests over sea, which have grown more important and complicated since the Spanish-American war, the naval appropriation bill reported to the House must be considered moderate. The increase recommended provides for two first-class battleships of 16,000 tons displacement, two first-class armored cruisers of 14,500 tons and two gunboats, the whole to cost \$29,500,000. The first four ships are recommended to be built evidently with the intention of securing the most powerful fighting efficiency, longest steaming radius and greatest speed that it is possible to attain. They are to be just such ships as would reach the most distant point of action in the shortest possible time in order to deliver the heaviest possible blows against an enemy. Here attention is brought to the fact that these new battleships are larger than any now built or soon to be built, except two

18,000-ton battleships included in the British program. But the burning question in our navy is rather that of personnel than that of material. We can order and pay for ships without limit, but the question of the "man behind the gun" is really the vital one. But we have always had these men, and presumably always will have.



Judge Earl on the
Franchise Tax Law.

As referee in the litigation over the Ford Franchise Tax law of this State, former Chief-Justice Earl has announced his decision that the law is constitutional. His decision does not end the struggle, however, for the case will be carried to the Court of Appeals, and if decided adversely there will be presented by the corporations to the United States Supreme Court. More than \$12,000,000, which will go to the cities and towns in the State, is involved in this case, it being estimated that the law will raise \$4,000,000 annually. On only one point does Judge Earl's decision favor the corporations. He holds that the franchises must not be assessed at their full value, but in the same proportion of the full value as real estate pays in the various communities. A final decision from the United States Supreme Court will not be reached for some years.



The illness of the young Queen of Holland has excited almost universal sympathy for her and the Dutch people, and nowhere outside of Holland more than in this country. The reign which opened so happily has been clouded by trouble during the short time she has occupied the throne, and the hopes of succession are so intimately bound up with the political future of Holland that the lack of an heir of her own blood may result in changing the character of the Government. The affection of the Dutch for their Queen is therefore complicated with intense jealousy of Germany's interference or undue influence gained through accession of a prince partly of German blood. From that possibility during the present lack of an heir the fears of the people are never free.



The Mayor has done a wise act in authorizing the Merchants' Association of this city to place expert accountants at work upon the books of the several departments. Figures already revealed show that departmental expenses are twice as much per capita in New York as in other cities. The work will be under the charge of Worthington C. Ford, formerly Chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics and now head of the Department of Statistics of the Boston Public Library. This is a very necessary work, and under such competent direction it would seem as if important results must be secured.



In Count Goluchowski's announcement from the Austrian Foreign Chancellery that the Triple Alliance would be renewed on its expiry in May next year, we have the suggestion that the three Powers have little faith in any disturbance of the present balance of power for years to come. For one thing the announcement of the reports that Italy would withdraw from the alliance and enter into closer political relations with France. At the same time her relations with France are better than they have been for years.



An allowance of half a million dollars for reading and refreshment rooms and gymnasiums at our military posts is an excellent feature in the Army Appropriation bill. It

will be money well spent, and if it accomplishes for the health, morals and comfort of the soldiers what is expected, the \$500,000 should be only the nucleus of a liberal fund for those purposes.



Drifting—or Sailing?

We have already noted the fact that two young men recently applied to the Presbytery of Elizabeth for license who could not accept the statement concerning Adam, in Genesis, as historic, but regarded it as allegorical. One of these young men has been licensed, although he has not recalled his opinion. The case of the other is as yet undetermined, as is that of a young Union Seminary graduate, which is pending before the Presbytery of New York.

But this question is not limited to the Presbyterian denomination. In Missouri a Methodist Conference, as has been noted, has indicted for heresy a minister of that church for holding to the allegorical character of the Adamic story, and for otherwise holding views which are declared to be "evolutionistic"!

There is no question that in these cases issues are involved which must be met and which include the historicity of the first chapter of Genesis, and the question of a spiritual evolution now leading mankind into higher realms of truth and righteousness. There are other issues, such as those of the antiquity of man, the relation of man to the animal world, the causal relations of sin to death, etc.; but when the two first mentioned have been settled the solution of the others will follow.

With reference to the first chapter of Genesis, it is obvious that the scientific demonstration of the character of the first man is not clearly established, although indications point to his relation to the anthropoids. Here Evolution bears against the acceptance of the literal narrative in Genesis; but, because of that, Evolution may not be instantly rejected. The question is a scientific one indeed; but what is science but exact knowledge? Therefore it must come from God. But God reveals by His spirit, and He reveals the laws of His universe through a careful study and observation of them by man; obviously these two revelations, exactly understood, cannot conflict; equally obviously, too, we may not resort to the *à priori* method, as is the fashion of some scientists and some theologians. On the contrary, a thorough exhaustion of all known methods of examination and investigation must determine the truth, whether it involves the acceptance or rejection of a particular record. In this way, the six creative days of twenty-four hours each, the totality of the Deluge, the resting of the earth on great pillars and the regarding the earth as the center of the universe have disappeared. So, too, the Biblical chronology has been given up, together with the date of the Adamic appearance; discovered monuments go back at least 8,000 years instead of the 5,900 years of the Scriptural record. On the other hand, scientists have been equally rash in insisting upon the infallibility of their deductions, only to mention the changes in chemical science, the changes in geology and biology, the passing of the missionary to the undulatory theory of light, and the changes from Descartes' "vortices" to Newton's "attraction."

Now, it seems clear that the only way in which this question of the creation of man can be settled is by an impartial study of all the facts and the forming of correct judgment based upon those facts. And here a word as to

Evolution: Suppose we are brought to a development of man from the anthropoid—what then? Well, for one thing, it should give no cause for a heresy trial. For back of that anthropoid and the Evolution is God; and Evolution becomes a divine method. And such a view was held as being perfectly tenable by such Christian men as the late Joseph Le Compt and Alexander Winchell, as it is held by hosts of professors in all our colleges and theological seminaries. Indeed, so conservative a theologian as the late Dr. A. A. Hodge is on record as saying that "Evolution considered as the plan of an infinitely wise Being and executed under the control of His everywhere present energies can never be irreligious." And again he says, "The phenomena of nature do present the appearance which the evolutionist describes." Let Christians of every name, whether Presbyterians, Methodists, or whomsoever they be, see to it that they neither accept unsupported statement for truth, on the one hand, nor refuse truth offered them from whatever source, on the other.

With reference to the second point—that of a continuous revelation of truth—he must be blind who denies it. Do we take up with the eye-for-an-eye revenge to-day? Do we slay little ones, as Joshua and Joab did, or, if we do, do we approve such warfare? Do we kill witches, and for our justification fall back upon the command laid down in Exodus and Deuteronomy? Yet again, is not the tendency of the Christian life upward and onward to-day? However inspiring the lives of the apostles were, are not our churches to-day better than those Asiatic churches denounced by the Seer; better than that Corinth church, with its bibulosity at the Lord's Supper? Is there not constant development in the spiritual realm, as in that of the moralities, witnessed everywhere to-day? But the subject is too vast for amplification, and we must leave it.

To conclude: The cry of the time is not "Stand firm" in the old forms, the old ways, the old philosophies, the old theories, but it is, or should be, "Keep the open mind." In this way, with God, Christ and the Holy Spirit in the soul and heart following the guidings of the Spirit ever active—and never more so than to-day into leading the believer into all truth, as the Master has said—the believer will grow not only in grace, but in knowledge as well, absorbing as time goes on his share in that fuller light, disclosing that clearer truth which awaits the earnest, sincere and reverent student of the things of God.



The St. Pierre Horror.

With the single exception of the great Lisbon earthquake, not since Herculaneum was buried in scoræ, and Pompeii in burning lava, nearly 2,000 years ago, has such an awful calamity occurred as visited the island of Martinique on Thursday last, the 8th instant. On that day, early in the morning, lofty Mont Pelee, behind the city of St. Pierre, exploded, burying the town in solid sheets of boiling lava, steam and fire, killing all the inhabitants to the number of 30,000, with the exception of thirty souls, and destroying all the eighteen ships and their crews in the harbor. The village of Morne Rouge, at this writing, is believed to have been buried, with all its 3,500 people. Very clearly, the catastrophe was not simply an outburst of lava—then might many have escaped—but it was an explosion which burst the whole upper part of the mountain, and precipitated the seething, fiery mass upon the ill-

fated city, burying it and all the people in an instant. Whether other islands have suffered from this convulsion is not at this writing known, but it is by no means certain that the worst is known—indeed, the probabilities are that it is not.

Humanity and science may well stand appalled before this dreadful calamity, which emphasizes with terrible emphasis the fact that Nature maintains her dreaded and dreadful forces intact, and that below the surface, beyond our knowledge or control, she exercises them as she may choose. So it is, it becomes all too painfully clear that it is futile to hope that the earth has outlived the period of its greatest plutonic activity; owing to the slow contraction of its outer shell upon its central mass, that activity seem to be constant—at least, it shows no diminution. And it is a singular fact that our progress in civilization only puts us progressively more completely at the mercy of these titanic forces of inanimate Nature. Disregarding the lessons of the past and the constant mutterings of Nature, as if she would resent any intrusion upon her domain, man builds upon the slope of Etna or Vesuvius or Mauna Loa or Mont Pelee, and lives there—until the great mountain belches forth its flames of fire and pours forth its great floods of molten lava, and overwhelms him. Obviously, when it is recalled that proximity to the sea in volcanic regions is always a factor of greatest significance in determining dangerous eruptions, and is fraught with deadly peril, the impressive and searching lesson is that all these localities should be avoided as habitations for man.

The whole civilized world will read on this calamity with bated breath. It is a sublimely awful demonstration of the majestic violence of Nature, of the fearfully mighty forces that repose in her bosom, and that once set in motion laugh to scorn the dominance of man. This awful disaster which has overtaken St. Pierre and, it is to be feared, has spread ruin over most of the island of Martinique, as it has over the island of St. Vincent, awakes the deepest sympathy throughout the United States. Assuredly the American people will hasten to afford relief; wherever there is suffering the long arm of American charity will reach forth and drop its blessings.



The General Assembly.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church meets as we go to press. Just who will be elected Moderator is not at this writing known, nor is it a matter of great importance. The issues before the Assembly, which we outlined last week, are the chief matters of concern, first among which we place the Report of the Committee on Revision. We notice that an effort is made in some quarters to minimize the importance of this report; but a measure which undertakes to set up the boundary lines of doctrinal belief will never be regarded by the great body of the Presbyterian Church as subsidiary or unimportant. Just now the issue, happily, is not one of absolute and arbitrary definition and limitation, as it is one of liberty—liberty of thought and expression concerning matters which are non-essential and which in no wise affect the fundamental doctrines of the evangelical churches.

It is an auspicious sign, we may remark, that the Revision Committee is composed of men of ability, standing, and of diversity of views; the result can scarcely fail to be that the report will recognize the status as involving a

condition, and not a theory. It certainly is the situation; for diversity not only exists throughout the whole Church as to non-essentials, but it is increasing—increasing everywhere throughout all the Christian churches; and any denomination that fails to recognize the fact will assuredly find its hold upon the masses loosened. Fortunately for the great Presbyterian Church it is guided by strong men of decided but variant opinions, who recognize the crucial fact that a reasonable liberty is the bulwark no less of the Church than of the State. As for the rest, the Church is fully alive to the situation of the present and the demands which it makes upon the thought, the intelligence and the catholicity of the time. May all the deliberations of the Assembly be marked by wisdom and dominated by the Holy Spirit, whose workings are seen in each successive period, leading the Church into constant upward progress towards the light and the fuller truth revealed in the procession of the ages.



It Carries a Warning.

The tragic death last week of the distinguished author, Paul Leicester Ford, at the hands of his brother Malcolm, who immediately thereafter killed himself, illustrates in a painfully tragic way the mistake committed at times by a parent in disinheriting a member of his family who may have incurred his displeasure. In this instance there is no question that the tragedies might and would have been prevented had the father of the Ford brothers left the disinherited son a sufficient sum in trust for his liberal maintenance, instead of cutting him off as he did, because, as it is stated, the boy had purposes and a will of his own and refused to abide by his father's decision and adopt a business that was distasteful to him. This inheritance, with millions given to Paul, worked upon the jealousy of the other brother, Malcolm, with the final result of a double tragedy—the disinherited brother shooting the other and then killing himself. This awful incident inculcates both a solemn warning and lesson to parents in disposing of their property by will to avoid such exclusions as foster envy and foment hatred, with the possibility of just such an appalling result as has riveted public attention the past week. Considering what human nature is, its weaknesses, its infirmities and its responsiveness upon slight provocation to the workings of the strongest passions, it would seem that too great care could not be taken to avoid all occasions for such contingencies as make possible family estrangements, and, as in the present instance, cause even fratricidal tragedies.



Archbishop Corrigan.

That Archbishop Corrigan, who has just passed away, was one of the most distinguished prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in this country and one of its ablest administrators is unquestioned. He was, too, a man of engaging manners, and a scholar who shunned publicity almost to the point of the recluse. He enjoyed, too, the social companionship of a few friends; but apart from the administration of his diocese beyond this he did not go. He seldom appeared in public. The dead archbishop was a very strict disciplinarian—as his difficulty with Dr. McGlynn and Dr. Burtzell attest. He also evidently disapproved the appearance of some priests upon public platforms with Protestants; these are no longer seen there, nor do they give out any more "interviews" to the press for publication. In this the Archbishop was consistent with himself, for he seldom appeared in public, but showed himself to be a man of a very different type from Cardinal Gibbons or Archbishop Ireland; that is to say, he took no part—certainly none openly—in the movement for recognizing the distinctively American elements in the Roman Catholic Church in this country, with which he was clearly not in sympathy. In all this, and in the matter of parochial schools, and in his insistence that the public should

contribute to the support of sectarian schools, he showed himself a man with the closed mind. While it seems clear that the conflict between the American and Americanizing elements in the Roman Catholic Church and the alien and alienizing elements in that Church is one that must some day be fought to a finish, there is no doubt on which side, had the issue come in his day, he would have been found; he was on the Bourbon side of this Catholic question. Then, it is clear that the Archbishop's sympathies were with Bishop Wigger and the "Cahenslyites" and against Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland; and in this he induced the conviction in the public mind, outside his own following, that his position was that a Catholic, layman or priest, is less an American for being a Catholic. In so far as Archbishop Corrigan gave countenance to that belief, therefore, it seems that he marred an otherwise brilliant record of successful administration, while his death has made it possible for the Roman Curia to strengthen their church in this country by the appointment of a man of a different type as his successor.



Things of To-Day.

Last week we noted the action of the Presbytery of Elizabeth in licensing two young men who would not accept a literal interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis. But the Presbyterian Church is not the only body to face this and kindred problems. The Methodist also have a like case in hand—that of Rev. Granville Lowther, D.D., of the Southwest Conference, who is charged with "disseminating doctrines subversive of the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church," and the gravamen of the charge is that he is "atheistic and evolutionistic." Among the specifications are that Dr. Lowther holds that the serpent who talked to Eve was a man, one of the race to which she and Adam belonged, that he had not come into a consciousness of God, therefore was classed with the beasts, and that there were other inhabitants or members of the race. If not, he asks, how did Cain find his wife in the land of Nod, where none of Adam's children except Cain had gone, and if not whence came the daughters of men whom the sons of God took for their wives? The reasonable interpretation is that the descendants of Adam were called sons of God because, having entered into a conscious knowledge of God, they could claim Him as their Creator and worship Him. The others, not knowing God, were called sons and daughters of men. There seems to be nothing touching any fundamental doctrine here. Nevertheless there is no question but that these points are in violation of the Discipline of the Methodist Church. For that matter they are not germane to any system of theology thus far invented by the master-builders of doctrine. They are *sui generis*; the only example of their own kind. On the other hand, it does not appear that there is any pertinency in charging Dr. Lowther with holding "evolutionistic" doctrine; there are plenty of good Christians who are Christian evolutionists—as Dr. Winchell and Professor Le Conte were, as Dr. Lyman Abbott is. Passing this, however, it is evident that Dr. Lowther's case and those of the young men of Elizabeth are only a few samples of many others. Certain it is, these differences are coming to the surface all the time, and they will have to be settled. This gives us, as it were, a glimpse of an enlarged horizon line, with a contraction and sharper cleavage between the fundamental and non-essential. The issue is pressing and it is difficult to see how it can possibly be evaded.



In the passing away of Bret Harte we are brought to a realization of the fact that it was he who first came to us as an interpreter of the mining camps and gambling hells of the "Slope," yet in such a way as not to disturb sensibilities or offend good taste. Just here is where the art of the writer told. It was in the comparatively obscure *Overland Monthly* that there first appeared the "Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and such verse as "The Society Upon the Stanislaus," "The Heathen Chinese," etc. In entering this field Mr. Harte became a pioneer in the school of sectional novelists who have since produced much of what is artistic and enduring in American fiction. As we have said, he did not offend sensibilities—he did not make vice attractive. Many a writer can depict the brutality, the repellent details of the life, but few can add the touch of pathos and of human interest which makes us see the deep and genuine human-

ity beneath the coarseness and the squalor. Bret Harte had to a high degree this artistic instinct. and it is this quality that has given his work a hold upon the intelligent, self-respecting reading public. In all his work he was a conscientious and accomplished literary artist, who, without belonging to the very highest rank, has won his place among American writers who have exerted an enduring influence in molding the development of American fiction, and who have added a few volumes destined to become a permanent possession of our literature.



Our valued contemporary the *Presbyterian Journal* in an article on the killing of animals remarks that animals have the same right to life that man has; and it specifies the squirrels. If our contemporary will put on its thinking cap we think it will come to a very different conclusion. Without placing especial emphasis upon the first chapter of Genesis, we may say that no right to life inheres in the animal creation other than in man; the fact is, the privilege of living that animals enjoy is one that rests with man alone. Do the rabbits destroy the crops in Australia?—they are killed by the thousands. Do the sparrows drive away the song birds?—why shall we not adopt John Burrough's prescription for killing them? Do red squirrels kill the young orioles?—by all means, let us rid ourselves of them. Do we want meat?—we kill beeves and sheep and deer, and the returned Prodigal enjoys dining off the fatted calf that has been killed in honor of his return. Should we enjoy a fish dinner?—we capture the speckled trout (*Tructus fontinalis*)—that is, if we can—or perhaps dine off the incomparable shad, torn away from his happy family life in the Hudson. And further, if we want furs for warmth are we not justified in appropriating them, even at the cost of the life of the animal? And is it not true that the cattle on the hills, the birds of the air and the fish in the sea and the rivers are all subject to the dominion of man, with whom their enjoyment of the pleasure of living rests? That man may not, therefore, wantonly kill or injure, is incontestably true. But that is a very different thing from endowing the entire animal world with an inherent right to life, which assuredly they have never enjoyed, and which we do not find has ever been conferred upon them or acknowledged by man since the Creation.



While we could not sympathize with much that the late Dr. G. W. F. Birch did when living, for he seemed to love controversy, and rushed into it, at times, as we think, unnecessarily and most unwisely, nevertheless the minister of the Bethany Presbyterian Church was a faithful and self-sacrificing pastor, laboring in one of the most destitute localities in the city, so far as the supply of church accommodations is concerned; but he will probably be chiefly remembered as one of the prosecutors of Professor Charles A. Briggs for heresy. He was ordained forty years ago, and had been pastor of the Bethany Church for twenty-five years. He belonged to the ultra-conservative wing of the Presbyterian body, whose views of doctrine he held with the tenacity of strong conviction. He was more devoted to the past than alive to the present. He was a fine example of the earnest spirit, living in a distant past, of intense conscientiousness and the closed mind. But in these days it is better perhaps to keep the mind open. Personally he was genial. He made many friends, but could not keep them all when he tasted the sweets of a heresy trial.



These dates of the assembling of church courts in the United States may be of interest to the reader:

May 15—General Assembly, Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., New York City.

May 15—General Assembly, Presbyterian Church in the U. S., Jackson Miss.

May 15—General Assembly, Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Mo.

May 21—General Synod, Reformed Presbyterian Church of America, Philadelphia.

May 28—General Assembly, United Presbyterian Church, N. A., Allegheny.

May 28—Synod, Reformed Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., Syracuse, N. Y.

June—General Synod of the Reformed Church, in America, Asbury Park.

November 6—Synod, Associate Reformed Church of the South, Pisgah, N. C.

September—Synod, Christian Reformed Church in America, Holland, Mich.

September—Synod, Welch Presbyterian Church, Cambria, Wis.

May 20—General Synod, Reformed Church in the U. S., Baltimore, Md.

Will young people never learn that mock marriages are not only silly but fraught with peril, in that they are perfectly legal? Yet the other day at Yonkers, this State, at a ball, according to statements put forth and not denied, fully one hundred people went through the marriage ceremony, including the placing of a ring on the finger of the bride. It was a most interesting diversion for the time, but several days later, when the ball was but a memory, a New York rabbi—the young people were Jews—informed several of the young persons that according to the Hebrew law every one of the marriages was binding. The matter then ceased to be a joke, especially as the marriages are legal according to the laws of the State. It is said that fully three-fourths of the young persons concerned will apply to the courts to have the marriages annulled, while the remainder will abide by the result. It is to be hoped this experience will teach the young people not to trifle with serious matters. That these young people are of the Hebrew faith is nothing to the point; give them the occasion, and one hundred young Christians would easily repeat the folly.



Don't keep the financial condition of your church in the background, hid from the people, but show them a just and accurate statement. Print that statement and distribute it in the pews. As *The Church Economist* well remarks, "the people of a church have a natural and proper interest in where their money goes, and a statement in print which can be taken home and referred to is much more satisfactory than the same statement listened to in an annual business meeting." We notice at times rather too much assumption of prerogatives by church stewards, sessions and consistories. These are only trust agents for the whole church and should always subordinate their activities to the wishes of the congregation.



They are jubilant, we are told, "in Albany and up country" at the increased receipts for the eleven months from May 1, 1901, to April 1, 1902. The amount is stated as \$12,442,326, being a net gain of \$48,707.47 over the corresponding period of the previous year. But at what a cost to public and private morality, at what a cost of misery and wretchedness was a large part of this sum secured under the existing Raines law, which offers a premium on vice and crime, and sears the public conscience!



We record with satisfaction as evidencing the passing of a venerable superstition that the American ships of the White Star line have broken through the old custom and now start from New York Fridays. As yet no serious result has happened, other than to reach port as promptly and safely as when sailing on other days.



It is a lovely thing that Mrs. Roosevelt does in supplying daily clusters of the choicest flowers of the White House conservatory and gardens to Mrs. McKinley at Canton. No more graceful and touching manifestation of sympathy and regard from the present to the former mistress of the White House could be imagined. Such a continuous act of sympathy will win the full recognition of the American people.



"There is no ready-made heaven for anybody," said Edwin Markham, to the Social Culture Club, to which the poet talked the other evening, and he added: "Heaven will be a society with rules and laws of order much more perfect than any here on earth." Mr. Markham believes in the Bible, but evidently only in Markham's revised translation.



In England they make a broad distinction between "the clergy" and "ministers" which is wholly unknown in this country. There the clergy are rectors in the Established Church; the Roman Catholics are "priests" and the Nonconformists are "ministers." Here the terms minister and clergymen are applied indiscriminately to the "divines" of all denominations, as they properly should be.



In a recent interview Lord Kelvin expressed his opinion that nothing but good will follow from an infusion of a little American blood into Oxford life through the Rhodes scholarships. So say we all of us.

Current Comment.

It is becoming constantly more common for labor organizations to embody moral reform principles in their programs of action. The Church ought to be on the watch for such instances and be instant with applause and encouragement. An important example of this tendency is the resolution adopted by the drug clerks of this city, making it the duty of the union's members to discourage the sale of opium, morphine and cocaine at the counters of stores where they serve.—*The Interior*.

Reading, however, has its dangers and particularly where taste and judgment are untrained. Children in particular need guidance in the choice of books, and unless wisely directed are apt to read not only promiscuously but harmfully, losing thereby not only time but moral stamina. Even the establishment of libraries, an outgrowth of this national reading habit, will be of real and abiding value only when their patrons, particularly the children, are guided wisely and tactfully in what they read. This should be, as is recognized in many cases, a most important function of the librarian.—*Church Intelligencer*.

The poor man who fails to appreciate the myriad claims that are made every day upon wealth by all kinds and conditions of useless deadbeats. It is scarcely to be wondered at that wealth becomes hardened toward honest poverty, when every mail brings the most foolish claims for money, presented by professional beggars.—*D. Sage Mackay*.

When the entire Church of Christ in all its separate branches is moved by one common impulse to seek and obtain a higher type of piety and enlarging accessions to its membership from the world, we may hope for rich spiritual and saving blessings all over our highly favored land. God's grace is not limited to any one order or region of Christendom, but comes to the earnest and longing ones wherever found.—*Church Standard*.

Many a minister has resigned his pastorate because he had a vision of less perplexing conditions in another field. But these anticipations are seldom realized. There is a serpent in every garden, just as there was in Eden. And churches are constantly making the same mistake. They think that if they had another man they would do better, but they learn that all ministers are made out of the same dough of human nature. There may be a difference in the baking, but the stuff is the same.—*The Watchman*.

In the struggle for the leadership of the world the country which represses education will be heavily handicapped against those nations that honor their institutions of learning and use them to fit men for public service.—*The Congregationalist*.

The sermon that dwells only on public duty may send a fool on the king's errand with only folly for his outfit. The sermon that awakens spiritual light in the hearer will call to the standard a recruit ready for all service.—*Christian Register*.



About People.

It is said that the one thing of which Christian De Witt, the elusive Boer general, is really vain is his descent from De Witt, the great Dutch admiral of the seventeenth century. There is no doubt of the relation between the two, and the man of to-day seems to be quite worthy of his ancestor. Admiral Blake, the great English sailor, once said that he would rather meet Van Tromp or De Ruyter with sixty sail than De Witt with half the number, for "he is the cunningest rascal of them all."

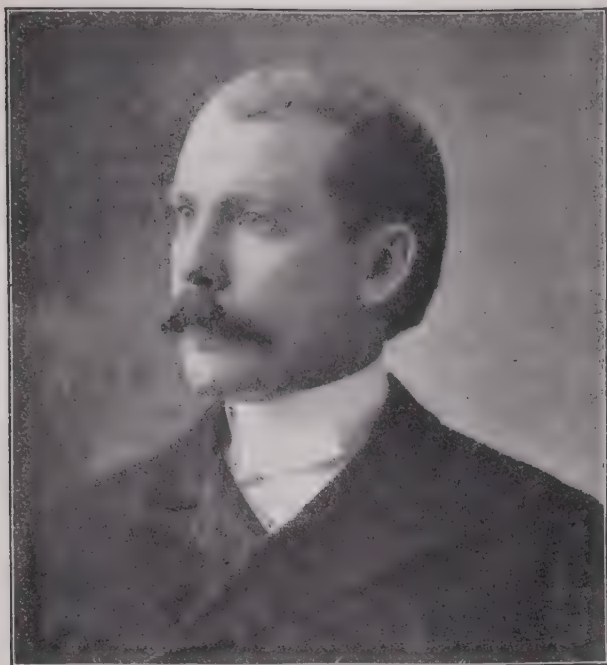
Emilien Renou, who died the other day in France, at the age of 87, was the oldest of French meteorologists in active work, if not the oldest in the world. Since 1878 he had been the director of the St. Maur Observatory. In 1852 he was one of the founders of the French Meteorology Society.

President Booker T. Washington upon a recent occasion said that he could "raise more money among Presbyterians for the industrial work at Tuskegee, Ala., than the Freedmen's Board could for its work, scattered over the whole South." It is certainly true that his work has been largely sustained by Presbyterians more so than by any other denomination.

Bishop C. C. McCabe has sailed for South America, to be gone six months, during which time he will visit the many Methodist missions in Brazil, Ecuador and other South American countries.

Tennyson's niece, Agnes Weld, is writing a memoir of her uncle from an intimate, personal point of view.

A handsome painting of the portrait of the Rev. Samuel Harris, who was president of Bowdoin College from 1867 to 1871, has recently been presented to the college. This gives the Memorial Hall collection the portraits of all of Bowdoin's ex-presidents, except Gen. J. L. Chamberlain, who is still living.



REV. WILLARD P. HARMON.

Plymouth's New Assistant Pastor.

At a meeting of the sub-committee of the church work committee of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, held last week, Friday night, after the prayer meeting, the Rev. Willard P. Harmon was named as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis. The next day, Saturday, May 10th, Rev. Mr. Harmon was notified by Dr. Hillis that he would be called as assistant pastor to Plymouth Church, to succeed the son-in-law of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Scoville, who died in Philadelphia last month. Rev. Mr. Harmon was recommended by Dr. Hillis himself and was warmly endorsed by the Rev. Dr. S. P. Cadman, of the Central Congregational Church, where Mr. Harmon has done excellent work and where he has a host of warm friends. Mr. Harmon is a native of Brooklyn, was educated in the public schools here and at Columbia College and the Princeton Theological Seminary. He is a member of the Brooklyn Presbytery. His first pastorate was at Lucerne, in the Adirondacks, where he had great success. He was called here as assistant to the late Rev. Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, in the Central Church, and during the interim between the death of Dr. Behrends and the settlement of Dr. Cadman, Mr. Harmon had entire charge of that large and influential church, and so very successful was his work that his salary was substantially increased in a short time. When he resigned, the officers of the church presented to him a purse and a set of engrossed resolutions commending his labors. He is a versatile and able man, and especially adapted for pastoral work. Dr. Hillis is most fortunate in securing so competent and helpful an associate as assistant pastor. The editor of this paper was aware of two or three other offers from those desirous of securing Mr. Harmon's services as pastor. His friends will be glad to know that he has chosen to remain in Brooklyn, where his labors have been so richly blessed. He carries with him the best wishes of innumerable friends.



The Nascent Republic.

By Rev. J. Milton Greene, D.D.

Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in Cuba.

The one subject which absorbs public attention in these days is the arrival on Cuban soil last Sabbath of President-elect Palma, after an absence of thirty years. The reception accorded him at Gibara and Holguin is described as enthusiastic in the extreme, Cubans and Spaniards rivaling each other in the welcome extended, and their respective flags being everywhere in evidence, the American symbol being conspicuous by its absence, except here and there on a private residence.

By this time the President has doubtless reached Bayamo, his native city, whose decadence and ruins and the sight of his

confiscated estate will recall to him vividly the uprising of 1808, with the sacrifices of blood and treasure expended before his aspirations and those of his compatriots could be realized. The eastern part of Cuba has been its land of promise, and thence have sprung by far the larger number of leading spirits, who now have their reward in the independence of the island. After a brief sojourn in Bayamo the President will go on to Santiago and thence will come to Havana, reaching here early in May. Already begin to arrive or to come forth from a long seclusion kindred spirits who, it is believed, will be chosen by the President as his trusted counselors and coadjutors in the complicated and difficult task which awaits him.

Here in Havana the streets are being repaired, the houses painted, the parks beautified and the public buildings retouched in honor of the hero whose wise, faithful and untiring services abroad, during the bloody struggle of which Cuba was so long the scene, are remembered with undying gratitude.

A permanent arch, to cost \$100,000, is to be erected on the boulevard known as Carlos III., and a second triumphal arch, to cost \$4,000, will be constructed on the beautiful new drive along the Gulf known as Gulf avenue. This will be temporary, but very imposing. It goes without saying that all sorts of speculations are rife concerning the history which is to be made during the coming year. It cannot be denied that the vast majority of property holders and men of influence in the business world regret to see the Stars and Stripes removed from Morro, and doubt seriously the success of the Republic in Cuban hands. The Spaniards own four-fifths of the property on the island. They know that the political education of the people under Spanish rule could hardly have been worse. They cannot be unmindful of the bitter resentments which slumber in the breasts of thousands, and not a few of these the victims of their own rapacious greed, who, if justice were done, would be the present owners of Spanish property. They know, too, how corrupt has been the administration of justice, how generally ignorance has prevailed, how little public conscience exists, and how lamentable is the lack of character and integrity among the people at large. They know also how woefully the Church in the personality of her priesthood, in the despotism of her government and in the avarice of her policy has failed in her sacred mission and become responsible for the widespread religious indifference, immorality and infidelity which now prevail. Thus prophecies of ill are heard on every hand and many a "misérère" will alternate with the "Te Deums" when the starry flag is replaced by the Cuban symbol.

On the other hand, many there are who believe that the native wisdom, prudence, firmness and sagacity of the President, enriched by his long residence in the United States, will enable him to surmount all obstacles and hold steady the ship of State until the creation and fostering of a new environment for Cuban youth shall transform the public conception of political responsibility, and infuse in the public mind the principles of civic righteousness. I find among the more serious and thoughtful of my Cuban friends that much is expected of a numerous class of patriots who have studiously kept themselves away from the public gaze and out of political life during these transitory years. They would not be used as tools of certain ambitious personages under the military Government, and thus were relegated to a seclusion which was a tribute to their integrity and patriotism. But President Palma knows these men and their worth, and it is believed that on such, as pillars, and not on political demagogues and professional plunderers, he will plant the new Republic.

Of course, we are anxious to know what is to be the attitude of the new administration toward our evangelical missions, but are confident that at least we shall enjoy all needed liberty and protection in our work. On the Sabbath evening preceding the inauguration, a union evangelical service will be held here in the Baptist Church, in which all the missions, except the Episcopalian, will participate. Two addresses will be given, one on "The Gospel and Human Liberty," and the other on "Civic Righteousness." Especial emphasis also will be placed on prayer for God's blessing on the President and the nascent Republic.

At our recent missionary conference in Cienfuegos, a commission of five of us, resident in Havana, was appointed to represent all the missions at work on the island in all matters pertaining to the Government. This commission will illustrate the solidarity of our evangelical work in an address which we have prepared and will present to President Palma very soon after his inauguration. One of our number has also prepared a tract on "Truth and Liberty," consisting of some 5,000 words, which is dedicated to the President in the name of our missions, and has been beautifully printed by the American Tract Society, which has also made us a grant of 10,000 copies to be distributed over the island on the birthday of the Republic. The thought of the tract is John 8:32: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Splendid as have been the services of our country to Cuba as an illustration of international philanthropy, let it be known by all that what has been done will prove worse than worthless unless we make the gospel a living power among this people.

HAVANA, Cuba, April 25, 1902.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

President-elect Palma's tour through Cuba is a continuous ovation.

Congressman Amos J. Cummings, of New York City, died in Baltimore on May 2d.

Eight girls lost their lives in a panic in a big building in Philadelphia on April 30th.

The boycott against high-priced meat has forced the packers to reduce prices of cattle.

The President has nominated Frank P. Sargent for Commissioner General of Immigration.

General E. S. Bragg, of Wisconsin, has been selected by the President for Consul-General to Cuba.

William H. Moody took the oath of office as Secretary of the Navy on May 1st, succeeding John D. Long.

Paderewski wept as he sailed for Europe last week. He took \$125,000 with him as his profits for two months.

Sheep are dying in New Mexico in hundreds because of the drouth, and grasshoppers are destroying the early crops.

The President nominated Thomas Nast, the once famous caricaturist, for Consul-General at Guayaquil, Ecuador.

All the bells in Cuba will be rung at noon on May 20th, the hour at which the Cuban Republic will come into being.

Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson, of the United States Navy, died from cerebral hemorrhage in Washington, D. C., on May 6th.

Congressman Joshua S. Salmon, representing the Fourth New Jersey District, died May 6th, from paralysis at his home in Boonton.

The Senate Committee on the Philippines refused to summon Aguinaldo, Sixto Lopez, Mabini and Major Cornelius Gardener as witnesses.

A New York Central fast mail train crashed head on into a freight train at Clyde, N. Y., May 2d. Two men were killed and many were hurt.

The Shenango Tin Plate Works, Newcastle, Pa., the largest tinplate plant in the world, was almost completely wrecked by a cyclone on May 6th.

Burglars broke into the bank at Waco, Neb., on the night of the 4th inst., destroyed the safe and escaped. The plunder is estimated at \$4,000.

Rear-Admiral Crowninshield raised his flag on the battleship Illinois and sailed for Europe April 30th to attend the coronation ceremonies in England.

President Roosevelt has ordered the trial by court martial of Major Edwin F. Glenn, who is accused of administering the "water cure" to Filipinos.

The loss by the fire that devastated the business portion of New Milford, Conn., on the night of May 5th, is estimated at \$400,000 by insurance men.

At Cornell University, President Schurman announced on Friday, that the \$250,000 necessary to secure John D. Rockefeller's gift of a like amount had been pledged.

Two lives were lost and three women severely injured at a fire which destroyed the four-story factory of the Eureka Bedding Company, at 304 Pearl street, this city, on May 5th.

William Thomson, Lord Kelvin, received the honorary degree of LL.D. at Yale University, New Haven, Conn., May 5th, with notable ceremony, in which the entire university took part.

Three Sciotoville, O., boys ate a quantity of wild parsnips on Sunday, mistaking them for sweet anise. Charles Moore, 14 years old, is dead, and the other two boys are in a serious condition.

President Roosevelt has notified the leaders of the House and Senate of his determination to call an extra session of Congress if the Philippine government and Cuban reciprocity measures are not passed.

Five men were killed, one was fatally injured and two others were terribly burned by being caught in a torrent of molten metal last Monday night in an open hearth pit at the Pennsylvania Steel Works, Steelton.

The Government's bill against the so-called Beef Trust will be filed in Chicago this week; it is reported that the Federal Grand Jury in Chicago will consider the case of the packers from a criminal point of view.

Shortly before his death, Archbishop Corrigan sent the Pope a check for \$50,000 as a personal gift in connection with the Pontiff's jubilee. It is calculated that the diocese of New York supplies the Vatican with most of the Peter's pence, which has now been reduced to about a third of the amount formerly received.

Archbishop Corrigan died at 11:05 o'clock last Monday night at the archiepiscopal palace, Fiftieth street and Madison avenue, this city. The end came suddenly. Fifteen minutes before the Archbishop passed away he was conversing cheerfully with those at his bedside, and looking forward to a speedy return to the duties of his office.

One of the most severe volcanic eruptions ever known has just occurred at Martinique. Many thousand people are supposed to have perished on the island as the result of the eruption. This happened on May 8th; the French warship Suchet returned from St. Pierre to Fort de France, Martinique, bringing about thirty survivors of the disaster, who report that a rain of fire from Mont Pelée fell on St. Pierre, destroying the place and its inhabitants.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

Björnstjerne Björnson, the Norwegian poet, dramatist and novelist, is seriously ill.

General Sir William Olpherts, a hero of the Sepoy Mutiny, died in London on May 1st.

The Gurnigel-bad, a famous health resort in Switzerland, was destroyed by fire on May 1st.

The situation of Queen Wilhelmina is described as most critical, with but little hopes for recovery.

The Pope received a pilgrimage from Brooklyn and New York on May 3d, who presented to him \$10,000.

A tornado devastated the city of Dacca, in India, and adjoining towns on May 1st, 416 persons being killed.

One hundred and fifty persons, it is feared, have lost their lives by a volcanic eruption in Martinique.

Margaret Taylor, 7 years old, who was stolen from Cincinnati in 1898, has been found in Italy with her aunt.

The officers of the Chicago, imprisoned at Venice, were released by the King's order on May 2d, taken on board the cruiser and placed in irons.

The date of the Boer meeting at Vereeniging on the Vaal River, to take final action on the question of continuing the war, has been fixed for May 15th.

Two hundred and fifty fishermen are reported to have been drowned in a gale which has made havoc of the herring fishing fleet on the west coast of Japan.

Bret Harte died Monday evening, May 5th, at Camberley, near Aldershot, England, from hemorrhage due to an affection of the throat. His age was 62.

Revolted peasants in Russia have burned the chateau of the Duke of Oldenbourg and ruined his estate; the troubles in Russia are growing more and more serious.

Demonstrations have been held in most of the Swedish towns, at which universal suffrage was demanded. The meeting at Stockholm was attended by 30,000 persons.

An American company has purchased the wrecks of the Spanish warships Almirante Oquendo and Viscaya for \$1 a ton; the vessels will be broken up for scrap iron and sent to Philadelphia.

A meeting of electors at Lubeck, Germany, proposed that Prince Henry of Prussia should be adopted as the joint candidate for the Reichstag of the parties representing the middle classes.

The first Cuban Congress assembled in Havana on May 5th, and was addressed by Governor-General Wood. President-elect Palma, in a letter to the residents of Santiago, voiced his gratitude to Americans.

Eighty-four Moro prisoners under guard at Manila made an attempt to escape on May 5th. At a preconcerted signal they got between the soldiers forming the guard and a company at dinner. The latter, realizing what had happened, fired on and pursued the Moros, killing thirty-five of them and capturing nine. The other fugitives escaped.

The 4th Infantry, U. S. A., on May 3d stormed and captured the Moro fort of the Sultan of Bayan, in Mindanao, after a bloody hand-to-hand fight; of 300 defenders of the fort only eighty-four survived, all the leading dattos, including the Sultan of Bayan, being killed; the American casualties were an officer and seven men killed and four officers and thirty-nine men wounded.

The First Memorial Day in the Philippines.

By W. G. Irwin.

Memorial Day four years ago found our Asiatic squadron in victorious possession at Manila Bay. But the work of capturing Manila had not yet been completed. Out on the wide waters of the Pacific were swift transports carrying armed hosts to assist in completing the work which the fleet had begun so brilliantly. That Memorial Day must have been anything but a pleasant one for our naval forces in Manila Bay. A strict blockade was being maintained. The German Admiral was at the height of his arrogance and there were many unpleasant features in this connection little known to the world. The insurgents had looted Cavite and were keeping up their spasmodic attacks upon the Spanish garrison in Manila.

While our fleet thus spent Memorial Day in Manila Bay the city of Manila did not see her first American Memorial Day until a year later. In the meanwhile many things of importance had transpired there. One war had been ended and our army was in the midst of a second one, if such the native insurrection may be styled. In the few months which had elapsed between our occupation of Manila on August 13, 1898, and the observation of the first Memorial Day the queer old city had undergone many changes. While not even centuries of time could make any decided change in the appearance of Manila, yet in this short time most all vestiges of the current Spanish rule had been obliterated, business methods had been revolutionized, the city had been put in a good sanitary condition, and above all, our military rule, although in some ways necessarily a harsh one, was conducted with equity and justice, something unknown to the people of Manila.

Along many lines of trade competition was as keen as a Damascus blade for the energetic Yankee traders who followed close on the heels of the army delighted to lead their competitors, the sleepy Spaniards, tagalas and Chinese, a merry race. The latter were benefited by this example of modern business methods, and they in turn gave up their accustomed mid-day siestas in the excitement.

Before this time last year the campaign against Malolos had been terminated, and General Lawton had ridden the province of Pampanga of the insurgent hordes. Many of the volunteer regiments were laying in Manila and Cavite preparatory to sailing for home. For them there were to be no more weary marches, short rations and campaigning under the scorching tropical sun. Well might they join in the proper observation of the day devoted to the memory of our country's fallen heroes. There were new-made graves in that far-away land, which were to be decorated by fond comrades.

The first to fall in the campaign against Manila were interred near Camp Dewey, but later a plot, within the walls of the great Paco Cemetery, was selected as the burial place for our soldier dead. In Paco, as in all Manila cemeteries, the dead were interred in niches in the great stone walls, but our soldiers were buried in regular graves. These were marked by appropriate headboards, and in many cases by fine marble slabs, erected through subscription of fond comrades. Many of the heroes who fell in the campaigns against the insurgents were buried at Battery Knoll. Both of these places saw the proper observation of Memorial Day, and no soldier grave was passed by when the flowers and flags were strewn by comrades.

Manila took on something of a patriotic appearance that day. There were flags and only such flowers as that bounteous clime can afford. Memorial services were conducted by the army chaplains. There was sweet music, and the men joined in singing hymns that came from the very soul. The orations were elegant for their simplicity. It was a sweetly solemn occasion. Men hardened by the scenes of war lost some of their grimness that day, and many were the thoughts of friends and home.

The chapel in Paco Cemetery was festooned in black, with heaps of floral tributes and a sprinkling of the Stars and Stripes. Then the flowers and flags were laid upon the graves and "taps" sounded, and the first American Memorial Day ever observed under the Stars and Stripes in the Old World passed into history.

Memorial Day each succeeding year in our Oriental posses-

sions, takes on a more American aspect, but the exercises can be no more solemn. The remains of many of the heroes who were remembered in that far-away land a year ago now rest in graves at home, and they will be given all the honor bestowed upon those heroes who fell in our great civil war.

PITTSBURG, Pa.



Vagaries of Bird Lovers.

Winning Mates in Birdland—Wonderful Feather Decoration—The Wooing of Doves—Manners of Birds—Curious Poses.

By Olive Thorne Miller.

Author of "In Nesting Time," etc.

There are two popular ways of winning a mate in birdland. First to secure her favor, either by caresses, or by "showing off" of plumage, or performances, such as strutting, drumming, dancing, etc., when, as Darwin says, she makes her choice; or, secondly, to settle matters by driving away other pretenders and by fighting, in which case she has no choice but is the prey of the victor.

In the great variety of methods employed, one family of birds is unrivaled. One might paraphrase an old saying and classify the feathered suitors in three divisions—woosers, bullies and grouse. For that family, wherever found, from the poles to the equator, from Central Africa to the United States, is always and forever one of marked characteristics, of idiosyncrasies most grotesque, with its strutting and bowing, drumming, dancing and crowing; its outlandish poses and its awkward capers; some of them rustle the tail-feathers like a silk train, some fly high in the air and croak, and some run around with wings dragging. They ruffle their feathers, twist their necks and utter grunts or croaks or whines or roars, roll over and over, spring into the air, and, in fact, act like candidates for a madhouse. Some blow up the loose skin like an orange on the side of the head—as our prairie chicken; others puff out a breast-bag like a pocket—as our pectoral sandpiper, and still others fight like savages. In fact there is hardly a way of securing a mate known in the world of birds that has not its representative in this family.

A ludicrous example of the opera-bouffe style of fascination comes, as might be anticipated, from that land of the unexpected—China. The bird, one of the pheasants, is ordinarily a personage of modest and dignified appearance, who hides his gorgeousness in secluded retreats of the Himalaya Mountains. But the irrepressible reporter has sought him out and shown him up in his transports. In courtship he suddenly blossoms out into the most grotesque figure conceivable; fleshy horns rise on his head, hanging wattles swell and expand, wings open and droop, plumage stands out all over, and the possessor of all this glory sinks to the ground in an ecstasy. After a few moments of this dazzling display he calmly rises to his feet, shakes himself into shape, and goes about his business as if nothing had happened.

So much has been written about the wonderful plumage shows of foreign birds at wooing time, that we overlook the fact—even if we are familiar with it—that we have ourselves at least one family which can bear comparison with the world for feather decoration, and no doubt for courtship displays, though the birds have been so little studied that we have almost no testimony on the subject. These are the humming birds with their fantastic frills and fans, their crests, gorgets and eccentric feathers of many kinds, exceeding in variety the birds of Paradise themselves, and all in colors that rival gems. They have not the big showiness of the peacock and the argus pheasant, but are far more wonderful and attractive in their exquisite proportions and dainty movements.

More interesting, if less startling, than grouse manners are the wooing ways of some of our family birds. What can be more charming, and at the same time more impressive, than the method of the great-horned owl. There are no poses for display, no capers to astonish the object of his choice; he is in fact almost human in his approaches, he wins by caresses. He quietly draws near to his beloved, who stands on a branch, turning her head away like a bashful girl. Fondly he strokes her with his bill, bowing solemnly, touching her beak with his—kissing might one say? Then bowing again, and sidling a little closer as she shyly draws away. His demonstrations are received with apparent diffidence, but without

resentment, and after awhile they fly slowly away, side by side—on a wedding journey, perhaps.

Gentle and caressing also is the wooing of doves with breasts pressed together and mouth to mouth, "like the children of men," says a sympathetic observer.

A bewitching way to win a mate is to charm her by music. This is the fashion of our little house wren, who arrives first in the nesting region, selects a site and begins the home, and then draws a mate out of the vast unknown by his charm of voice. No one could do it better, for he is a delightful and a tireless singer.

Posing, or showing-off, seems to be a particularly effective way of impressing feathered femininity. The object is to draw attention to some peculiar beauty, of plumage, of coloring, or any unusual decoration, or to show the variety of positions one can assume. It is significant and sometimes surprising to note the bird's exact appreciation of his individual charm, and his well-planned manner of displaying it. The tiny kinglet, for example, whose one spot of bright color is a narrow stripe of orange on top of the head, expands that till it looks like a golden crown and gives him a distinguished appearance.

Our flicker, or golden-winged woodpecker, is comical in almost every act of his life, and he makes himself irresistible by sitting up very straight, fluffing out his beautiful spotted breast, with its velvety black crescent, and spreading wings and tail to show their golden lining. To this exhibition he adds action, bowing to right and left, thus displaying his last special attraction, the rich black cheek patches, or "mustaches."

A fly-catcher of the Southwest—the vermilion—whose beauty is a brilliant vermilion breast, displays that peculiar adornment by holding himself poised in air over the head of the duller-colored personage he desires to charm. He hovers at a height of about twenty feet, with every feather of body standing up, looking to irreverent eyes like an animated ball of feathers.

A certain plover seen by Mr. Selous, having only a white breast and pair of bright orange-colored legs to pride himself on, approaches his dulcinea with legs moving in rapid vibrations and head drawn up, showing his snowy breast.

When there is no striking beauty to display, manners come in. There are many instances of "deportment" that would put to shame the free and easy ways of some human lovers. Nothing can be more impressive than the manner of the cedar waxwing, who comes to the chosen one with body trembling, vibrating in unison with his throbbing heart no doubt. Or the courtly ways of another of the plovers, as described by the observer just quoted, who has made some valuable studies of these little-known birds. It is fashionable, says Mr. Selous, for lovers to walk demurely side by side, almost touching one another, and taking affected little steps quite unlike their ordinary way of getting about. If another suitor appears, the accepted one turns and makes a solemn bow to his partner, as if to say "Excuse me a moment," then straightens up and faces the intruder a different fellow. There is no softness about him now. With head thrown back and tail spread he meets the enemy, prepared to fight. If the unwelcome bird retires, as he usually does, the lover returns to his mistress, approaching in the most formal way, with the high courteous action of the knight of the olden time.

A little further on the pair indulge in a curious pose, assumed with so much ceremony that one wonders if it has not some peculiar significance—a marriage ceremony for instance. Standing side by side, though looking different ways, they stretch up very tall on their stilt-like legs, then slowly and solemnly curve their necks, turning the head downward with beak pointed to the ground, and whole attitude stiff and rigid, and stand thus for several minutes.

Sometimes in birdland the female takes part in the wooing, as in the case just mentioned, but occasionally one is seen to be as shy as a bashful girl, and again she is coquettish, leading her suitor on. The common cormorant, or shag, another bird of the shore, is a droll fellow on all occasions, even when he sits demurely on a rock, looking, as some one aptly says, like a long-necked black bottle. His love-making is unique. First he displays his one beauty, a brilliant orange lining to his mouth, stretching up his long neck and opening wide his beak that the gorgeous effect may duly impress. Then he sinks on his breast to the ground, as if unable to stand in the presence of his charmer, with wide-spread tail turned over his back, and head turned backward to meet it, a most ludicrous figure. Such devotion usually completes the con-

quest, and the wooed one responds by coming slowly up to her adorer and caressing his throat with her bill.

Birds who depend on buffoonery and gymnastics to win a mate are too numerous to speak of in this paper. As examples of the savage styles of wooing by roughness and by fighting may be mentioned our red-winged blackbird, who bullies his mate till I have no doubt she is relieved when he leaves her—perhaps, indeed, she drives him away—and the ruff, who fights from dawn to dark with apparent fury, but hurting no one with all his blustering.



Best Ways of Helping.

By J. R. Miller, D.D.,

Author of "Making the Most of Life," etc.

God has put it into our power to help our friends in many ways—sometimes by deeds which lift away burdens, sometimes by words which inspire courage and strength, sometimes by sympathy which halves sorrow and doubles joy. But there is no other way in which we can serve others and do them good so wisely and so effectively as by praying for them. Friendship that does not pray lacks a most sacred quality. It leaves God out, and that is leaving out friendship's best possibilities of blessing. Earth's sweetest joy needs heaven to make it complete. An old writer said, "Pray for whom thou lovest; thou wilt never have any comfort of his friendship for whom thou dost not pray." We are sure at least that the truest, deepest, realest comfort cannot come from a friend whose name we do not speak to God in love's intercession. To God alone can the heart express its most sacred desires for a friend.

There are many cases also which we can help with our love in no other way but by prayer. The friend is beyond our reach and we cannot get to him with our cheer or comfort. Or he may be near, and yet his need is such that we cannot relieve it. Besides, human capacity for helpfulness is limited. We can give bread when one is hungry, a cup of cold water when one is thirsty, fuel for one's fire, or medicine when one is sick. We can express sympathy when one is in trouble and say a word of cheer when one is disheartened. Yet we can do little more. Even tenderest love is almost powerless in the presence of life's deepest needs.

But we can always pray and by our intercessions bring down divine blessings upon our friend. We can intercede and God will send angels to minister to those who are dear to us in their struggles. We cannot reach the wandering one in sin's dark way, but we can go to our knees and the Good Shepherd will be out on the dark mountains seeking the lost. We cannot put strength into our friend's heart in his weakness, but we can pray and God will strengthen it. We cannot comfort our friend in his sorrow, but we can speak to God and He will whisper words of true consolation.

Our hands are clumsy and unskilled, and oftentimes only hurt the life we would heal with our touch or strengthen and uphold with our strength. But in prayer we can get God's help for our friend, and God's hand is most skilful. We lack wisdom, and oftentimes the help we could give would be untimely or unwise. We would lift away burdens which God wants our friend to carry longer. We would make the way easy for him, when God has made it hard for his own good. We would save our friend from hardship or sacrifice, or hold him back from perilous duty or exhausting service, when these are the very paths God has marked out for his feet. Our love is short-sighted and oftentimes our helping would do harm rather than good. But we can pray to God and He will help always wisely.

In this way all of us can help others. Whatever else we may do or may not do for one we love we can always pray. The gate is never shut. One writes, "A prayerless love may be very tender and may speak murmuring words of sweetest sound, but it lacks the deepest expression and the noblest music of speech. We never help our friends so well as when we pray for them."

In our intercessions we should ask always for the best things. When you pray for your friends, what is it that you usually request God to do for them? What do fathers and mothers ask God to do for their children? As it worldly honor and success they seek for them—good fortune, promotion, wealth, prosperity, many friends, desirable marriage, a high place among men? Are these the best things which a parent's love can ask for a child? What are the things we ask for those we love?

St. Paul said of Epaphras that he prayed for the Colossian Christians that they might "stand perfect and complete in all the

will of God." He did not ask that they might be prosperous in business, that they might be preserved from sickness, struggle, loss or trial, but that they might stand faithful and true amid all temptation, that they might do God's will, that they might fill out the divine thought and pattern for their lives, that they might in all things please God.

This is very suggestive. The mother's prayer for her children should not be, first, that they may have worldly honor and success, but that they may be what God made them to be. God has a thought, a plan for each life. The truest prayer parents can offer for their children is that they may be so led and directed, so fitted and trained that they will be ready for the place and the duty for which God made them.

We often pray for friends who are in trouble. For example, one you love is sick. You are touched with sympathy, and you go to your closet and pray for him. What shall your prayer be? That your friend may recover? Yes; that is your heart's natural prayer. It is right, too, and you may plead for this very earnestly. But that must not be your only prayer. It would be very sad if your friend were to get well and were not to take some blessing out of his sick room with him when he goes forth from it. You are to pray also that he may be enriched in spiritual experience, that he may be made a better man through his illness, that he may be brought into closer relations with Christ, that his life may be cleansed, purified, rid of its faults, and that he may become more thoughtful, more unselfish, more gentle, more like Christ—in one word, that he may be made perfect and complete in all the will of God.

We do not know what God's best at any point is for our friend. He may be staggering under a heavy load and it may seem to us that the best that could come to him would be that lifting away of the load. But as we are about to ask this for him we remember that there may be something even more important than this. So our pleading takes the form that God will remove his load if that would be the best for him; if not, that He would strengthen him for the carrying of his burden longer and cause it to be a blessing to him.

Thus in all our praying for our friends we are to think first of their higher good, of their growing likeness to Christ. We are not true friends to others, certainly not the truest friends, if we do not strive to help them to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; if we do not labor in prayer for them that above all other things they may grow into the beauty of perfect Christian character. It is a shallow, thoughtless, worldly friendship which thinks only of others' present comfort and earthly good.

It is not good friendship to ask for money, ease and luxury for our friends, when what they need is thoughtfulness, heavenly mindedness, love for Christ, reverence for God. We should pray that they may have God in their life, that they may lay up treasures in heaven, that their sickness may make them gentler, lovelier, sweeter in spirit; that their earthly losses may work for them spiritual gain, and that they may live to be a blessing. We should not spend our time asking for those we love trifles and things that perish; we should pray rather for blessings which shall endure forever.



The Living Bread.

By Bishop H. W. Warren.

We cannot be nourished on dead matter, as rocks, or the seventeen non-metallic, and the fifty odd metallic, elements. All matter must be passed through the refining and elevating processes of lower life before it can nourish the life of men. Mosses, grains, crustacea, apple trees, chickens, oxen and a thousand other agencies are a vast laboratory for making matter fine enough to nourish the life of man. There are many intermediary operations. There is a universal law that the big fishes eat the little ones, but the little and low always ministers to the big and the more lofty life. Grass is not fit food for man, neither has he time to crop and digest it. But the leisurely cow or ox has nothing to do but to elaborate milk and meat that man can appropriate quickly and give his time to the lofty work of exercising dominion over all that is.

Now, besides feeding body and brain on the elaboration of vegetable and animal life, it is proposed to feed the spirit on the essence of life itself. Hence, Christ says rightly, "I am the Liv-

ing Bread." It exalts life amazingly to be fed upon God. No wonder that if a man eat of this intensely living bread he shall never die.

Life, as God sees it and gives it, is unthinkable intense. The prodigality and fecundity of life in the lower orders passes imagination. In some places one can scarcely put a hand down without covering a million. Of course, in the next world, for which this one was made, life is far more intense. The River of Life nourishes the Tree of Life. And the mere leaves of the Tree of Life are sufficiently vivific to heal the woes of the groaning nations. What must its fruit do?

The living creatures there are represented with powers, dominions, enjoyments and common empireships with Christ that we cannot comprehend.

A God-born and God-fed creature should be God-like.

How is the prayer, "Lord evermore give us this bread," to be answered?

The first direction is in John 6:27. "Work not for food that perisheth, but for the food that abideth unto eternal life, which the Son of Man shall give you." The idea is that more intensely than we work for perishable bread we should work for the bread of eternal life. The race for such life is not a go-as-you-please race. We are to agonize to enter in at the straight gate, with plucked-out eyes if necessary.

But the Son of Man is to give the bread. All spiritual language has a material basis. Through the centuries certain ideas had been developed by the sacrifices. All the Jews knew that every day in the Temple service flesh was made a sacrifice for sin, and was eaten to maintain life. They ought to have understood that the physical life of the true Pascal Lamb was to be given as a sacrifice for the sins of the world, and be the life-giving support of spiritual life. What an inestimable advance of thought. No wonder it was an hard saying even to the disciples. But Christ looked at the hastening death and said, I will give My flesh for the life of the world. (Verse 51.)

These words were uttered just before the Pascal Feast, when all Jews would eat of the flesh that told of the emancipation from hard Egyptian slavery and the dawn of national life. Oh, that they could have seen a still greater deliverance and a life still higher than what they had.

But what of us? There must be a real giving of the life of Christ to us, or we are none of His. It begins at the new birth. But life is short that is only born and not nourished afterward. The giving of manna was a less miracle than this, as the life that dies is less than that which is eternal. Christ said, "Verily, verily, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have no life in yourselves." And the true saint sings:

Give me Thyself, * * *
Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice
Unless Thyself be given.

But there is ample provision for this real nature to be imparted. First, there is the whole significance of nature. Every want supplied, every hunger satisfied by the whole ministry of all the world is suggestion and incentive that the best life will be provided for more surely. The Father draws every one. (Verse 44.) It is the will of the Father that life should culminate in the highest and best. We are all exhorted to let the same mind be in us that was in Christ Jesus.

All believe that Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it. But many are apt to leave it in the past tense, as if it were given once for all in some redemptive act. But it is present tense: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me and I in him." And Paul says, "It is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me."

DENVER, Colo.



Commenting upon the fact that the Americans have spent \$125,000,000 during the past year on the endowment of universities, colleges, libraries, and art schools, the *London Spectator* says that "it is thoroughly discreditable to us that Oxford and Cambridge should lack the million apiece now required for their complete equipment." As a matter of fact the total contributions for educational and other forms of beneficence the past year in this country aggregate \$90,000,000, not the large amount mentioned by the *Spectator*. But this will do; and we may add that if the next nine years shall justify its present promise the first decade will see the sum of a round billion of dollars devoted to beneficence. The nineteenth century at its close showed high-water mark; but there are not wanting indications that the tide will reach a higher mark than ever before.

Up-to-Date Points of View.¹

While we are accommodating our confessions to present scientific teachings, should the older views be imposed on mission churches? The various Presbyterian missions in India have united to form one great church in India. It is a magnificent expression of their fellowship. As a supposed necessity of this fellowship a confession of faith has been drawn up for later approval and adoption.

It begins by declaring the Old and New Testament to be "the Word of God and the only infallible rule of faith and duty." This language is familiar. The next article defines God as one, a Spirit "distinct from all other spirits and from all material things," which is a sharp denial of all monastic or pantheistic philosophies supposed to be prevalent in India. Further, the definition follows the Westminster list of the divine attributes, and then adds "love." The Trinity is defined almost in Westminster terms, as also God's work of creation of the world and of men. We then find this statement:

"All mankind descending by ordinary generation from Adam, the covenant head of the race, sinned in him and fell with him and have no ability of will to any saving good."

That is enough to condemn the creed. It requires the Hindu Christian to believe in the historical Adam and Eve, and then in a covenant for which there is no evidence, and which Adam would have had no right to make for his descendants, and then it declares a ridiculous impossibility, that men can have sinned in an ancestor. We would commend to the Presbyterian churches in India the freer creed adopted by their brethren in Japan, or ask them to wait and study the new brief creed to be offered to the General Assembly.

Evolution Cannot
Ignore Intelligence.

That evolution, in this sense of development, actually takes place and applies to all departments of knowledge is now generally admitted. Its effects are too evident to be disputed. As a consequence we find that it is not only accepted by scientists but also by scholars in general.

Many problems are, however, connected with evolution respecting which scientists themselves are divided and which now form subjects of controversy. The disputes pertain to the exact nature of evolution, what it can accomplish, and how its results are brought about.

The theory that the evolutionary process is purely mechanical, that it involves matter and motion but dispenses with mind, is meeting with emphatic and, it seems, growing opposition on the part of scientists.

Fails to Explain
the Origin of Life.

Evolution as a purely mechanical process has not accounted for the origin of life out of inorganic matter, and in so far has failed to explain the universe. It has failed to account for consciousness and for the higher processes of thought, for reason, for esthetics, for ethics, and for religion. Indeed, more and more do scientific and philosophical investigators and thinkers look on our conscious life and our mental processes as inconceivable if the universe has only matter and motion. That moving atoms can somehow so combine as to produce self-consciousness, the notion of truth, of beauty, of duty, and of God, seems absurd. So unthinkable is it that its acceptance is pronounced explicable only as the result of some preconceived theory, some faith or dogma, from which it is an inference. No possible scientific investigation can ever find an idea as the result of mechanical movement.

Certain Phases of
Darwinism Losing Ground.

Natural selection, so far as it is supposed to account for all progress, is also losing ground among scientists, at least on the continent of Europe. It has an important place, but is

only one of many factors in evolution. Especially does it fail to account for human history. There is an intellectual and ethical selection which subordinates or antagonizes natural selection. Natural selection controls primitive man; but the enlightened man selects and adapts nature to his purposes. So far as natural selection is supposed to dispense with mind or intelligent purpose in the universe it seems to be losing ground. On the continent of Europe it is common to hear certain phases of Darwinism pronounced a failure. It is certain that the extreme views which have been attached to the name of Darwin are meeting with more opposition than formerly. But Darwin's name stands for other than these extreme views, and his great scientific merits are freely recognized.

Is the Hope of
Immortality Unscientific?

The immortality of the soul has been discussed for ages, and the fiercest stage of the battle has ever been in the heart of each individual man. I do not here come forward to add to the list of combatants. Mine is a humbler aim. I want to ask whether anything has happened to dim the hopes of yesterday. No man can deny that there *were* hopes yesterday—hopes whose light was strong enough to help men to die, and—what is more wonderful—to help men to live. I want to ask if these hopes have been put out. They were lighted before the days of evolution; has evolution extinguished them? Do they belong now to a castle in the air, to a palace of fancy, to a conception of nature which no longer represents the world in which we dwell. The cry of multitudes is, "Our lamps are gone out." The plaint is not that they are inadequate, but that they are extinguished. Hundreds would be abundantly satisfied if they could only be told that the lamps of the world's virgin youth were still available to light them into the kingdom. I, too, have experienced the weight of the problem, and have subjected these lamps to a careful scrutiny. And, for my part, I have come to the conclusion that *none* of these lamps has gone out. I do not think there is a single star of hope that once trembled in the world's sky which has been extinguished by the supposed shadows of the atmosphere of science.

Immortality for
the Individual.

The particular lamps which are meant in the above point of view from Dr. Matheson are found in the permanence attached to the individual life. Even in the writings of Herbert Spencer, the apostle of evolution, Dr. Matheson has found a scientific demonstration of the truth of immortality for the individual life.

He (Spencer) tells us that there is in this universe a force whose characteristic feature is abidingness or, as he calls it, persistence. In a universe of perpetual changes—changes which the force itself has generated—it has from all eternity remained unmoved. It has never been increased; it has never been diminished. Its quantity has never varied; amid endless and fluctuating manifestations the amount of its energy is always the same. And so, after all, there is such a thing as immortality in the universe! For the first time in the record of man we have received scientific testimony to the existence of an actual immortal life.

This lamp, then—the lamp of individuality—has not been put out by science. Science has rather burnished the lamp anew. It has shown that the aspiration of religious faith is no unscientific dream. It has revealed the spectacle of a creature which has escaped death, which has perpetually renewed its days. Is there not in such a spectacle a scientific hope for man—the scientific suggestion that he, too, may possess an individual principle which the cleavage called death may leave unaffected? This is not an analogy like the simile of the butterfly, not a poetic symbol like the resurrection wrought by spring. It is a sober truth, a prosaic fact; and as such it grounds religious faith upon the ledge of experience.

¹ This department is an open court in which, numbered alphabetically for convenience, will be found original "Up-to-Date" items, short articles, news, facts and opinions of our own and other people. We especially welcome letters, comments and opinions from any source, and upon any subject of real interest. The responsible source of information for each "Point" other than our own will be given in every case. In the above these authorities are as follows: a, New York Independent (see also page 768); b, c, d, Dr. D. S. Gregory, in *Homiletic Review*; e, f, Dr. Matheson.



SPECIAL COMMITTEE OF CREED REVISION, WHOSE REPORTS WENT BEFORE THE LAST PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.

Standing (from left to right): S. J. Niccolls, D.D., John E. Parsons, D. R. Noyes, Geo. B. Stewart, D.D., Judge E. W. C. Humphrey, William McKibbin, D.D., Wm. H. Roberts, D.D., E. A. Fraser, W. R. Crabbe.
Sitting (from left to right): D. W. Fisher, D.D., Henry van Dyke, D.D., S. P. Sprecher, D.D., the late Benjamin Harrison, Charles A. Dickey, D.D., Herrick Johnson, D.D., S. W. Dana, D.D., John M. Harlan.

The General Assembly.

By Eugene M. Camp,

Secretary of The Church News Association.

While the Presbyterian General Assembly is in session in the Fifth Avenue Church, of which the Rev. Dr. John Hall was so long pastor, the casual visitor to New York, or the average citizen of the same city, neither of them especially well informed on religious matters, would say if asked that the membership growth of the Presbyterian Church does not keep pace with the growth of population. The fact is, on the contrary, that Presbyterians gather into the membership of their churches more persons annually than are represented by the population's increase, and this in spite of the further fact that there are nineteen or twenty other religious bodies in competition with it. All bodies, save a few of the smaller ones, individually beat the population growth, and collectively they lead that growth, great as it is, as 16 to 5. If it be objected that statistics are at fault, the reply is that never were religious statistics so rigorously kept, and that, for the most part, they are as much to be relied on as Government statistics of popu-

lation. In the year 1800 the number of Presbyterian communicants was 20,000; in 1825, 122,382; in 1850, 347,051; in 1875, 506,034, and in 1900, 1,007,689. Here is a growth that the forthcoming Assembly, were the occasion to present itself, might well pause to celebrate.

PRESBYTERIAN BENEVOLENCE.

Presbyterian benevolence keeps pace with its membership growth; each individual Presbyterian gives more money annually, on the average, than does the individual member of any other religious body, with one exception. That exception is the Protestant Episcopal. In 1800, Presbyterian benevolence amounted, all told, to \$2,500. In 1825, it was \$12,517; in 1850, \$406,572; in 1875, \$2,723,068, and in 1900, \$4,186,288. Here is a record that compares favorably with records made in commercial affairs. But to it should be added, if it could be known, the vast sum which Presbyterians give now, as they did not 100 years ago, to benevolences outside their own denomination, as to the endowment of colleges, the support of the Young Men's Christian Associations, the erection of hospitals and orphanages, and to the ninety and nine charities that appeal to the public, for while people who so much as nominally have identification with the churches number but about



COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY TO PREPARE A STATEMENT OF BELIEF.

Standing (from left to right): S. P. Sprecher, S. B. McCormick, C. T. Thompson, George B. Stewart, William McKibbin, Daniel R. Noyes, E. W. C. Humphrey and W. H. Roberts (Clerk).
Sitting (from left to right): Elisha A. Frazer, C. A. Dickey, Herrick Johnson, H. C. Minton (Chairman), S. J. Niccolls, D. W. Moffat, W. R. Crabbe, J. Ross Stevenson and D. W. Fisher.

[Reproduced especially for THE CHRISTIAN WORK from a photograph taken by K. Patton, Pittsburg.]



THE FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Where the General Assembly is Now Held.

one-half the total population, the benevolences of the country, non-church included, are supported by that church one-half in the proportion as three to one. Including benevolence, Presbyterians of 1850 gave \$1,462,023; those of 1875, \$9,625,594; and of 1900, \$16,338,376. The largest Presbyterian Church in America, reckoning by financial income, is the Brick, New York, with an income of from \$120,000 to \$140,000 a year, only a small portion of which it uses in its own support.

TWO MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE.

There are two matters of supreme importance to come before the approaching Assembly. One of these is the report of the Creed Revision Committee, and the other the proposition to supply Judicial Commissions. The former of these questions is the taking up again of a matter that has long been before the denomination, and which came to a head in 1892, only to be outweighed in interest and sidetracked by the Briggs trial. The latter came from a committee on Judicial Commissions, of which the stated clerk of New York Presbytery, the late Rev. Dr. G. W. F. Birch, was a prominent and active member. The Assembly of exactly ten years ago adopted a report of a Creed Revision Committee, and it is considered likely that the approaching Assembly will adopt the one to be presented to it. What may happen to the report after it gets to the Presbyterians, as it must go, is quite another matter.

THE CREED REVISION.

In the discussion in a previous Assembly, preceding the appointment of the committee now about to report, the Rev. Dr. S. P. Sprecher, of Cleveland, a leading liberal, made the announcement in a formal manner that nothing was sought to be revised into or out of the doctrinal standards that would be destructive of the Calvinistic system. Having been accepted, the announcement allayed apprehension, and it has done much toward that unanimous committee report which everybody now expects. The Committee, containing some of the ablest men in the denomination, has held many meetings. It was charged under two heads.

One of these was the amendment of the present doctrinal standards, and the other to prepare a brief statement of the Reformed faith. The Committee found the recommendations of the Assembly to divide themselves into two parts. One of these was a positive statement not to be believed; the other, a statement in various forms, and capable of varying interpretations. The Committee will report changes in the five articles in question, and will declare in one of them that it has ever been the doctrine of the Church that elect infants include all infants dying in infancy.

The new statement of the Reformed faith is said by those who have heard it to be in terms that are accepted by Protestant Christianity generally. This statement is for instruction and evangelization, and is not a test of Presbyterian membership. The Committee was given a supplementary task of adding two chapters to the Confession. One is on the Gospel, and the other on the Holy Spirit. These latter follow closely the report of 1892.

Important as are the changes in the present Confession, whether by declaratory statement or textual revision, it is believed that the brief statement of the reformed doctrines marks a still greater departure from the Confession of the seventeenth century and opens a path for a new creed. While called a working creed and intended by the appointment of the Assembly as simply a popular statement, it is the fear of many conservatives that the next step will be an effort to substitute it for the Westminster Confession. The articles of Faith in the Brief Statement include these: God; Revelation; Eternal Purpose; the Creation; the Sin of Man; the Grace of God; Our Lord Jesus Christ; Faith and Repentance; the Holy Spirit; the New Birth and the New Life; the Resurrection and the Life to Come; the Church and the Sacrament; the Last Judgment; Christian Service and the Final Triumph.

THE JUDICIAL COMMISSIONS.

The Judicial Commissions question comes this year from the presbyteries. The overtures provide that the General Assembly shall, and the synods and presbyteries may, appoint such com-

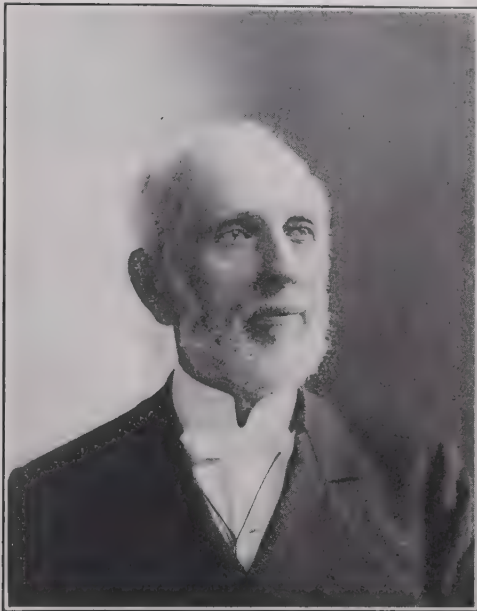


REV. J. ROSS STEVENSON, D.D., LL.D.,
Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church and Member of the Revision Committee.

missions for the hearing and deciding of judicial cases. Much space is taken up in definitions of such cases. The argument in favor of such commissions is that assemblies and presbyteries, and especially the former, are much too hurried in time to admit of deliberation requisite to the trial of important cases. Further-



REV. DR. HENRY COLLIN MINTON,
The Retiring Moderator and Chairman of the Revision Committee.



REV. DR. WILSON PHRANER.
Prominently Mentioned for Moderator of this General Assembly.



REV. DR. CHARLES A. DICKEY,
Ex-moderator and One of the Leading Members of the Revision Committee.

more, they often contain members temperamentally unfitted for the trial of them. The argument against the overtures seems to have taken the form of distrust, and it is thought likely the plan may fail. Those who advanced it have argued eloquently and long, to the effect that the presbyterial system, as designed to govern a national religious body, is incomplete without a body corresponding in our political government to the Supreme Court.

It seems a rule in religious as in other matters that the expected often fails to happen. Following the McGiffert agitation managers of several benevolent causes looked for a stringency in receipts. There was a further complication in conditions in New York City, the chief source of supply, so to speak, for missionary and charitable moneys, due to many vacant pastorates and the unfortunate incidents which accompanied and followed the retirement of the Rev. Dr. John Hall from the pastorate of what had been financially the largest Presbyterian Church in America. Not only did the stringency not come, but a further proof to the theory



THE CALVARY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA,
Where the General Assembly Was Held Last Year and the Special Committee
Presented Its Report on Creed Revision.

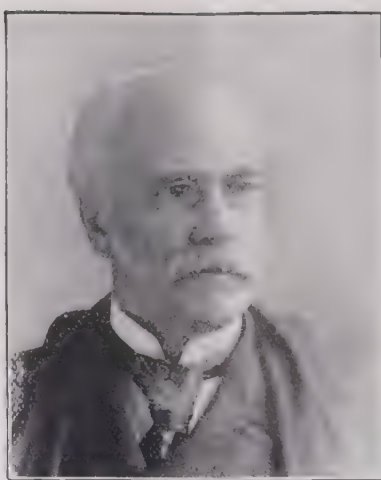
that ups always equal, often more than equal, the downs, no matter how discouraging the latter appear, was afforded in the fact that Presbyterian conditions in country and city were not really injured.

EARNESTNESS AND SPIRITUALITY.

Spiritually, the condition of the Presbyterian Church in America, all branches, is excellent. Earnest leaders tell us it is not what it ought to be, but earnest leaders always tell us that—when churches are really alive to their mission. There are few controversies. Personalities play little part. There is a slight rustle over McCormick Seminary, its conservative or liberal control, and some apprehension is felt for the marked decline in number of students in theological seminaries generally. (Union Seminary is still without the official fold, and while a visit to Princeton will be paid by the commissioners of the forthcoming Assembly, none will be paid to Union, within almost a stone's



REV. DR. CHARLES L. THOMPSON,
Secretary Home Missions.



PROF. JOHN DEWITT,
Princeton Theological Seminary.



REV. DR. CHARLES A. STODDARD,
Chairman of the Press Committee.

throw. But Union is prosperous. All boards of the denomination are without debts, or practically so, and many of them have just closed their largest financial years. Progress has been made in the Twentieth Century Fund and in the debt-paying plan for the New York building. Presbyterians put \$100,000 a year into the education of candidates for their ministry, aid colleges under their control to the extent of \$275,000 a year, give Sunday-school work \$125,000, help congregations erect new churches by giving them \$175,000 a year, turn over to colored people of the South, for their benefit, \$150,000 a year, and pay \$75,000 a year for expenses of their General Assembly. Add to this, could it be known, the vast sum which Presbyterians give to causes not put down in their official list. It is a common remark of leaders in all religious bodies that their people give to all causes more generously than they do to their denominational one. The remark contains some exaggeration, but it is largely true of Presbyterians. Nevertheless, Presbyterian ambitions are at this moment in more prosperous shape than they have ever been since there was a Presbyterian Church. This is true of financial extent and support, and, making all allowances for the zeal of the leaders who rightly demand higher levels, it is true of spiritual conditions and prospects.

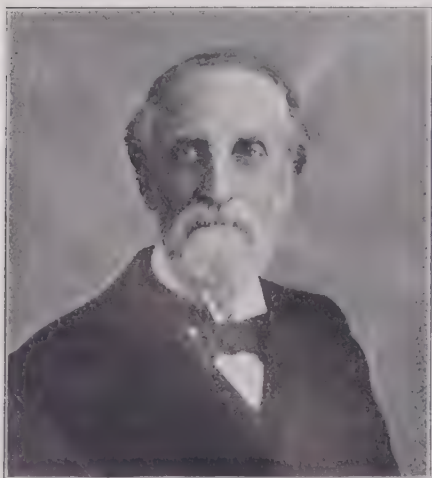
PRESBYTERIAN WOMEN'S SOCIETIES.

Presbyterian women do a tremendous amount of working and giving. There are half a dozen women's societies aiding the Board of Foreign Missions, having headquarters in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon. Women assisting the Board of Home Missions are in one society. Unlike women in some other religious bodies Presbyterian women work in harmony and cooperation with the men's societies, and do not carry on their own work in their own way. There are men's societies in other denominations who wish women of their denominational name would take pattern after Presbyterian women, and avoid duplication, and often confusion.

HOME MISSIONS.

During the approaching Assembly there will be the usual public meetings, among them a celebration by the Board of Home Missions of the centennial of home mission work. The President of the United States will assist in that celebration. The Board of Foreign Missions will also have a public meeting, and visits will be paid by the Commissioners to the homes of the American Bible and American Tract Societies. It goes without saying that the matter of union with Presbyterians of the South may come up. The North is willing to unite, and long has been. The South has but to say the word, and the period of rejoicing over national unity will set in. Changes are making in Presbyterian conditions, locally and throughout the country, in the important matter of leaders. Giants in the pulpits are disappearing. This is true in bodies other than the Presbyterian. It is not that smaller men are in these pulpits. On the contrary, there are greater men. Pulpiters to-day who are counted excellent but not superlatively great men would have towered above their fellows of forty years ago and had national fame. It takes more ability now than it did half a century ago to secure prominence of the first rank in the Presbyterian fold. Ministers in New York, where the approaching Assembly will sit, are as a class quite as active, as keen, as foresighted to the religious chance as are Wall street men to the financial one. And this is true, not alone of New York, but of all cities. We hear much of the kings of commerce, and of the wonderful shrewdness they display. Some say the achievements of those who lead in the work of the King of Righteousness are less brilliant, less earnest. I do not share this view, and if a personal statement may be permitted, I may say that I am in position to see both commercial and religious leaders at close range. And the Church, the Presbyterian Church and others, does not suffer in comparison.

NEW YORK CITY, May 15, 1902.



ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.,
Editor Missionary Review of the World.



REV. FRANK W. SNEED, D.D.,
Pastor Wash. Ave. Pres. Church, St. Louis, Mo.



REV. DR. JOHN B. DEVINS,
Secretary of the Press Committee.



REV. JOHN R. DAVIES, D.D.,
Bethlehem Church.



REV. JAS. STUART DICKSON,
Woodland Church.



REV. W. P. FULTON, D.D.,
Ninth Church.



REV. H. O. GIBBONS, D.D.,
Old Pine Street Church.



REV. JOHN GRAHAM,
East Park Church.



REV. J. A. HENRY, D.D.,
Princeton Church.



REV. THOS. A. HOYT, D.D.,
Chambers-Wylie Mem. Church.



REV. F. A. HORTON, D.D.,
Temple Church.



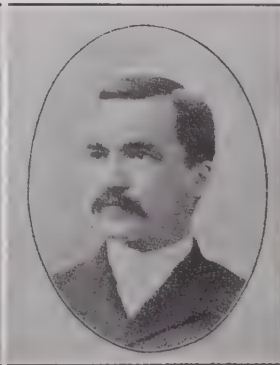
REV. ROBT. HUNTER, D.D.,
Union Tabernacle.



REV. WM. HUTTON, D.D.,
Greenwich Street Church.



REV. M. J. HYNDMAN,
Church of the Evangel.



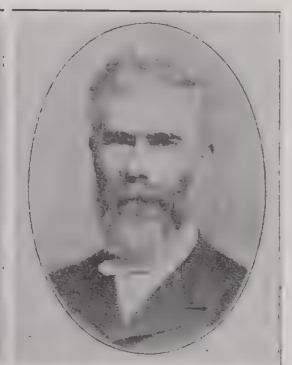
REV. R. T. JONES, D.D.,
Susquehanna Ave. Church.



REV. ABRAHAM L. LATHAM,
North Tenth Street Church.



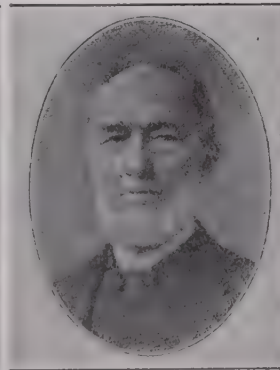
REV. W. L. LEDWITH, D.D.,
Tioga Church.



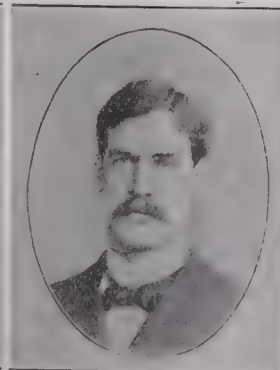
REV. J. H. MUNRO, D.D.,
Central Church.



REV. WILLIAM PATTERSON,
Bethany Church.



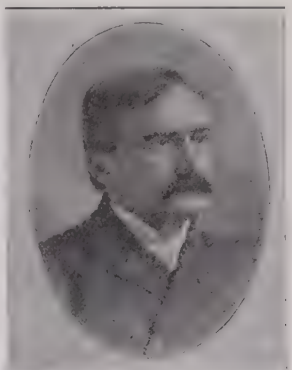
REV. W. M. RICE, D.D.,
Stated Clerk Presby. of Phila.



REV. ANDREW T. TAYLOR,
Gaston Church.



REV. CHARLES WOOD, D.D.,
Second Church.



REV. C. WADSWORTH, JR., D.D.,
North Broad Street Church.

Twenty Presbyterian Pastors of our Philadelphia Churches, who are expected to attend the present General Assembly from the City of Brotherly Love.



The Church in Wall Street as it
Appeared About 1719.

First Presbyterian Church of New York
as it Appears To-day.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NEW YORK.

This Was the First Church Mentioned as Receiving Aid from the Home Mission Funds (1719).

A Glance at the Past.

By Charles L. Thompson, D.D.

Secretary of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

General Washington in his farewell address to the country said: "In proportion as the people have to do with the affairs of the Government in that measure is it important that they should be virtuous and intelligent." As in this country the people have everything to do with the Government, it has come to be a truism that religion and intelligence are the twin pillars upon which our national fabric rests. This was recognized by the "Fathers" who first came to these shores. Indeed they came to find freedom to worship God and to govern themselves, hence they early became missionaries. They made their missionary enterprise the very genius of their Government. What else should the descendants of the Reformation in Scotland and Switzerland and among the Huguenots do? It was to be expected that our Government would rest upon religious basis, while steadily maintaining the principle of the separation of Church and State. Democratic government, free institutions, free schools and the Christian religion are the nerve ideas upon which our Government rests and are distinctly traceable to Switzerland and Scotland.

PRESBYTERIAN INFLUENCE IN COLONIAL HISTORY.

In our colonial history it is very well known that the Presbyterian influence was not only strong but dominant. So true is this that the historian, George

Bancroft, said: "The revolution of 1776, so far as it was affected by religion, was a Presbyterian measure? It was the natural outgrowth of the principles which the Presbyterianism of the old world planted in her sons, the English Puritans, the Scotch Covenanters, the French Huguenots, the Dutch Calvinists and the Presbyterians of Ulster."

The Declaration of Independence, as now preserved in the State Department at Washington, is in the handwriting of a Scotch-Irishman, Charles Thompson, Secretary of Congress. It is said to have been first printed by Thomas Dunlap, another Scotch-Irishman, and a third Scotch-Irishman, Captain John Nixon, of Philadelphia, was the first to read it to the people.

PRESBYTERIANISM AND PATRIOTISM.

The Presbyterians were rebels almost to a man. The Synod of New York and Philadelphia was the first ecclesiastical body that counseled open resistance to England. The ministers committed themselves in their pulpits to the cause of American freedom and of many of them it might be said, as it was said of John Craighead, of Pennsylvania, that he fought and preached alternately.

It would be interesting to follow the development of this patriotic and Christian spirit in the early records of our Church. Thus the first Presbytery considered this overture: "That the state of the frontier settlements should be taken into consideration and missionaries be sent to them to form them into congregations, ordain elders, administer the sacraments and direct them to the best measures of obtaining the gospel ministry regularly among them." Thus the very spirit of evangelization breathed in the very first formal ecclesiastical action taken by our Church in this country. At the first meeting of the Synod of Philadelphia, in 1717, is found the following record, to wit: "That we are all agreed to unite our endeavors to the spreading of the Gospel of Christ in these dark regions of the world, viz., the Province of New York, the Jerseys, Pennsylvania and the territories of Maryland and Virginia."

The names to head the honor-roll of our missionary leaders are Nathan Her and Joshua Hart, who were sent out by the Assembly of 1790 on recommendation of the Synod of New York and New Jersey. From that time on, each Assembly gave particular attention to the cause of missions—no other subject occupied them so much. The work of the first missionaries extended as far as Middletown, in the State of New York, and to the Oneida Indians, around Lake Otsego. In Pennsylvania they visited the Lackawanna Valley. They reported thus early of the number of people who were going into those remote regions with amazing rapidity and they suggested that another missionary be sent out "that the hopes of the pioneers may be raised and the foundation of gospel principles may be laid in this extensive and



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BENICIA, CALIFORNIA.



DR. G. F. MCAFEE,
Supt. of Schools.

CHAS. L. THOMPSON, D.D.,
Secretary.

JOHN D. DIXON, D.D.,
Asst. Sec'y.

D. STUART DODGE, D.D.,
President.

H. C. OLIN,
Treasurer.

OFFICERS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS.

growing country." Ah, how little they knew of the extent of our country or what would be its growth!

It is interesting to notice that thus early the Synods of Virginia and the Carolinas were supporting their own missionaries. Synodical self-support is thus pretty old. The reason for their taking up their own work was that they were too far off to get in easy communication with the Assembly.

PRESBYTERIANISM AND FRATERNITY.

How friendly our Church has always been with other denominations and how desirous of doing work in a cooperative way is indicated by the action of the Assembly in 1794, in which it was stated: "As our aim has not been to proselyte from other communities to our denomination we have charged our missionaries to avoid all doubtful disputations, to abstain from unfriendly censure or reflections on other religious persuasions, adhering strictly to the great doctrines of our holy religion which influence the heart and life in the ways of godliness, to follow after the things that make for peace and general edification."

The "Fathers" were, moreover, careful that our missionary work should go to the places of greatest need. We hear a good deal of taking advantage of strategic positions. But as the Master went to the lonely ones and scattered ones who had but few friends or helpers, so our Assembly in 1795 charged the missionary "to confine his labors to such settlements and people as may not yet have been formed into regular societies and appear unable in their present state to make compensation for supplies and be particularly attentive to such settle-

ments as are most out of the reach of other places."

That our Church has always held a high ideal of what should be the character of our missionary laborers is evident from an action of the Assembly in 1798 in which it was declared that the missionaries should be "men of ability, piety, zeal, prudence and popular talents." This is still our standard and our missionary work will advance in proportion as the best men of the Church give themselves with self-denial and devotion to this most interesting and most important part of our Church work.

We are familiar now with the idea of missionary superintendence in

order that the work may be more effectually administered. The first record of an attempt at such superintendence appears in 1799 when one or more persons of suitable character were designated to take up their residence in towns convenient, whose business it should be to receive applications from different settlements and to aid and direct such missionaries as might be sent out by the Assembly. Fort Schuyler, on the Mohawk River, and Geneva, on Seneca Lake, were suggested as centers for such superintendence.

It was to be expected that the Church which sent out John Elliot and the Brainerds to do work among the Indians would continue that Christ-like service. It is, therefore, interesting to observe that the Assembly of 1800 called attention to the need of gospelizing the Indians on the frontiers and of selecting men in the character of catechists who might "instruct the Indians, the black people and other persons unacquainted with the principles



PRESBYTERIAN HEADQUARTERS AT LAWTON, OKLAHOMA.

of our holy religion." And now for one glance toward the future. To take in the opportunity for home mission work with which this century dawns would be a survey stimulating enough to awaken the enthusiasm of the dullest brain. Never in the history of our historic American years have events so accumulated to stir the heart of Christian patriotism as since 1898.

What shall we be to ourselves? What shall we be to the nations of the earth? These are questions which come to us with new force. The answer to them very largely is to be found in the work of Christian missions. Whether the gathering of the new populations under our flag will be a blessing or a curse depends on what education and the gospel shall do for those peoples. They are ready to receive them. Weary of the paganism and superstition under which they have lived, they are ready for better things. The Church of Christ has a summons loud enough to call forth all its energies. Will she respond in a measure at all adequate?

The first action with reference to the missionary relation of our Church and the Congregational Church which was destined to play so large a part in the first half of the century appears in 1801 when a Plan of Union was adopted to promote a spirit of accommodation between Presbyterians and Congregationalists in the new settlements. This continued in harmonious action and with varying degrees of success until the division of the Presbyterian Church in 1837.

At the meeting of the Assembly in 1801 we have the first record of a permanent fund for missionary work. The Trustees of the Assembly recommended that the moneys obtained as the result of soliciting contributions for the support of missionaries should be regarded as capital stock, "to be invested in secure and permanent funds for missionary purposes; that the proceeds of it should be employed in propagating the gospel among the Indians, in instructing the black people and purchasing pious books to be distributed among the poor, or in maintaining, when the Assembly shall think themselves competent to the object, theological schools, and for such other pious and benevolent purposes as may hereafter be deemed expedient."

It is interesting to notice that while they were thus making large plans for the development of our Church along educational and philanthropical, as well as missionary, lines, the first use of these funds was expressly designated for increasing the number of missionaries and extending the blessing of the gospel by their labors through the greatest scope of the country.

Self-support was not forgotten. The Assembly of 1801 enjoined its missionaries to impress upon the communities where they labored the necessity of contributing for the support of the mission, and, besides that, they again took action on behalf of the small settlements "which, on account of their obscurity or infancy, might have hitherto been overlooked or neglected by former missionaries." The two great principles of missionary administration are here evolved: (1) That every church should advance toward self-support as rapidly as possible. (2) That the places that had no promise, by reason of their obscurity or in-

fancy, of any speedy development toward self-support should, notwithstanding, be furnished with gospel privileges.

THE WORK OF ORGANIZATION.

So far the work of home missions may have been said to be systematic, but it was not organized. The Assembly of 1802 has the honor of having organized it by the appointment of a "Permanent Committee on Home Missions," consisting at first of seven members—four clergymen and three laymen. They should gather information relative to missions and missionaries; they should designate places where missionaries should be employed; they should nominate missionaries to the Assembly and generally transact, under the direction of the Assembly, the missionary business. It will be seen that between Assemblies this Permanent Committee had practically the power of a missionary board.

The responsibility of Presbyteries, which has become so large a factor now in the administration of home mission work, emerges prominently in the action of the Assembly of 1803, which ordered "that the Presbyteries in future report on this subject to the Committee of Missions only, and make their reports so early as to enable said committee to avail themselves of the information and present the result to the General Assembly from year to year." This is essentially the course that is now taken with reference to the Board of Home Missions.

How close to the border was the missionary ground of our Church in 1803 is illustrated by the fact that the Standing Committee of Home Missions that year was vested with discretionary power to send missionaries to Norfolk in Virginia, to the city of Washington, to the Genesee and Sparta in Ontario County, N. Y.

SCOTTISH FUND FOR NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

The Church of Scotland had, a few years before, offered to the Assembly certain funds for carrying on the work among the North American Indians. They at the time replied that they were unable to avail themselves of the funds for lack of the men to send out as missionaries. But as early as 1803 they began to indulge the hope that they might avail themselves of that Scottish fund, for they instructed their committee "to procure the whole or such part thereof as may comport with



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, SKAGWAY.



A LITTLE BIT OF REAL LIFE IN SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

the best interests, and also with the views of the Society."

At this time they were beginning to send missionaries to the West as far as the "Mississippi Territory." The beginning of a missionary service that was to tell mightily on the regeneration of the State of Ohio is marked by the action of the Assembly of 1805, in which it is recorded that James Hoge, a licentiate of the Presbytery of Lexington, serve as a missionary for six months in the State of Ohio and the Natchez district. A pretty large commission for one young man—but, then, he was a large young man. The next year he is again employed as a missionary for three months in the State of Ohio and parts adjacent. How far he ever got to the parts adjacent to the State of Ohio we are not informed.

They are also now beginning to progress toward work among the Cherokee Indians in Tennessee, and the name of Gideon Blackburn, the home missionary hero of that Southwest, appears



NEW DWIGHTS, INDIAN TERRITORY.

as one who was employed for two months in missionary service and \$500 was appropriated for an Indian School instituted by him. Year after year there is record of continued appropriations for the Hywassee School which he had started.

The need of an increasing number of missionaries pressed itself upon the Assembly of 1809, and Presbyteries were called upon "to inquire for poor and pious young men who may promise usefulness in the gospel ministry and are willing to devote themselves to it and raising a fund for their education." This is a hint of the beginning of the Board of Education. The Board of Publication has the first hint of its future in the action of the Assembly of 1810, when the Committee of Missions was directed "annually to prepare and publish for the information of the churches a pamphlet or pamphlets entitled 'Missionary Intelligence.'"

HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Thus out of the work of the Board of Home Missions the need of one Board after another became apparent. In 1812 we have the first hint of a possible relation of home and foreign missions. A communication had been received from the American Board of Commissioners for foreign missions, suggesting the expediency of a cooperation of the two societies. Our Assembly replied in substance that the business of foreign missions might better be managed by a single Board, and that the home mission engagements were so numerous as to render it inconvenient to take a part in foreign missions.

The year before the organization of the present Board of Home Missions, viz., in 1815, the appointment of missionaries covered a distance extending from Lake Champlain and the Canadian line on the North, and from Long Island and the Delaware River in the East to the Indiana Territory in the West, and Kentucky and Tennessee in the South.

The Home Board in its present form was organized in 1816. Its title was "The Board of Missions acting under authority of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States." They were authorized to generally conduct the work of home missions in all its phases.

The expediency of doing foreign missionary work having been brought to the attention of the Board they reported: "That in

their judgment the union of foreign missions with domestic missions would produce too great complexity in the affairs of the Board, but they suggested the forming of a foreign missionary society composed of members of our Church and the Reformed Dutch and the Associate Reformed Church and other churches having adopted the same creed." This, however, was deemed inexpedient, and the action was never taken.

RAPID GROWTH OF THE WORK.

After the organization of the Board the work grew rapidly in every direction. The stream of population flowed into the Central and Western parts of the country. The Erie Canal was completed in 1825 and a new impetus was given to the westward movement—Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin were being settled. Before the middle of the century, advancing columns had crossed the Mississippi River under the lead of such pioneers as Marcus Whitman and H. H. Spaulding.

The progress of missions in the latter half of the century is comparatively recent history. It is an epoch of much missionary heroism that has not yet been written. The materials for it are abundant. How in one generation our Church organized nearly 2,000 churches in the States of the plains between the Mississippi River and Rocky Mountains; how schools, colleges and universities sprung up in the new towns and cities all over that region bearing an impress of and exercising a Christian influence; and how

in the latter part of the last century the tide of population moving toward the Pacific Coast and up along that coast to Alaska gave opportunity for the going of the pioneer column of the home missionary and the Christian teacher; this is now a familiar story. It constitutes the most encouraging phase of our national expansion. "New occasions teach new duties."

The occasions

have come and the duties are before us. Let us, as a Church that is proud of its patriotic history in the past and of its Christian zeal for the extension of Christ's Kingdom, gird our loins and trim our lamps and go forward to garner fields that are white unto the harvest.



INDIAN HOME AND MISSION SCHOOL, INDIAN TERRITORY.



OLD DWIGHTS, INDIAN TERRITORY.



MORMON TITHING HOUSE, MONTPELIER, IDAHO.

Utah the Battlefield of the Home Mission Cause.¹

A Crisis in Christian Work—An Appeal to the Churches of the Presbyterian Denomination.

By Rev. S. E. Wishard, D. D.

In the judgment of the Presbytery of Utah, in session at Kaysville, April 3 to 5, 1902, a crisis has been reached in Christian work in this State. Christian work has been carried on here now, by the great Christian denominations, for over thirty years. This work has wrought a great social, civil, and moral transformation, so that there is a striking and salutary contrast between the Utah of thirty years ago and the Utah of to-day.

MANY MORMONS CONVERTED.

Hundreds of Mormon young people have had the Christian training which has set them free from the awful bondage of the Mormon system, and enabled them to become intelligent and patriotic citizens and founders of homes on the Christian basis. Over 1,500 Mormons have been converted from Mormonism to Christianity. Scores of communities have been enlightened and transformed by Christian schools and Christian churches. One of the most touching things in Christian

work in Utah is to see noble Christian young men and women rising in public meetings and declaring with grateful tears that they owe all their brightest hopes, their faith in God, and in his dear Son, and their soul's salvation to the Christian Mission school and the Christian church.

THE DANGEROUS POWER OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

But notwithstanding these great achievements of Christian Mission work in Utah, there is yet much land to be possessed. A great and difficult work remains to be done. There are scores of towns from 1,000 to 1,400 population yet without the gospel. Statehood has given the priesthood a new lease of power, and, in some important respects, it is much stronger than it has ever been. Look at its power. It controls the election of U. S. Senators from this State. The patriotic and Christian citizens of Utah have hardly a single non-Mormon paper left in the State at the present time, to stand for truth and righteousness, which is independent of the control of this false Mormon system.

Furthermore, the priesthood seems to be entering upon the closest conflict with the Christian churches of Utah which they have ever experienced. *This makes the crisis.* From our different mission fields up and down the State our workers report that the ranks of the priesthood are closing in around them, for a new trial of their strength, with the Christian forces. The word has gone out anew that Mormon

children must be withdrawn from Christian schools, and that the Mormon people must cease all association with the representatives of Christianity. Both in Utah and Idaho, the doctrine of polygamy is taught with new vigor. Under the new Mormon administration of President Joseph F. Smith, we must expect that, for the next few years, all the resources of Mormonism will be consolidated against the Christian minority in Utah as never before. Nothing will be left undone to restrain and stop our Christian work.

APPEAL TO THE CHURCHES AND HOME

MISSION BOARD.

Now in view of this situation, and of the blighting curse of Mormonism wherever it gets a foothold, we make our Christian appeal to the churches and Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian denomination.

First: We appeal to you to continue your cooperation with us, in this mighty moral conflict in Utah, so that it may not be necessary to withdraw one single minister from any field, nor to close one single school. The conference of ministers and teachers, on Friday, while recognizing the compactness of the Mormon ranks against us, under the leadership of President Smith, a nephew of the false prophet, manifested the greatest unity of purpose to hold every point and not close one school or mission field. But in order to do this, we must have the continued support of the Presbyterian church as a whole. The very fact that the Mormon leaders recognize the power of the Christian churches in Utah, and are taking special pains to combat them, shows the encouraging progress which Christianity is making against the false but powerful system.

UTAH THE HOME MISSION BATTLEFIELD.

Second: Just as in the Civil War the general who led our forces to victory massed his troops at that part of the line where the enemy's ranks were strongest,



PRESBY'N CHURCH, SALINA, UTAH.

so we appeal to you to help us in concentrating the Home Mission strength against the compact lines of the opposition in Utah. In the judgment of the Presbytery, Virginia was not more the decisive battle-field of the Civil War, than Utah is the decisive battle-field of the Home Mission cause on this continent. For Utah has not only all the evils which curse other States, but in addition it has this false system of Mormonism, so or-

¹ The accompanying report and appeal on the condition of Christian work in Utah was unanimously adopted by the Presbytery of Utah at Kaysville, Utah, on April 5, 1902.



PRESBYTERIAN SPANISH SCHOOL AT LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ganized under a powerful priesthood that it not only holds the people in social and moral bondage but it actually controls the State through its representatives in State offices. This system controls the election of United States Senators from Utah; it also so subsidizes the press that hardly a non-Mormon paper is left free to oppose its mischievous methods and dangerous power. Business men also feel its tyrannical pressure in the commercial sphere. It also controls Idaho, portions of Wyoming and Colorado, and curses the territories of Arizona and New Mexico. So that Utah is not only the religious but the patriotic battle-field of the Home Mission cause, and is likely to remain so for many years, until the Christian forces break the solid lines of the Mormon ranks with the good sword of the Spirit.

ERRORS TO BE AVOIDED.

Third: We appeal to you not to fall into the error of supposing that the slow increase of church members and church contributions in Utah is due to any lack of faithfulness or efficiency on the part of the Christian workers in the various Christian denominations. It is due to the Mormon ostracism which compels converts to the Christian faith to move out of the community to gain the livelihood which is denied them in the Mormon community.



PRESBY'N CHURCH, IDA, MICH.

It is due, also, to the necessity of sending the young people away to get the needful education.

Fourth: We appeal to you to be on your guard, also, against the very plausible, but none the less false, representations of the Mormon missionaries, that the Mormon people in Utah are mainly Christian already, and that there is no need of Christian mission work in that State. The fact is, that while there are



PRESBY'N CHURCH IN BISMARCK, N. D.

many plausible statements in the Mormon system, it is, nevertheless, as false as Mohammedanism.

Do the people want our mission schools? Everywhere we go they plead for schools, and although we have had a good attendance during the past year we cannot keep up with the demand. Already this year our schools are full and scores are being turned away. The people are willing to be convinced of the error of their ways, and the time is ripe for action.

Fifth: Finally, if the way be open, we would ask the Home Mission Board to keep some representative of Christian work in Utah constantly lecturing before the churches of the country, to give the people the facts about the situation here.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah.

Along the Pacific Coast.

Along the Pacific coast, stimulated to increased activity and steadily enlarging population, the Home Mission work is almost dramatic in its interest and possibilities. During the latter half of the century the incoming tides of population, like an inland sea, have rolled over the Rockies and Sierras and have peopled the valleys of the Pacific from Mexico to the British line with people, whose zeal for education and the gospel marks an heroic chapter in the history of the Church. The Pacific coast thus sends an immediate and powerful



PRESBY'N CHURCH IN DEMING, N. M.

summons to the Church to be up and doing. Fully one-third of the world's population is on the Pacific coast. Secretary Seward's prediction that a generation thence the Pacific would be the center of the world's thought and strife has come true. As China and the Orient are opened up to commerce, it means that our Pacific States are to have an increasing share in it. It will not be forgotten that in a great measure the great Northwest was saved to the country through the patriotic sacrifices of Marcus Whitman, a home missionary; which gives a pathetic tinge and a deepened devotion to the interests of the Church in that part of the country. We have a flourishing Spanish school and mission at Los Angeles, California, and churches in Bismarck, North Dakota and at Deming, New Mexico. In Mexico, a few of the towns and cities have fairly good school advantages, but in general the educational conditions are deplorable. What can be expected here when it is known that only four years ago the legislature appointed as Superintendent of Education a man of whom even his friends said that he could scarcely read and write?

In some of the so-called schools one may find a man in charge with a rod in his hand, with scarcely enough light from the little windows or round holes to see the books, the children sitting round the walls on grocery boxes or pieces of wood on the floor, often with scarcely half enough readers and utterly devoid of method.

Is it any wonder that with such conditions comparatively few of the Mexicans can either read or write? During one of his long trips, holding services regularly, our Synodical missionary asked the people in attendance how many could read and write and by actual count not one-seventh of those in attendance could do so. He adds that the most intelligent people in the plazas were there.



MONSTER TENT IN MANILA.

Where Were Held the First "White" Gospel Meetings in the History of the Philippines.

Immense Meetings in Manila.

Missionary Work Among Americans in the Philippine Islands.

By William Edgar Geil,

Special Missionary Correspondent of THE CHRISTIAN WORK.

Although I have had "a pair of eggs" (pasado por agua) as the foundation of every breakfast I have eaten in the Philippine archipelago—and travelers of twenty years ago record the identical conditions there—yet in other and diverging lines the changes are more rapid and noticeable. Last week the splendid new steel bridge across the Pasig River was christened with champagne, in the presence of the highest officials and a large crowd. This was never done before in this group of islands, I am told. If liquor must be used, I am in favor of using up all the intoxicating beverages dedicating or opening water-spans. We are instructing the whole people in drunkenness, also. I saw several persons reeling along the Luneta, near the Legaspi Monument, one night after 10 o'clock, shouting in imitation of a drunken American. But in good things we are also at work. I have not seen an intoxicated American soldier since my arrival, and the city of Manila, while not perfectly governed by a good deal, still there is cleanliness and safety. The metropolitan police, consisting, as to the Americans, of the pick of the volunteer soldiers, is the finest looking body of police I have seen in any city. The air is full of change and new things all the way from "Bounty for Rats" tents, with a monthly income of ten thousand rats, to the Rapid Transit Company and Cold Storage, the public schools and religious liberty.

THE MAMMOTH TENT GOSPEL CAMPAIGN.

For the first time in the history of the Philippines there has been a Union Evangelistic campaign, which has just closed. When the writer reached Manila, the Evangelical Union at once arranged to

take advantage of the offer to assist in any possible plan during my stay, and, of course, without remuneration. The Y. M. C. A., which has been the strongest force for righteousness in the islands since the occupation, promptly went vigorously to work, obtained permission to pitch a tent in the best location in the city, head on to

REV. BRANLIO MANIKAN,
First Filipino Preacher.

the Luneta, the fashionable seaside drive, where a military band plays evenings, and thousands walk and ride in the cool of the day. Canvas was stretched on bamboo frames and in an incredibly short time a big tabernacle was ready, seated with planed board benches and rattan chairs; a passing notice, and especially the soldiers attended by the thousands, and hundreds

platform built tier above tier for the chorus choir, and a smaller tent for inquiry meetings attached to the main canvas church. In front a monster sign, for the first time in the history of the islands, as follows: "Gospel Mass-Meeting Tonight." This was all very startling to the Friars, whether dressed in brown, black, white, or blue female garb. I have seen them looking at the great tent, which had appeared as if by magic, and sigh and commence debating. Ah, how our legions have modified matters here! Only a very few years ago this tent was impossible, and to have insisted upon such a startling and unheard of scheme must have resulted in banishment, the prison or death in the dungeon. The crowds passing found themselves impressed by the mammoth Gospel preparations. Two pianos and an organ were on the platform with a choir of fifty voices, and large crowds every evening, sometimes overflowing into the Inquiry Room, with many standing and others outside listening to the songs and sermons. This is to be reckoned such an unusual occurrence as to be worthy of more than of them professed conversion. There were numerous civilians also who received a blessing from God. The troops going home were quartered in Camp Wallace nearby, and it will be a help to the home churches to have these men coming directly from the firing line, stand out firmly and tell of the wonderful work of God they saw in old friar-infected Manila.

Missionary Hanna, of the Union Christian Mission, was chorister. Missionary Goddell, of the M. E. Missions, played one of the instruments, and of the Presbyterian missionaries, Rogers and McIntyre, one played a cornet and the other helped in every possible way. The United Brethren missionaries and the Y. M. C. A. secretaries were all actively engaged. It was good to witness the leaders of the British and Foreign Bible Societies working hand in hand with the chiefs of the American Bible Society to extend the Kingdom of our Lord. Then, too, is to be mentioned and with considerable emphasis, Major Halford, who was private secretary to President Harrison. He was constantly to the front, both in the preparatory meetings held in the M. E. Church, which is the first American church in the islands, and has oyster-shell windows. He worked like a Christian major on the platform, conversed with sinners inquiring the way of salvation, and setting a beautiful example to the officials who are inclined to accommodate the Spanish friars by staying away from the Protestant church services.

A SOLDIER'S DREADFUL DREAM.

One soldier, who accepted Christ as his Saviour in the night service, reported the next meeting that during that day, the first day he had ever tried to live a Christian life, fifteen different men had used their influence to have him take drinks of liquor, all which he resisted by the grace of God! Another, who was especially blessed in the gatherings for prayer, told me he had lived true to his profession of Christianity during the three years he had been in the islands until three days before,



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, MANILA.
First "White" Protestant Church in the Philippines.



BAPTIST CHAPEL, MARKET STREET, MANILA.
First Protestant Church Building Dedicated in the Philippines. Dedicated September, 1900.

when he fell and got drunk. After much prayer and weeping he went away with new power and full of hope. Several persons experienced the old-time conviction of sin and wept over their sinfulness. I shall not soon forget a man who arrived too late for the mass meeting, but got in just as the inquiry service was dismissed. He came to me and asked to speak with me alone. We sat down and the man was wearing a very anxious expression on his face, as he related how he had had a dreadful dream. He found himself after death, for he was in the dream fully persuaded that he had died, passing into the realm of the hereafter, where he met his sainted mother, whom he at once recognized. She had not only been a very kind mother to him but during her life had constantly and consistently practiced all the Christian graces. He saw her plainly and with all the powers of his being tried to stop and speak with her, but his body (for he seemed to still have his body) refused to obey the commands of his will. As much as he longed to speak to her, some unseen but mighty power compelled him to pass on and left him speechless. This was a great hardship. On and on he went into a darkness, which at the first was simply gloom, but deepened in density as he entered it, until a great fear possessed his soul. The very atmosphere of the place suggested an impending calamity soon to fall upon him. The dull, dense darkness was charged with a fright-producing, unnamable something. Presently, trembling with fear, dread, a slimy ooze commenced to rise over his feet and threatened to engulf him in a sea of serpents, when a voice whispered, in marrow-freezing tones, "This is Hell!"

Immediately, then, memory becoming active, engaged his attention for what seemed a long time, reviewing his past sins as they passed by like a grim procession of hideous specters. Then it was he found that "sin is exceedingly sinful." Oddly enough, this horrifying experience discovered to him no tendency to blame God for his plight in being there, but he thought that the Almighty had selected the place for him, and the only place for which he was suited.

After this sane, sensible, serious man had given the report of his dream he said: "Ever since a deep gloom has been over

me, and I now want to have my sins forgiven, for when I awoke and found it was only a vision, my joy over the opportunity to make amends almost knew no bounds, but my sins have weighed me down." We opened the Holy Scriptures and kneeling together he wept and prayed a long while, but finally a glow of victory came and he arose rejoicing in a never-failing Saviour.

A TIMELY RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

This Gospel campaign and revival may be considered God-sent and hence exactly on time, for just now some in authority are interfering, or rather discounting freedom of religious thought and action in the

that unless practical infidelity is practiced the position may be filled by some one more subservient. Our nation was not founded in such an atmosphere of compromise and cowardice. Maybe we are falling pretty low in the scale of Christian conscience. The result of this friar-pleasing move (and what do we owe the friars?) simply leads them to laugh in mockery and the native people are getting the impression that we are a wicked, Godless nation. This is working untold harm. Of course, when all these things are aired in Congress all will be explained away, but the facts as they now exist are reported.



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, MANILA, PHILIPPINES.

Philippines, both by creating an atmosphere in which their subordinates are made to forbear an active practice of the faith they professed and practiced in the homeland, and by giving the native population the impression that the United States is an irreligious country and government, by reason of their own irreligious conduct. This interfering with the rights of American employees in the free exercise of their desires in religious worship, and do not misunderstand me, while few orders have been issued requiring the employees of the United States Government to not participate in Protestant services, still there is an atmosphere which suggests

We must say a very good word for the public schools just being established or the scope of them being enlarged.

THE ROMANISH FRIARS.

Magellan, during the first journey ever made clear around the world, after discovering the "Robber Islands" on the 16th of March, 1561, landed at Cebu on April 7th, the same year. (He so named the Ladrone Group because the natives proved to be the most adroit thieves, even stealing a boat from one of his ships.) The Cebuan king agreed to a treaty, which was ratified according to the native formula. This form of bond was called by the Spaniards "Pacto de Sangre," that is, the Blood Con-



CHARACTERISTIC TYPE OF WORKING GIRLS AMONG THE FILIPINOS.

tract. It was wrought by drawing blood from the breast of each party, the one drinking that of the other. Directly the bloody affair was finished, Magellan constructed on shore a hut and a mass was said. This religious ceremony having been properly celebrated, and which did greatly awe the simple natives, the royal family were christened into the membership of the Roman Church. Magellan died, but the journey was continued, and after untold hardships Elcano and seventeen companions disembarked and entered Seville, a pitiable, weatherbeaten, famished company. Although received with acclamation their first act was to walk barefooted in procession, bearing lighted candles, to give thanks in church for deliverance from the multitude of dangers they had encountered and suffered. On the 22d of April, 1565, Legaspi landed with six Augustine monks.

MAMMON AND MONKS.

I have rehearsed this bit of history to show how Mammon and monks were in the minds of the Spanish kings at the same time, and that exhibiting a religious zeal in connection with the desire for spices and yellow wealth, they obtained the hearty blessings of the Roman Pontiff. So this archipelago has, as we may say, a friar foundation. For over 300 years these frock-orders have managed not only to remain but to stay while treading on the rights of the native races. To this present writing they have been and are the most perplexing and unrighteous of all the batches of human beings to be dealt with under our flag in the Orient. Any day one may see these petticoated males moving leisurely about, smoking their bad-

smelling cigarettes, and, catching the odor from their breath, get an idea of the beverages the holy orders send down the red lanes of their throats. These friars have spent much of their time as fathers, not only of the church, for their natural children can be found in almost every large village, and in plundering the natives. As Dean Worcester says concerning one of them, "He was so fully occupied caring for

the morals of the community that he had scant time to look after his own."

The crafty and malicious friars sell all manner of charms and magic devices to head off disease and avert danger. I saw one old native hag with five charms dangling from the unwashed string about her collar bone. It was Sunday, she had been to church, then to market, and had a large rattan tray on her head full of purchases.

CORRUPTION OF THE FRIARS.

There is no real Sabbath in this archipelago. Young men play ball by the church door after service, or go to the cock-pit, where the friar often deals the monte on the Lord's Day. The friar corruption is so great that one requires a liberal vocabulary to properly describe it. What with excessive marriage fees, causing thousands to live together without marriage because of a lack of funds to pay the exorbitant charges, sales of indulgences, feasts, masses, holidays (they claim 99 a year beside Sundays), burials, christenings, not to speak of the original robbery of the lands, and wholesale system of blackmail, one is not astonished that the native Philippine generals, if left unfettered, would have justly dealt with these riot-instigating and otherwise bloody unmarried parents, called friars. They have blackened the reputation of Aguinaldo, and will circulate false reports concerning anybody who ventures to stand against their tricks. There is evidence that one of the papers in Manila printed in English is owned and edited by henchmen of the friars.

It is recently found in a will that the deceased left several thousand dollars to certain friars to be paid them for praying a soul out of purgatory. The friars have applied for the bequest, but payment is refused until they prove that they have "delivered the goods!" Many a home in the United States has a vacant chair, and



"MAIN STREET," LOCATED IN THE BUSINESS PORTION OF MANILA.
(From a recent photograph.)

many a grave contains the body of some American mother's son, because of strife stirred up by the unscrupulous friars. Why not expel them from the islands? They are now delivering treasonable addresses and working to destroy the public school system. Miss W. had 110 pupils in her school till the immoral friars left; then the attendance ran up at once to 280! Wherever the friars are not small trouble is

The Christian and United Brethren are just commencing their work here.

NEED FOR AMERICAN CHURCHES.

The Protestant Episcopal Mission is now erecting a temporary building for services in English and have \$25,000 in gold toward a church for Americans in Manila.

There is a great need for church building out here, and would anything be better than for persons of wealth to erect mem-

questing baptism and admission into the fellowship of the church. Think of it, the God of Pentecost is not dead! Why should we not plan and expect the people to be coming to God by the tens of thousands? The reports are that the native converts prove remarkably permanent. The fields are white for the harvest. Let there be laborers, and oh, for church building. It is the hour to strike for God. If not now taken advantage of the opportunity will be less large. This is the moment for a successful religious movement that will thrill Christendom! Ten thousand begging the missionaries to baptize them, every Protestant service I have attended is crowded, and many are standing outside listening, and the attention of all audiences is intense. A band of faithful missionaries is on the field, but more men and money are needed *now*. If the American Christians could only understand the situation here now, there would be streams of gold and silver and large companies of Christian men and women flowing and floating into these beautiful islands. Truly, "The King's business requireth haste."

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, March 18, 1902.



Stonehenge.

that section to the Government and the public schools are prosperous. In one small village the friars have just organized twelve "private schools" to oppose the public schools. In these private schools English is not taught, and little is taught except the catechism of the monks. Why not be rid of these seditious, immoral, blasphemous friars, and enact a compulsory school law, not simply as to attendance but also to branches of learning and public examinations?

THE PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

There are now some fifty persons engaged in the work of the Protestant missions, as representatives of the regularly organized mission boards, and there is room for many more. It is certain that the monopoly and power of any one church or hierarchy, whatever be its name and history, is forever broken in the Philippine Islands. The future is full of promise and danger. The operations of unscrupulous men, some Americans are now in the pay of the friars, must be watched. The work of the M. E. Missions has been unusually successful, and their native services continue crowded. Maybe 1,500 are actually members of the M. E. native churches. Fully 15,000 attend the various services of the Protestant missions in Manila every week. One M. E. native church has a membership of 400 and worships in an old friar church building, and when three times the friars went to take possession of it, the mayor said the people paid for this church and if you want it back pay \$4,000 in gold; if not you shall not have it, as the people who paid for it have turned to the Protestant religion. The Presbyterian missions are doing a great work for God, not only in the prosperous Silliman Institute but in Manila; one church worships in a large theater and in holy week the attendance reached 1,000 natives to a service!

orial houses of prayer in these new and needy possessions? The Philippine people will turn from the friars by the thousands, but they are a religious people and rather than have no church will hold on to the hated and often detested monks till there are purer and better churches with church buildings. This is one of the great needs, probably the greatest need now. Yesterday the M. E. Mission purchased \$34,000 worth of property in a fine location. That was a wise move and high time it was done. Let others follow in a large plan



STONEHENGE, AS IT NOW APPEARS.

of operations, for we are to expect a tribe born in a day here, and converts by the tens of thousands. The whole mission work so far is on a pigmy scale, when the need is for a giant effort. The results thus far have been tremendous and simply shows what may be expected if large things are attempted. Let us have church buildings and large ones at once!

GREAT MISSIONARY WORK.

Baptist Missionary Briggs two Sundays ago baptized over 60 and already 100 odd have handed in their names definitely re-

north of Salisbury. It consists of two circles and two ovals with a large stone in the center. The outer circle, about 300 feet in circumference, is composed of upright stones about 16 feet in height and 18 feet in circumference, with others of similar size placed horizontally on their tops. Originally there were thirty uprights and thirty imposts, but now less than one half of them retain their position. The inner circle, which is about 9 feet distant from the outer circle, consisted originally of forty single stones, much smaller in size; and, unlike those of the outer circle, showing no evidence of having been hewn.

Up-to-Date Points of View.

When Was
Stonehenge Built?

This much-mooted question has become agitated again, and the recent fact of raising the Great Monolith at Stonehenge, England, has enabled archeologists to form a more reliable estimate regarding the epoch in which these Druidical monuments were erected. Some authorities still cling to the assertion that it was built in Roman times, while others contend that it was erected during the bronze period. While making excavations around the monolith for the concrete bedding a large number of neolithic stone implements were unearthed that show every sign of having been used to cut and square the stones. They all bore marks of hard working, and when of no further use for cutting, the stones had been apparently thrown aside and afterward used to make a bedding to support the uprights. Experts, therefore, now entertain little doubt that Stonehenge was built in the neolithic age, for had it been built in the bronze or iron age bronze or iron tools would have been used. Although leading authorities do not quite agree as to the actual date of the introduction of bronze into Britain, it is generally conceded to have been about 1,500 B. C. It is consequently apparent that Stonehenge must have been constructed at some period considerably previous to that date.

Adam and the
Old Confession.

Two Eastern Presbyteries have declined to license theological students to preach because these students believe that the story of Adam is mythical. They are the Presbyteries of New York and Elizabeth. There were three students thus rejected, at least for a month, one from Union Seminary, one from Yale and one from Hartford.

The Presbyterian Confession of Faith accepts the story of the creation and fall of Adam and Eve as literally historical. On the story of the sin of Adam is built the Confession's doctrine of the covenant which God is supposed to have made with Adam for himself and his posterity, and the subsequent fall and corruption of the entire human race descending from Adam by ordinary generation, all of whom "sinned in him and fell with him in his first transgression." If the story of Adam is made mythical, then the doctrines of the divine covenant with Adam and of universal total depravity thus inherited lose their basis and cease to be credible.

Paul and the
Old Confession.

But Paul said, "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." Doubtless he believed that the story of Genesis was historical, and he was free to use it for the purposes of illustration and argument. If Paul so used it, and so believed it, it is not strange that, against all agreement of science, the majority attending these Presbyteries and bound by a stiff doctrine of inspiration, should have rejected the three candidates, saying, "Let Paul be true, and all science a liar."

These Young Men
and the Old Confession.

But what could these young men do? They had been educated in Presbyterian and Congregational colleges, in which they were taught the prevailing conclusions of biological and geological science. They had then received their theological instruction in Presbyterian and Congregational seminaries in which such scientific conclusions were quietly accepted, and these chapters of Genesis were interpreted as representing an early stage in the developing religious philosophy of the human race. They could not possibly accept the story of Adam and Eve with the same literalness that Paul and the Westminster divines did.

How could they? How can any young student of the present time? We venture to say that there is not a competent educated professor of biology or geology in the obscurest Presbyterian college in the United States who believes that the Adam and Eve of Genesis were historical characters. One would have to rake all our colleges and universities with a fine-toothed comb to find such a teacher, and very few they would be. The belief, in scientific circles, of such an Adam and Eve is dead, and is no longer considered or discussed. Of course, the doctrine of a

literal Adam lingers in popular belief, just as once did the belief in the world made in six literal days; but it is held by those who got their education a generation or two ago, or who never got any education at all. The older men in the Presbyteries, especially those who have, for one reason or another, dropped out of the educative stress of pastoral life, have not learned what the colleges now teach; and it is they that oppose their large ignorance to modern knowledge. It will be a matter of great interest to see whether the new brief creed, which is now about to be presented to the Presbyterian General Assembly, will make any mention of Adam.

The Congregationalist
and the Old Confession.

In a comment on the declination of these two Presbyteries to license young men to preach because they believe the Biblical story of Adam to be unhistorical, *The Congregationalist* says:

We do not know of a professor of Old Testament literature now teaching in any theological seminary of the Presbyterian Church who claims that the story of Adam and Eve in the first two chapters of Genesis is literal history.

The Enduring Mission of Presbyterianism.¹

"That they without us should not be made perfect."—Hebrews xi., 40.

We do no violence to the magnificent sweep of this chapter when we single out this clause and make it the basis of our consideration at this time. The truth that stands out before all others on

every side of this climax is that of the essential oneness of the Church of God. The roll of saints who lived before Christ came, canonized in this catalogue by the Holy Spirit Himself, lived and died in anticipation of the promise, but they received it not. Better things were in store for those who came after them.

The elders obtained a good report, but their achievements were imperfect; their record was incomplete. Their fidelity was counted worthy of commendation; their memory is fragrant to all ages



FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Where the General Assembly is Being Held.

as an inspiration and incentive; nevertheless, it is true that without us they should not be made perfect. The pre-Christian saint had to wait for us; his attainments in holiness were somehow conditioned upon the part which we play in the history of redemption.

Doubtless God could have made men wholly independent of each other. Doubtless He could have peopled this world with fatherless and childless Melchizedecs. But in that case there would have been no race, no humanity. A man absolutely isolated from his fellow, is the absolutely impossible man. The Creator has no more made saints independent of each other in the kingdom of God than He has made citizens independent of each other in the kingdoms of Cæsar.

The thought here presented is broader in its scope than the familiar notions of heredity and brotherhood. Science makes

¹ Sermon by the retiring Moderator, Henry C. Minton, D.D., delivered before the General Assembly, May 15th, at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City.

the present wait upon the past, but here we see the past waiting upon the present. It is a commonplace that there can be no fruit without the root; it is not so common to observe that the root is imperfect without the fruit. And yet this is what we are here taught. The saints of ancient ages were not made perfect without the saints of these last times. Abel and Enoch and Noah and Abraham witnessed faithfully in their generations, but without us they were not made perfect. The glory of the morning waits for the peaceful glow of the evening tide, or the record of the finished day is marred and incomplete.

This great truth, not too often remembered, has its application in church geography as well as in church history. The organic unity of the Christian church is an idea of alphabetic familiarity, and yet we easily forget the fulness of its meaning.

WHAT PRESBYTERIANS BELIEVE.

Any consideration of the mission of Presbyterianism would be incomplete if, in the first place, it did not note the fact as of greatest prominence that the Presbyterian Church has always held forth to the world a confessional testimony to what it believes to be the truth of God. It has not said, with Newman, that all there is in religion is dogma, nor has it said, with Schleiermacher, that religion is all feeling or life. It has characteristically approached men on their rational side, and assuming that conviction shapes conduct, it has aimed to enlighten the intellect and to persuade the will by the plain presentation of the truth of God.

It is idle to deny that strong counter currents have set in against this position. Doctrine is belittled and creed is decried, and many echoes are sounding out that the function of a church in these last days is to cultivate piety and to quicken the generously ethical impulse of men—and to stop there. On the other hand, we devoutly believe that the call is made all the louder by this very tendency, for the witnessing work of a Confessional church. Let us not deceive ourselves; this is a theological age; not profoundly so, but predominantly so, even though it may think otherwise of itself. In one breath we call our age intensely practical and in the next intensely intellectual, and both are true. Men are thinking; intelligence is broader, if not deeper, than ever in the past, and it is always true that as men think, either broadly or deeply, they think their way back to the eternal problems of God. Theology lies implicitly in the background of all thinking, and to say that an age is at once profoundly thoughtful and characteristically untheological is to utter a contradiction in terms. The man who denies God has a theological notion of the being he denies, and the man who ignores God has a theological conception of the God whom he more or less deliberately chooses to ignore.

Other communions may respond to other calls, but Presbyterianism has ever answered to the rational call of the human mind for the truth of God; and if this ministry is to cease to-day, then it must be because that call has died away. But that call will never die until the psychology of the human heart is changed, until the truth of God has ceased to be the means employed by the Holy Spirit in saving men, and until something else than the truth shall be able to make men free.

SOVEREIGNTY AND FREE WILL.

The fatalist says, God is sovereign; the freedomist says, Man is free; the Calvinist says, each is right in what he says, and each is wrong in what he does not say; for though our vision fails us and our philosophy is too feeble to solve the riddle, yet we do know, that in the cloudless truth of God, God is sovereign and man is free.

Presbyterianism is preeminently Protestant and there are very few visible symptoms of its falling away from the saving Protestant grace of loyalty to Holy Scripture. Philosophers may dispute about the Bible, scientists may challenge its statements and critics may argue its origins up or down; but both the heart and the brain of the Presbyterian Church are wedded to the old Book, not as so much printer's paper and ink, not as so many ounces avoirdupois, but as the precious revelation, in literary form of the truth of God, which meets the honest inquiries of the intellect, which satisfies the longing of the spirit in man, and above all, which brings to us the record in history of the ever-blessed Christ, who is Himself both teacher and truth to man.

It follows from the emphasis which this Church puts upon the truth that it has always been the patron and ally of higher education. It appeals to the reason in man, and it has regarded

that as that reason is cultivated and enlightened, the way is opened up for a more effective and successful appeal. If men are to have the right to exercise private judgment it is important that they shall have a wise judgment to exercise, and that they shall be qualified to exercise it wisely and well. The forms of religion which appeal to the senses educate the senses, and the forms which appeal to the mind and the heart educate the mind and heart. The history of Presbyterianism is the history of intellectual achievement. Its theologians have been alike its preachers and its teachers. The founders of its schools were the preachers of its truth. It has always stood for an educated pulpit and an intelligent pew. Its schools have sprung up along with its churches, and the development of the spiritual life of its people has always been accompanied with the culture of their minds and the refinement of their lives.

PRESBYTERIANISM OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

This characteristic is not misplaced at the beginning of the twentieth century. The highest note of Presbyterianism is that of intellectual conviction, of appeal to men's judgment on the sure ground of truth. Other churches appeal first of all to the emotional, or to the esthetic, or to the artistic, and while it is true that our own Church has sometimes made the mistake of keeping these too far in the distance, still it has ever made its strongest appeals to the calm and enlightened reason in men. We need the softening influences of emotion and of a chastened art, but twentieth century Christendom will be vastly the loser if the old Presbyterian Church is to forfeit her distinct note of intelligent presentation of the truth of God as suited to the needs of men.

The largest and most delicate questions before the Church to-day are the questions of education. An American university professor of ability and character has argued that the university and not the Church is soon destined to be the religious leader of the American people, while another has declared that even now education is the religion of the American people. There should be no breach between education and Christianity; there should be no misunderstanding between them. Certainly a Christian people will cease to be Christian when they are content to stop with an education which ignores God, which omits Jesus Christ, and which regards as but incidental the eternal truths of that book which is not only Christianity's Bible, but also civilization's corner-stone. The sons and daughters of Hindoos in India and of Buddhists in Japan are being taught to know of that Asiatic peasant who eighteen hundred years ago revolutionized the world's thought, and history, and character; and shall our children, in the land of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, be taught less than the sons of pagan sires? The Presbyterian Church will have revolutionized its policy when it leaves it wholly to Cæsar to train its youth in the higher realms of truth. It has ever held education to be in order to the aims and activities of a high religious consecration. Its early colleges were founded to raise up preachers of the Gospel. The first impulse to higher education in this country was the evangelistic impulse, and it is a sad day for education, as well as for the Church, when that impulse ceases to be, if not controlling, then at least very distinct and very strong.

THE STRENUOUS SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, a prospect opens up which is by no means free from elements of alarm. Morbid spirits are becoming emboldened. Gloomy and sullen theorists bode mischief and in the name of liberty are conspiring against the foundations of liberty and social life. The strenuous spirit of the age, the inevitable and inexorable competitions of life, the relentless development of the world's natural resources, all these tend to dishearten weak and timid souls and this discouragement breeds envy until, by and by, it begets a hellish hatred of the whole system which, as they believe, grinds them down into the dust of poverty and despair. The more they sulk and swear, the further out of the line of the march do they fall, and the finer do the mills of the gods grind their helplessly resisting energies. The fault may be their own; it may be in the system against which they cry out; it may be in both. Of the cause we need not speak, but of the fact we are all aware. The result is atheism, and anarchism, and lawlessness, and vice and crime. It is the scum of civilization rising to the top.

All this has a history, it has a theology; and the contention which I now make is that from one extreme to the other, from the dreamy mystic who says that all is God and there is no evil

in the world, to the erratic soul who says that all is evil and there is no God in the world, the plain, solemn truth of God, of His authority, of His rule, of His holiness, of His law, and of His love, is precisely what is needed to counteract these morbid anarchistic tendencies of the day.

THE ONLY CURE FOR ANARCHISM.

The only cure for anarchism is faith in God. The only guarantee against the disruption of constitutional government is in the people's faith that whether thrones totter or stand firm, whether parliaments scatter before the face of dictators and tyrants, or stand true to order and the right, God rules, His scepter cannot be broken. His holy dominion is over all conspiracies and revolutions, and to Him, to Him alone, every man must stand or fall.

As against all this, the very genius of Presbyterianism is that of constitutional, representative self-government. Both its doctrine and its polity trace all authority back and up to the ever-living infinite God. The highest office bearer among men is nothing else than the most conspicuous servant of God. This General Assembly is the highest court of our Church on earth, and yet it derives its authority from above and not from below. No principle is more in need of clear recognition in this country to-day.

Let us stand by our principles and by our faith, for we owe it not only to the free land in which we live, but also to the new century whose history is beginning to be made. While men are looking below for the sanction of their rights and duties, while they are framing maxims and conjuring with sociological tables to fortify the bulwarks of their liberties, let us tell them with a distinct voice as we have been telling them among the snow-crowned Alps, behind the dykes of Holland, and among the moors of dear old Scotland, and as we told them in the days when the fabrics of our own freedom were being founded, that without faith in God there can be no true liberty among men, that just as they regard and obey his law are they kings and priests at the altars of civil and religious liberty, and that just as they defend every right and resist every wrong in His name, are they establishing permanent foundations for the future and making possible the realized dreams of patriots and prophets of an era of peace and righteousness and the kingdom of God among men.

Once more we remark that the Presbyterian Church has peculiar qualifications for meeting the missionary call, which is the commanding note in Christ's marching orders at the beginning of the new century. The nineteenth century has outdone all the rest in the spirit of missionary endeavor, and yet we believe that it was but a prelude to the twentieth. Too long has the world remained in deadly ignorance because of the sluggish doubts of God's own people. An unsaved world rebukes the lethargies of a half-saved Church.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF PRESBYTERIANISM.

Fathers and brethren, the only divine right which our beloved Presbyterian Church, or any other Church, can argue successfully before men, at the beginning of the new century, is in the fact that it is doing a work in the world by the blessing of God, which no other Church is doing and which is indispensable to the progress of the kingdom of Christ. If it can be spared, then it has no right to be. If it can be spared, then it will not much longer continue to be. Who cares for names that may divide, but who does not care for the work which must go on? If the Presbyterian Church should sink to the bottom of the sea to-day, either the Church of God would suffer immeasurable loss or other elements would quickly segregate, and another organization would speedily form, which would do the very work which the Presbyterian Church is doing or, by the grace of God, is trying to do.

This gives us a true sense of dignity in our work. We serve the Lord Christ. The Lord hath need of us. Others serve Him as faithfully as we, and the Lord has need of them as well. It is a blessed fellowship of service, of suffering and of victory in His name.

We profoundly believe that the peculiar conditions, social, intellectual, political, philosophical and religious, which exist at the opening of this century accentuate the call and enlarge the opportunity of the Presbyterian Church. It stands forth in the field of vision, based and built upon the changeless foundations of the eternal truth of God. It enthrones God, sovereign and supreme, in the pure realms of thought, in the warm emotions of the heart, in the busy activities of the life, and in the historical evolutions and universal movements of His vast creation. It be-

lieves that He is ever most clearly made known to men in the supremely revealing person of His only begotten Son our Saviour, who is Himself the very body and embodiment of the truth. Its glorious mission it is to witness for that truth, amid the changing and clashing opinions of men, to the uttermost parts of the earth. Its solemn task it has ever been to enlarge all the faculties of man's nature, so that, as all truth is one, as the God of geology is the God of our faith, as the Creator of the Milky Way is the Redeemer of Bethlehem and Calvary; the thoughts of men may be widened and enriched by seeing God in all His works. It has been preeminently the privilege of Presbyterianism to stand for a God that governs and guides His world, and to preach the gospel of emancipation from human tyranny along with that of deliverance from the bondage of spiritual death.

THE CHURCH OF OUR ALLEGIANCE.

And yet, the church of our allegiance is by no means immune against the tendencies which corrupt and the forces that breed decay. That it has been what it should have been, that it has accomplished what it should have accomplished, either in the last century, or in the last decade, neither simple truthfulness, nor Christian humility, will presume to declare. It may become hyper-intellectual and unsympathetic, and then its strength has become its weakness and the source of its decline. It does well in honoring sound doctrine; but if it overdoes the doctrinal, it imperils the warmer element of a true Christianity, while if it slights it overmuch, it falls a stricken victim of the malaria of skepticism, or of the slow paralysis of a clammy moderatism which is almost a synonym for death. The Presbyterian form of worship is the very beauty of simplicity; but if it glory only in the unrelieved baldness of the simplicity, it freezes the soul of the devout worshipper, while, on the other hand, if it ape the rites and forms of a ritualism, which is to another manner born, then its old-time proclamation of the truth comes with a muffled or a muzzled voice. The very genius of its life is the genius of freedom.

The Presbyterian Church emphasizes the truth first, last and always, and yet its very life depends upon its being ever borne in mind, that at the most, truth in itself is a dead and barren thing. Truth never saved a single soul nor led a lost man to God. Plato was all wrong in holding that all that men need is light. We may multiply colleges and universities, but in themselves they are of little value. We may preach and teach the pure truth of God, and yet our Gospel may be as sterile as the desert sands. Our Confessions may be orthodox enough for archangels, and yet our Church may be as fruitless of blessing as a colony of reprobates. The great essential is not the divine doctrine, but the divine dynamic. The living life-giving Spirit is the source of all our life. This is the Spirit that moved upon the face of the formless deep and chaos became order; the Spirit of whom our blessed Lord told Nicodemus that we must be born again, or we cannot see the kingdom of God; the Spirit that came down in mighty marvelous power on that epoch-making day of Pentecost, and the Church of Jesus Christ was born for its gloriously reclaiming work. This is the only safeguard of evangelical truth. This is the only main-spring of evangelistic effort. This is the only well-spring of salvation to a lost world.

A GLORIOUS OUTLOOK.

Fathers and brethren, ours is a glorious birthright, but ours is a more glorious outlook. Many prophets and righteous men have desired to see the things which we see, and have not seen them; and to hear the things that we hear and have not heard them. The riches of a hallowed history are tributary to our service, and its crimsoned treasures are ready at our command. If forty centuries looked down upon Napoleon's troops, all history waits for our loyalty and devotion. The circle of all the centuries has its center in our own. The records of patriarchs and prophets, of apostles and martyrs cannot be rounded out till the loyal allegiance, the Christ-like Spirit, the consecrated energies of our generation are counted in. It is a glorious company of which we are a part. We perform our mission, we fill our place, we accomplish our work in the program of redemption of a lost race, covering the vast sweep of time, and in the march of the redeemed of God toward the far-off goal of perfection, which is complete in Jesus Christ. This commonwealth of faith and service and hope is none other than the Church which Christ loved so that He gave Himself for it, "that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, nor any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for May 25, 1902.

Paul at Antioch in Pisidia.—Acts xiii, 43-52.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins."—Acts xiii, 38.

WILLINGNESS TO HEAR THE GOSPEL.

When the Jews were gone out of the synagogue, the Gentiles besought that these words—evidently the lesson read in public worship—might be preached to them, when the congregation was broken up, or when the synagogue was dismissed. It is not implied that there was any confusion. The assembly had been dismissed, and when most had gone, many Jews and religious, God-fearing proselytes followed Paul and Barnabas, to express their assent to what they had heard, and to seek further instruction, and to request them to preach to them on the next Sabbath day. During the intervening week Paul and Barnabas had doubtless been active in private circles, especially among inquirers and those interested in the new doctrine. So deep was the impression, and so much interest aroused among all classes, especially among the Gentile population, that almost the whole city, both Jews and Gentiles, came together at the synagogue to hear.

THE SPIRIT OF OPPOSITION.

It is noticeable that the Jews only are named here. The proselytes are not mentioned. The multitudes are those outside of the Jews, including both devout and pagan Gentiles. They were filled with envy, with an indignant and contentious jealousy. Their Israelitish pride was touched, their angry zeal was stirred, and their jealousy aroused at such results. They could not endure the thought of these being freely admitted to the same religious privileges with themselves. This was always the sin of the Jewish people. Instead of realizing their position in the world as the prophetic nation for the good of the whole earth, they indulged the self-exalting opinion that God's highest blessings were only for themselves. Paul appears as the principal speaker, contradicting, or speaking against their views, while the Jews not only opposed by argument, but denied the application of the prophecies which Paul had made.

THE PHARISAICAL SPIRIT.

They displayed the same spirit that worked in the Pharisees toward Christ. They were cut to the heart when they saw the whole world go after him. When the Kingdom of heaven was opened, they not only would not go in themselves, but were angry with them that did. Blaspheming, or reviling, they heaped abuse upon Paul and Barnabas as false teachers and heretics, and probably blaspheming Jesus, whose death and resurrection formed the central point of gospel preaching. It is no strange thing for those who commence with contradiction to end with blaspheming. Then Paul and Barnabas, seeing the bitter opposition, and hearing the reviling words of the Jews, which were not shared in by either the devout or pagan Gentiles, united in stemming the current. They waxed boldly. There is a time when the preachers of the gospel should show the boldness of the lion. When the adversaries of Christ's cause begin to be daring, its advocates should not be retiring or cowardly. Opposition, instead of frightening, should embolden and give them courage.

TO THE JEW FIRST.

They boldly declared "it was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you." This was the divine purpose, and was so commanded by their risen Lord, and had been prophetically announced to the Messiah. The principle here involved was followed by the apostles when first announcing the gospel in every Gentile city. "Ye put it from you, scornfully reject it, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life"—which they preached and offered through Jesus Christ. It was thus these Jews by their conduct condemned themselves. They proved themselves unworthy by rejecting their own Messiah. "Lo, we turn to the Gentiles," including the heathen of that place. Before this they had been specially addressing the Jews at Antioch, including proselytes and devout Gentiles; from this time at Antioch they would give their whole attention to Gentiles. Their public decision was a representative one, perhaps the first they had been compelled to make in a public manner, and illustrates their custom elsewhere.

WONDERFUL GRACE OF GOD.

How wonderfully the grace of God is here displayed, in that Paul, the once haughty and fastidious Pharisee, should be imbued with this liberal spirit, and recognize that the wall of partition between Jew and Gentile had been broken down, and that in Christ all are one. Paul and Barnabas base their action on the prophetic word of God, and not upon any momentary impulse. The Scripture quoted is Isaiah, 49:6. The Messiah is addressed. For so hath our Lord commanded—to preach the gospel to the Gentiles, as they had done and proposed to continue to do. I have set or appointed Thee to be a light of the Gentiles, revealing the way of life to them that sit in darkness; in order that Thou shouldst be for salvation, not merely to the Jews, but to the Gentiles, both in the land of Israel, and to the ends of the earth. This prophecy showed that the mission of Christ was by no means to be confined to the Jews, and that in preaching to the Gentiles, Paul and Barnabas, as the representatives of Christ, were acting in obedience to this divine commission.

THE EFFECT ON THE GENTILES.

The Gentiles rejoiced that the same privileges and blessings were offered them as to the Jews, and they praise and honor the word of the Lord, the gospel of Christ as it had been preached to them. But while the Gentiles generally were ready to applaud the step that Paul and Barnabas had taken, and to honor the truth, yet all did not savingly believe. As many as were ordained into eternal life, to an endless, blessed existence, believed. God, by his Spirit, wrought true faith in them for whom He had in his councils from everlasting designed everlasting happiness. Those came to Christ whom the Father drew, and to whom the Spirit made the gospel call effectual. And those will be brought to Christ through belief in him, that by his grace are disposed toward eternal life, and make that their aim.

GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY AND MAN'S FREE WILL.

Luke's object here was, not to state a doctrine, but a pictorial fact. Yet a great principle of truth in the divine plan of salvation is implied. Hence this doctrine must be studied more fully from other passages of Scripture. While on the one hand these believing Gentiles were the subjects for divine choice, on the other hand it is implied in the word "believed" that they exercised not a mere mechanical, but a free act. Both God's sovereignty and man's freedom are clearly taught in the Scriptures, and neither one excludes the other. With our limited knowledge of the divine modes of working and our finite conceptions of the relations of the infinite to the finite, we may not be able to fully see or harmonize those doctrines. But it is the part of wisdom to bow before Infinite wisdom and accept both as true, and govern ourselves accordingly. That God loves us we know, for every hour of life gives proof of that, and we may act in the assurance that he will do for us the best possible.

RENEWED HOSTILITY.

Antioch in Pisidia becomes the center of missionary work in that region, and the result was that the word of the Lord was published or spread abroad throughout all the region in that vicinity. But while the work was thus prospering, the Jews contrived to drive Paul and Barnabas from the city. The devout women here mentioned were Gentile women, who were worshippers of Jehovah and who had embraced Judaism. Their hostility could easily be excited against doctrines represented as opposed to their new faith. Doubtless many of the Gentile women at Antioch were either proselytes or favorable to the Jewish faith. These women were also honorable in their social position, being married to men of rank and high standing. It was through these women that the crafty Jews reached their Gentile husbands. They stirred up a strong opposition to Paul and Barnabas, who, as a result, were expelled not only from the city, but out of their coasts.

ENTERING NEW FIELDS.

Having thus been rejected by the Jews and the leading men of Antioch, Paul and Barnabas "shook off the dust of their feet against them," according as their Lord had commanded them. The Jews were accustomed to shake off the dust when they returned to their own land from a heathen country as polluted.

The Christian Life

Taking Chances.

By Rev. Henry T. Scholl.

The five foolish virgins represent the "many" who have joined the church, but who have not united themselves with Christ. They had the form of godliness, but lacked the staying power thereof. They were like the good seed that fell among thorns, which, though it sprang up, and grew perceptibly, endured but for a season, and brought no fruit to perfection. The foolish virgins had on the white robes of churchly profession, and their lamps burned with the oil of common grace; but lasting supplies from the spirit of all grace they neglected to secure seasonably. They presumably noticed that the wise virgins had oil in their vessels with their lamps; and it is not improbable that they were repeatedly urged by the wise virgins to make like provision for a possible delay in the bridegroom's appearance. We can imagine that the advice was manifestly unacceptable to the foolish virgins, and that they testily replied, "We'll take our chances."

Much to the sorrow of whole-hearted clergy not a few in our own day and generation who profess and call themselves Christians are in like peril with the foolish virgins. They, too, are not minded to endure wholesome doctrine. The kindly counsel of their pastor provokes them; and by acts, if not in words, they ungraciously say, "Oh, keep your goody-goody advice to yourself. We'll take our chances." I wonder if any patrons of this paper are taking perilous chances at the card-table, or in the ballroom, or by overindulgence in other forms of characteristic worldliness. I wonder if any patrons of this paper are wittingly robbing God of tithes and offerings, and are thus taking the chance of robbing themselves of His enriching blessing. I wonder if any patrons of this paper are neglecting the searching of the Holy Scriptures, and private prayer, and social supplication, and the varied opportunities for personal growth in grace and wide-extended helpfulness. The punishment of the foolish virgins was the penalty of their neglect. The neglected to take oil in their vessels with their lamps. "How shall we escape if we neglect?"

In November, 1898, the steamer Portland forced her way out of Boston harbor in the face of a furious storm. It is said that "She left when all the signals for danger were flying; she left when the Government agent at the signal office had advised outgoing vessels to remain in port; she left when the owners of the vessel commanded her to stay at her dock. Her captain must have been apprehensive, for he said to the lighthouse keeper, 'Keep your light burning bright to-night, for we may come back.' But she never came back. Outside the harbor the mighty storm caught the vessel in her embrace and tore her to pieces, and not one on board ever again saw home or friends."

These all took their chances and were miserably lost. The five foolish virgins, heedless of the wise example, and, presumably, the wise admonition of their mates, took their chances and perished wofully. Their peril and punishment did not come home to them as facts till they stood without the fast-closed door of the bridegroom's house, and vainly knocked and pleaded for admittance. It is supposed

by some writers that, when they thus knocked and pleaded, it was with lamps tardily supplied with oil and brightly burning; but their preparation was too late to win them entrance to the marriage festivities.

There are three characteristics of accredited righteousness—doing the right thing, in the right way and at the right time. It is too late to enter now the door of opportunity that stood invitingly open yesterday. It will be too late to knock pleadingly at the portal of Paradise when once the Master has fast-closed the door against you. Now is the time to enter his joy-getting service; behold, now is the day of salvation. That you may have a glorious entrance into His heaven, open wide the door of your heart at which He has long knocked with matchless pleading. Take your chances commendably, by trustfully taking Christ forthwith and forever as your personal Saviour and Lord.

JUNIUS, N. Y.



Christian Conversation Corner.

By Mary Elizabeth Sweetser.

"Never mind whom you praise, but be careful whom you blame." This quotation in one of the religious weeklies held my attention, partly because I had been noticing how unpleasant it sometimes is to hear one person criticize another, and trying to look at myself, in this respect, with others' eyes, consequently resolving not to indulge, in the future, in remarks which would expose the faults of acquaintances, but rather to *notice*, and bring into prominence, their virtues and agreeable traits.

It has sometimes seemed as if there were no surer way to cause a child or an adult to give up a fault or disagreeable mannerism than to praise the opposite when seen occasionally in himself or in others.

One of the lower motives for speaking no words of condemnation is, that often they are like a boomerang, arousing a spirit of opposition in the listener which disposes him to take the part of the person against whom the complaint is made, and to feel aversion toward the faultfinder, who certainly is not exhibiting an attractive disposition.

But, as usual, we wish to find the root of the evil, and is it not in the lack of that "charity" or love which "thinketh no evil"?

If you consider, you will perceive that persons' minds are not all alike; by inheritance, education and environment the moral sense is developed, and it may be by some hard lessons we shall at last learn that conduct (not, of course, actual sin) which we consider reprehensible another regards as right and proper. We are apt to forget that all persons do not look at things from the same standpoint, and therefore arrive at varied conclusions.

There are many instances in my mind; for example, an invitation, which, it seemed to me, could not be withheld without rudeness, was not given because the one who was to issue it saw the circumstances in such a light that what, to me, would be extremely discourteous, was the highest wisdom to him. As the invitation was not to be given any one with whom I was acquainted, my judgment was not prejudiced by friendship.

If we obey the Christian law of love, shall we be likely to err? Shall we not diligently consider whether in conforming to it our habit of conversation and thought must be changed?

(Address all letters for this department to Miss M. E. Sweetser, Christian Conversation Corner, THE CHRISTIAN WORK, 86-90 Bible House, New York City.)

The Home Life

The Church That Is Up to Date.

By Jennie L. Lyall.

The church that's up to date is one with comforts not a few.
'Tis where the wealth and fashion come, to sit one sermon through.

And listen to sweet music, from an organ deep and grand,
Surrounded by the evidence of taste on every hand.

The minister that preaches in the church that's up to date
Knows what his sermons should, as well as what they should not state;

And blackest sins are lightly touched, and some not touched at all.
For all men are not now embraced in Adam's early fall.

And sin, and death, and judgment, and repentance unto life,
Give place to "Current topics," with which the age is rife;
The "Higher criticism," is a subject that is dear;
It offers speculative thought, and drives away all fear.

'Tis not salvation's gracious theme, the tidings of "good news,"
That's preached, but what will interest and not disturb the pews:
If Satan ever did exist, he has surely passed away.
And hell, it is not mentioned in our modern church to-day.

The good old truths and doctrines now are things quite obsolete,
With those who think the Word of God is somewhat incomplete.
It may have served a purpose, a few centuries ago,
Before the world had come to learn the many things we know.

We've now a woman's Bible, and twentieth century, too,
And the Word we used to reverence is quite different from the new.

We care for things of life and time more than the future state,
And this perhaps is why we need a Bible up to date.

And having got the Bibles and the churches well in line,
The service soothes and comforts us—a kind of conscience wine;
The straight and narrow path is now a broad and open gate,
And the way is smooth and pleasant, in the church that's up to date.



What to Expect.

By Emma Graves Dietrick.

"There! just as I expected; you didn't mind me," and the high-pitched, impatient tone of the mother's voice brought a querulous "What hurt did it do?" from the child.

Then began an argument, unreasonable and unreasoning, ending, as all such discussions are apt to do, in a sharp scolding and a flood of tears.

Where was the difficulty? The key to the situation may be found in the mother's "just as I expected."

What right have we to expect disobedience from our children? "Well, you did mind, didn't you?" said a mother to her boy, in a tone of surprised satisfaction; to which the boy replied, "I wish you didn't allers 'spect a feller to do bad."

Mothers, expect the best from your children. When you give a command let it be in a pleasant tone of confident expectation. A child knows instinctively whether you expect to be obeyed or not.

Some mothers make the mistake of putting commands that require obedience in the form of questions, thus giving a choice of decision to the child.

"There's Johnny out in the rain with his dreadful cold," said a mother. "He must come right in the house." Going to the door she called, "Johnny, dear, won't you please come

in? I'm afraid you'll be sick." And Johnny instantly replied, "No, thank you, mamma; I won't be sick; I promise not." "Please, dear," said the mother, coaxingly, "I'll read you a story if you will." "No," replied the child; "don't want a story." The dialogue continued till patience was exhausted on both sides, and the mother darted out and caught the boy, bringing him into the house by main force, saying, as she did so, "You're a naughty boy not to mind me." Johnny expressed his sense of injustice by snarling out, "Naughty yourself when you ask folks things they has their choice."

Who shall say that the boy was wrong?

"But I can't bear to be cross to my children," said a mother, speaking on this subject; as if commands and crossness were inseparable.

An expression of the will of the parent, made in simple, direct language, and in a low, quiet tone of voice, is far more likely to result in obedience than any method of coaxing or argument.

A quarrel is never carried on in low, pleasant words or with a smiling face, but the longer it continues the louder and harsher grows the voice, and unconsciously the face assumes a look in keeping with the tone.

It becomes imperative then that a mother's voice should be habitually gentle and quiet, and that she should expect her children to be obedient and courteous.

Reproaches always make matters worse. If your child disobeys, be sorry, not angry; let the child be conscious that you are disappointed and grieved.

"Oh, but my ma'll be red-hot mad," exclaimed a boy to his companion. "Mine won't," said the other; "she will be awful sorry, though, and I feel dirt mean to make her feel so."

Real friendship with your child will help you to reprove gently, to advise, suggest and counsel, not as if you were a superior being looking down to criticize, but rather as a loving guide like "Greatheart" in "Pilgrim's Progress," who could help because he had been over the road before.

Two little brothers had been sick, and as they recovered a tendency to fretfulness showed itself, and even the gentlest reproof brought tears.

A happy thought came to the mother.

"See here," she cried, merrily, "Watch me and see if I can look cross and do this." And she put the end of one forefinger at each corner of her mouth, pressing the closed lips gently up, and then, holding them in that position, tried to make her face look fretful.

Impossible! Not even the eyes could look doleful. The boys laughed uproariously, and then experimented on themselves.

From that time the penalty for fretfulness was simply that experiment.

Was it not better thus to correct than just to reprove?

Work for the best things in your child, and never fail to expect the best things of him.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

May 10, 1902.



Sydney Smith says: "Rise early in the morning, not only to avoid self-reproach, but to make the most of the little life that remains; not only to save the hours lost in sleep, but to avoid that languor which is spread over mind and body for the whole of that day in which you have lain late in bed."

The Children.

Mister Grumpy.

Did ever you meet with a person queer,
Whose manners are most unpleasing?
In each of his eyes there hides a tear,
I wonder it isn't freezing!
For he looks so cross and he looks so cold,
And he carries his shoulders humpy;
And I think that you hardly need be told
That his name is *Mister Grumpy*!

One meets with him, I'm sorry to say,
Much oftener than is pleasant;
I *thought* I caught sight of him here to-day,
Let's hope that he isn't present!
He has rosy cheeks, he is small and fat,
In fact, you might call him dumpy;
And he takes no notice of child or cat—
Cantankerous *Mister Grumpy*.

He sometimes comes in the midst of play,
And sometimes when toys get broken;
And frequently he has come to stay
Because of some chance word spoken;
If the bread and milk has a taste of burn,
Or if the porridge is lumpy,
He is here again, ere you well can turn—
Disconsolate *Mister Grumpy*!

Now, let me tell you that grumpy folk
Grow up most ugly and horrid;
With pouting lips and with head a-poke,
And a wrinkly frown on the forehead.
They never are big, and fine, and tall,
But little, and thin, and stumpy;
So tell him, the next time he pays a call,
"Begone with you, *Mister Grumpy*!"



A May-day Story.

By L. Eugenie Eldridge.

To be queen of the May had been little Dorothy's dream, and now the coveted wish was granted, for Dorothy was the chosen one. To be crowned and dance around the tall May-pole, with her young companions, bedecked in all the finery her small means would allow, not excepting the gay ribbons that made May-day bright and brave, was indeed delight to her young heart.

But alas for the bonny maid! Her widowed mother fell ill the day before May first, and there was no one but herself to care for her.

Her mother, sighing, said: "You were as blithe as a bird when told you were queen of May. Can you not leave me a bit of something to stay my hunger and go your way to pleasure?"

"Nay, mother," answered the daughter, "it will be no pleasure for me to be crowned even queen o' the May, knowing you are at home alone on a sick bed. Leave me to find my own pleasure."

And this is how she found it: It was a custom at this period in the history of "Merrie England" to "bring home the May," as it was called, at sunrise.

Dorothy remembered this, and calling her small clan, the neighboring children, she sped away toward Shooter's Hill, where loveliest hawthorns grew, before the faint gray light of morning streaked the eastern sky or the twitter of early birds was heard.

All around this knoll the hawthorn grew in rich abundance, its flowers of rose and snowy white blended as Dame Nature alone can mingle.

Eagerly they gathered until hands and frocks could hold no more, then circling around Dorothy on the grassy plot watched her deft fingers as she plaited a crown she would take to her own dear mother, for *she* would be *her* May-queen.

Pink-faced clouds heralded the god of day, and they must make ready to return. But they had scarcely started with their garlands and flowers when startled by approaching footsteps. What if it were Robin of the Wood, of whom they had heard in folklore talk and fireside stories, and they sought to hide behind a hawthorn hedge.

The footsteps drew nearer, and sure enough there came toward them a troop of oddly bedight greenwoodsmen, with Robin himself at their head, singing to the music of tabor and horn. And the sharp eyes of Robin espied the little flower-gatherers.

"Aha! whom have we here?" he exclaimed; but seeing their fright he assured them that neither Robin nor his men had power to harm wood-fairies, whereupon Dorothy gained courage to say:

"Please, sir, I was taking home the May to my sick mother."

Once more the sound of music broke upon the air, and Robin himself seized a horn and gave an answering blast and hied off gaily at the head of his band to meet the coming party. Dorothy and her little friends made their escape at this time, but not before catching a glimpse of a cavalcade of lords and ladies gay.

At their head rode Queen Catharine of Aragon. At her side was the bride of the Duke of Suffolk, Mary, beautiful sister of Henry VIII., and many others were there, making a brilliant scene.

Lingering, they heard Robin ask if the Queen and her damsels "would venture in a thicket and see how outlaws live."

Heard her answer that where His Majesty the King went she was content to go.

Then Robin was His Gracious Majesty the King!

They waited for no more, but fled to their homes to relate the astonishing discovery.

But if they had lingered a little longer they might have seen Queen Catharine herself crowned as queen of the May, and afterward conducted by her lord into a sylvan bower, where was laid out a breakfast of venison. And they might have seen the games and pageantry commemorating this happy May-day.

"For all this is true about Queen Catharine going a-maying with King Henry VIII. from the palace at Greenwich to Shooter's Hill," as the historian tells us, although no mention is made of the little maid Dorothy.



In the development of the fraction "one-third" in a primary class, imaginary pies, bread and cakes galore had been divided into thirds, and the teacher gave the following problem:

"If Mary found a nest with six eggs in it and on the way to the house broke two of them, what part of her eggs would she break?"

The owner of a sparkling pair of eyes and fluttering hand was given permission to speak, and said:

"The shells would be broken."

The merry ripple that ran round the class showed appreciation of the point.



OUR POST-OFFICE.

THE EXPOSITION.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 1, 1902.

Dear Grandma—Have you been down to the Exposition? It is lovely, especially the grounds. Mama says she thinks it is better than the World's Fair. We take your paper, and I should like to see this letter in it. Yesterday was my birthday. My sister gave me an autograph album. I wish you could write in my album, Grandma. I wish I could see you. I must stop now. I send my love.

Your grandchild,

AMY HART STOKUM.

I have heard some very flattering reports about the Exposition and I have seen illustrations of many of the buildings. The "Court of Palaces" I think particularly beautiful. It reminds me of the "Court of Honor" at the Chicago Fair. Here is a little verse written by Mrs. Walker, a dear old invalid lady, for an autograph album. Perhaps you would like to place it in your album. She comes round my Chair sometimes, and so, you see, she is one of us. She is very fond of my children and likes to help entertain them.

If I could write as some I know,
My writing would be fit to show;
But as it is my best I'll do
Which you with kindly favor view—
And then you'll think how hard I've tried,
And with it you'll be satisfied.

—E. H. WALKER.

And here is something from me:

I'd like to take my pen in hand
And write my name for you, here,
But we're so many miles apart
I'll have to write in print, dear.
But, all the same, one or the other—
In ink, or type, I'm still

"GRANDMOTHER."

BY THE SEA.

BOSTON, Mass., April 29, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I'd like to come into your family; I think you are so nice, and I like to read your letters. We have taken your paper a long time, and we never mean to be without it. I suppose you have been to Boston. It's a nice city. In the summer we live by the sea, and papa goes to town every day. I have a boat and my sister has a pony cart. We have nice times. I guess you must be tired now. I'm eight years old.

Your grandson,

STANLEY WRIGHT.

O, thank you, Stanley. I think you are pretty "nice," too. I am glad you want to come into my family; you will find my little people are all very friendly and sociable. Yes, I've visited Boston and like it. I got twisted up once in a while when I was out alone in the streets, but I managed to keep from getting lost. I presume I should find some changes if I went there now, but the "Common" would be familiar, I've no doubt.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

BROOKLYN, April 20, 1902.

Dear Grandma—If you will allow cats round your Chair, why mayn't I come in, too? I'm a cat, and I love to sit and purr with any one who will pat and cuddle me on their lap. I know lots and lots of real nice cat stories, and I am sure there must be some mice around your Chair at night, and I love them. And I do just love birds, too, Grandma, but, really, I never killed one. My mistress gave me a taste of one once. She, my mistress, was giving a lunch party, and I had all that was left, and, O, my, it was good! One day I was sitting out on our basement window and the little dog came out from next door just as I saw a dear little baby bird fall from a tree to the ground. I made a dash for it, so did the dog. I put up my soft foot, held it over the bird, and looked at the dog; he looked at me, then said, "Run, or I'll bite you. I want to play with that little bird. My mistress sent me out to play by the door, but she will not let me take my ball, and I haven't a thing to play with, and I can't stay out long, for as soon as the front door opens, then I must go in; then, too, I sha'n't let you eat that poor little bird." "You want to eat it yourself," said I. "I don't!" said the dog; "I have lots of good things to eat, too much sometimes, but

I think you want to eat it." "Well," said I, bristling up, "I do not, because I have a good home, too, and this summer I am going to a nice cat boarding house because my family are going to a—not a cat boarding house, but they think it would not agree with me where they go; so I am going to have nice new ribbons for my neck and a little bell hanging on it." "Bow-wow," said the dog, and he laughed and shook his handsome collar, as he laughed at me so that it made my fur stand up. "Oh," he said, "going to an old cat boarding house. I travel with my mistress. We all go away soon, and I shall ride in a boat or car, I don't know which." "Well," said I, "I shall ride in a car, too, because I shall be put in a pretty basket and sha'n't get tired, nor soil my feet. You will be dragged along by a leader. I saw your mistress drag you the other day and she pulled hard. My mistress always says 'Pussy, pussy, nice pussy; come here's your milk,' and I've seen your cook throw bones to you out on an old plate in the yard. Our cook doesn't do so. I'm glad I'm not you." "Well, I'm glad I'm not you," said the dog, "and I've a mind to shake you." "If you do I'll scratch out your eyes," said I. "I dare you," said he, as he jumped first one side, then another. Suddenly we saw a big gray cat sneaking along and we both stopped to see what he was prowling around for, and we both said, "The bird." We looked all around, but the bird had gotten better, and we saw the little thing in the tree pruning its pretty feathers and the dog said, "I'm so glad that cat did not get the bird, aren't you?" "Indeed I am," I replied; "I thought you would shake it dead when you first came out." "And I thought you were just ready to eat it," said the dog, as he turned at hearing a whistle; "now I've got to go in. Are you going in, too? Can't you go in your yard and I will in mine?—but we can't see each other. *Ain't that too bad?*" "Oh, yes, we can. I will get upon the house and look down at you. Now don't you wish you were a cat and could climb? Then we could have real fun; but don't bark long because it annoys my mistress." So we parted and I came upstairs and found this paper in the waste basket, and if my letter is not worth printing, why throw it in your basket, but I should like to call to see that cat you spoke so kindly to, but if you won't let me in, I can't.

Yours truly,

WHITEY.

Yes, I let cats come round my Chair sometimes, and as you were so good to the little bird I will let you in, too. I trust other little birds will find you as friendly. I wonder if you are not "Kittith Hand's" pussy. I think you write very much like her. No offense to Miss Kittith, but a great compliment to you, Whitey.



Our Dog, Beauty.

BOAT RIDES.

WADDINGTON, N. Y.

Dear Grandma—I enjoy reading the letters in your Chair, and would like to join your family. I have three sisters and no brothers. I go to school; my teacher's name is Miss Oliver. I have \$3.60 in money. I live on the St. Lawrence River, and often take my little dog, Fritz, for a boat ride. Do you enjoy boat riding? My mamma takes your paper. I hope you will have me for your loving grandchild.

HELEN BURLINGAME.

Oh! my, you are a fortunate little girl to have so much money of your own. Now you can open a bank account, and by the time you are a young lady you may have a nice nest egg. And you are fortunate, too, to be able to take a boat ride whenever you want it on that lovely river. I'd like to go with you and Fritz some day; wouldn't we enjoy ourselves?

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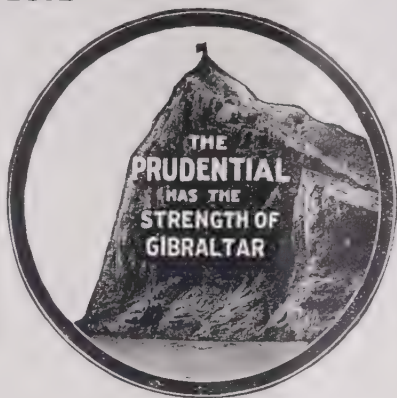
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DEPT. 72



In the Library.

A. S. Barnes & Co. (New York) announce for publication at an early date "A World's Shrine," by Virginia W. Johnson, author of "The Lily of the Arno," "Genoa," etc. This book describes in vivid language that most beautiful of the Italian lakes, Lake Como, its surroundings, its legends, its former greatness, the home of Pliny and the immortals whose names are linked with its history. The volume will be beautifully illustrated.

"A Child's Story of the Life of Christ," by Helen B. Hoyt, is as the title indicates, a story of Christ's life from the annunciation to His ascension, adapted to a child's understanding and presented in interesting story form. It has been many years since such a beautiful and at the same time valuable book has been published, and it is sure to be most welcome. As it is fully illustrated by one hundred and thirty-seven fine half-tone pictures, the story is rendered particularly attractive to the children. The text is presented in a simple and interesting style, which with the large number of illustrations will make this volume at once popular and valuable.

The Beef Trust and other monopolies for controlling the price of meat products may find another and not unworthy opponent in the shape of "vegetarianism." A book by one of the leaders of this movement, Mr. Sidney H. Beard, is now in preparation by Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. It is called a "Guide-Book to Natural, Hygienic and Humane Diet," and is not so much a plea for this system as a practical plan for its observance, giving most of its pages to recipes and useful hints. Housekeepers, whether in sympathy with vegetable diet or not, will

find the book of value because it will tell how to provide a healthful diet at less cost than meat foods. Its recipes for cold luncheon dishes, salads, relishes, desserts and the like have been found simple and highly serviceable.

A full and authoritative statement of the cost and demands of the United States navy is presented by the engineer-in-chief, Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, in the *Review of Reviews* for May. The article is illustrated with photographs of the various types of modern war vessels.

President Roosevelt has received from Mr. Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of England, an especially bound copy of his new volume, "A Tale of True Love, and Other Poems," which he has dedicated to the President. The book, made by Harper & Bros., was bound by hand in full olive-green French levant, cut from a skin chosen for unusual beauty of color. A design of roses is worked on the cover in rose and gold, and the book is lined with French marbled paper in blended shades of green.

Miss Marietta Holly, "Josiah Allen's wife," writes very rapidly when she is in the mood for writing. She scribbles off a story or article in a sort of shorthand of her own. She pins the loose sheets together, and then lets them lie on her desk for perhaps weeks and months, reading them over and over from time to time, correcting, pruning a word or sentence, adding here and there. When she regards them as nearly perfect as she can make them, she dictates them to her typewriter, or talks them into a graphophone and the typewriter takes them down from that.

"Baird's Graded Work in Arithmetic." This little volume is the last of the eight-book series, completing a remarkably well-

graded and comprehensive grammar-school course in arithmetic. It begins with a review of the essential parts of the lower books, and then furnishes a thorough treatment, with applications of percentage and interest, including also exercises in the metric system, the elementary principles of algebra, involution, evolution and mensuration. Operations, explanations and analyses are given in full, with carefully selected illustrative examples. This little book will no doubt be as popular and as widely used as the more elementary volumes of the series have been. New York: American Book Co.

"Van Bergen's Story of China." By R. Van Bergen, M. A., author of "The Story of Japan." American Book Company. The "Middle Kingdom" is becoming more and more the focus of the world's diplomacy, and such a book as this is most timely. Written by one long resident in China, it draws largely on personal observation for its facts. Commencing with a description of the physical features of the country, it next considers the people themselves, their beliefs, customs and education. Then the history of the Chinese Empire is briefly sketched, from the earliest times to the Boxer uprising. The book is attractively illustrated from photographs, and forms an interesting and valuable supplementary geographical reader.

AN APRIL BRACER.

Grape-Nuts Food Gives Spring in the Spring.

Teachers require nourishing food more than the average person, for their work is nerve-destroying, and unless the food taken will surely rebuild the lost gray matter, nervous prostration will set in.

A lady teacher writes, "For the benefit of my fellow teachers and all brain workers who expend daily an amount of nerve energy I want to tell just what I know personally about Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food.

When I was teaching in a boarding-school at P—— in '98, one of the day teachers ate Grape-Nuts regularly for breakfast and supper, and appeared so well and strong in all her work.

Miss R—— used to beg me to join her and give the food a trial, but for some reason I never would try it until the spring of the present year. Then one day in April when I was very much in need of something bracing and was on the point of buying the usual tonic, she prevailed upon me to begin using Grape-Nuts. So we ate Grape-Nuts together from then until June.

Previous to that, every spring I had been compelled to take bottle after bottle of tonics and then go home much run down, but this year June found me well and strong after a most trying month of work, with never a thought about tonics other than the nourishment received from Grape-Nuts. Naturally I believe heartily in the merits of the food.

Since leaving that boarding-school I learn that nearly every teacher in the school from the principal down uses Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Temperance.

The New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men.

The public opening of the beautiful building, familiarly known as "Chester Crest," took place on Thursday, May 8th. It is the new headquarters of the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men, and is situated in Mount Vernon, a most charming city suburb on the northern edge of Greater New York.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Home was celebrated in connection with this event. This work has been carried on successfully at 86th street and Madison avenue, New York City, for over twenty-four years, and the law of growth has made necessary its removal to the present location, where there is ample room for future development.

The Home was founded by the late William E. Dodge, the late Cornelius Vanderbilt and others. Its trustees at the present time are J. Pierpont Morgan, Cornelius N. Bliss, Charles Lanier, Bowles Colgate and Joel E. Fisher. The Rev. George S. Avery is resident manager. Much of the present satisfactory condition of the work is due to his untiring zeal for the Master, and to his efficient management.

The Home has received upward of seven thousand men during the quarter of a century just closing.

The new building will accommodate 150 men at a time, and is admirably adapted to the needs of the work. An additional advantage over the facilities afforded hitherto is the extensive grounds surrounding the Home. This will give opportunity for healthful occupation for the members whose duty it is to perform some service in return for board, etc.

Every facility is provided for paying boarders, so that they may have comfort, quiet and rest. The charming surroundings are themselves an uplifting influence, and, most of all, and above all, are the helpful moral and religious influences. Salvation through Jesus Christ is still the "good news" to lost men, and no class appreciate this more than the one which has become impoverished spiritually, physically and otherwise at the hands of the evil one.

ROBERT W. MATTHEWS.



LAKE HOPATCONG.

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WHAT A SAMPLE BOTTLE OF SWAMP-ROOT DID.

To Prove what Swamp-Root, The Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, will do for YOU, Every reader of CHRISTIAN WORK May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

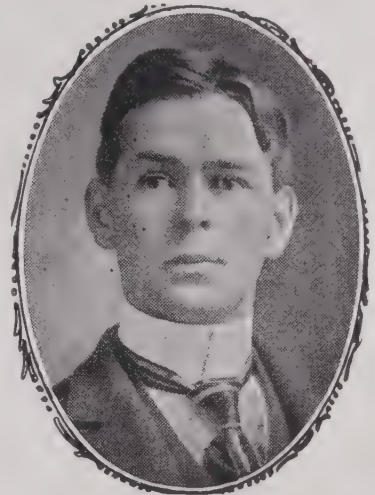
W. F. Lohnes, a prominent business man of Springfield, Ohio, writes the following strong endorsement of the great kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, to the editor of the Springfield, Ohio, Republic:

"Springfield, Ohio, Feb. 21st, 1901.

"Having heard that you could procure a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, free by mail, I wrote to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle and it was promptly sent. I was so pleased after trying the sample bottle that I sent to the drug store and procured a supply. I have used Swamp-Root regularly for some time and consider it unsurpassed as a remedy for torpid liver, loss of appetite and general derangement of the digestive functions. I think my trouble was due to too close confinement in my business. I can recommend it highly for all liver and kidney complaints. I am not in the habit of endorsing any medicine, but in this case I cannot speak too much in praise of what Swamp-Root has done for me."

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W. F. Lohnes.



W. F. LOHNES.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

We often see a friend, a relative, or an acquaintance apparently well, but in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their severe illness, or sudden death, caused by that fatal type of kidney trouble—Bright's Disease.

EDITORIAL NOTE—If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince any one.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives to the great curative properties of Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the CHRISTIAN WORK.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottle at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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CHARLES ST. JOHN, Mgr., Port Jervis, N. Y.



CHURCH CHANGES.

NOW IS THE TIME TO DISCUSS SUCH WORK, IN ADVANCE OF THE SUMMER VACATIONS.

Correspondence solicited. Send for Photographs of Important Work recently completed, showing the Parts to be executed by Local Labor and the Parts forwarded from New York.

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The Housekeeper.

Making Soup or Stews.

Say what one may, there can scarcely be a more savory dish prepared than a nice soup or stew, and yet either of these preparations can be an exceedingly mean and washy kind of food. An article on this page, published not long ago, strongly recommended that housekeepers, having once discovered how to make anything pertaining to the table in a perfectly satisfactory manner, should form a habit of doing things by rule, rather than by guesswork. The boast that many house-matrons seem to pride themselves on, that they have no fixed rules in making cake, pie, puddings and various other things, we more than suspect could scarcely be carried out were the actual facts of the case ascertained. We really think it preferable and more honest to admit that a good rule is in the mind and is adhered to. There are soups and soups, and stews and stews. Is it too boastful to say that it seems to take your old New England housekeeper, familiar with almost traditional recipes, intimately acquainted with rules of household economy, and conscientious to the bone, to find out how to utilize the bones and fragments of meat, the cheap "shin bone" or the glutinous, nutritious "knuckle" of beef, in a way to make a truly delectable soup or stew "out of almost nothing"? And then, be it known unto the rest of the world that this same "forehanded" cook can make the most delightful mock-turtle, black-bean or tomato cream soup, or the most beautiful clam, oyster or lamb stew, that almost any one would care to taste. But it would be difficult to make some of the most expert producers of these nice things swerve in any particular from a long-tried and fixed rule. The soup must simmer just so long, have a given quantity of water, so much salt, spice, sliced lemon, sugar and other ingredients to a quart of water, or in some stews, to a quart of milk. All meat stews whatever need, and must have, an amount of skimming in order to be comfortably digested. It is well known to all good cooks that it is far better to let the liquid matter grow thoroughly cold so that the fatty element will rise to the top and so be easily skimmed, than to make the soup all at once. But when bones and leftover meat are used, this is not always necessary. The glassy, fat surface can sometimes be sufficiently skimmed during the process of boiling. But vegetable soups, of which many persons are very fond, should have all the fat removed that possibly can be. A mixture of the gluten of meat, onions, potatoes, turnips and carrots, makes a very hearty, even heavy, dish, and scarcely any fat should be visible after it is prepared. The fat of any meat should be carefully removed in order to make a wholesome, untroublesome soup or stew. A lady who wished to prepare as ample and satisfying a meal as possible for a poor family, but at comparatively small ex-

pense, was surprised to find how palatable a kettleful of soup could be made from a knuckle-bone with considerable meat adhering, weighing from three to four pounds and costing but 3 or 4 cents a pound. Nearly a gallon of soup was made from boiling the bone, putting it into cold water, which gradually came to a boil, then letting it boil gently about an hour and a half with plenty of potatoes added, a little flour for thickening slightly and enough salt to season nicely. A teaspoonful of Bell's Poultry Dressing will improve a soup of this kind for older persons, or a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce will give it piquancy.

Our old Auntie used to be up betimes, and get the remains of the calf's head, served at dinner the previous day, on the stove in good season in the morning—as anything less than half a day, not twelve hours nor twenty-four, but half of daylight, say five or six hours, were necessary at the least for making mock-turtle soup. Dinner was served at noon in those days, and the meat flavor must have been extracted through long steeping before the spices or herbs or lemon slices could be added, which being used at just the right time, made it a first course long to be remembered. The mysteries of the concoction of black-bean soup, we must confess to never have learned, but the process of preparation was long and particular, and after cooking at least five hours and being spiced, lemoned, seasoned and strained, it was one of the most delightful soups of which we have ever tasted—rich, smooth and rare.

Most housekeepers, however, are very glad to know of a simple, appetizing way of using up odds and ends of meat. A fish dealer once told the writer that the best kind of a fish chowder that could be made was produced by taking a little of every kind of fish there was and boiling all together; of course, other ingredients were to be added, but in making a nice stew, several kinds of meat could be used, only potatoes for a vegetable being needed except the inevitable onion. No soup or stew, oyster and creamed-tomato excepted, is perfect without this aromatic, pungent, savory little vegetable, yet the mistake is common of using too many of them in one soup or stew. One medium-sized onion will flavor a large tureenful of either.

Worcestershire Sauce or a little curry is very much relished by many persons with this chiefly liquid food, but as children would not like it as a rule, it would be better to let these be added at will; but be sure to have them on the table, as they add so much in the way of spicy flavoring. Boiled potato, turnip or carrot left over from the day before could be used in a stew to good advantage, although most vegetables, and potatoes in particular, are much better freshly cooked, even in a soup or a stew.



Teaspoon—Why are you so angry with the doctor? Mrs. Teaspoon—When I told him I had a terrible tired feeling he told me to show him my tongue.

The Cost of Living.

How One Family Manages.

By a Member.

Not long since at a little gathering of friends the conversation turned upon the increased expense of living just now, and one lady declared that it would be impossible to support a medium-sized family in any degree of comfort on less than twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Others of the group agreed with her, while some laughed at the assertion, and I kept still for the time, but determined to set forth some plain facts in truthful figures, hoping they may be helpful to some one who is striving on a limited income to wrest from Fate not only an existence but some of the comforts and dainties which to a refined taste are indispensable.

To some people the confession I am about to make might seem humiliating. For ourselves we are rather proud of it. That five of us can, and do, live respectably and comfortably on one thousand dollars per year is a matter for congratulation, since circumstances make economy necessary, and the attempt has grown into a sort of game which we play with considerable amusement.

(Continued on page 779.)

INSIDE THE GROCERY. Some Facts Made Known.

It is often thought that grocers really have very little care regarding the food value of the articles they sell, but the real facts are that grocery keepers of the right sort are extremely particular as to what they recommend.

One of the fraternity relates a tale. "The highest priced coffee on the market I introduced to my customers and used myself. I began to have bilious attacks and after a little observation attributed them directly to coffee. Every time I left off drinking it I got better, but I felt the need of a warm drink for breakfast.

Along in '96 a wholesale grocer urged me to put in some Postum Food Coffee in my store, which I did with considerable misgiving, for, at that time, the now famous Postum was not so well known.

He urged me to try it myself, which I did, and was disgusted with the flat, tasteless beverage, so was my wife. I remembered the wholesale grocer said something about following directions carefully, so I took the package and studied it. I at once discovered that we had not boiled it long enough, only three or four minutes, but it must be boiled 15 minutes at least, so we tried it again, with the result that we got a perfect cup of coffee, a delightful and healthful beverage. I have continued the use of Postum in my home ever since. We use it for breakfast, dinner and supper.

My bilious attacks quickly left and I am free from them altogether. I began to explain to my customers something of the value of Postum Coffee and now have a very large trade on it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

(Continued from page 778.)

Not but what there are times when we could use more, and rejoice in the using; but, on the other hand, there are compensations in the careful disposing of our income which richer people know nothing of.

For eight years our family has consisted of three adults, and two hearty, rapidly growing boys, now sixteen and twelve years of age. During that period our expenditures have amounted to \$7,596.56—an average in round numbers of \$950 a year. The year 1901, a fair, average year, our expenses were as follows:

House rent	\$216
Gas	36
Fuel	65
Wages to laundress or extra help....	100
Dry goods and household expenses..	275
Table expenses	275

Total expenditures \$967

We have a comfortable, furnace-heated house of eight rooms. Items such as carpets, curtains and bedding we replenish gradually, taking care that some new article is purchased each year rather than several at once. We plan in the same way for our winter wraps, not allowing all to need replacing at once. My husband—a professional man—buys one good suit a year, with linen or duck for summer, which lasts two seasons.

I buy for myself a suit once in two years, freshening it up the second season, and taking it for second best the third.

Neat shirt waists, duck or linen skirts for summer, which last indefinitely, a silk waist for best one year and a pretty flannel the next, hats which can be worn two seasons, then made over and combined for two more, form a wardrobe with which I am quite content.

Our mother, who lives with us, is easily outfitted, being something of an invalid and going out very little, so a suit or wrap lasts her several years.

Clothing the boys is a larger consideration, but their needs are comfortably met; and we are not ashamed of their appearance in school or church, which they regularly attend.

As to our meals—For breakfast we have a cereal with milk, coffee, rolls, and either bacon, fried potatoes, fried mush or fruit. When we have hot cakes and syrup we dispense with the latter items.

For lunch: Tea and toast, or wafers, or bread and butter, with milk for the children, chipped beef or hash or croquettes; a relish, such as pickles or slaw or salad, and fruit.

For dinner: Meat, two vegetables, a relish, and dessert—simple puddings or pie, or fruit and cake. Twice a week, hot rolls, often soup, and, during the winter, hot Boston brown bread once a week.

All breadstuffs and desserts are home-made, this saving expense and adding much to the amount of nourishment obtained. We have a fair share of company, but make no change in our menu on that account. We do not buy expensive meats, having found that the cheaper cuts are just

as acceptable if judiciously selected and carefully cooked. If our expenses exceed the limit one month, we cut them down the next, making up by extra care in preparation what is lacking in material. Everything is saved—nothing wasted—and the average cost of our table is \$1 a person a week.

Under the head of "Household Expenses" is included medicines, doctor's bills and car fares. I put down every item as soon as purchased, so that strict account can be kept and unnecessary expenses cut off; and at the end of each year the sum total is entered in its special book and filed away.

The cost of living in this city of more than half a million people is, I think, about as in other cities.

During the eight years that we have been obliged to make our expenses meet a limited income, we have been comfortably fed, clad and housed, have contributed our fair proportion to church and mission work, have devoted some time to reading and to music, have enjoyed an occasional lecture or concert, and have proved to our own satisfaction that "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."



Christian Endeavor.

Sunday, May 24th.—I. Cor. xii, 1-10.

Missions: Our Missionary Boards.

By Lina Jeanette Walk.

O Church of Christ, behold at last

The promised sign appear—

The gospel preached in all the world;
And lo! The King draws near.

With girded loins make haste, make haste,
Thy witness to complete.

That Christ may take His throne and
bring

All nations to His feet.

All denominations have their boards of missions, both the Home and the Foreign. It is customary, once or twice a year, to have a sermon preached in every church in behalf of missions, usually by some member of the board, who gives a brief synopsis of the work, its progress, its drawbacks, its needs and necessities. To many hearers this semi-annual address is the only knowledge they acquire of the object of missions, and the only time they come really in touch with them. The history of the mission, who are its agents, the field which it covers, has been no part of their business; and the only interest and enthusiasm awakened in this cause has been when some earnest missionary worker gives from the pulpit a snapshot picture of his field of labor, and with fervent and forceful speech tells of the results of his work and the importance and necessity of help in order to advance it further.

The responsibility of mission work is assumed by every one who joins the Church. The mission field is so vast that it has room for everybody, and none are exempt from serving God here. On every

side the cry is continually going up for help, and there is something to be done, in one way or the other, for our suffering, needy and perishing brothers at home or abroad at all times. While life lasts this work will be ours to do, and whether we find it in the uttermost parts of the earth or in our own homeland the work is still before us and the duty imperative. One of our leading daily papers recently published an article in which reference was made to an address given by a prominent clergyman, in which he stated that 70 per cent. of the population of his own city were churchless. The clergyman had been collecting statistics of the number of church-going persons, and his figures were startling to those who heard him. This report comes from a city which has long been noted for the large number of its churches! It proves that the salvation of mankind cannot be accomplished by a few consecrated workers, and that there are still many laborers needed before the world can be gained for Christ.

Certainly there is "A work for me and a work for you," and to help us in this work it is our business to become acquainted with our missionary boards. They need our aid, our sympathy and encouragement as well as our support. They are our agents, and inasmuch as we assist them by our interest and co-labor so much more will they be able to spread the gospel everywhere. As we learn more and more about our missionary boards and the numerous fields in which they toil, so much greater will be our zeal. We will want to possess ourselves of all the information possible concerning missions, and with this intelligence will be awakened a burning desire within us to share in widening the circles of God's kingdom.

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sion it can give the complicated pieces more
life and soul than any other instrument of its
kind is able to give."

"Bravo to the inventors!"

(Signed) PIETRO MASCAGNI."

Warschau, Russia, April 4th, 1902.

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Simply roll it up to the piano. Anybody can play
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greatest musicians. Agents everywhere.

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Among the Churches.

The ninth anniversary of the Open-Air Workers' Association of America will be observed Tuesday, May 13th, at the Hanson Place Baptist Church, near Fulton street, Brooklyn. Business meeting at 3 p. m. Addresses at 8 p. m. by Dr. Harry Grattan Guinness, of London; Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D., of Washington, president, and others. Open-air meeting near the church at 7 p. m., if weather is favorable.

The forty-seventh annual convention of the New York State Sunday-school Association will be held in First M. E. Church, Saratoga Springs, on June 10, 11 and 12, 1902. The Saratoga Committee of Arrangements is actively at work to provide for the comfort and convenience of delegates. An excellent program has been prepared, and many noted Sunday-school workers are announced to take part in the exercises. Ample arrangements have been made for the entertainment of delegates at reduced rates in hotels and private boarding-houses. Sunday-schools may send as many delegates as they choose, and every county association should send at least five delegates-at-large. Reduced rates (one and one-third) have been secured on all railroads.

At the seventy-seventh annual meeting of the American Tract Society, held May 7th at the Madison Avenue Church, this city, President Roosevelt was elected an honorary vice-president to fill the place made vacant by the death of President McKinley. Gen. Otis Howard, president of the Society, occupied the chair. An address was made by Rev. Courtenay H. Fenn, secretary of the North China Tract Society, in which he made an appeal for further help for China, which country, he said, was on the verge of a great reawakening.

The reports of the different boards and societies of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Paterson, N. J., read at the recent congregational meeting, showed that the past year has been one of the most encouraging in the history of the church. The pastor, Rev. David W. Hutchinson, is in the seventeenth year of his pastorate with this people. The twentieth anniversary of Westminster Church will be celebrated this year.

Rev. J. F. Bair, of the Reformed Church of Lindsey, Ohio, has resigned, his resignation to take effect May 15th. He will take up missionary work in the vicinity of Pittsburgh.

The Reformed Church at Millersburg, Pa., will soon be pulled down in order that a new church may be erected on the same location.

On Sunday, June 8th, the Tulpehocken Reformed Church, frequently called Leinbach's, near Stouchsburg, will pay 157 red roses as rental due the descendants of Caspar Wister, who a century and a half ago was a manufacturer in Philadelphia. In 1745 Caspar Wister gave 100 acres of land to the trustees of the church, they to pay for it one red rose annually.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

"THE LAND OF THE SKY."

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ASHEVILLE AND THE SAPPHIRE COUNTRY.

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A place where rest and recreation can be most happily combined. The climate and baths are especially applicable for nervous and rheumatic troubles. The pure mountain air, charming scenery and luxurious thermal baths are among the attractions which justly render Hot Springs a favorite resort for people seeking health and recreation.

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Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackay-Smith was on May 1st consecrated Bishop-Coadjutor of the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania. The impressive ceremonies of the consecration were conducted in Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, which was filled with prominent clergymen and laymen from every section of the country and from Canada.

News has been received of the death on Wednesday, April 29th, at Las Vegas, N. M., of Rev. Franklin E. Smith, of Rochester, N. Y., formerly rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Randolph, N. Y., and at one time assistant rector of St. Mary's Church, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

Rev. Willard Martin Rice, stated clerk of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, and one of the oldest Presbyterian ministers of that city, celebrated, last week, his 85th birthday.

Rev. Nicholas Vansant, a Methodist clergyman, died at Madison, N. J., May 3d, from pneumonia, after a brief illness. He was a son of Nicholas and Mercy Vansant, and was born in Absecon, N. J., on December 7, 1823. He became a preacher in 1840, and was connected with the Medford Circuit until 1843, when he was appointed assistant to Rev. Thomas McCarroll, of Paterson. He was presiding elder of the Paterson District from 1864 to 1868, pastor of Trinity Church, in Newark, from 1873 to 1876, and the Fulton Street Church, Elizabeth, from 1876 to 1879.

The annual meeting of the board of directors of the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J., was held in Alexander Hall, on Monday, May 5th, in connection with the commencement exercises. Rev. Dr. William M. Paxton, president of the seminary and professor of ecclesiastical, homiletical and pastoral theology, presented his resignation, which was reluctantly accepted by the board. Dr. Paxton has been a professor in the seminary for about twenty years. He was made professor emeritus of the chair he has occupied. His successor will not be appointed until late in the summer.

Rev. Dr. Dwight E. Marvin has resigned as pastor of the First Congregational Church, Asbury Park, N. J., to take effect on the 22d of May. The resignation came as a painful surprise to the congregation. Dr. Marvin came to Asbury Park from Philadelphia, where he had been settled for over eleven years, accomplishing during that time a remarkable work. His work at Asbury Park has been marked by wisdom, activity, earnestness and spirituality.

The Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, of Elizabeth, N. J., is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary this week. The church debt, which was \$4,500, has been reduced to \$800 since the present pastor, Rev. H. W. Hathaway, has been in charge. Mr. Hathaway has been pastor for eight years, during which time the church has greatly prospered in all departments of its work.

Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, one of the most prominent Presbyterian ministers of New

Orleans, and known throughout the country, was knocked down by a trolley car, on the afternoon of May 5th, and perhaps fatally injured. His arm and leg were broken, his head was cut and he is thought to be injured internally. Dr. Palmer is eighty-three years old.

In spite of its many misfortunes and the notoriety that came to it through two of its pastors, Immanuel Presbyterian Church, in Flatbush, is to be maintained by those who are interested in the organization. The property of the church was sold some time ago under a foreclosure, and it was generally supposed that the church society would cease to exist. The Presbytery, however, has been fostering the organization, and regular Sunday services have been held in the Norman Institute, 1,142 Flatbush avenue. Rev. Dr. Dwight E. Marvin, of the First Congregational Church, Asbury Park, N. J., has just consented to accept the pastorate of the church, and it is announced that he will begin his duties on May 25th.

Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, will deliver the anniversary address at the annual commencement of the Yale Divinity School on May 18th. Plans have been completed for a celebration in memory of Horace Bushnell, the noted theologian of half a century ago, as a feature of the commencement. There will be addresses by Professor Stevens, of the Yale Divinity School, and by Rev. Dr. E. P. Parker, of Hartford. On Tuesday evening of commencement week the alumni of the school will give a dinner to Professor G. P. Fisher, for half a century connected with the school. Among the speakers will be President Eliot of Harvard.



Though the United States, in its policy of lavish distribution of free lands, has given away to settlers most of the national domain, it still retains regions of unsurpassable scenic beauty. It is these that John Muir deals with in "Our National Parks," (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), the book of an enthusiast that is commanding a large measure of success.

"Martin's Civil Government of the United States." Revised edition. By George H. Martin, A. M., Supervisor of Schools, Boston. The present edition of this valuable little volume brings it up to date by embodying all recent constitutional and statutory changes, and by selecting illustrations of a timely character. Its statement of principles is full; its plan is comprehensive, embracing the national administration as well as all local organizations. Its historical method is logical, showing not only what our free institutions are, but also why they are, by tracing their development. Its arrangement is typical, thus greatly aiding the teacher in assigning lessons, and the scholar in studying and rendering them. It contains the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, and a complete index renders possible ready reference to any topic. It goes without saying that it is just such a book as ought to be in the home of every American. American Book Co., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

Pennsylvania Railroad Reduced Rates to St. Paul or Minneapolis, Account National Baptist Anniversaries.

On account of the National Baptist Anniversaries, at St. Paul, Minn., May 20 to 28, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines to St. Paul or Minneapolis, May 17 to 19, good to return not earlier than May 21, and not later than May 29, at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be good for return passage only when executed by Joint Agent at St. Paul or Minneapolis and payment of 25 cents made for this service. By depositing ticket with Joint Agent not earlier than May 21 nor later than May 29, and payment of 50 cents at time of deposit, an extension of return limit may be obtained to leave St. Paul or Minneapolis not later than June 30.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Several months ago the readers of a few selected papers were notified that a bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine could be obtained free by writing to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y. Other publishers secured the same privilege for their readers. The results to those who ordered free bottles have been most remarkable and gratifying.

Any reader of THE CHRISTIAN WORK may have a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid if they need it and write for it.

One small dose of this remarkable remedy, once a day, quickly and perfectly cures indigestion and catarrh of the stomach, cures constipation, so that in less than a week you have no more trouble, clears the liver and kidneys of congestion so those vital organs become healthy and active.

Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine takes all inflammation and catarrh from the bladder and all pain and trouble from prostate gland.



Selfishness in public life is a crime against one's highest ambitions.—*The Conqueror.*

PURE REFINED PARAFFINE

Don't tie the top of your jelly and preserve jars in the old fashioned way. Seal them by the new, quick, absolutely sure way—by a thin coating of Pure Refined Paraffine. Has no taste or odor. Is air tight and acid proof. Easily applied. Useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions with each cake.

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A FINANCIER'S LUCK

How It Changed When Things Seemed Going from Bad to Worse.

Mr. Charles H. Bradley, the president of the State Investment Company, with offices in the American Trust Building, Cleveland, Ohio, is known in business and social circles throughout Cleveland not only as a person of ability but as a man of sterling integrity. In speaking of his experience, he said:

"It was about three years ago. I was just recovering from a long attack of typhoid fever and my strength was so long in returning that it seemed I would never be a sound, healthy man again. My appetite was poor and my nerves unstrung and the doctor's medicine did not help me at all.

"Things were going from bad to worse when one day I chanced to read a statement of a man who had been cured of trouble similar to mine by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It encouraged me to try them. By the time I had used the first box I felt a decided improvement and I kept on taking them until I had used six boxes. By that time I was restored to perfect health.

"I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best remedy made for troubles like mine and am always glad to recommend them."

The after-effects of fevers and other acute diseases are frequently worse than the ailment itself and the utmost care is required during this stage in order that permanent evils do not result. The system is worn out in its long struggle with the disease; the blood is impoverished and the nerves weakened. Vitality is low. The blood needs to be purified and supplied with the elements to build up the wasted tissues, the nerves need a tonic to strengthen them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will do this as no other medicine will. They are an unfailing specific not only for the after-effects of fevers, of grip and of other acute diseases, but also for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



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Just for Fun.



The Peaceful Citizen: "Come back to earth!"
—The St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Landlady—It pains me to speak about your board bill.

The Boarder—Then don't do it, my good woman; I can't bear to see any one suffer.

"I am sorry, doctor, you were not able to attend the church supper last night; it would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good, madam: I have just prescribed for three of the participants."

Patience—Has she picked a husband yet?

Patrice—No, she's going to wait until she gets one; she'll pick him then all right.

"I'm going to marry your daughter, sir," said the positive young man to the father. "Well, you don't need to come to me for sympathy," replied the father, "I have troubles of my own."

Yeast—You say his trouble came in a bunch?

Crimsonbeak—Yes; he bought a fresh bunch of bananas and when he got 'em home he found a big tarantula among them.

Mrs. Jumper was in a bad humor. Things had gone wrong with her, and she was about to give Mr. Jumper a piece of her mind when she saw the sky darkening and, looking out of the window, said:

"There's a storm coming."

Mr. Jumper scratched his head, then pertinently inquired:

"Inside or out?"

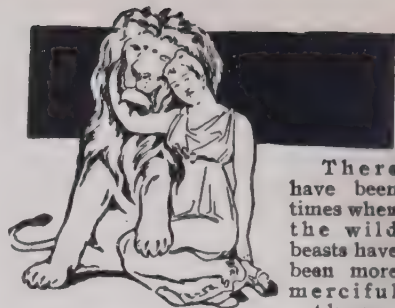
Many a man's success in life is due to the fact that he is foolish in his talk but wise in his actions.

It's an easy matter to please a woman. All you have to do is to say to her only things she likes to hear.

Of course you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but it is possible to transform a senator into a pugilist.

Many a man can trace his ruin to his enemies and many another man could doubtless trace the origin of his downfall to his pretended friends.

It is said that the ladies of Egypt stained their cheeks with alcohol 1,000 years ago. It is now used as a nose tint by some men in this country.



There have been times when the wild beasts have been more merciful than

human beings, and spared the woman cast to them in the arena. It is astonishing how little sympathy women have for women. In the home the mistress sees the maid with the signs of suffering she recognizes so well, but she does not lighten the sick girl's load by a touch of her finger. In the store the forewoman sees the pallor and exhaustion which mark womanly weakness, but allows nothing for them. It is work or quit.

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Expenditure always within revenue.

—From Andrew Carnegie's "The Empire of Business."



Common sense extracts more solid comfort from life than genius does.

Fishermen, unlike doctors, never attempt to cure a sucker until after he is dead.

The patience of the average man doesn't get a chance to rest until after he has acquired a monument.

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EDITOR'S NOTE For 40 years the Peabody Medical Institute has been a fixed fact, and it will remain so. It is as standard as American Gold. The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

In the Library.

NATHAN HALE—The Ideal Patriot. By William Ordway Partridge. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

It is not often that a man who has won world-wide fame as a sculptor proves his right to a place with the poets, and it is equally seldom that the sculptor becomes a biographer, but William Ordway Partridge—the creator of the grand statue of General Grant in Brooklyn, that of Shakespeare in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and of other works in marble and bronze too numerous to be catalogued—has done both in his life of "Nathan Hale, the Ideal Patriot," a book that is unique in its simple and graphic portrayal of the young martyr's noble character and heroic self-sacrifice.

"A sculptor," he says, "living with his statue and seeing it grow from day to day gets very close to the spirit of his subject," and this life of Nathan Hale expressed in words is an outcome of the five years and more spent in preparation for the life in bronze which, like the book, is dedicated to the students of Yale.

"As we look back through the records of the past," he tells us, "especially through this Colonial epoch, we find no man more worthy to be put in enduring bronze and to stand forever on a college green, than Nathan Hale. He is primarily Yale's hero and patriot." And then, taking us into his confidence, he explains with the utmost frankness the methods used in the creation of this ideal statue—for, unfortunately, there is no portrait of the young patriot in existence—a lack that has made the sculptor's task doubly difficult. Yet "I gladly confess," he says, "that the work on the figure of Nathan Hale has been to me not only a revelation, but an inspiration.

"When we think of the young fellow so full of life, so full of joy, so full of physical and moral strength, just on the threshold of manhood, giving his life at twenty-one for his country's sake, giving it so gladly, so freely—we feel that it cannot help but inspire the whole American people, as they turn from office, shop and plowshare, and impel them to consider the ideals that make for manhood." The monument represents the young patriot on his way to the scaffold.

"With head erect he moves and stately pace,

To meet an awful doom—no ribald jest
Brings scorn or hate to that exalted face;

His thoughts are far away, poised and at rest."

And the poet-sculptor voices the hope "that as the statue stands on the college green it shall be the possession not only of the University of Yale, but of the State of Connecticut and of the whole country; that it shall be an inspiration to every young man who comes up to the University—a lesson of that higher patriotism, which, eliminating self, and impelled by principle, gives itself unreservedly for the good of its country."

To Long Islanders the name of Nathan Hale is scarcely less dear than to the

people of his native State, for it was in the old town of Huntington that he landed when he crossed over from Connecticut on his perilous mission.

It is a singular coincidence that Major André, too, not long before his tragic death, found his way to Long Island, where his varied gifts and genial comradery won the admiration of both British and Americans. Yet, though his fate was not unlike that of Nathan Hale, between the two men, as Mr. George Cary Eggleston says in his introduction, "there is and must always continue to be the radical distinction between a patriot engaged at the risk of his life in serving his country and a despicable scoundrel engaged in bribing others to dishonorable courses." And nothing more strongly emphasizes this distinction than the last words uttered by the two.

"I request you, gentlemen," said André, "that you bear me witness to the world that I die like a brave man." Brave words truly, and bravely spoken, but with what a different ring the deathless sentence uttered by Nathan Hale has come down the century: "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

For this timely and inspiring study of our "Ideal Patriot" Mr. Partridge deserves the hearty thanks of the reading public, and while his noble monument is destined to make New Haven a Mecca for both lovers of their country and

lovers of art, the book "will appeal"—to quote again from George Cary Eggleston's spirited "Forward"—"to every patriot, to every reader of literature, and especially to every man, woman, and child who appreciates self-sacrifice in behalf of a great cause, or who recognizes the truth which forms the basis of all religions from that of Gautama to that of Jesus: namely, that the sacrifice of one's self for the benefit and the salvation of others is the worthiest use that any man can make of life and of those privileges which have been given him by a gracious God."



Odds and Ends.

People who are always behind time should be fed on tomato ketchup.

Nothing is better than a good woman, and nothing is worse than a bad one.

Habits are like porous plasters—easy to acquire, but hard to get rid of.

It is easier to criticize the faults of another than it is to correct your own.

Rest is the sweet sauce that is dished up only in connection with hard labor.

The average man takes more interest in what he suspects than in what he knows.

Milliners' bills are the tax which the male sex has to pay for the beauty of the females.

Many a girl's distant manner may be traced to the fact that she had onions for dinner.

When you meet a man who is thoroughly content you see one whose ambition has gone to seed.

Women love the lie that saves their pride, but never an unflattering truth.—*The Conqueror.*

When a girl accepts a fellow, he refers to her as a woman of excellent judgment.

Usually when a man starts on the downward road, the brake refuses to work.

After having reached the zero mark, a society girl's age resembles the locomotion of a crab—it goes backward.

A girl never really appreciates the attentions of a young man until some other girl tries to get a corner on them.

Of bad things, your own bad temper should head the list.

Money may not talk, but it cheers a man up wonderfully.

Many men believe honesty in moderation is the best policy.

A genius is a man who knows when to keep his mouth shut.

Wise is the man who knows when to make a long story short.

Many a blessing in disguise effectually escapes detection.

When a fool gets angry he opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.

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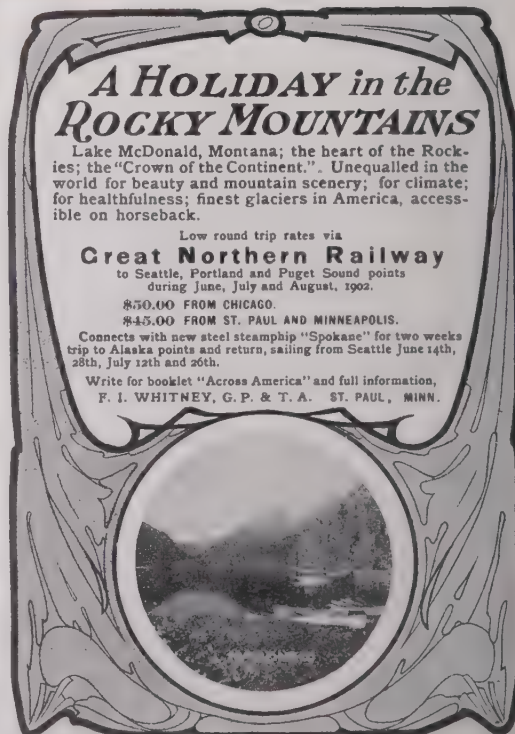
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CHRISTIAN WORK

Illustrated Family Newspaper

Volume 72.

MAY 24, 1902.

Number 1840

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THE CHRISTIAN WORK

Weekly---Continuing The Christian at Work.

Volume 72

New York, Thursday, May 24, 1902

Number 1840

For Terms See Prospectus on Page 815.

Coal Workers
Out on Strike.

The action of the United Mine Workers' Convention in having declared for a strike against the advice of President Mitchell and the district leaders cannot but cause both regret and concern. Whatever the merits of the miners' claims that higher wages should be given to enable them to meet the enhanced cost of living, a strike which their own leaders regard as ill-advised is a hazardous experiment. The public will hope that the spirit of conciliation may soon prevail both among the employers and employees. Although under the rule of the convention the vote was declared to be unanimous, the strike was ordered by a vote of 461 to 349. What will be the outcome no one can now predict. It is almost certain that 150,000 miners go out under the decision. What other departments of labor may become involved it is impossible to say. The strike will continue probably for some time, especially as the summer is favorable to its maintenance; but when the stress of winter comes the conditions will be very different. The precise causes which have led to the strike are not yet fully known, but will doubtless become manifest before long. Meantime, the price of coal will go up, and the usual inconveniences to the point of suffering will follow, although the coming warm weather will mitigate these for a few months.

✦

Spain's Queen Regent
Gives Up the Scepter.

It is remarked of Maria Christina of Spain that with the enthronement of King Alfonso last week she "joined the list of former monarchs who have gone out of business." This may be, but it is to be observed that the former Queen retires with the respect of her tumultuous people and after having reigned for sixteen years with conspicuous discretion. She came to Spain as a not overwelcome guest. In temperament she and her court were as far asunder as the poles. Her married life was not felicitous, and at an early date she was left a widow, alone in a suspicious and half hostile land, with menaces abroad and with disaffection and threats of revolution at home. And now her son ascends the throne, and at the present time the country is quiet, and for this it may thank the retiring Queen, whose admirable character, equable temperament, womanly tact, constancy of purpose, statesmanlike prudence have been worthy of the highest praise. And although America has had her war with Spain, which has taken away from the Peninsular Kingdom the choicest of her possessions and also destroyed her navy, the people of this country will always recognize in Maria Christina one who was ever a noble woman and a wise and benevolent, though a much tried and not always fortunate, ruler. They will ungrudgingly give to her in her retirement from the

regency an unstinted meed of praise, and a hearty hope that as Queen Dowager she may enjoy more peace and prosperity—she could not have more honor—than she has known in the long and troublous years as Queen Regent.

✦

Cuba and
Independence.

This is Independence Week in Cuba. Amid the booming of cannon, the playing of the Cuban national hymn and the saluting of the flags, the Stars and Stripes were hauled down. As we go to press General Wood turned over the Government to President Palma, the Cuban flag, bespeaking the birth of a new nation, was given to the breeze, and the *ultima thule* of Cuban hopes, aspirations and endeavors was reached. For the United States the whole ceremony bespoke its faithfulness to its promises to the Cubans, while the course of events which have led to this result will ever form a noble chapter in American history. President Palma begins well, with such men as Carlos Zaldo, Fernando Figueredo and the heroic Ruis Rivera—whose execution by General Blanco the United States prevented—the latter taking the office of Collector of Customs at Havana. The appointments announced clearly indicate President Palma's purpose to have his own way. Factionalism is already rampant in Havana, but Palma is a man of will, a strong man, and it is hoped, as it is believed, he will carry the day. And now Cuba goes on in the work of governing herself with the future alone to determine the final result, for which the best will be hoped by Americans no less than Cubans.

✦

Mr. Chamberlain on
Anglo-Saxon Union.

Even a humorous speech from Mr. Chamberlain on public affairs is sure to carry something with it of international importance, as was shown one day last week, when he addressed representatives of the American and colonial press in a committee room of the House of Commons. While by far the larger number of journalists present represented British dominions beyond the sea, the American press had its representatives. Addressing them, Mr. Chamberlain remarked that they belonged to a land yet unincorporated in the British dominions, but which, if present tendencies developed, might yet unite to herself all the Britains in one huge cooperative union. "Unite to herself" is so much better than that other phrase, "unite herself to," that it may be allowed to stand. Continuing, Mr. Chamberlain said that all memories of old animosity and all old doubts and suspicions between Great Britain and America were nearly obliterated. No American visiting England could fail to note that every Englishman was his friend alike by necessity and choice. While he did not pretend that the feeling in regard to Great Britain was quite so general in the United States, yet every Englishman visiting America brought home pleasant memories for cordial

hospitality and sympathy. The Colonial Secretary then gravely reminded his hearers that in this country Cabinet Ministers are never interviewed, and said he felt sure that those present would never attempt to infringe that honored tradition. Other lands, other manners, said Mr. Chamberlain, and he well remembered being interviewed at a New York hotel by forty reporters at the same time. One of those reporters, concluded the Secretary, wrote that if he (Mr. Chamberlain) had been better dressed he might easily have been taken for an American. He hoped that, in spite of any peculiarities in his attire, he might always be taken, in feeling and sympathy, for an American, an Australian, a Canadian, a South African—in short, an Anglo-Saxon. This is certainly said “in lighter vein,” but it shows how apt Mr. Chamberlain is to profit by the examples of the illustrious. The elder Pitt, it is said, always opened his most serious diplomatic interviews with narrating an incident or telling a short story, while Mr. Lincoln’s recourse to this method was a notable characteristic of his public career. We have only to add that Mr. Chamberlain’s remarks carry a spirit of prophecy, and point to that Anglo-Saxon confederation—hardly a “union”—which bids fair to become a most important, if not the chief, force in the future history of civilization.



Mr. Nixon Retires
from Tammany Hall.

Last week Mr. Nixon, the well-known shipbuilder, chosen as the successor to Richard Croker, retired from the leadership of that body because he would not submit to a clique government within Tammany in the interests of unclean methods and purposes. No doubt Mr. Nixon honestly cherished the illusory idea that the Tammany organization could be taken out of the control of Croker. He soon discovered his error, and by squarely recognizing this fact and retiring from a position which, as he says, he could not retain without losing his self-respect, he has done the people of Greater New York, as well as his party, a large service. Hence he goes, and gains in public respect by going. The Croker people remain, and the popular judgment of them remains also. The fact is, men of the stamp of Mr. Nixon are not wanted in Tammany Hall—at least not at its head. What the Carroll-Scannell combine want is more plunder, more opportunities for blackmail, more of the money of the gamblers, rumsellers and dive-keepers—not reform or fine pretenses. Croker himself could not make these men content with an honest management of Tammany—not even if he were again sound in body and mind and had graduated in a course of moral reform.



Extinction of the
Carib Indians.

From Mont Pelée the volcanic forces swiftly went to St. Vincent Island, as already told, and did for the entire northern half of the island what they had already done for St. Pierre—exterminated every living thing. And chiefly the calamity is notable for having virtually exterminated the Carib Indians, the aboriginal race that was discovered by Columbus four centuries ago. It is a pathetic story, this one of these devout people, now, with a few exceptions, entirely obliterated. In the last decade of the fifteenth century the area occupied or controlled by the Caribs in the West Indies extended, roughly speaking, from 10 degrees to 20 degrees north latitude, or from

Trinidad to Hispaniola. Their original home was probably in the northern part of South America, from the Amazon to Venezuela, Caribs being still found in a state of savagery in the Guianas. The Spaniards have left but scant material for an estimate of these people, but preferably from a quaint book called the “History of the Caribby Islands,” published in England more than two hundred years ago, much is learned of their appearance. They wore little or no clothing. They greatly feared the thunder, which to them was God’s voice. They abandoned their houses after the death of an inmate. The men made hats, fished, hunted the game, and performed some work in the fields; the women attended to the domestic duties, painted their husbands with “fouco,” spun yarn, and wove hammocks. It is noteworthy that at that time the women used a speech of their own, differing from that of the men. It is these simple-minded people who have been, as it were, wiped out, with just a possible remnant left to serve as an object lesson for the ethnologist and the antiquarian. The pathetic in human life could scarcely be more forcibly illustrated.



River and Harbor
Appropriations.

Public attention has already been directed to the fact that the other day Senator Money, of Mississippi, asked the Senate for just one minute to pass a bill appropriating \$150,000 for a public building in a small town in his State. The town has a population of about 5,500. The bill passed within the minute. The River and Harbor Bill, as it passed the Senate, appropriates \$70,000,000 to various enterprises, some of which are of very doubtful utility. West Point authorities asked for \$6,500,000 for improvements, which the House, before passing the bill, cut down to \$5,500,000. The House Committee on Naval Affairs have completed a bill for naval appropriations; it will call for \$76,000,000. Two battleships are recommended to be built, each to cost, without armor or armament, \$4,659,000. There are various smaller vessels of less cost to be constructed. The battleships, of 16,000 tons displacement, will be the largest ever authorized for the American navy and among the largest warships afloat. “The Senate for two hours to-day,” says *The Sun*, “voted money out of the Treasury at the rate of \$583,333 a minute.” The River and Harbor Bill has come to bear the nickname of the “Pork Bill.” “The Committee on Commerce,” says *The Sun*, “has distributed the pork so judiciously that no important amendments were offered in the Senate.” In the bookkeeping for the year this large appropriation will not appear in its full magnitude because it will not all be expended within the year, but will drag on from year to year. But every annual appropriation does the same, so that it comes to the same in the end.



France and Her
Friendships.

At the banquet of the French Chamber of Commerce, held in London the other day, the French Ambassador delivered some utterances which seem to carry not a little significance. He insisted that every good Frenchman and every good Englishman ought to desire relations between the two countries to be characterized by as much confidence and cordiality as possible. Former President Barclay, of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, took up some references made by the Ambassador to a permanent treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and

France, and announced that a large number of the French chambers of commerce had already adopted resolutions in favor of the proposed treaty. Mr. Barclay thought that if the British people showed distinctly their desire for such a treaty it would become a reality, as doubtless it would. If these indications are really representative of French sentiment, there has been as great a change in France's attitude toward Great Britain in thirty months as in her attitude toward Germany in thirty years. Great Britain is far more the hereditary foe of France than Germany is. Her grudge goes back to the Norman conquest itself, incalculably great though the Norman element in the English make-up is to this day. The harbored resistance of the Stuarts, the French assistance to the American Revolution and the memories of Trafalgar and Waterloo have kept this breach open in recent centuries wider than any other between great nations. But France has now been a Republic for thirty-one consecutive years, and republicanism means an increase of sanity. France has begun to discover that it is better to have friends than to have enemies; to make friends if you have them not, and, better still, to make them of your enemies if you can. The movement, too, in this country for the relief of the starving of Martinique—exceeding that of any other country—has stirred the French people deeply. The time seems to be auspicious for France to extend the friendly hand, which she has not always done—at least of late years—to this country. The two Republics ought to be better friends than they seemingly have been in more recent times.



There is not wanting a measure of significance in the return of a Liberal member for Bury, Lancashire, in place of a Unionist supporter of the Salisbury government by a majority of 414 votes. It is noteworthy as the first electoral test of British popular feeling in regard to the grain taxes recently imposed. Less than two years ago this constituency returned a Conservative government supporter by a majority of 849. Such a change can be ascribed to no other cause than aversion to the grain imposts, though it must be admitted that Lancashire voters, among whom the memory of the agitation for the workingmen's cheap loaf has survived more vitally than elsewhere in Great Britain, would naturally be most strongly opposed to the new duties.



The announcement that Mr. Charles M. Schwab, of Steel-Trust millions, has bought a liberal slice of Staten Island beach—that portion known as Richmond Beach—will be received with general satisfaction. Hitherto it has been public ground, but at amusement-resort prices. Hereafter, with Schwab plans perfected, it will be ground for deserving poor folk without price. The beach, the bathing and all the amusements will be free to guests of the new proprietor, the only form of restriction being that these guests will be selected by certain practical methods not yet explained. Whatever be Mr. Schwab's limitations, he certainly realizes the value of the open hand in promoting human kindness.



The latest estimates of what the Boer War has cost Great Britain place the figures at \$1,200,000,000 up to the present time. This exceeds by \$750,000,000 the cost of our war with Spain, to say nothing of what we have gained as the fruits of the contest.

The General Assembly.

The General Assembly is making fine progress as we go to press. That this would be so was assured at the very beginning. The election of Moderator was most earnestly contested, as, indeed, it always is; but no sooner was the result announced, than all, after the manner of good Presbyterians, accepted the result, and fell to work. And this was only what was to be expected. For, despite what the daily papers said, there was no manifestation of "bitterness," although under the circumstances there was unquestionable disappointment. But the result will surely prove to be for the best. Dr. van Dyke is making a fine presiding officer, and pushing the Assembly's work with despatch.

Of course, the most interesting feature of the proceedings has been the presentation of the report of the Revision Committee, which received a hearty welcome. The discussion begins as we go to press; we therefore reserve any traversing of the discussion at the present time. We have only to add that at the present writing everything looks auspicious for a profitable session—one of the most promising for good in the history of the Church.



Memorial Day.

Our starry banner has not always declared what it declares to-day. When it was first given to the breeze that memorable June day one hundred and twenty-five years ago, its legend was one little word—"Independence." Then, when that was won, the legend was extended, and included a Confederacy of States; six years later the Confederacy disappeared, and "Union" was emblazoned on its folds. Then later, the flag meant "No impressment of American seamen by a foreign Power." Then came the Civil War, with its determination of the perpetuity of the Union, and the abrogation of slavery. Still later it declared for expanded possessions, and for the freedom of Cuba from Spanish rule. And the legend is not yet completed, but will grow in length with the flying years.

Like changes characterize all human creations, and from these our Memorial Day is by no means exempt. At first instituted as a day for consecrating sorrow and honoring the sainted dead of the war, it ministered to all that was affectional and sacred in man. On that day our churches were opened for memorial services, the nation's banner was placed at half staff, the mourners went about the streets to the notes of soft music, and, wending their way to the cemetery, decked the graves of their beloved dead with flowers.

It is so no longer. Thirty-six years is a long period, we may say an impossible period, of mourning. So it is, while graves are still decorated on that day, the practice is no longer pursued to the extent that it formerly was; and even when observed, it is more as commemorating a historic event than as expressing a deep sense of bereavement. Further, that this change expresses the general feeling is seen in the other fact that the countless thousands of banners that will be given to the breeze next Friday will fly from the peak—clearly the days of our national mourning are ended. And this is as it should be. No right-minded man sits down idle and listless before an irremediable loss, but in time relegates his loss to a tender

past and addresses himself to the work at hand, and which must be done. And this, if we mistake not, voices the national thought and feeling to-day. The Republic has a great work to do, for country, for civilization, for God. Other nations, too, are at work; if we would keep at the van we must rise to the opportunity and duty of the hour; above all we must put aside all estrangements; the people must be united in the bonds of affection as well as in the bonds of Federal law. It is just this we are doing, and may the heart and the brain be palsied of any who would fan the fires of sectionalism or in any way attempt to set any one section of the country against another. Here, then, we find our duty as Americans and patriots; in this way can we alone secure the national welfare, promote civilization and make our Memorial Day serve its noblest purpose.



The French Elections.

On the other Sunday, in which the general elections took place throughout France, the supporters of Premier Waldeck-Rousseau carried 243 districts, and his opponents 158. In these first elections a full majority over all was required. Where either party failed to score a majority, second elections were held on Sunday of last week, a plurality determining. The returns of these second elections demonstrate the fact that the Ministerial majority has been substantially increased; especially must M. Waldeck-Rousseau be gratified to see that Paris has on the second ballot elected nineteen of his supporters, and that the Nationalist agitation has been rebuked more pointedly than during the first elections. M. Millerand, the Socialist Cabinet Minister, has been returned, and so have several prominent Republicans whose election was in doubt. The anti-Jewish crusade, which had one of its strongholds in Algeria, has also met with a reverse by the defeat of all the anti-Ministerialists in that province.

With the Government stronger than it was before the elections, the general result is such as to reassure the adherents of the Republic as to the future, and to encourage M. Waldeck-Rousseau, with a working majority of over one hundred behind him, to go ahead in promoting the legislation which he so much desires, and which he has already outlined. The socialist character of that legislation, we may add, will certainly be less pronounced in the future than it has been in the past. So much is evident from the losses which the Socialists have met with in the elections.

It may further be assumed that this result, taken in connection with the unprecedented duration of the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, indicates that the French people, considered as a whole, and distinguished from the light-minded Parisians, have begun to acquire a firmness and a sobriety of purpose which they have hitherto lacked. They have successfully met a crisis—the Dreyfus affair—which came within a hair's breadth of causing a conflict between the civil power and the army, and which in former days, if not even as lately as 1888-89, when Boulanger was a popular hero, would have upset the existing institutions. The fact is, those who have predicted that the Third, like the Second, French Republic would prove short-lived have seen all their prophecies fail; the Republic seems more firmly established than ever. And yet it would be futile to ignore the danger that threatens the Republic. The people may not be looking

for "the man on horseback," and such a man may not be in sight. But it is a fact that the dominant Governmental majority is largely composed of radicals, socialists, and reactionists, who are only kept submissive by official patronage. It would seem, therefore, that the more conservative element must come to the support of the Government before stability can be assured.

The subject of finance has also been a threatening one because of the large expenditures, and great deficits, with increased taxation. But a tendency is manifest to better conditions through the improving of the French financial system. Of late, instead of constantly recurring deficits, there has more than once been a surplus and, what is of more importance, many of the extraordinary expenses have been transferred to the regular budget. There is plenty of financial ability in France, and it is to be hoped that the old policy of contracting loans with consequent increase of taxation will be avoided.

In the present situation, viewed in retrospect, there is much cause for encouragement on the part of the friends of a conservative Republic. Thirty-five years have passed away since the National Assembly, which made peace with Prussia, met at Versailles, overthrew the Paris Commune and organized a republican form of government. The Third French Republic has outlived the period of youth and has entered that of manhood. It has shown itself the longest lived of any Government since Louis XVI put on the red cap to please the mob, and was afterwards guillotined, while it has outlived by a quarter of a century the period of the First Empire. And there seems no good reason why, apart from war or some terrible economic convulsion, some of the present generation should not live to take part in the commemoration of the Centennial of the birth of the existing Republic.



"From Precedent to Precedent."

It is "from precedent to precedent" in England; and because it is so, any movement involving a new departure there progresses very slowly. A striking instance, illustrating the difference between English and American methods, has just been most favorably illustrated by the Martinique and St. Vincent horrors. It will be recalled that the day after the news of the St. Pierre calamity reached this country President Roosevelt sent his message to Congress in which he recommended an appropriation of half a million for relief of the sufferers. Congress promptly responded by passing a bill appropriating \$200,000, with the understanding that more might be given. On the day following the inquiry was raised in the House of Commons by Mr. Dillon—what would Parliament do in view of what the United States had done and was doing? Mr. Balfour responded in a halting way, saying that so far no precedent for such an appropriation by Parliament had been discovered; but the Government officials had been instructed to use every means in their power for extending relief—but, of course, with no appropriation behind the instructions. What is especially noteworthy is that the two cases present an identical situation, there being no precedent in this country for an appropriation by Congress for the relief of a foreign people who—unlike the Cuban people—sustained no relation of dependency to the United States. Yet our Congress acted promptly, while Parliament is at this writing still considering the matter. We note this aspect of the situation in no spirit of self boasting; but it seems proper to call attention to the different method prevailing in our Congress and in Parliament over a matter of such pressing urgency. It also exhibits the contrast between the American and English spirit—not that either is wanting in a just sense of humanity, but that the American, given to impulse and precipitancy at times, acts on the instant, while the Englishman, dominated by his legendary caution, busies himself thinking the matter over

and hunting for "precedent." Each method has its advantage at times, but in the presence of an overwhelming calamity there can be no question as to which is the better. To give promptly at such a time is to give tenfold. We add that, while it is most gratifying that the American people have so nobly responded to the demands of the time, it is doubly gratifying to be assured that the urgency period has passed, so that further necessity for relief has passed. What America has done will long be remembered to her honor.



Things of To-Day.

President Charles Cuthbert Hall, of Union Theological Seminary, this city, and who is on his way to India, recently delivered an address in London on Zenana work in India. Among other things he said he had been studying the problem of India and Great Britain in India, and he doubted if any nation had ever had a more complex problem than England had in India; and it had greatly touched him how, disregarding the Government problems, or waiting for them to be settled, for fifty years the members of this Society had been going straight in their course, doing the vital things in the name of Christ that were called for in reference to individual souls in India. When he contrasted what they had in England and America in medical and educational advantages with what they had in India, his heart was heavy within him. The most precious thing to him was the union of England and America in Christian service. As an American he thoroughly disapproved of some of the modern financial movements there. It was but a passing phase of civilization, and did not represent the best and deepest life of America. He could not do justice to the desire that existed in the States for union with England in all that made for evangelization. They had one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, and one love through Christ for the souls of men, and they desired to stand shoulder to shoulder with England everywhere in the conquest of the world for Jesus Christ. Dr. Hall's address seems to have made a decided impression.



Following the action of the Elizabeth Presbytery, already noted, in giving a license to a young candidate who believed the first chapter of Genesis to be allegorical, the Presbytery of New York, upon reconsidering the case of young Mr. Noll, who held like views, accepted him as a minister in the Presbyterian Church. Unhappily, Mr. Noll, who was at the time very ill, died before the news that he had been accepted by the New York Presbytery could be imparted to him. But the precedent is established, and that is an important point not to be lost sight of. We notice that some Presbyterian journals have been circumspect in treating this subject of the historicity of the first chapter of Genesis. Room was made in one journal, however, for an *à priori* argument for the personality of Adam, but the editor refrained from committing himself to any approval of the writer's position. The New York Presbytery, as our readers know, is a very conservative body, a fact that makes its action all the more significant.



That club in Yale University—we do not know its name—that sings its "Crime Song" should feel the heavy hand of discipline. Even "in fun" this is no song for college young men to sing:

The burglar leads a jolly life, jolly life.
He will steal your sister or your wife, or your wife.
He'll land his billy on your spine;
I wish the burglar's life were mine.
He'll land his billy on your spine;
I wish the burglar's life were mine.



A Western contemporary inquires: "Why should a Presbytery license any one who does not believe the doctrines of the Church?" This suggests the fact that "the church" comprises the lay membership plus the ministers and elders. Now, what do the lay membership with the ministers and elders believe touching the first chapter of Genesis—that it is historical, or allegorical? We notice that on the previous page the same paper says: "The Bible is a book for the people, and not for scientists, hence it speaks of things as they appear, and does not use the language of the learned." Suppose we apply this principle to the story of Adam and the serpent as well as to that of the Deluge and the

standing planets on Gibeon and over Ajalon; perhaps we shall then get a little nearer the truth.



There is nothing invidious in the remark that the General Assembly could not have made a better choice for Moderator than in selecting the man it did. Professor Henry van Dyke is not only personally popular and sure of the good will of all, but he is admirably qualified for dispatching the Assembly's business with promptness and decision, while his perfect fair-mindedness assures the safe-guarding of all interests. While Dr. van Dyke possesses the open mind and has expressed views that have been pronounced "liberal," he is fair and just to all, and fully appreciative of those whose opinions differ from his own. The Assembly is to be congratulated upon its choice.



The question of the character of the first chapter of Genesis, whether it is historic or allegorical, is not to be settled by appeal to any creed, confession, canon or discipline. It is to be determined by appeal to a reverent scholarship and the illumined spirit of mankind, which it is promised shall be led into all truth. There were many things to be declared nineteen hundred years ago which could not be revealed then, for none could "bear" nor understand them then. The deep fountains of truth are to bring forth fuller knowledge all down the future, as they have in the past, until the consummation of all things.



The Rev. Graham Lee, of Korea, said that last year the Presbyterians of this country contributed to church purposes about \$16 per man. The Presbyterians of Korea, on the other hand, contributed \$18 per man. "Put that in your minds and cogitate upon it," he said emphatically—which is better, perhaps, than to say "put that in your pipe and smoke it." The incident is a valuable one. Possibly though there is some explanation besides that of the greater generosity of the Koreans. In nearly all problems a third term can be found lurking.



Very important is the announcement in the *New York Times* that the Fifth Avenue Church has spent \$700 for denim coverings to protect its carpets from the wear incident to the meeting of the Assembly. Walk softly, commissioners, and wipe your feet carefully before entering. That denim may serve for another Assembly.



The admirable address of Rev. Dr. Chas. L. Thompson, secretary of the Board of Home Missions, printed on other pages, will interest all who have the cause at heart—as what earnest Christian man has not? The address is noteworthy for its freedom from glittering generalities and for the concrete incisive manner in which the subject is treated. We bespeak for it the careful attention of our readers.



It is very foolish to connect the election of Moderator with this or that opinion on non-fundamental issues, as the *Sun* and other papers have done. Because Dr. Van Dyke is a prominent and influential minister, a courteous gentleman, a good parliamentarian and personally popular, he was chosen. In such an election an extreme conservative but good parliamentarian is to be preferred to a liberal who is not familiar with parliamentary practice and *vice versa*. It was not a question of outside issues, but of personal preference.



The reader will find on the next page the new creed statement prepared by the Revision Committee and presented to the General Assembly. Give it a careful reading.



The Rhode Island State Society of Cincinnati announce that they will present a gold medal to the composer of a new tune for the National anthem, "America." The hymn is now sung to the music of "God Save the King," the National anthem of Great Britain. The same air also is claimed by the Germans, as most Americans learned for the first time during the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia, for their "Heil dir im Sieger Kranz." It is easy enough to write a new tune, and presumably a good one for "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," but to get the people to adopt it as a

National air, *hic labor*, etc.; it would, we fear, require nearly a gold medal for every man, woman and child in the country to bring that about. Still, we wish it might be accomplished.



The Revised Presbyterian Confession.

Report of the Revision Committee Presented to the General Assembly.

Article I—We believe in the ever-living God, who is a Spirit and the Father of our spirits; infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His being and perfections; the Lord Almighty, most just in all His ways, most glorious in holiness, unsearchable in wisdom and plenteous in mercy, full of love and compassion, and abundant in goodness and truth. We worship Him, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, three persons in one Godhead, one in substance and equal in power and glory.

OF REVELATION.

Article II—We believe that God is revealed in nature, in history and in the heart of man; that He has made gracious and clearer revelations of Himself to Men of God who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit; and that Jesus Christ, the Word made flesh, is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person. We gratefully receive the Holy Scriptures, given by inspiration, to be the faithful record of God's gracious revelations and the sure witness to Christ, as the Word of God, the only infallible rule of faith and life.

OF THE ETERNAL PURPOSE.

Article III—We believe that the eternal, wise, holy and loving purpose of God embraces all events, so that while the freedom of man is not taken away nor is God the author of sin, yet in His providence He makes all things work together in the fulfillment of His sovereign design and the manifestation of His glory; wherefore, humbly acknowledging the mystery of this truth, we trust in His protecting care and set our hearts to do His will.

OF THE CREATION.

Article IV—We believe that God is the creator, upholder and governor of all things; that He is above all His works and in them all; and that He made man in His own image, meet for fellowship with Him, free and able to choose between good and evil, and forever responsible to his Maker and Lord.

OF THE SIN OF MAN.

Article V—We believe that our first parents, being tempted, chose evil, and so fell away from God and came under the power of sin, the penalty of which is eternal death; and we confess that, by reason of this disobedience, we and all men are born with a sinful nature, that we have broken God's law, and that no man can be saved but by His grace.

OF THE GRACE OF GOD.

Article VI—We believe that God, out of His great love for the world, has given His only begotten Son to be the Saviour of sinners, and in the gospel freely offers His all-sufficient salvation to all men. And we praise Him for the unspeakable grace wherein He has provided a way of eternal life for all mankind.

OF ELECTION.

Article VII—We believe that God, from the beginning, in His own good pleasure, gave to His Son a people, an innumerable multitude, chosen in Christ unto holiness, service and salvation; we believe that all who come to years of discretion can receive this salvation only through faith and repentance; and we believe that all who die in infancy, and all others given by the Father to the Son who are beyond the reach of the outward means of grace, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who works when and where and how He pleases.

OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Article VIII—We believe in and confess the Lord Jesus Christ, the only Mediator between God and man, who being the Eternal Son of God, for us men and for our salvation became truly man, being conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary, without sin; unto us He has revealed the Father, by His Word and Spirit making known the perfect will of God; for us He fulfilled all righteousness and satisfied eternal justice, offering Himself a perfect sacrifice upon the cross to take away the sin of the world; for us He rose from the dead and ascended into heaven, where He ever intercedes for us; in our hearts, joined to Him by faith, He abides forever as the indwelling Christ; over us, and over all for us, He rules: wherefore, unto Him we render love, obedience and adoration as our Prophet, Priest and King forever.

OUR FAITH AND REPENTANCE.

Article IX—We believe that God pardons our sins and accepts us as righteous, solely on the ground of the perfect obedience and sacrifice of Christ, received by faith alone; and that this saving faith is always accompanied by repentance, wherein we confess and forsake our sins with full purpose of, and endeavor after, a new obedience to God.

OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Article X—We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of Life, who moves everywhere upon the hearts of men, to re-

strain them from evil and to incite them unto good, and whom the Father is ever willing to give unto all who ask Him. We believe that He has spoken by holy men of God in making known His truth to men for their salvation; that through our exalted Saviour He was sent forth in power to convict the world of sin, to enlighten men's minds in the knowledge of Christ, and to persuade and enable them to obey the call of the gospel; and that He abides with the Church, dwelling in every believer as the spirit of truth, of holiness and of comfort.

OF THE NEW BIRTH AND THE NEW LIFE.

Article XI—We believe that the Holy Spirit only is the author and source of the new birth; we rejoice in the new life, wherein He is given unto us as the seal of sonship in Christ, and keeps loving fellowship with us, helps us in our infirmities, purges us from our faults, and ever continues His transforming work in us until we are perfected in the likeness of Christ, in the glory of the life to come.

OF THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE TO COME.

Article XII—We believe that in the life to come the spirits of the just, at death made free from sin, enjoy immediate communion with God and the vision of His glory; and we confidently look for the general resurrection in the last day, when the bodies of those who sleep in Christ shall be fashioned in the likeness of the glorious body of their Lord, with whom they shall live and reign forever.

OF THE LAW OF GOD.

Article XIII—We believe that the law of God, revealed in the Ten Commandments, and more clearly disclosed in the words of Christ, is forever established in truth and equity, so that no human work shall abide except it be built on this foundation. We believe that God requires of every man to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God; and that only through this harmony with the will of God shall be fulfilled that brotherhood of man wherein the kingdom of God is to be made manifest.

OF THE CHURCH AND THE SACRAMENTS.

Article XIV—We believe in the Holy Catholic Church of which Christ is the only head. We believe that the Church Invisible consists of all the redeemed, and that the Church Visible embraces all who profess the true religion together with their children. We receive to our communion all who confess and obey Christ as their divine Lord and Saviour, and we hold fellowship with all believers in Him.

We receive the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, alone divinely established and committed to the Church, together with the Word, as means of grace; made effectual only by the Holy Spirit, and always to be used by Christians with prayer and praise to God.

OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Article XV—We believe that the Lord Jesus Christ will come again in glorious majesty to judge the world and to make a final separation between the righteous and the wicked. The wicked shall receive the eternal award of their sins, and the Lord will manifest the glory of His mercy in the salvation of His people and their entrance upon the full enjoyment of eternal life.

OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE AND THE FINAL TRIUMPH.

Article XVI—We believe that it is our duty, as servants and friends of Christ, to do good unto all men, to maintain the public and private worship of God, to hallow the Lord's Day, to preserve the sanctity of the family, to uphold the just authority of the State, and so to live in all honesty, purity and charity, that our lives shall testify of Christ. We joyfully receive the Word of Christ, bidding His people go into all the world and make disciples of all nations, and declare unto them that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, and that He will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. We confidently trust that by His power and grace, all His enemies and ours shall be finally overcome, and the kingdoms of this world shall be made the kingdom of our God and His Christ. In this faith we abide; in this service we labor; and in this hope we pray,

Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

The report was signed by the full committee, as follows:

Henry Collin Minton,	J. Ross Stevenson,
Chairman.	D. W. Moffat,
Charles A. Dickey,	S. B. McCormick,
Herrick Johnson,	John M. Harlan,
Samuel J. Niccolls,	Daniel R. Noyes,
D. W. Fisher,	E. W. C. Humphrey,
William McKibbin,	William R. Crabbe,
George B. Stewart,	John E. Parsons,
S. P. Sprecher,	Elisha A. Fraser,
Henry van Dyke,	John W. Foster,
John De Witt,	Charles T. Thompson.

Dr. De Witt took three exceptions to the report in signing it. He was opposed to a verba amendment of the seventh section of Chapter XVI of the Confession, regarding works done by unregenerate men; he thought it was "unwise to erect into a church doctrine our belief that all who die in infancy are saved," and he thought the second sentence of Article X of the Brief Statement did not accurately state the reformed faith regarding the Holy Spirit. Dr. Stevenson resigned from the committee, after signing the report, because of his transfer to the New York Presbytery.

The Great Conflict.

By Rev. M. Falcomer.

The great conflict of this world's moral condition is always on—and in many places and in many ways—between the gospel of Christ and the powers of evil. The present leading feature of this conflict is between temperance and the drink-shop.

The "saloon" (an entirely perverted use of that name) is now the great curse of civilized society, especially in America and the American islands. The place of social entertainment where gambling and other vices are allowed is always a curse to a community. But when the chief attraction of that place is the sale of strong drink then it becomes the hatching-nest of all the vices and the den of all infamy. There the plots are laid for political corruption, and for anarchism. Because the sober-minded and the level-headed people are absent the rougher element of society has its own way, which, of course, is the way of sin and vice and moral ruin.

The "blind pig" and "boot legging" are bad enough, but when a knot of toughs have to stand on a neglected sidewalk of some Kansas town and there shake their bottle and suck it the sight is truly disgraceful; but not so dangerous as where they can sit in a gilded saloon, as in Nebraska, which hides their shameful conduct from the public gaze and where they can stow away their drunken boys in a back room.

Everybody admits that obscenity and quarreling are shameful misdemeanors, and that arson and murder are the worst of crimes. Everybody knows that in a civilized country these things seldom occur unless the mind is unbalanced, or at least unduly excited. And, of course, everybody knows that this dangerous frame of mind is in almost every case brought on by the use of strong drink.

Thus we see that nearly all criminal conduct is the result of some temporary insanity, and thus we see also that every one who takes strong drink and the one who sells it or gives it away are all guilty of causing voluntary, dangerous insanity. When these statements are made we all acknowledge them as facts, although but comparatively few are in the habit of seeing them in this light. Where, then, shall we stand and how shall we vote on the question of licensing or prohibiting the drink saloon? Our enlightened conscience and judgment can render but one decision—that is, to use our utmost endeavors to abolish the whole business.

This is the reason why the best thinkers in all nations and in all professions and in the great commercial concerns are everywhere waking up and taking the same position—to regard the use of strong drink as the greatest peril of society, and that persons who use it even occasionally are not to be trusted in any professions or with any responsible business in the world.

This is the reason why the Emperor of Germany has astonished the world by sounding the alarm that his great nation will come to ruin unless it recedes from its increasing use of lager beer.

This is the reason why Norway has enacted and enforced a law to strictly confine the sale of all strong drinks to Government dispensaries, where only a limited number of drinks can be bought and drank on the spot, without any chance to linger or sit down in the place where it is procured.

This is the reason why even "terrible Turkey" enforces a strict prohibition law, and why in Russia drunkenness is considered a crime, and why the many half-civilized peoples are begging of the great nations to prevent the importation of strong drinks and the other narcotics.

Nobody is safe among men or women who use alcoholic beverages. These people are not to be trusted with any of the financial or social duties of life, nor with any of its responsibilities, even in their own domestic career and family duties.

Thus we can understand why nearly all the great railroad companies have lately given the rule of abstinence to all their employees, and that they now refuse to employ or retain any who drink, even when off duty. They feel that they must have clear-headed, clean men. Therefore, the great Burlington company has recently announced that its employees shall abstain also from the use of tobacco on the cars and in and around their depots and station-houses.

What! are all these people of great commercial and transportation affairs becoming temperance cranks? Not at all. They are only using their good business sense. They realize the importance of having good, reliable, healthy men to do their work. They want

competent men for all their places, whether they be places that require either muscle or mental activities, or both.

Now, perhaps we are better prepared to see why General Miles long ago voiced his judgment, and still adheres to it, that every department of the army is better off with the strict, entire prohibition of strong drinks among our American soldiers; also why all our best men and most trustworthy officers, from generals down to corporals, are in favor of the anti-canteen law being strictly enforced.

And, as there are officers and officers, it goes almost without saying that where our soldiers are under officers who favored the canteen things are sometimes even worse now than when we had the canteen. These organize themselves into "officers' clubs," which are run by a saloonkeeper, and are nothing but saloons, just as it is in the civil administration of Kansas. Clean, honest officers make a clean community, and vice-versa.

Why do the better people of Manila and the Philippines beg to be delivered from the American saloon? Why do the islands of Guam and the New Hebrides ask the American Congress and our President Roosevelt to give them entire destitution of intoxicants? And why have they so quickly enacted a law for them, which forbids any American to sell intoxicants, opium or firearms to the natives of the New Hebrides, or, indeed, on any island in the Pacific, not under the government or protectorate of a civilized power?

Who cannot clearly see that all this is only common sense used for the best interests of mankind? And if only the greatest good of the greatest numbers were legislated for we should surely have similar laws enacted everywhere and should have officers elected who would enforce these much-needed laws.

Truly, it is no wonder that the Bible, even in those days when there was only the mildest drink—the unadulterated wine—should nowhere sanction drunkenness, but always warn the people that strong drink is raging, deceiving and biting like an adder, and that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven.

CRETE, Nebraska, May 15, 1902.



Current Comment—In Brief.

Many churches—very many churches—suffer from lack of leadership in the pulpit. But far more, in our judgment, from lack of loyalty in the pews. If the rank and file of church membership would cheerfully and loyally take up the duties that properly belong to them, and second the efforts of the minister toward corporate religious work, the results would be magical.—*Church Economist*.

The life that does not feel the impulse of hope is a drudgery. There is no spontaneity, no sweetness, no satisfaction in the labors of the man, however diligent he may be, who is driven on by sheer necessity, like an abject slave, in whose breast the candle of hope has long since ceased to burn. Springtime is Nature's parable on hope. It provides a pleasing perspective and brings good cheer to the dejected.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

The sober, moral sense of the American people thoroughly indorses the determination of President Roosevelt "to detect and prevent any cruelty or brutality" and to see "that men who are guilty thereof are punished." Those who think that the American people can be cajoled or induced to minimize the situation by such words as those of Gen. Brooke do not know them.—*The Watchman*.



About People.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale is the preacher for the University of Chicago for this month.

Prof. Rhys R. Lloyd, who occupied the Greek chair in the Oakland (Cal.) Theological Seminary, has come into conflict with the faculty of the Seminary and has resigned. The members of the faculty objected to Prof. Lloyd's too literal analysis of the Scriptures. Professor Lloyd will leave Oakland for a lecturing tour through the Eastern States.

Writing upon the subject of his work in literature, Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, says: "I have always conducted my outside literary work with a strict regard to my pulpit service. I began life as a preacher and as a preacher I will end it. In all my literary endeavors I have steadily kept in view the great apostolic injunction, 'This one thing I do.' If I were advising young preachers I should throw the whole of my experience and influence into the side of a steady devotion to pulpit and pastoral work, and I would utterly discourage everything else."

The Story of the Week.

THE WEST INDIAN HORRORS.

Latest despatches which come filtering through French and English channels of information with terrible insufficiency and meagerness of detail all tend to show that the magnitude of the disaster which has befallen Martinique has been in no way exaggerated and that the estimate of 40,000 dead may prove only too conservative. It now seems likely that the number will reach 50,000.

Of the 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants of St. Pierre there is no reason to believe that more than a few who happened to be on board ship at the time of the disaster escaped with their lives. The fact that the hills around Le Precheur, to the north, and Le Carbet, to the south, are swarming with starving refugees only seems to prove how widespread was the area of destruction, and how death must have ravaged the whole countryside. The population of these two places and their small tributary farming districts is known to be about 15,000, and of these only about 5,000 have been accounted for by report.

Further along the coast and interior probably more than 15,000 persons were scattered in the villages and plantations, and from them no word has been heard.

The full measure of what has befallen St. Vincent is not yet known, but the dead now are known to number fully 500, and almost one-half of the island is doomed. When the worst has passed news will come in from quarters which now are completely isolated, and it is feared in London that the death list will grow by leaps and bounds.

More terrible than all, the work of ruin may not even yet be complete. In a despatch to the Ministry of War in Paris, the commander of the French cruiser *Suchet* reports that Mont Pelée still is in dangerous eruption, and that the storm of ashes is falling so fiercely over the northern part of the island that all approach still is impossible.

Under that heavy, red-hot cloud there must be hundreds and thousands of dying and dead, and the imagination shrinks from conceiving what must be the fate of those to whom in that infernal gloom the mercy of sudden-death is denied.

There seems no possibility that a living soul of all the thousands who were in St. Pierre last Thursday morning, when that avalanche of fire descended on the town, can have escaped alive.

Even those of the stricken islanders who still live are face to face with death by starvation. With their homes and property burned or buried, with the whole land a scorching wilderness, the destitution must be appalling, and there is good reason to fear that pestilence and famine may take up the work of death before relief can come.

In the neighborhood of St. Pierre the grim work of caring for the dead has been begun, and as fast as the mutilated bodies are recovered they are burned, for haste is necessary under these splendid tropic skies. Nothing like a systematic examination of the town is possible at present, and though whole streets can be seen blocked with the bodies of men and women whom the fire and boiling lava caught as they ran, the rescuers cannot reach them.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

The steamship combine has purchased the Cunard line.

There are evidences of a volcanic eruption having occurred in the Aleutian Islands.

Blast furnaces and a railway terminal are about to be constructed at South Buffalo.

All collieries in the anthracite coal district in Pennsylvania were closed by the miners' strike.

The bill admitting Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma to the Union as States was passed by the House on Friday.

The strike of the anthracite miners began on Monday, May 12th, and two coal companies had already locked out their employees.

Jesse Stone, Lieutenant-Governor of Wisconsin, died at Milwaukee, May 11th, after a lingering illness, from cancer of the stomach.

H. Clay Evans, who has been confirmed as Consul-General at London, denied that he had been forced to retire from the Pension Office.

Advices from the Consul of Guatemala say that the earthquake there caused the loss of many lives and great damage to property.

President Jesup has called a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce for Wednesday to take action toward sending relief to Martinique.

Governor Stanley has remitted \$3,270 to the secretary of the McKinley memorial fund. This is the amount raised by Kansas. The schools contributed \$3,165.

The War, Navy and State Departments, under the personal direction of the President, are taking energetic measures for relief of the sufferers in Martinique.

President Henry Morton, of Stevens Institute, Hoboken, died in a private hospital in this city on May 9th from the effects of an operation performed on him on April 15th.

Paul Leicester Ford, who was murdered by his brother, Malcolm, and the latter, who killed himself, were buried in the same grave and one funeral service held over both.

Miss Minnie J. Rice, of New Rochelle, who was badly injured in the Park avenue tunnel wreck on January 8, has settled with the New York Central Company for \$18,000.

Firemen are not workmen and under the protection of the eight hour a day law, according to an opinion handed down by Justice Gaynor in the Brooklyn Supreme Court, on Tuesday.

The funeral of Rear-Admiral Sampson took place at the Church of the Covenant in Washington on Friday, and his body was buried with naval ceremonies in Arlington National Cemetery.

A special message was received from the President by Congress, on Tuesday, asking a grant of \$500,000 for relief of the sufferers in Martinique, and a bill appropriating \$500,000 was passed by both houses.

Henry C. Keen, one of the men hurt in the Park avenue tunnel collision died on Sunday at New Rochelle; the direct cause of death was pneumonia, which, it was said, he was unable to withstand because of his injuries.

The New York Chamber of Commerce, in addition to making other relief plans, sent a cable order for 25,000 francs to France for use at Martinique. The Merchants' Association also took action toward assisting in sending food and clothing; messages were received from Fort de France telling of the death and devastation at St. Pierre. After orders were received from Washington to load the Dixie with provisions for the relief of the sufferers at Martinique, Pier No. 15, in Brooklyn, was immediately secured, and the work of loading the steamer was begun with all possible speed. Mayor Low issued a proclamation urging citizens to give liberally to the sufferers.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

The improvement in the condition of Queen Wilhelmina continues.

Warships of Great Britain, France and Germany visited San José de Guatemala to enforce payment of loans from those countries to Guatemala.

Professor James Gilmore, of Cincinnati, has been sentenced to three and a half months' imprisonment in Italy for injuring Professor Ciappi, an Italian.

President-elect Palma arrived at Havana on the steamship *Julia*, May 11, and was welcomed with enthusiasm; the Cuban flag was hoisted over Morro Castle for the first time.

The French cableship *Pouyer Quartier* is trying to repair the cable at St. Thomas, and it is reported that she finds it sunk in 1,200 meters of water, where formerly it was only 300 meters below the surface.

The Haytian Congress met in Port-au-Prince to elect a successor to President Sam, but adjourned because of an outbreak of fighting in the streets, which resulted in the formation of a provisional government, with ex-President Boisrond Canal as President; two men were killed in the fight in the streets.

Searching parties have succeeded in reaching St. Pierre, Martinique, which was found to be a smouldering heap of ruins, covering the distorted and charred corpses of 30,000 victims of the eruption of Mont Pelée; the work of burning the bodies was begun; relief work among the survivors is in progress; many crowned heads in Europe contributed to the funds to relieve the distress in Martinique, King Edward giving \$5,000, Emperor William \$2,500 and King Oscar \$1,000.

Chosen Lessons.

In the way that He shall choose
He will teach us;
Not a lesson we shall lose,
All shall reach us.

Strange and difficult indeed
We may find it,
But the blessing that we need
Is behind it.

All the lessons He shall send
Are the sweetest,
And His training, in the end
Is completest.

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



Typical Elders and Deacons.

By the Author of "Clerical Types."

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A CHRONIC GRUMBLER.

Deacon Simpson wears a doleful aspect; and he is as doleful as he looks. He is a bird of evil omen, prophesying failure, and doing all he can to bring it about. When any scheme miscarries he is always able to say, "I told you so." He resembles a certain contentious missionary to whom Sydney Smith said: "My good fellow, when you get among your cannibal parishioners, if one of them should eat you, you will be certain to disagree with him."

Deacon Simpson is always complaining. He carries with him a chilly, repressive atmosphere. He is happy only when nursing a grievance. Fault-finding has become with him a second nature. One of the things of which he makes most frequent complaint is that when he goes to church he fails to find food for his soul. The preaching to which he is doomed to listen is not edifying. He wanders like a bird from her nest, attaching himself to some other preacher who is said to supply him with "the simple Gospel;" but after a time he slips back to his old place and for a brief season he cultivates the grace of silence. It so happens that his minister is one of those wise teachers who preaches truth in its Biblical proportions, and endeavors to give to each one his meat in due season. If the deacon would only wait, his turn would come round.

When he looks around the church on Sunday mornings he sees the empty seats, but he does not see those that are filled. Nor does he take due account of the obvious limitations of the field in which the church has to work. He does not think of the shifting character of the population; of the thinning of the ranks by removals and deaths; or of the depletion which has come from the building of a new church in the neighborhood. He sees only the gaps, but does not think of their causes; he sees only what has been lost and does not see what has been held and won. In his estimation the church is like a hill of potatoes, the best part being under ground. He is mistaken. The type of piety has changed, but the quality has kept up, and with regard to the condition of the church there is nothing to bring discouragement. It has new and difficult problems to face, but it is meeting them bravely and wisely. It is making new adjustments; and while some shrinkage was inevitable, it is more efficient along all lines of practical work than ever it was in its entire history.

Another peculiarity of the deacon is his liability to take

offense. He belongs to the thin-skinned variety, and is easily wounded. He is always being slighted. At one time he was sick for a whole week and nobody visited him. He kept complaining of this flagrant instance of neglect until some one asked him if he had always been careful to visit his sick neighbors. As visiting the sick has never been one of his strong points he turned the conversation in another direction. A good deal of the energy of the church is spent in smoothing down his ruffled feathers.

The deacon is a little man, full of restless activity, keeping in constant motion like a boy's spinning top. A fuss-budget is the name sometimes given to him. He is easily excited, and there are those who take a sly delight in sticking pins into him that they may see him spitting fire. He is like the man who apologized to his wife for his quick temper, saying: "You must admit, my dear, that if I am a trifle hasty, I am soon off." "Yes," she replied, "but you are soon on again." If he takes offence at his minister he sulks in his tent; not being able to make the fine distinction of the Scotch woman who had a grudge against her minister, but still came regularly to church. When he expressed his wonder at it, she said: "My quarrel is with you, not with the Gospel."

The time when Deacon Simpson's influence is most banefully felt is when the church is without a pastor, and is going through the exciting work of trying the paces of a string of candidates. None of them pleases him; one is too emotional, another too doctrinal; one is too poetic, another too prosaic; one is lacking in polish, another too dudish; one is too old, another too young. And so on it goes with weary iteration. When the church has almost settled upon a man, the deacon goes around among the people saying: "Oh, he will never do; he is wanting in this, or in that." So there is a division among them; and the whole thing has to be gone over again. It was at the close of an experience of this sort that some one said: "When Deacon Simpson gets to heaven, he will be sure to find fault with the fit of his crown, or with the size of his wings."

The trouble with the deacon is that he is always seeking after the ideal. He wants an ideal pastor, and an ideal church. He forgets that he is not ideal himself. It is enough to find a pastor or a church that is seeking after the ideal. Most pastors and churches are doing their best. They need encouragement rather than blame. But let them never be so unreasonable as to expect all men to be reasonable. Paul sought to be "delivered from unreasonable men" for, said he: "All men have not faith"—faith being, according to his mind, the highest reason.

There is ground for the opinion that the deacon's habit of growling has its root in inward dissatisfaction. The man who is on bad terms with the world is generally on bad terms with himself. The deacon has allowed himself to get soured by disappointment. The prizes of life have eluded his grasp, having often been won by those whom he regarded as inferior competitors. He has not yet learned life's great lesson of contentment. He is out of sorts with the world because his soul has not yet found its center of rest. It would do him a world of good to know what those people with whom he finds so much fault think of him; but it would do him still more good if he would change the keynote of his life from, "In all things grumble," to "In all things give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

International Justice.

The Coming Arbitration Conference at Lake Mohonk—A Glance at Its History, Objects and Results—The Rescript of the Czar of Russia—The Subjects to Be Discussed at Mohonk This Year—A Hopeful Outlook for the Future.

By Edward Everett Hale.

The great duty of the century is the attainment of justice between nations. In this duty the Conference to be held at Lake Mohonk in the last week of May has very important business in hand. The gentlemen who meet there are well aware of this, and the eighth meeting of the Conference ought to prove the most important of the series. This is saying a great deal, for each of the seven arbitration conferences which have been held there has assumed an important place.

From the beginning the Mohonk Conferences have differed in their plan from the conventions only too many of which seem to be called together to give people a chance to talk who would have no listeners but for the convention. Nor is a Mohonk Conference called together as a festival. In its plan, it is an assembly of experts. Just as the Government will call together next summer a body of custom house officers to determine on a uniform customs system for the two Americas, A. K. Smiley, an active member of General Grant's Indian Commissions called together fifteen years ago a body of very intelligent men who had been actively engaged in personal work connected with our Indian Administration. Such men as Riggs and Gilfillan and Bishop Whipple and Jackson met face to face with officials of the National Indian Bureau and of the National Indian Commission and with army officers who had lived faithfully through the exile of life on the plains, or in the Rocky Mountains. These men really conferred upon the practical questions which arise in Indian administration. They did not come together for blatherskite talk, but for immediate, practical results. Such Indian conferences have been held every day from that day to this. The October Conference is now recognized as a central and essential part of our Indian administration. Its testimony goes before committees of Congress, which have thus the opportunity of knowing what is the consensus of opinion of the men who have the most right to express their opinion. The improved Indian legislation of the country for several years past has been largely guided by the agreements determined on at these Indian conferences.

Such success gave to Mr. Smiley the suggestion that a similar conference of men who were in some sort experts in International Law might be of great service in a matter of even more importance, the provision for international justice. The Venezuela scare and the Arbitration Congress which was summoned to Washington by the prominent business men of New York had suggested such a meeting of experts. And in the year 1895 the first meeting was held at Lake Mohonk. It was called in the hope which has been made real, that men who had studied the advance of the world for the last half century, as it has been ridding itself of war, could propose such practical measures for mutual arbitration among nations as should give system where there had been none.

These hopes have not been disappointed. To say the least, the general public of America now knows what courts of arbitration are. This is more than could be said ten years ago. We can say much more than this, however. The possibility or probability of arbitration has asserted itself in all the treaties of this Government in that time. Another step forward, which may perhaps be referred directly to the Mohonk Conference, was the action of the New York Bar Association in preparing a plan for an international Tribunal.

The most important incident in those ten years was the celebrated Rescript of the Emperor of Russia, issued immediately after our Spanish war. This Rescript was not suggested by the Mohonk Conference, but by that war. Nobody in America dreamed that the commander of the largest army in the world was looking forward to the reductions of such armies and to unanimous definition of the great principles of international law. The step he took met the approval of the real statesmen in all chancelleries and cabinets in the world.

It encouraged all the great international jurists in the world. And so, not to name lesser steps forward, the unanimous agreement of the nations represented at The Hague, and the unanimous agreement of the republics who lately met at Mexico, have given such impulse and direction to the cause of International justice as it would have been absurd to prophesy at the first of the conferences which took the modest name of Arbitration Conference eight years ago.

To avoid the danger always present in the United States of "wind-bag" oratory and to meet the special necessities of the time, the summons for this year's Conference has been extended chiefly to men of affairs. Ambassador John W. Foster, our diplomatist of largest experience, of world-wide reputation as an international jurist, will preside. It is to be hoped that the great business organizations, the Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade will be fitly represented. It is already certain that some of the leaders in commerce, who know the great necessity of peace for all the intimate relations of the world, are interested. As somebody said the other day, the time for mewing and cooing in this business is over, and the time for hewing and doing has come.

The four subjects of most importance which will occupy these gentlemen are:

1. The details necessary in the preparation for two congresses which have been ordered by the Mexican Conference. One of those meetings is a meeting of experts in the custom business who will assemble in the city of New York for the purpose of preparing a statement of uniform customs regulations for the seventeen American republics and for the Dominion of Canada, if that half republic is disposed to accede.

A similar congress of experts has been called to adjust the measures of quarantine and sanitary legislation on some common statement among the North and South American States.

The third question, which seems to be almost ridiculous, but to which our South American friends attach a good deal of importance, is a question regarding physician's degrees or diplomas, —who shall and who shall not be permitted to try experiments on the lives of men and women in the different American States.

2. It already appears that the three Hague Conventions require some adjustment of legislation in the several States. To these adjustments the attention of the gentlemen at Lake Mohonk may well be directed. We do not want to slip into a blunder such as that of the Prospero of the vexed Bermosthes fell into when his people charged duties on gifts to prisoners of war. There are other adjustments, some of them of considerable importance in national and even in State legislation which should be properly presented to the country.

3. Of more importance than either of these is a more systematic arrangement for presenting the subject of international justice to all people of America. Here is an absolutely new plan for settling the difficulties among nations. It is not the plan of a drum beat or a recruiting sergeant. It is the plan which proposes a supreme tribunal among fifty nations, like the supreme tribunal which unites the forty-five United States of America. It is an absolutely new system. The men who contrived it have issued the first charter of international law which has even been put into writing by authority. All the principal States of the world have agreed to this statement of international law. What is left for us is that every boy and girl in America shall be taught that this is the statement of the future. At the present moment it is even more important that every man of affairs and every woman of intelligence shall be taught this thing, and shall understand how a system like this has a place in every detail of civilized life.

Thus, the price of sugar twelve months hence is to depend upon such agreement among nations as is proposed in the three Hague Conventions.

Every reader of these lines knows that the average American man or woman has virtually next to no knowledge as to the methods by which the three conventions will enter into the life of nations. Lake Mohonk will be well employed if it can give some instruction as to the proper publication, ranging from school primers at one end of the line, to the wide circulation of results attained by the great Court of International Justice, at the other.

4. Virtually the Lake Mohonk Conference ought to represent the people of America in its great determination that the International Tribunal which has been established shall go forward to its work strong in the public opinion of the world. The people of America do not mean that the results of the proceedings at

The Hague and at Mexico shall be tossed on an upper shelf as if they were back numbers. They are no back numbers. They state international law for the civilized world. In the future this international law is not in the hands of poets or other talkers. It is in the hands of bankers, manufacturers, merchants, mechanics, workmen and laborers. In such a conference as is to be held at Lake Mohonk such men ought to drive up there servants and officers of the State government, of the general Government, to a practical recognition of the system of international law which since the century began has been published for the first time.

Boston, Mass.



Centennial Address.¹

By Charles L. Thompson, D.D.,

Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

This is the 20th of May. To-day we furled our flag on Morro Castle and cheered the Cuban colors. Thus have we made good the promise made by our martyred President. We have kept our faith, and, like the Apostle, the crown for which we look is a crown of righteousness, which must come by means of righteousness. Thus Home Missions and Americanism are one.

For two days we have dealt with the past. Now let us face about. Let us get a vision of the future. We are on the eve of a great revival. It will be a revival of home missions. It must be—if we would save Western and Eastern communities from the lust of mammon, and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. It must be—if we would measure up to our new national obligations. It must be—if we would honor our position among the nations—if we would be the salt in the human lump, the sunrise of a world's gloom.

We have expanded not in area only, though we are within 100 miles of semi-girdling the globe; not in wealth only, though we are the richest of nations; not in prestige merely, though the sheaves of the nations bow to our sheaf of commerce—but we have now a world-frontage for the blessing or the cursing of mankind. Our expansion was not caused by the shock of guns. That was the occasion only. The cause is what Kidd called the intensity of national life. Evolutionary forces have been working through the centuries. From many fields of diffused action they have come to concentrated action on these shores.

The mixture of allied races among us, Spencer says, will produce a more powerful type of man than has existed hitherto. That type is showing the signs of this new power. We are at the whirling center of Anglo-Saxon life. Astronomy tells us that vapor in action flung off worlds. American life has come to its intensity, where it must fling off new worlds. Expansion is not an election. It is not a mechanism. It is necessity of intense life. The dreams of centuries condensed here become new possessions and new duties.

What now is the situation? As to geography—we are midway of the world. No nation ever so fronted nations as do we. As to population—we are the last result of time, the composite, slow, evolving highest type of man. As to principles—our ideals of civil and religious freedom are those which sages and prophets longed to see and died without the sight. As to capacity—we first of people may be a world power. A hundred years ago the Anglo-Saxons numbered 20,000,000. To-day, 130,000,000—controlling directly 522,000,000. And the vital center of that race is on our shores.

What now is the Christian duty of people situated as we are? Professor Phelps has said: "Spiritual strategy demands that the evangelization of this country should be kept ahead of every other movement for the conversion of the world." Let us abate nothing of the need of education, philanthropy, statesmanship—nothing of the claims of other nations whom we ought to bless. But what is the demand of strategy? Hold your base. Sherman could march to the sea and back again because he was marching through vacuity. But Grant sat down and smoked and waited for months in front of Vicksburg. It had been folly to march around in an advance to the Gulf. The military manual says, "Hold your ground." The first missionary word ever flung into this world was "Begin at Jerusalem, then take the rest of Judea. Then advance on Samaria."

Delivered at the General Assembly, New York City, last Tuesday morning.

Consider now the home mission duty of the hour. We are on the verge of a new century. Let us take a bold look outward—not the look of Moses to a land of rest; rather of some daring Cortez on some Darien peak, looking over the seas of movements and conflicts as wide as humanity.

OUR CITIES.

And first of all, behold the Jerusalem of our polyglot, congested and seething cities. Am I verging on a truism? Wake up, then, ye dwellers in towns to a truism that is startling. Here in New York we have been having a danger zone on Fourth avenue. There was the rush of an ungoverned train that crushed out lives. There was a crash of dynamite that shattered great fabrics. There was a sinking block of houses and fleeing households—all in quick succession. We think of danger zones in the slums. We send a missionary down there to swing a red lantern. But do we ever think of other danger zones on Murray Hill? Trains of social destruction, that plunge on regardless of signals; explosions that can shake our proudest houses, homes that are sinking to subways where the mining has been silent and unknown. Perhaps the tunnel starts at the Battery, where it receives the European explosives; but it may undermine, to the proudest avenue. Let me show you a red light.

Consider our second city. There are 6,000 saloons in Chicago, employing 31,600 persons. There are 17 theatres open on Sunday evening, in which, on a recent Sunday night, there were 17,160 men between 15 and 45 years of age. In a single ward there are 312 houses of impurity, with 1,708 inmates. Fifty thousand men are engaged in demoralizing places. Behold the red lantern—and it waves on your doorsteps.

THE SOUTH.

Again, look at the Southern mountains. Read Mr. Roosevelt's "Winning of the West" and discover that the first men to tackle the wilderness beyond the mountains were not Yankees from Boston, nor Dutchmen from New York. They were men of the South—the Carolinas and Virginia; and the President says, "Of course, they were Presbyterians." Of course. Presbyterians have ever been pathfinders. John Calvin found the path to a Christian republic. John Knox found the path to the destruction of prelacy among the Grampians. St. Patrick, that blessed old Irish Presbyterian, found the path of freedom on Irish moors. So, as a matter of course, when an empire was to be staked out beyond the Alleghenies, and we inquire for American pathfinders, in the Southwest we do not think so much of Daniel Boone as of Gideon Blackburn; across the Mississippi, not so much of John C. Fremont as of Daniel Baker; in the Far Northwest, less of Lewis and Clark than of Whitman and Spaulding; and in California, less of the "49ers" than of the missionaries who camped on their trail. Not only pathfinders—they were pathmakers.

Of course, then, when the soldiers of the Revolution became pioneers, it was the Scotch-Irish of the Carolinas and Virginia who headed the march. Down through the valleys of the French Broad went Sevier and Campbell, and others who had fought at King's Mountain and flung the British back when the Tory population of Carolina failed to respond.

And now the children of those men call for help. They are lost among the mountains, and by little fault of theirs. Rather by Adam's fault. Everywhere and always, people left to themselves are in danger of degeneracy. Even a Scotchman will degenerate when he is abandoned. It is the duty of our Church to reclaim those people.

Do you say there are other calls more urgent?—that it matters little to the republic whether a million or two mountaineers ever get on their feet again; that the work is not strategic? Let me remind you they have held strategic positions twice already. Once in the closing days of the Revolution. Again in the Civil War, when, in proportion, more of tall Tennesseans stood up beside the flag than of any other State. They may hold the key again. But strategy or no—there are two things bigger than strategy. One is the obligation to care for our own. The other is to accept the mind of Christ, and up on the mountains wild and bare to seek the sheep that are lost.

It were not difficult to conjure up a vision of a new South in the twentieth century, in which Southern Highlanders would spring forward to the leadership they held a century ago. The imperative of patriotism to-day is to rebuild the South. And millions of money will not do it. It calls for human bodies and souls. It

calls for an advance of Christian education and Christian sympathy.

THE WEST.

With the advance through the mountains we associate the opening of the West. On the flag of the ordinance of 1787 are these three words—"Liberty, Education, Religion." To these ideas the old Northwest was dedicated. Its development is the miracle of the first half of the century. From it the opening of the West came on as naturally as the morn slips into the noontide, until now already the Mississippi Valley is the center of our empire. It is the most American part of the country. It has been built up out of the ideals which the men of New England, and the Middle and Southern States carried over the mountains. And while men of the East have yielded somewhat to European influences, the men of the West have kept their ideas and institutions true to the visions of Colonial days. It is our American heritage. And it is our mightiest. No other valley on earth drains such resources as are drained by the Mississippi. The center of population is near that river. The center of political influence seems to have crossed it—when a single State on its western bank furnishes two Cabinet officers, the leadership of the House, and one of the most potent voices in the Senate. And as you look over that vast expanse, blossoming in the light of our best civilization and ask, How came it?—I reply, The "Liberty, Education and Religion" emblazoned on the ordinance of 1787 have flung their light across the prairies.

Is anything more needed there? Not intelligence. They have some of the best schools in the country. The public-school system is unsurpassed, and colleges and great universities are in every State. But only moral principle that shall control men in public and private life can hold that central land true to the aims of its great founders. And these have not yet wholly triumphed. Aside from the dangers of great cities there are fringes of darkness that portend possible storms. For example: Four great Territories are knocking at the doors of Congress. Whence the hesitation? Chiefly this—unassimilated elements of population; some of it is Indian, some is Mexican, some is Mormon. Congress hesitates. It does well to hesitate, and only the gospel of Christ can change the conditions that cause the hesitation. The Government once admitted a Mormon Territory. It has had trouble ever since. It is by no means sure the trouble is at an end. For a generation our Church and the others have been trying to change moral conditions. They have been working on something harder than the granite of the Rockies. And now that which was only granite and resisted takes on aggression, and advances. A few months ago we issued a Statement declaring the doctrines and practices of Mormonism subversive of Christianity and its ambitions hostile to our Government. Faint-hearted politicians and subsidized editors made light of the arraignment. But the facts go on with their terrific indictment. And now the womanhood of the country is on its knees before Congress, asking for one effective barrier. Again Congress hesitates, and again the facts go on with their indictment declaring that a half-dozen States and Territories are in the Mormon grip while 1,400 missionaries, with more than Jesuit zeal, are preaching the gospel of impurity in the older States.

But those mountain valleys are going to be redeemed. The school-houses dot them and the mission stations are manned—and another generation is growing up. Mountains in all ages are made for liberty. And the liberty which so often has crowned their summits from Hermon and the Alps and the Grampians will not fail in that grandest and richest mountain region on earth. In vision I see another day. It waits on the transformation of the new century. Major Powell says there are 100,000,000 acres waiting irrigation. That means a million hundred-acre farms. And the unfailing rivers of the mountains wait with their floods of blessing. It is only for the hand of man encouraged by the Government to direct the channels which shall transform deserts into the gardens of the Lord. When that time comes there will be an empire of the Rockies too free and too holy for any fanaticism to control.

THE PACIFIC.

But a vision of the new Rockies by no means exhausts our Canaan. All the undeveloped part of the world (Africa excepted) is around the Pacific Ocean. Europe will go on in a circular way reliving its old life on gradually rising levels. This East will refine and solidify and settle down. But the moving pictures of

the world will be on the western coast. Hence the eminence of our Pacific States. It is they which front the hoary paganism of China and the tyrannical absolutism of Russia. At last the struggle for commercial supremacy will be, not across the Atlantic, but the Pacific.

And that coast so set in the center of future things is Christian only in name. Thank God for the signal lights of promise flung out by brave men and women! How sturdily they hold that picket line! The Church does not begin to measure her obligation to that region. For its own sake and so for ours, for the sake of our new islands, strung like emerald-beads to mark the line where sunrise and sunset meet, for the sake of Foreign Missions, which at that line become one with Home Missions—this triple plea emphasizes our present imperative duty.

ALASKA.

We have not yet reached the end of our outlook. Alaska presents a dream for the twentieth century. Do you say that is more pictorial than strategic? Are you sure? Sure that never on the broken piers of the Aleutian bridge Anglo-Saxon and Slav will meet to contest for the supremacy of the world and determine whether absolutism or liberty shall be man's final heritage?

And if not strategic in that sense they may be in another. The special agent of the Agricultural Department of the Government has just reported that Alaska will sustain a population of three millions. An empire as large as the three Pacific States may reach from Saxman to Point Barrow. Is it then in vain that our heroes on the Yukon keep their lonely vigils? One of them is here to-night. For three dreadful winters he has been ringing a church bell at Rampart. Only a few miners have heard. But this republic should hear. It is the first faint call to the advancing pioneer lines to take that land in the fear of God.

But even if there be no advancing column, are our brave men wasting their lives when they give themselves for a handful of miners? Not if the parable of the lost sheep holds—not if the ministry of the Master holds! And shall we measure up to the spirit of the Master if we neglect even those 30,000 Indians stranded on shores that have become ours and corrupted by our civilization?

THE ANTILLES.

There is one more picture I would throw on the screen of your imagination. Consider the physical formation of the continent, and the lesson it suggests. Alone of continents, our mountain ranges run north and south. North America and South America are bound together by a granite chain forged in the elemental fires, by which nature suggests a unity at once of structure and of destiny. This Western Continent is one. So far its unity has not been apparent. The southern half, as rich as the northern, has been held back for centuries. Nearly a half score of petty republics are staggering blindly toward ideals which their national origins make them impotent to realize; while among them Britain, France and Holland hold doubtful possessions, with Germany wildly striving for a foothold. And it has not been ours to interfere. But suddenly the Almighty took a hand in the conflict. The crash of our guns, shot to deliver Cuba from intolerable oppression, did more than that for which they were sighted. They broke open gates of darkness on whose hinges was the rust of centuries. Suddenly the isles of the Caribbean beckoned for our help. And far beyond them lands under the Southern Cross emerged as an opportunity for our principles and institutions. Shall we not enter the open fields, not indeed with political intent, but with those moral forces which have lifted the upper half of the continent and are capable of lifting the lower half to equal glory—and thus at last assert what nature said in the throes of geologic ages: North and South America are one. And if any shall say "Religions go by parallels, and the form of Christianity which freighted the Spanish ships of the sixteenth century is as good for southern America as for southern Europe" I have only to reply: "By their fruits ye shall know them." There is only one reason why South American republics cannot thrive: A republic without an open Bible never has thriven. Look at the beautiful islands at our southern door—islands where every prospect pleases, where nature has been lavish to the last degree and where the fruit of the soil has been ignorance, superstition and immorality. From such conditions no good republic ever rises. Nor can we, even in our strength, afford to tie such weights to our feet. For however we may make an imaginary Panama Canal the boundary

(Concluded on page 808.)

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for June 1, 1902.

Paul at Lystra.—Acts xiv, 8-19.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—II Tim. ii, 3.

PAUL'S MIRACLE AT LYSTRA.

It was probably in the autumn of A. D. 46 that Paul and Barnabas came to Lystra, and several months must have been occupied there and in the surrounding country. Paul and Barnabas did not confine their ministry to the cities in which they located, but extended it into the country and villages between them and in their vicinity. There sat a certain man at Lystra—probably in the market-place, or in some principal thoroughfare of the city, where Paul was preaching, since there is no mention of any synagogue in Lystra. His friends may have brought him hither to beg alms, as was the usual way. He was impotent in his feet—that is, unable to use them—a cripple, who perhaps could creep about upon his hands and knees, but who never had walked. His case was one beyond all human skill; but there are no hopeless cases with Christ. He is indeed the Great Physician before which all maladies yield, whether of the body or the soul. It is noticeable how minutely Luke, as a physician, describes the malady.

PAUL'S INTEREST AROUSED.

This man heard Paul speaking, teaching and preaching concerning Jesus. Paul's interest in the cripple is aroused, and, steadfastly beholding him, as if to ascertain through the Spirit's aid his actual condition—both physical and spiritual—and perceiving from the expression of his countenance, which Paul knew to be a true index to his soul, that the man had faith to be healed and also to be saved. It would seem that the cripple possessed not only what had been styled a faith of miracles, an assurance that he could and would be healed, but also a saving faith of salvation through Jesus Christ. He had listened to Paul's preaching on the death and resurrection, the power and works of Christ, and he showed by his appearance that he accepted those great truths and facts as suited to and applicable to himself. Paul had doubtless seen many lame men, without attempting to heal them. But God, seeing the faith of this one, had drawn the attention of the Apostle to him, and giving him to see that he had the necessary faith to be healed. Now does God reward his believing.

THE MIRACLE WROUGHT.

Paul, addressing the cripple in a loud voice, said to him. "Stand upright on thy feet." He had never walked before. In some manuscripts is added, "I say to you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." Paul doubtless uttered or implied similar words. He was at the time speaking of Jesus, and if the cripple had been taught and had just accepted the Saviour, Paul needed not so much as mention that name, which they both understood to be the source of salvation and of all power. Indicative of a soul full of faith, he leaped, he sprang up and walked about. His cure was instantaneous and complete, and none to question or deny it. The principal differences between this miracle and that recorded in Chapter 3 were, the lame man in Jerusalem desired and hoped to receive alms even after Peter bade him look on him. But the cripple at Lystra had already been an attentive listener to Paul. And, further, Peter took the lame man by the hand and lifted him up; but the cripple sprang up without Paul's assistance. He was in the audience which Paul was addressing, perhaps in the outskirts some little distance from the Apostle.

THE EFFECT UPON THE PEOPLE.

The rude Lycaonians at once perceived in the miracle of Paul the manifestation of supernatural power. But their exclamations and conduct showed that they very imperfectly understood his preaching. They impressively lift up their voices, and, very naturally, in their excited condition, use their native dialect—the speech of Lycaonia, instead of the Greek, which the missionaries had spoken and which was the ordinary language of commerce in the cities of Asia Minor. What the speech of Lycaonia was is not exactly known, but it was probably a barbaric dialect of Greek. The Lycaonians seem to have been akin to the ancient Assyrians, and they may have held to some form of that ancient Eastern language. This explains the reason, at least in part, for the delay of the Apostles in refusing divine honor until they heard the priest approaching with the victims and the garlands. But

much of this was said and done away from the Apostles, "who rush forth" when they hear of it. Neither their instruction nor their gift of tongues appear to have been called into use at this time.

WORSHIPPED AS GODS.

When the people saw what Paul had done, they said: "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." This language agrees with the general belief of the heathen and with the local superstitions as well of this very country, as related in one of the fables of Ovid—who also relates the visit of Jupiter and Mercury, in the form of men, to Philemon and Baucis, in the adjacent province of Phrygia. They called Barnabas Jupiter, or Zeus, the Greek name answering to Jupiter, who was regarded as the highest and most powerful among the heathen Gods. And they called Paul Hermes, the name in Greek answering to Mercury, the messenger of the gods—the god of eloquence and prudence and an attendant of Jupiter in his expeditions. In ancient art Jupiter is represented as large, and Mercury as small. Besides, Jupiter had a temple in front of the city gates. As Paul was the chief or leading speaker, they conclude that he is Mercury, the attendant of Jupiter, whom they conclude Barnabas to be. The silent, larger and older appearance of Barnabas may have confirmed them in this impression.

DIVINE HONORS PREPARED.

The excited multitude at once proceed to act on their conclusion, and to offer sacrifice. The priest, who may have been present, or the principal one, or the most active one—for there must have been a number of them at Lystra—then the priests of Jupiter, who was before their city, brought oxen or bulls, the most costly victims which the heathen was accustomed to offer to Jupiter and sometimes to Mercury. In this case, the sacrifice was intended for both. And they brought garlands, or crowns, especially for the victims. The priests and altar were also often thus adorned. These they brought unto the gates of the city, and would have done sacrifice, or offer sacrifices with the people. When the Apostles heard what the multitude was proposing to do, they sprang in upon the scene and prevented. How they heard is not told. It may have been from one of the converts, or one of the few Jews residing there. The preparations for this act of worship must have been going on for upwards of an hour or more, for they seemed to be all complete before the missionaries were aware of them.

THE SACRILEGIOUS ACT PREVENTED.

Paul and Barnabas are not slow in showing the kind of stuff they are made of. Filled with mingled emotions of horror and sorrow they rent their clothes—from the neck in front downward toward the girdle. This was the common Oriental method of expressing grief and horror, or indignation and abhorrence of impiety or blasphemy. And they ran in among the people, from the place where they were teaching or resting, probably through the city gates, into the midst of the multitude who were gathered for sacrifice before the temple of Jupiter, crying out with a loud voice—shouting. The whole narrative is a most vivid one. They plunge into the midst of the excited, vociferating crowd, interrupting and putting a stop to the impious service. Compare with this, second, Peter's refusal to receive homage of Cornelius, and contrast Herod Agrippa's readiness to accept divine honors. Paul and Barnabas would tolerate no mistaken notions about themselves. In this they differed greatly from many of the present day.

"WHY DO YE THESE THINGS?"

Securing the attention of the people, they utter their solemn protestation against any such proceedings. This is generally regarded as Paul's address, as he was the chief speaker, and from the similarity in thought with his address at Athens, and with Romans 1, 19. But Barnabas must also have earnestly joined in the protest. We have merely the substance of what they said, but it is noticeable how different was Paul's method in reaching Jews and devout Gentiles. "Sirs—ye men—why do ye these things?" The question implies strong disapproval and expostulation, the reason for which immediately follows. Ye are men, and so we are also men, and that, too, of like passions with you, of like feelings, affections and sufferings, similarly constituted; and partakers of like infirmities, and consequently not divine. The word "of like passions" is emphatic here. It is only found elsewhere in the New Testament in James 5, 17. So far from being objects of divine honors, we are missionaries, announcing to you that ye should turn from these vanities, such as your idols and your idol-worship to the living God, in contrast to these lifeless images and imaginary gods. Thus Jehovah is designated in the Old Testament. As such He is life-giving, the creator of heaven, and earth, and the sea—the three divisions of the universe—to each of which the heathen assigned its particular god.

Up-to-Date Points of View.¹

The Earth and
the Sun's Heat.

How much heat does the earth receive from the sun? How large a fraction is this of the total amount given off? What is the sun's temperature? How does it keep up its heat-supply? These are questions that have occupied students of physical astronomy for many years, and it cannot be said that they are yet answered to the satisfaction of everybody. The latest state of scientific belief on the subject is set forth by Dr. Albert Battandier in *Cosmos* (Paris, November 16). Says Dr. Battandier: One day, George Stephenson, seeing a train drawn by one of his locomotives, asked of a friend: "What makes that train go?" "The engine," was the reply. "But what moves the engine?" "The steam." "And what makes the steam?" "The coal." "But what has produced the coal?" His friend remained silent for a moment after this unforeseen question, and Stephenson replied to it in a word—"The sun."

And, in fact, the whole earth is the gift of the sun. . . . Now, we can ask regarding the sun a fourfold question. What is the quantity of heat that it sends to the earth; what is the quantity that it sends out into space; what is its temperature, that enables it to produce such enormous effects; and, finally, how is its heat kept up and preserved?

It is not difficult to measure the quantity of heat that the sun pours on the earth. Herschel found, at the Cape of Good Hope, that in one minute a vertical sun could melt a layer of ice 0.1915 millimeter (about 1-125 inch) thick. Pouillet, trying the same experiment at Paris, obtained the figures 0.1786. There is a difference between the two, but it is easy to explain it by the difference of permeability of the atmosphere and by local conditions. If we take the average, or 0.1850, we reach the result that in one hour the sun's heat is capable of melting a layer of ice 1.11 centimeters (about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch) thick.

But this value is much below the truth. We measure thus only the effect produced by the sun's heat on the surface of the ground; now, to reach us the rays must traverse the atmosphere, which abstracts a great part of the heat. This is shown by experiments made at various heights. . . . If, then, we could do away with the atmosphere, the earth would receive on its surface almost twice as much heat as it does now. If we could distribute this uniformly, the amount received in one year would be sufficient to liquefy a shell of ice 30 meters (nearly 100 feet) thick around the entire globe.

How Great, and
How Sustained?

But the earth is not alone in space, and it receives but a very tiny part of the heat given out by the sun—about 1-2,138,000,000. To have, therefore, the total heat dispensed by the sun, we should multiply the amount already obtained by the denominator of this fraction. This heat would be equal in one second to that produced by the combustion of 11,600,000 billions of tons of coal, and would be sufficient to raise in one hour from the temperature of melting ice to the boiling-point eight times the volume of water contained in all the seas of the globe.

This is a fearful heat; how does the sun, which is cooling off all the time, keep it up? Combustion is out of the question, for that would sustain it only for a very brief time.

The fall of meteors into the sun could, and probably does, help to maintain it. Helmholtz's view was that the slow condensation of the sun is sufficient to keep up its temperature. Of course, this must one day come to an end and the sun will ultimately cool off; but the time that must elapse before this passes human imagination. Ere it takes place, the sun may collide with some other great celestial body, and it and its planets, instead of perishing with cold, may "melt with fervent heat" as the Scriptures tell us they will do.

Science
versus
Nature.

The eye and the ear have long been regarded as marvels of mechanism, quite the most wonderful things in the world. But, compared with the implements of a present-day laboratory, the sensitiveness of all human organs seems gross enough. A photographic plate, coupled with a telescope, will reveal the presence of millions of stars whose light does not affect the retina in the least. The microscope, too, with its revelations of the world of the infinitely small, tells us how crude, after all, is this most delicate of the senses. Indeed, we may liken it to a piano where only a few keys, toward the middle, sound. From the ultra-violet to the lowest reaches of the spectrum is a range of some nine octaves of light vibrations, of which, save for our new mechanical senses, we should never have been conscious of but one. The ear hears little of what is going on around us. By means of a microphone the tread of a fly sounds like the tramp of cavalry. Our heat sense is very vague; we need a variation of at least one-fifth of a degree on a thermometer to realize any difference in temperature. Professor Langley's little bolometer will note the difference of a millionth of a degree. A galvanometer will flex its finger at the current generated simply by deforming a drop of mercury, of pressing it out from a sphere to the shape of an egg. The amount of work done by a wink of the eye would equal a hundred billion of the units marked on the scale of a very delicate instrument. It is at least ten thousand times as sensitive at the eye or the ear.

The Waves of
Wireless Telegraphy.

Even the astonishing performances mentioned above are far surpassed by the exquisitely sensitive coherers, discovered by Professor Branly, of Paris, by which the Hertz waves of wireless telegraphy are caught in their pulsings through space. The range of impressions which we get from lifting an object in the hand seems rather small. An ordinary chemist's balance is about twenty million times as sensitive. It will weigh down to the two-hundredth part of a milligram.

Wherever we turn we shall thus find instruments which surpass each and all of our senses in a most humiliating way. Without them we should know very little of the world about us. Lacking them, Sir Isaac Newton knew very little of the world about him. But with them—and this is a capital point—we have come to know a great deal. We have come, for one thing, to see that *our senses give us reports only of a comparatively small number of comparatively gross stimuli.*

A Loud-talking
Telephone.

A loud-talking telephone, or *haut-parleur*, has been recently invented in France. A man can sit at his ease in his armchair and talk to another man at any distance as though he were right there in the armchair opposite. This other man, far away at the other end, may be at his ease, too, or he may be footing it up and down his office pulling at a cigar, or, for that matter, he may be in his bed in the next room.

The receiver acts like a trumpet, and throws the sounds a distance of fifteen or sixteen yards at their normal tone, even when out of doors. The voice is heard clearly, without any of that hazy snuffling so common to telephones and phonographs. Singing and musical instruments sound more intense than spoken words, though they are equally distinct. One of the most important phases of the loud-talking 'phone is its collaboration with the phonograph. Harness these two together and you have a team capable of some interesting work. A second *haut-parleur* is intended primarily for short distances, as between the departments of a large manufacturing plant, foundry, or other busy place where noise prevails. Such a telephone will doubtless prove of great value in the industries, and we ought even to see its adoption here in the United States.

¹ This department is an open court in which, numbered alphabetically for convenience, will be found original "Up-to-Date" items, short articles, news, facts and opinions of our own and other people. We especially welcome letters, comments and opinions from any source, and upon any subject of real interest. The responsible source of information for each "Point" other than our own will be given in every case. In the above these authorities are as follows: a, Literary Digest; b, *Cosmos*; c, d, Carl Snyder in *Harpers*, Eugene P. Lyle.



Martinique and the St. Pierre Disasters.

By Rev. Joseph Newton Hallock, D.D.

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Martinique is one of those numerous islands which form the half-circle or eastern rim of the Caribbean Sea. This circle commences at or near the eastern extremity of Porto Rico, which may be considered as the handle of a great sickle, 1,000 miles long, the blade of which is formed by taking in order our newly purchased Danish Islands (St. Thomas and St. Croix), Gadeloupe, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad and the hundreds of smaller islands forming the Lesser Antilles. Martinique is 43 miles long and 8 or 10 in width on the average, containing 381 square miles, and with a population of nearly or quite 200,000 souls, four-fifths of whom are colored. The destroyed city of St. Pierre was the largest on the island, which is of volcanic origin. Mont Pelée, at the northern extremity, is the highest peak, being 4,430 feet in height, or about as high as our Mount Washington in the White Mountains. This peak is directly opposite the doomed city, and on Thursday, May 8th, a terrific explosion occurred, blowing off the entire top of the mountain and burying and utterly obliterating St. Pierre and destroying all the vessels in the harbor. So unexpectedly and suddenly did the final explosion occur that the commander of the French cruiser *Suchet*, who witnessed the eruption, says: "About 8 o'clock the volcano threw up a considerable mass of smoke and earth. A whirlwind of fire immediately followed. Instantly, the whole town of St. Pierre was in flames, and the ships in the harbor were dismasted and burned." In view of the result, the following



VIEW IN PLACE BERTIN, ST. PIERRE, LOOKING WEST.

Showing the Cathedral and immediate neighborhood as it appeared before the eruption. Mt. Pelée in the background.

paragraph from the United States Consul at St. Pierre, Mr. Prentiss, who himself, with his family, perished in this terrible calamity, possesses more than a passing interest. Three days before the disaster he writes as follows:

This morning the whole population of the city is on the alert, and every eye is directed toward Mont Pelée, an extinct volcano. Everybody is afraid that the volcano has taken into its heart to burst forth and destroy the whole island. Fifty years ago Mont Pelée burst forth with terrific force and destroyed everything for a radius of several miles. For several days the mountain has been bursting forth, and immense quantities of lava are flowing down the side of the mountain. All the inhabitants are going up to see it. There is not a horse to be had on the island. Those belonging to the natives are kept in readiness to leave at a moment's notice.

It is possible that a few of the residents of St. Pierre may have taken warning from the ominous actions of Mont Pelée for several days previous to the catastrophe and sought refuge in the country. Nearly all, however, were caught in the disaster, which was widespread, and which caused the instant death of all in the city and many in the suburbs, together with all those on the vessels in the harbor. Through the courtesy of Hon. Julius G. Tucker, the former United States Consul at Martinique, we are enabled to give our readers a full description of St. Pierre and of the island of Martinique itself, together with many illustrations of both the city and the island as it was a few weeks ago and before the eruption.

HISTORY.

The island was discovered by Christopher Columbus on June 15, 1502. He landed about five miles from St. Pierre at Carbet, but did not establish any settlement. In 1635, during the reign of



VIEW OF ST. PIERRE.

Showing the harbor which was destroyed, together with the shipping.

Louis XIII., and under the auspices and guidance of Cardinal Richelieu, two adventurers, Oliver and Duplessis, landed at the same spot and took possession of the island in the name of the West Indian Company. This attempt at colonization, however, did not succeed, and in the same year, 1635, D'Esnambuc, the Captain-General of St. Kitts, then a French colony, with 100 men, took possession definitely of Martinique, landing on the spot where the market of St. Pierre has since stood. Since that time the island has been in possession of France, with the exception of its conquest in 1762, 1794 and 1809 by the British.

St. Pierre was the most important town and was the residence of the bishop of the diocese, being divided into three parishes, viz., The Monillage, the Center and the Fort, each of which contained a large church, that of the former being the cathedral. St. Pierre is surrounded by a range of hills from the south to the northeast, the altitude of which is about 900 feet above sea level; and although these intercept the trade winds and thus increase the temperature, they are, nevertheless, extremely picturesque and the seat of many villas, whence a beautiful view of the town, the sea and the country to the northwest and the north could be had.

TROIS-POINTS AND THE NEIGHBORING RESORTS.

Within the last thirty years the suburbs of St. Pierre have been considerably extended, offering residences during the summer months to those of



ENTRANCE TO JARDIN DES PLANTES, ST. PIERRE.

the population who were able to take advantage of them. These are Fond-Core, which is situated along the sea-shore and lined with villas, where people were accustomed to resort during the months of August and September for the benefits of the sea baths, a tramway leading thereto, and Trois-Ponts, which is reached by the main road tending to the northeast, and is between two and three miles from St. Pierre. There visitors could find country residences bordering the road to the right and left (at convenient distances), and with gardens for the most part in front of each and separated by thick tropical foliage from its neighbors.

Six miles from St. Pierre, and about four miles from Trois-Ponts, is situated the great resort of the pleasure and health-seekers of the town and other localities. This beautiful spot is called Morne Rouge, and is known to many tourists from the United States, who never fail to visit it, when time allows, during their visit to Martinique. It has an altitude of 1,600 feet above the level of the sea, although ensconced in a valley, having the *piton de Carbet* to the south, and the Mountain Pelée and its projecting spurs to the northeast and north. It is one of the most romantic spots of the island. The cyclone of 1891 made fearful ravages at this favored spot, the church being among the number of buildings utterly destroyed. Since then a new one has been erected, much larger than the first, and buildings are being erected more numerous and attractive than those existing previous to that calamity.

The present eruption has not destroyed this beautiful resort, which is on comparatively high ground. At every hour of the



TROIS-PONTS. ON THE ROAD TO ST. PIERRE.

This beautiful villa was in the immediate suburbs and is also submerged and destroyed.

day, from sunrise to sunset, the charm of the landscape and the surrounding beauties of Nature, under various aspects, and at different coigns of vantage, strike the visitor, who longs to linger amid such soul-inspiring scenes, now quiet and pastoral, then rugged, bold and mountainous, reminding the traveler of mountains and valleys seen in Switzerland and Norway. Every effort within the resource of the people has been put forth to render the village of Morne Rouge attractive to those who seek its genial clime, or to casual visitors from abroad.

THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

One of the most favored spots on this island was the Jardin des Plantes, or botanical garden of St. Pierre, situated about one mile from the center of the town on the right of the main road. This is, of course, now entirely obliterated. There were two entrances to this enchanting spot, one leading to the cultivated flower gardens



THE CASCADE, JARDIN DES PLANTES, ST. PIERRE.

and the Museum of Natural Curiosities, and the other, higher up, in a northeasterly direction, to the various alleys and lanes which have been made in different directions, and which lead to the interior, to the Cascade, artificial pond, and to sundry secluded corners, where Nature is prodigal in her numberless displays of cultivated flowers and ornamental plants, together with well-cared-for trees; or the profusion of her spontaneous products, which appear along the ridge of hills that meet the eye, or around the deep ravine, along which rush the waters from the adjoining heights, this latter adding to the beauty of the scene and increasing the pleasant impressions which are formed by a visit to this unbragous and romantic solitude. Tourists would rarely leave Martinique without visiting this justly famed botanical garden.

In point of fertility, considering its adaptability to the raising of every tropical product, its scenery, its old historical associations since 1635; its lofty range of mountains, whence descend the streams that irrigate the lowlands; its water power, at St. Pierre especially; its genial climate and Creole customs and habits engendered by the perennial warmth and somnolent effect of the climate; its inimitable carnival festivals, which commence on the Sunday after Epiphany and cease on Shrove Tuesday, and its favorable geographical position, Martinique has always been considered one of the most interesting and beautiful of the Caribbean group.

THE FAUNA.

The fauna of Martinique is numerous in minor animals, but not as rich as is the southern continent. Large wild animals do not exist there. Fishes are abundant, and of many varieties and of strong and brilliant colors. Of the crustacea there are several varieties. The rivulets abound in fresh-water fish, which are always succulent and agreeable. Most of the animals of domestic use



HON. JULIUS G. TUCKER.

Formerly the United States Consul at Martinique.

were originally imported. There are two varieties of snakes, the ordinary and harmless, and the spearhead or fer-de-lance. This serpent has two fangs, at the root of which is secreted the deadly virus and rudimentary fangs, destined to replace the old ones. It attains a length of from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 feet. The color of the skin changes according to age and locality; the usual color is a speckled gray, which is graduated in different specimens from a light ash to a dull black.

Some years ago the mongoos (ichneumon) was introduced into this island by Baron Lareinty, a large landowner, with a view of exterminating rats and the dreaded fer-de-lance. For a while this matter remained without arresting further attention, when, a few years ago, a popular enthusiasm was aroused, and the brave little rodent was imported in great numbers from Barbados, St. Lucia and Jamaica, this feeling being confirmed by the news from St. Lucia that the introduction there of the mongoos had considerably lessened the number of serpents. Inclosures prepared for the purpose were erected, where pitched battles were fought between the mongoos and fer-de-lance, in which this intrepid little animal invariably vanquished the serpent, and it is hoped that in time this scourge of Martinique will either entirely disappear, or be reduced to small numbers in the interior forest or deep mountain gorges.

Although the primitive forest has been from time to time destroyed, yet so fertile is the soil that trees of the varieties indigenous to the island quickly spring up again, although, on the whole, sufficient attention has not been paid to the preservation of the forests, which, without legal restrictions, are sorely mutilated. Some time since proposals were urged for the promulgation of "les lois forestieres" (forests laws) as in force in France, save those modifications which difference of conditions impose, and no doubt these propositions will be carried out as far as is possible under the circumstances. The principal trees are the fromage, or silk cotton; the gommier, or sand-box logwood; bois d'acajon (a species of mahogany); the balata or ironwood, which is of great hardness, and occasionally shipped to France, and other species. The bois d'acajon is especially used in the manufacture of furniture, and presents a most beautiful hue and polish, and the native cabinet-makers are adepts in the turning out of such work as would surprise a visitor from the United States, in view of the finish and taste displayed in the articles manufactured. The amount exported of this timber is insignificant, except of logwood, which is generally shipped to France in large quantities.

RELIGION.

No other denomination exists as an organization than the Roman Catholic. Scattered among the population are a few Protestants, mostly of the French Reformed persuasion, but the majority are of the Roman Catholic faith. The Island of Martinique is composed of one diocese, over which presides a bishop. The smaller communes are generally served by two priests. Other

communes, like St. Pierre, had a large number of priests holding spiritual authority from Rome, and the dogmas and discipline of the Church, with which the civil authorities claim no interference. The clergy are, nevertheless, bound by the Concordat and the organic laws in pursuance thereto between France and Rome—to observe certain obligations to the State, by which they are paid. The exclusive exercise of the Catholic religion for over two centuries has, very naturally, given the priests the idea that they are of right the sole masters of the field, the flocks of which are entirely under their control. This feeling of exclusiveness was recently manifested on the arrival here of a Protestant missionary and a female coadjutor and interpreter, the former a Mr. George Penny, who was unable to speak French, and the latter a Miss Mary Jamison, both belonging to the "Christian Mission," which has its affiliations in the United States. They rented a house in the city, and, under a month's permission from the Mayor of St. Pierre, commenced to hold their services, which consisted simply of the reading of the Scriptures, sermons on their meaning and spirit, and the singing of selected hymns. These exercises were held with closed doors. After the expiration of a month, Mr. Penny applied for a renewed permission, which was refused, on the ground that the meetings was a cause of disturbance to the public peace. It is significant that during these meetings a rough crowd assembled outside, stoned the house, struck the door and were riotous generally. And although the "powers that be" were called upon for protection, the riots continued at every meeting, until Mr. Penny finally concluded to quit preaching and left Martinique.

A fact which cannot escape the attention of strangers, after a certain term of residence here, is the love of the mother country as expressed by the natives of all classes. The closeness of touch, in sympathy and patriotism, with the European French and with France as the central point of affection and aspiration, is truly remarkable. Liberty of press, liberty of public meetings under certain mild permissive conditions, and political freedom have not a little tended to strengthen and confirm the love of country which characterizes the inhabitants of the older French colonies.

On the whole, Martinique must be considered as a healthy country on those who are acclimated. The natives are generally robust and strong; native women were accustomed to bring to the market an immense weight of meat on their heads, as well as fruit and vegetables, walking in many instances twenty to twenty-five miles to St. Pierre, and returning the same day with American products, for sale and for their own consumption, showing a force of endurance that would be utterly impossible for a white man or woman especially.

THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE, ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.
Buried May 8, 1902, by the terrible volcanic explosion of Mt. Pelée.

The Christian Life

With Christ.

By Mary D. Brine.

Oh, do they speak to Christ for us,
Our dear ones gone before?
Oh, do they speak our names, and ask
That we should grieve no more?
Does He permit that they should bend
Above us, as we kneel,
And minister to us—their own—
That comfort which can heal?
The "angels of the Lord" are they
Who were our dear ones here,
And since in heaven with Him they dwell,
Heaven seems more real, more dear.
The things of earth seem ah! so small,
So trivial, in the light
Of those great truths which flood the soul,
And faith shines out more bright,
The while our thoughts soar heavenward
In search of those we love,
Those "treasures" we have given Christ
To keep for us, above
The turmoil of those scenes below,
And safe from hurt and pain,
Where, if they speak to Christ for us,
They do not speak in vain.



The "Victory Over Death."

By Mrs. M. A. Holt.

As we stand face to face with the strange mystery called death on this Memorial Day among our dear dead heroes, it is only natural to ask the old question, "If a man die shall he live again?"

But with the holy faith of the blessed religion of Christ we can twine sweet flowers about the dear dead and know that "the earthly" shall some time "bear the wings of the heavenly."

We lay the dear one away in some old silent churchyard to sleep during the lonely years that must come and go in their tireless flight. We plant the rose and the lily above the sweet beloved face. We watch around the quiet place while the bright summer lingers, and when the frosty fingers of autumn blight the flowers we are often there. It is a sad pleasure to watch the tinted leaves drift softly down upon that sacred spot, where rests the forms of our beloved dead. We have also seen the feathery snowflakes descend in their purity and whiteness upon this mound in the cemetery.

And when the soft spring breezes fan into new life myriads of bright flowers we go to our old trysting place to see them burst into bloom, to glorify the cold, brown earth above our dead. Surely the "resurrection of the flowers" is a true type of the grander one that shall be when "this mortal shall put on immortality."

We shall also be in the old cemetery when that morn- ing comes, and this is the way that we sometimes fancy the scene will be. We shall hear the clarion voice of the great trump, and in some mysterious manner feel the warm, sweet thrill of life again. We are lifted from the charnel house by some power outside of ourselves, and behold, we "are changed in the twinkling of an eye." We look around the dim old churchyard, surrounded by its

century-living trees. A strange sight greets our eyes. The sods are trembling all over the mossy grass-grown graves, and our friends are coming forth with bright new faces. They are not thin and white as when we laid them away. They are flushed with the glory of the immortal life—brighter and fairer than when they walked with us in the sweet Junetime of youth. The wrinkles are all gone out of "mother's" face, and father's hair is no longer gray. The hands that trembled so in other days are strong now, and the once bent form has become straight and elastic again. Every one of the risen dead is clothed in the beautiful garments of eternal youth. Eyes flash with a sacred love-light and lips sing that were silent here. We hear in the new song these words: "O Grave, where is thy victory; O Death, where is thy sting?"

The air trembles with sweet music, and as we listen we become conscious that the spaces about us are full of bright faces and shining wings. We, too, have a strange desire to mount up and gain a higher, purer atmosphere. In a moment we are soaring in the bright blue of the sky. Sweeter and grander grows the music—clearer and louder swells the song, until the whole creation thrills with the "resurrection anthem." Again we catch the words: O Grave, where is thy victory; O Death, where is thy sting?"

Then another song comes to our ears. It is, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

No thought of the old cemetery or of our death-sleep comes to us now. We have left the grave forever behind as we "bear the image of the Heavenly." "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."



I am thankful that I have learned not only to see that I ought to say, but to feel what it is truly to say, "good is the will of the Lord" in little things as well as in great things. Many who seek to be enabled, and are in measure enabled, to say this in great things have yet to learn what it is to say it in little things; and, in consequence, they are often heard complaining of what in little matters God appoints for them, in a way that contradicts the faith that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and that, therefore, there is a good in all things, to be extracted from each thing as it comes, by receiving it in the light of love. Love to God, that love which receives God Himself as the portion of the soul in every cup, its sweetest ingredient, whatever other sweet ingredients may be in it, is as essential to the right understanding of what God does in providence as the faith that He is love in what He does.

JOHN MCLEOD CAMPBELL.



God calls us to duty, and the only right answer is obedience. If it can be glad and willing and loving obedience, happy are we; but, in any case, whether we ourselves get enjoyment and blessing from the task or not, the call must be obeyed. The will of God must be done for the sake of God, not for the sake of ourselves. Undertake the duty, and step by step God will provide the disposition. We can at least obey. Ideal obedience includes the whole will and the whole heart. We cannot begin with that. But we can begin with what we have. God calls. It is better to obey blunderingly than not to obey at all.

GEORGE HODGES.

The Home Life

Memorial Day Again.

"Wave, bonny flags, where the soldiers rest,
For once the love of you filled each breast;
And feet swift followed where'er you led;
And now you honor each low, green bed.

"Grow, young grass, in the warm May sun,
Cling to the mounds where your rootlets run,
Weave for the sleepers a counterpane,
Cover them closely in sun or rain.

"Comrades, sing as ye stand around,
Pray in the sacred burial-ground,
Bless the names of the ones who sleep
Where the grasses grow and the ivies creep!"

Do most of us realize, when we see the bonny flag above the soldier's grave, that it was in very truth love for what the flag symbolizes that led him on through the tire-some, dreary marches and enabled him to endure the manifold discomforts of "the war?" We scarcely share the fear of those who dread lest the time will come when the deeds of the brave men of the early sixties will be forgotten. Our American lads do not forget Concord, Lexington or Bunker Hill. They will not soon forget Bull Run, Gettysburg and Appomattox Court House. These things never should be forgotten, and yet while we say this we also rejoice that all sectional feelings of animosity, or anything approaching to them, are fast dying out—in fact, are almost entirely something of the past in our peaceful land.

It is to be deplored that so many of our national anniversaries become mere holidays on which so many sports are entered into that the chief significance of the day is in danger of being largely overlooked. And because of this parents will do well to see that the meaning of such a holiday as Memorial Day is impressed upon the minds of the children while they are still quite young. And nothing will serve to deepen an abiding sense of what Memorial Day means more than to take the lad, and the lass also, and let them witness the ceremonies at some large cemetery and at the soldiers' monument in the park or square, and then perhaps, best of all, have them hear the oration in the afternoon by some eloquent speaker, who will send ineffaceably home the deep lesson of what the day commemorates.

Years ago, in the late sixties, when "Decoration Day," as it was then styled, was first inaugurated, and when those whose hair is now turning gray were young, it was a privilege and a charm to repair to the cemetery and see the services that were carried on with military precision, and to hear the oration delivered then at the graveside of some hero of prominence who had fallen during the war, or had rendered special service during the sad conflict. In later years the oration has in many places been given in a hall, perhaps because of the fatigue or the infirmities of many who wish to hear it.

The same soldierly precision no doubt marks the ceremony to-day; the oration may seem quite as eloquent delivered in the public hall. But how changed, alas! is the aspect of the comrades who march now, dressed in the simple uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic.

When the small detachment of the post acting as decorators hear the command to "Halt! Uncover! Decorate!" it is no longer a few stalwart, middle-aged men who step forward to do honor to the dead; no, they are men decidedly elderly, if not old in years, slow of tread, and with the sedate faces and thoughtful mien of rapidly aging men. The "Sons of Veterans" even are beginning to look like men who have reached and passed the high noon of life's brief day.

We are even optimistic as regards the patriotism of the sons of this grand Republic. Born and bred into bone and sinew of most true men is love of country, and not only a willingness but a desire to defend one's flag and the soil whereon one was born. And the very atmosphere of freedom which lurks in every fold of the Stars and Stripes makes a liberty-loving man of the boy who sees Old Glory streaming out from the flagpole of the school-yard, sees it over the engine-house, the public buildings and high aloft over the vessels lying in the harbor.

Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, the 17th of June and the 4th of July may be said to clinch the inherent patriotism lying deep in the heart of the American boy. And as to the foreigners crowding to our shores, these oft-recurring holidays, with their inevitable lessons, will be taught their children as surely as they are born on Columbia's soil, and Memorial Day tells the significant story of how many men of other nationalities came bravely and with splendid loyalty to the support of the Union, when those of our own flesh and blood failed to see the right of things, as the right undoubtedly existed and needed to be defended.

We cannot afford to pass one of these our sacred holidays lightly by. They are part of the educational forces bearing upon the training of our youth, both lads and maidens; and we would repeat the injunction that parents and instructors see to it that the particular lessons attaching to these holidays are distinctly understood. We like to hear of the exercises preceding Washington's Birthday, and Memorial Day exercises have become a recognized part, bearing upon the proceedings of the day itself. This is as it should be. And the little child of the foreigner who sits beside the child of American parents? Ah! the lesson falls alike into the ear of each. The school-yard flag will soon look the same to each, and we believe all's well with the perceptions of each child, and, believing that, we are fain to believe that the dear old Republic is safe.

Let the schools continue to spread the protecting folds of Old Glory above the youthful students of the country; let such telling anniversaries as Memorial Day continue to be observed beforehand in the schoolroom, and there will be no danger that the brave deeds of our soldiers of the crucial sixties will be forgotten even when the last war veteran shall have passed to "the eternal camping-grounds."

"Do you know what it means—
This flaunting of flags,
All in tatters and rags;
This marching and singing,
These bells a-ringing?"

"Our hearts must hold
A regret untold,
As we think of those who fell;
But their blood on whichever side they fought
Remade the nation, and progress brought!"

The Children.

A Little Grand Army Friend.

"Behold the ranks of veterans true,
In city, street and town;
Each village has its favored few:
Give them their just renown."

Jennie, bright, active, and 17, came into the sitting-room bent nearly double with laughter.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother.

Jennie tried to stop the bubbling laughter long enough to tell what was amusing her so. She began:

"What do you think that little gump of a Freddie wanted Norah to do? He was coaxing her, when I came through the kitchen just now, to clean out that five-gallon kerosene oil-tank so he could serve ice-water from it to the soldiers on Memorial Day, and Norah, with a wink at me, said:

"'Faythe, and I wouldn't be rinsing of it much, Master Freddie, 'tis a splendid flavor the ile would be givin' the warther.'"

"It's too bad to laugh at the little fellow," said Mrs. Pollock, "he seems fired with enthusiasm, especially as he remembers some of the stories his grandfather used to tell about the war. He remembers, too, how hot and tired some of the men seemed last year when they marched by the house. I take it as a sign of budding patriotism and loyalty that the little fellow should want to give the veterans a good, cool drink as they pass his house."

"But kerosene oil flavor, mamma, of all things!"

"Of course, the child didn't stop to realize that Jennie."

At dinner that night Freddy Pollock had something to ask his papa, and, with eyes big with interest, he asked it.

"Papa, can't I have a great pail of ice-water down at the end of the lawn, so's to give the G. A. R. men a drink when they march by on Memorial Day? Si Reynolds says there isn't a township anywheres that cares so little for its old soldiers as ours does. I say, papa, can't I have two or three water-pails all full of ice-water for them? I just want them to know I think lots of all the comrades!"

Jennie had hard work to keep from laughing as her small brother talked so glibly of "G. A. R. men" and "comrades," and Mr. Pollock's mouth twitched a little at the boy's enthusiasm, but no one smiled and the kerosene oil-tank incident was not alluded to. But Mr. Pollock had taken on a thoughtful expression, and he spoke very seriously as he said:

"I am very sorry to hear that Si Reynolds thinks his fellow-townpeople care but little for our old soldiers. Si himself was a brave soldier, and is half crippled to-day because of a wound that at one time threatened to cost him a leg. I think, my boy, it would be a nice thing to show your regard for the men by having a cooling drink for them as they pass along, only I am afraid but few would be able to stop; it wouldn't do to really break the ranks, you know."

"Never mind," said jubilant Freddie, "there'll be lots of them will make a dive for the tumblers when they see them standing all filled, and Archie Gray will help me and be glad to."

And, after all, Freddie's lively interest and what he had said about Si Reynolds set Jennie to thinking in earnest about that matter of indifference about the soldiers and toward them. She, too, had heard grandpa's stories about the war and what some of the men, what most of them, in fact, had suffered in the holy cause of preserving intact the Union, of which we are all so fond and proud. All the evening she was quiet, and a pondering look was on her sweet, young face. The next day she said to her mother:

"You may think I've caught Freddie's spirit, mamma, but I really feel as if I too would like to do something for our soldiers. Now, suppose Kittie May, Susie Ball and Emma Stiles would join me, couldn't we spread a simple table in the vacant lot at the end of the street and at noon give the men a plain but enjoyable lunch of lemonade—plenty of it—buttered rolls, cheese and doughnuts? Mr. Stiles owns the shady lot, with its unfelled trees, and I know would let us use it. The girls all had relatives in the war, and I feel sure would be glad to get up the pleasant little surprise for the Post."

"I think it would be a beautiful plan, Jennie. Ask papa about it and see what he says."

Mr. Pollock was more than willing to further Jennie's proposal, and so were her friends and their parents. As for Master Freddie, when he found his ice-water could be dispensed just the same during the middle of the morning, he joyfully accepted an invitation to help pour lemonade, and Archie Gray would also gladly lend his services at the vacant lot.

And, to his extreme delectation, Freddie heard Mr. Silas Reynolds say the next day at a provision store, where he, Freddie, was doing an errand:

"It wasn't altogether the fine lunch they gave us in such abundance that warmed us to the bones, but it was the knowledge that in the homes of some of our townspeople there is, after all, the right kind of sentiment felt toward the poor old men who at one time were thought to be of great value to the country."

Just then he saw Freddie, who stood wide-eyed drinking in his words. "Ah!" the old soldier added, "here's the little Grand Army friend that handed out ice-water as we marched by his father's house. There always was a blessing, as I remember, going with a cup of cold water, and you little chaps surely deserved it yesterday. You must remember, my lad, the country is always going to need defenders in one way and another, and I say, blessings on the lad or the girl who does not forget to be grateful for what has been done!"

"Papa," said Freddie at dinner that night, "Si Reynolds called me a 'little Grand Army friend,' and I felt quite proud!"

"It was something to be proud of," said his father.



Children's Time Table.

Sixty seconds make a minute;
How much good can I do in it?
Sixty minutes make an hour—
All the good that's in my power;
Twenty hours and four a day—
Time for work and sleep and play;
Days three hundred and sixty-five
Make a year in which to strive,
Every moment, hour and day,
My dear Master to obey.



How Willie Went to War.

Little Willie heard his Papa
Talk about the dreadful war,
Saw the troops as they were starting
Off to fight a land so far.

Little did his Mama dream of,
As she tucked him in his bed,
All the cogitations going
On inside his curly head.

Up next morning bright and early
(All unconscious Mama slept),
Shouldered Grandpa's rusty flintlock,
Softly out the door he crept.

On, and on, his footsteps wandered,
Dry and warm grew midday sun;
Oh! how empty was his stomach,
Oh! how heavy grew the gun.

How he wished he had his Mama,
Wished he was back home again,
Wished he'd known before he started
That it was so far to Spain.

There the big policeman found him,
Bore the sobbing little man
Safely back to home and Mama,
Soothed as only Mama can.

Now if you ask him all about it,
This is what he'll say to you:
"Next time I go to fight the Spaniards,
Guess I'll take my Mama, too."

—LILLIAN VAN BUSKIRK.



OUR POST-OFFICE.

A SAD FATE.

AUBURN, N. Y., May 10, 1902.

Dear Grandma—My I be one of your grandchildren. We take THE CHRISTIAN WORK; my father is a minister. I have a black cat; he can do tricks. I, not very long ago, had a dog. His name was Spot. At first he was a good dog, but at last he bit a man's thumb so to make the blood come and then we had to have him killed. My father did not tell me that he was killed till I missed the dog. When I heard that he was killed I was very sorry.

Your grandchild,

CHARLES W. BRAINARD.

Poor Spot. I cannot help feeling sorry that he was killed. I hope he was not being teased when he bit the man. I think, as a rule, our domestic animals are very patient and long-suffering and do not always take their own part when they are being tormented. You will be interested in reading the following incidents which have just come to me from a friend. Perhaps Spot was in some such condition as the St. Bernard spoken of.

THINK BEFORE YOU STRIKE.

I remember reading in my boyhood about a merchant traveling on horseback, accompanied by his dog. He dismounted for some purpose, and accidentally dropped his package of money that he was carrying.

The dog saw it; the merchant did not. The dog barked to stop him, and as he rode farther, bounded in front of the horse, and barked louder and louder. The merchant thought he had gone mad, drew a pistol from his holster and shot him. The wounded dog crawled back to the package, and when the merchant discovered his loss, and rode back, he found his dying dog lying there, faithfully guarding the treasure.

The following little story told by a friend of mine is not as

painful, but adds force to the thought, Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak:

"When I was a boy, and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire, I worked for a farmer and was given a span of horses to plough with, one of which was a four-year-old colt. The colt, after walking a few steps, would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked, and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising while he whipped him, 'to break him of that notion,' as he said. But just then a neighbor came by. He said, 'There's something wrong here; let him get up and let us examine.' He patted the colt, looked at his harness, and then said:

"Look at this collar; it is so long and narrow, and carries the harness so high, that, when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so he can't breathe.' And so it was; and but for that neighbor, we should have whipped as kind a creature as we had on the farm because he lay down when he could not breathe."

It was only the other day I heard of a valuable St. Bernard dog being shot because, having a wound on his head concealed by the hair, he bit a person who handled him roughly.

Boys, young and old, please remember that these creatures are dumb. They may be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, or faint, or sick, or bruised, or wounded, and cannot tell you.

Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A GRACEFUL DRILL.

SALEM PARSONAGE, ALLENTOWN, Pa., May 11, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I have written to you twice before. I am 12 years old, now. Am I too old to be around your chair? I am in second class grammar-school and I must not be examined in anything at the end of this term. I go to a sewing-school, and we are going to have an entertainment on Friday evening. I am in a Delsarte drill. Now I must close. With much love to you and all the grandchildren.

Yours truly,

GRACE BARTHOLOMEW.

Too old for a grandchild? No, indeed, not if you were twice twelve. I trust you will want to come to see me for many years yet. You puzzle me about your examination; why are you not to take it? I should like to see you in that graceful drill.



Little Playmates.

GOOD-NIGHT.

MAUMEE, O., May 5, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I like to read your letters. May I be one of your grandchildren? I have seven dolls and I put them all to bed before I go every night. They sleep in a little bed in my room. I love dolls and I like to make their clothes. I take them out riding every day when it is pleasant. I go to school with my brother and sister. My teacher is very kind and I like her. I hope you will print this letter. It will please papa to see it in the paper. I guess I am tiring you so I will close now.

Your grandchild,

MYRTLE ALEXANDER JONES.

P. S. My papa calls me Aleck.

You are a faithful little mother. I trust the dollies sleep well and that you are never disturbed by any croupy coughs or feverish tossing during the night. It must keep you pretty busy to sew for your little family, but, then, you are learning to use the needle and thread for yourself, and what a help that will be to you by and by! I fancy you and papa are great chums.

(Continued from page 798.)

between us and South America, there is no such boundary between us and the islands. They are ours, and we must be theirs. And if any shall say, "They are unimportant; reserve your missionary enterprise for more worthy occasions," let me call up a picture of to-morrow. It is the middle of this century. I see the commerce of the world in converging lines approach the Caribbean Sea. I see it in stately procession from northern and southern Europe, from North and South America, move into the great canal that binds two oceans—for the Pacific has risen in the might of her millions and beckoned the white fleets of the world. And as those lines converge toward the Caribbean, the Antilles on every side throw out the green flags of their summits in welcome to their beautiful harbors. I see along the shores of those islands, from St. Thomas to Cuba, prosperous cities enriched by the interchanges of nations and blooming in the light of the world's last civilization. And then I know the Antilles are strategic. They are the challenging ports of a world-wide commerce and the meeting place of the nations of the earth. And then will we know, if we do not now, that they are the stepping stones for our going to republics beyond, which for their peace and prosperity wait the education and the gospel which are the corner-stones of our greatness.

THE INDIANS.

For an instant, turn to one more picture. It has nothing to do with national greatness, but much with the national honor; nothing to do with Christian strategy, but much with Christian character. A quarter of a million of red men are nothing in the way of our march—were little when they were numerous and we were a few. The push of civilization in the end is almighty. So the Stockbridges were pushed out of Massachusetts, the Iroquois, out of New York, the Cherokees out of Tennessee, the Sioux out of Minnesota—remnants of many tribes imprisoned in the Indian Territory, or hunted through the cañons of the mountains till they disappeared. And a nation's history is its judgment. We must settle the account with eternal justice as we may be able. But it is for the Christian Church to walk in the steps of Jesus Christ. Those steps will lead us to the tents and tepees of our savages. And our going has been blessed. Regard it in the light of our mission to the Sioux, who contributed last year for Home Missions \$1,940—over \$1.50 per member—far more than the average of our whole Church. Regard it in the light of Henry Kendall College, in the Territory, whence have gone Indian Christians and Indian patriots whose heroism in Cuba evoked the praises of our Colonel of the Rough Riders. Regard it in the light of the Indian ministers among the Nez Percés, the mission of some of whom has been like that of an Elliott or a Brainard. Regard it in the light of our suffering Pimas, where Christian Indians, a thousand strong, are bearing the burdens of poverty even unto hunger with heroic fortitude and Christian patience.

Of the future in this connection there is not much to prophesy. Only this—it will be a dark day for the Christian Church when she can regard without emotion the fading away of those owners of our soil, whose history stretches into a mythical past; when she can consider their future as anything less than a plea of boundless pathos, to do the best she can to seek and to save. Is it too late to give them a home on earth? Are the nomadic instincts of a hundred generations too strong to be overcome by any allurements of citizenship here? At least, by the grace of God we may kindle on their dull faces a hope of heaven—of citizenship in a country of which they never have been skeptical and toward which their dulled minds doggedly point?

OUR DUTY.

Behold thus the missionary duty of the twentieth century. That the world power is rapidly shifting to this continent is now commonly conceded. A Briton like Mr. Stead can speak of the United States of the World and not be disowned in England. A dream of the federation of all English-speaking peoples of the world, with their capitol at Washington, is by no means a crazy vagary. The late Frank Stockton met an Englishman last summer who frankly regretted the folly of George III. "Why," he said, "he cost us America." Stockton replied, "Have you thought what he cost us? He cost us Britain." It may come yet, that in bonds of federation, Britain will belong to America. But whether that or not—the Anglo-Saxon power is shifting hither. What does that portend for the world? That depends, at last, on what Christianity can do for us.

The beginning of the last century was marked by an awakening of righteousness. Revivals sprang up simultaneously from New England to Tennessee. It was like another Reformation. Infidelity was shaken to pieces. Irreligion hid in a corner. It was meet it should be so. The nation had a mighty march ahead, and only as girded with the loftiest moral principles could she enter in to possess the land. Now we are at the beginning of another century, and we need another revival to fit us for the longer and grander march that is ahead. It must be a revival of spiritual religion, else the lower levels will hold us and be our destruction. Mr. Gladstone, contemplating our dawning greatness, asked: "How is the majestic figure who is to become the largest and most powerful on the stage of the world's history to make use of his power?" And he adds: "We must ascend from the ground floor of material industry to the higher regions in which nobler purposes are to be wrought out." We are in danger of the "ground floor," in danger of failing of that "ascending spiral which leads from matter up to God."

Consider how powerless is the Church on the verge of her great mission. In the year before this one, over 2,000 of our churches reported no additions. Of the 5,000 which received accessions almost one-half received five, or less. Look at the statistics of New York. In this city at an expense of almost \$600,000 only 1,382 souls were converted. It cost \$432 to bring one soul to Christ. Shall I contrast this array of powerlessness with the rewards of service in Alaska, where one missionary baptized 52 Indians, or in Porto Rico, where one missionary led 100 souls to the Master? Must our mission fields in their poverty and isolation teach us the secret of power? To your tents, O Israel. The century calls for God's men. Has there been some revival of missionary spirit? Thank God there has, but how meager to employ our equipment, how poor in the presence of possibilities. We need a spirit of evangelism that, like a flying squadron, shall hasten from port to port with its message of life.

Why should another century be laid under tribute before America, by her own regeneration, is prepared for the salvation of the world? Some one has said that the martial spirit in a man or a nation is measured by its ability to watch opportunity, to seize opportunity, to crowd opportunity. We claim to have the martial spirit. It is in the blood of men whose fathers fought on all the religious battlefields of Europe. Let us show it then, for never was such a campaign as that for which the drums are beating now. We have some martial spirit. We have watched the opportunity. Like Sampson's fleet before Santiago, watching the smoke of ships within the harbor, waiting for a chance, we have watched the smoke of the emigration fleets and longed for a chance to conquer them for Christ.

It may even be said, we have seized opportunity. As the Brooklyn, the Oregon and the Texas opened on the flying ships of Spain, so we have sprung to our chance to lower across a continent the flags of ignorance, superstition and sin. But we have not crowded opportunity. See our fleet close in on the beached ships of Spain, nor cease its converging fire until the last flag is down. A nation's everlasting gratitude to the Admiral just laid to his honored rest! Ah! could we thus crowd opportunity; could the martial spirit of the heroes of earthly battles thoroughly possess the soldiers of Christ, how swift and strong would the columns move across prairies and mountains, across islands and continents, till not one flag should fly that was not loyal to the name and the kingdom of Jesus Christ.



United States Attorney-General P. C. Knox has ordered proceedings against the Food Trust, on the ground of violating the interstate commerce law.

A fire which started April 24th in the village of Croghan, ten miles north of Lowville, N. Y., caused losses estimated at \$300,000. Twenty-one buildings were destroyed, among them being the property of the St. Stephen's Catholic Society, including the church, the monastery, the convent, the school building and college attached to the monastery.

The new national banknotes will soon be out. The \$5 note bears the portrait of President Harrison, the \$10 that of President McKinley, the \$20 that of Secretary McCulloch, the \$50 that of Secretary Sherman and the \$100 that of Controller of the Currency John J. Knox. Controller Knox's picture will be more highly prized than any of them.

In the Library.

Paul Laurence Dunbar certainly succeeded in telling a pathetic story when he wrote "The Sport of the Gods." The tale is an unusual one, but so perfectly true to life that the reader is strongly impressed by the naturalness which pervades the whole book. The story opens quietly in the South after the rebellion, and for twenty years runs smoothly, when suddenly out of a clear sky the thunderbolt falls, leaving dire destruction in its wake, and blasting the lives of six people. There are several profitable lessons to be learned, and when lessons are taught the story is always worth reading. For pathos alone (not the kind which produces hysteria on the part of the reader), the tale would receive praise, for it is not every writer who can pull the heartstrings with a clever hand. But pathos is only one of its many admirable qualities, all of which must be appreciated by intelligent readers. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

A new edition of "The Confounding of Camelia," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, has just been issued by The Century Company. It is one of the best novels for summer reading that has come to our notice.

Camelia is a spoiled beauty who retires to her country place after the triumphs of her first London season. The ever-changing personnel of Camelia's house-party gives an attractive background to the main story, because even in the matter of minor characters Miss Sedgwick makes them stand out clear-cut and convincing. Perior is a man of 40 who lives the life of a country squire, and incidentally writes savage editorials for a London magazine. When Camelia had been but a little girl, this Perior had constituted himself a sort of tutor to her. As she grew to womanhood he came to love her more and more. On her return to the country this young lady finds Perior a delightful relief from the drawing-room men she has grown rather weary of. The third most important character in the story is Mary, a poor cousin, who adores Perior; and Camelia, who is a heartless young creature, amuses herself by depriving her cousin of Perior's society on every occasion. At first she imagines she does this just for the pleasure that a cat finds in playing with a mouse. Gradually she grows to realize, however, that her monopolizing of Perior's society is due to a rather deeper feeling. About this time she receives proposals from two Englishmen, one of high social rank, the other a statesman. Then the complications begin, and from that point on the story is one of absorbing interest. The "confounding" of Camelia, from which the book takes its title, has to do largely with the haughty young heroine's wooing of the man whom she really loves, and her repulse. This is as original and dramatic a courtship as we have ever read in fiction. Those people who rather imagine that intense love episodes are indigenous only to the swash-buckling novel will find their opinion reversed in this brilliant novel of modern English society life. It is a relief that Miss Sedgwick has dared to go

back to the good old-fashioned ending where they live happy ever after, and that in this book there is nothing of the problem story—simply a charming romance, sound psychologically, and ethically fine.

M. E. Munson, 77 Bible House, New York, has just issued a very helpful book, entitled "Prayers for Public Worship, Private Devotion and Personal Ministry," by Abbie C. Morrin, the well-known author of numerous good books. We have seldom read or studied a book that has interested us more, or seemed more helpful. The large and diverse collection of prayers and devotional readings are wonderfully uplifting and devotional in spirit. We earnestly commend this little volume to all who love good devotional reading. It will stimulate the Christian and prove helpful and uplifting for the cast-down and sorrowful. It is suitable for both old and young and a book that should be placed in every household.

"The Light that Glorifies God." By Rev. E. W. Cook (Baptist), Brooklyn, N. Y., author of "The Origin of Sin."

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matt. v, 16.

What must be the characteristics of a light so shining as to secure this result?

1. It must be a pure light. The excrescences on the wick of the candle dim its brightness and render it unfit for purposes of business. So the weaknesses, foibles and imperfections of Christians dim the purity of their light and injure their usefulness. They are not guilty of crimes against human law, but are sometimes small, penurious, hasty in speech, irascible, self-indulgent in some way, and thus impair their influence.

2. It must be a strong light. The light of the glowworm is a pure light, and also the midnight taper that lights the room of sickness. But the light they give is feeble—not strong enough for business.

3. It needs to be a steady light. The light that flickers is unfit for use. Some Christians are really active only in seasons of religious excitement, and when that is past can hardly be distinguished from the ungodly world.

4. It should be a cheerful light. Of all men in this world, the Christian should be the happiest; and for such a one to fret and pine, to be sad and morose and ever grumbling, is utterly unworthy of his profession.

5. The light of a Christian should be conspicuous; even as the Saviour said: "Let your light so shine that men may see your good works." Does not this imply that every one who is a Christian should join the church?

6. The Christian's light should be ever increasing. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Willis George Emerson, the author of the new novel, "Buell Hampton," was certainly wise to publish an author's note in the beginning of his book. It disabuses the reader's mind of the fear that the writer has let his imagination run away

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention that you read this generous offer in THE CHRISTIAN WORK. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

with him, and also recalls the old adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction," after which he settles down to enjoy this really startling tale. It is a story of the great Southwest, and deals in "hot winds," prairie fires, cattle thieves, an impecunious English lord in search of American dollars, with a penchant for fascinating married women; a long-lost father in the form of a millionaire cattle king; four ladies, one of whom is the heroine; two young men and several elderly men. Among these is Buell Hampton, philosopher, philanthropist and populist, who in himself is a character so complex as to be absolutely unique. It is unfair to the author to give even a brief synopsis of a tale which is so full of the unexpected. "Read and you will know" applies to this really clever book, as does "Read and you will enjoy." Forbes & Co., Boston and Chicago, publishers.



De meanin' of courage an' common sense must be understood. Many a man have died f'om havin' too much bravery, but common sense never killed nobody.—*The Black Cat Club.*

MOUNTAIN & LAKE RESORTS

The Lackawanna Railroad has just issued a handsomely illustrated book describing the various lake and mountain resorts reached by its line. If you are looking for a place to spend the summer this book will tell you where to go, how to go and cost of board. Send 5 cents in stamps, to cover cost of mailing, to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York City.

The Housekeeper.

The Wholesome Days of the Year.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year, with paper hangers, calcimine, and scrub pails all too near. 'Twas ever thus—from childhood's hour, when gentle spring came round, one's house must topsy-turvy be from garret to the ground.—Chicago Tribune.

Now, it is too bad, altogether too bad, to turn about these old lines and make them a parody applying to the sweet, delightful days of springtide. It is true many housekeepers dread the coming of the verdure and the foliage of spring because with all the freshness and welcome bloom must also come the dreaded days when "one's house must topsy-turvy be from garret to the ground." But is this necessary? We plead guilty to having experienced the dread, in common with other housekeepers, but as we grow older and there comes a desire to lighten all we can consistently some of these household cares, we certainly do find ways of meeting and dealing with them that make them seem less burdensome.

Years ago, in younger days, it appeared the best way to do the cleaning all at once. The storeroom must be "tackled" first, each chest and trunk be cleared out and things made sweet generally. Of course, when there are blankets and comforters to be put away, they cannot be dealt with until the right time comes, but cannot the chests be made ready and the room be cleaned before "the fires are done with?" This has long been the criterion for doing certain things it has been deemed inexpedient to do while dust from furnace or stoves is supposed to be flying into every corner of the house. Now, the storeroom can just as well be attended to while fires are going if one can only think so, and every bureau drawer in the house and certain of the closets can be cleaned, taking them one by one, without danger of their getting dusty again from fires that must sometimes be continued until June. Some people say: "I had rather do the whole thing at once; begin at the upper story and go through to the cellar and so make one great piece of work of the troublesome business and be done with it." Well, that is the way we felt once, but now experience has brought the conviction that there is an easier way. Have chests, trunks and bureau drawers and closets, where possible, attended to by degrees and a great deal has been done when it comes to cleaning paint, taking up carpets and looking after the beds. One chief reason for suggesting the more deliberate, leisurely way of accomplishing what must be done is because of the greater comfort it will prove to the family at large. Some of us no doubt look back with regret, seeing now that there need not have been such merciless fatigue as was attendant upon doing all at once or in direct line of procedure all that was involved in house-

cleaning. It is needless for succeeding generations to think they must do things exactly as mothers and grandmothers did. Does not the world grow wiser every year? In some things it surely does and along the line of domestic affairs there have come far better ways of doing many things than those of the years that are past. Yet housekeepers still regard with much of shrinking and of dread these hard-working days that must be met every year. Quite a proportion of women prefer at the present day to clean house in the fall, considering that with open doors and windows there is a great accumulation of dust during the summer. But to our way of thinking it is after the time of winter fires and the unavoidable stuffiness of a place where doors and windows have been tightly closed for five or six months that the air of heaven should freely enter while each room is made fresh and clean and ready for comfortable occupancy when the cooler winds of autumn are abroad, and the fires must often be started quite early in the season in order that colds may be avoided. Especially where houses are closed a part of the summer season it would seem better to have the cleaning done in the spring. That each recurring portion of the year should bring its own peculiar duties seems clearly to be the will of a wise and overruling Providence, and that these duties should be met with all possible patience and cheerfulness is only the part of wisdom with every home matron who bears the honored position of being her own housekeeper. It is easy to preach, we know, but house-cleaning, like the world itself, becomes largely "what you make it." It rarely if ever is an easy task, but we must insist that it really should not be made a time to be extremely dreaded "from childhood's hour." Good housekeepers often have a cheery, wholesome way of meeting and combating the spring's long season of cleansing by repeatedly reminding themselves and members of the family—who, indeed, need consoling—how perfectly beautiful it is going to be "when the confusion is all over and the cleaning done, to sit down in a house known to be free from dust and dirt from one end to the other." There is much solid satisfaction in this consciousness and also much to compensate for the long hours of toil or wearisome supervision. "It is all part of the wheel of needed action and duty," says the philosophical matron, and this is very true. The only way to get through with the requirements of each season is to meet them in a spirit of determined bravery.

And for these "wholesome days of the year," as we choose to consider them, do not forget, dear housekeeper, what is said over and again on this page, these duties are privileges. It is in no carping spirit we would say, think of those who have no house to clean and if in a spirit half of drollery, half of discouragement, you first say with a smile, "lucky people!" you will, we feel sure, be swift in adding, "Oh, no, I would not be without my blessed home, even with its many cares, for all the world!"

Left-overs.

By Mrs. S. E. Kennedy.

Not bits of meat, bread or vegetables, but scraps of woolen, silk or velvet. Nearly all the common waists worn by our little dressmaker are made of pretty pieces left over from suits or dropped in her way by some observing friend. "I don't mind confessing that I would like to be the owner of fingers like hers," said one to whom dainty seemed to be a second nature.

The ability of our little dressmaker is, without question, somewhat beyond the average. When the silk ruffs first came into vogue she very much wished to have one. Some pieces of old material which might be utilized came at hand just in the nick of time. These were steamed and pressed so nicely that when it was plaited and ready for use no one would have guessed its origin. When combination suits were worn this talent had a wide margin for activity, but now more thought is necessary to evolve a pretty up-to-date waist of several kinds and colors without danger of falling into in-harmony. But think she does, until in her own mind she sees the garment finished stylishly and harmoniously. Sometimes a package of dyes is called into requisition when colors will not come right, but oftener success is the result of sheer invention and tact in trimming and putting together. Often when the waist

(Continued on page 811.)

GAS FACTORIES

In People Who Do Not Know How to Select Food and Drink Properly.

On the coffee question a lady says, "I used to be so miserable after breakfast that I did not know how to get through the day. Life was a burden to me. When I tried to sleep I was miserable by having horrible dreams followed by hours of wakefulness. Gas would rise on my stomach and I would belch almost continually. Then every few weeks I would have a long siege of sick headaches. I tried a list of medicines and physicians without benefit.

Finally I concluded to give up my coffee and tea altogether and use Postum Coffee. The first cup was a failure. It was wishy-washy and I offered to give the remainder of the package to any one who would take it.

I noticed later on in one of the advertisements that Postum should be boiled at least 15 minutes to make it good. I asked the cook how she made it and she said, 'Just the same as I did tea, being careful not to let it steep too long.'

I read the directions and concluded Postum had not had a fair trial, so we made a new lot and boiled it 15 or 20 minutes. That time it came to the table a different beverage and was so delicious that we have been using it ever since.

My sick headaches left entirely, as did my sleepless nights, and I am now a different woman." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

(Continued from page 810.)

is finished and donned it looks so very pretty that it seems a pity to wear it common, but knowing of what it is made, she refuses to wear it for best, though no one would guess it was not made of wholly new material and of fresh trimmings. Skirts are, of course, more difficult to make of nothing, but even these are often cleaned, turned and pressed so as to look almost as good as new.

As deftly as she may handle dress goods, old ribbons and velvets succumb most readily to her revivifying touch.

She places a hot flat-iron handle down in a small tin pail to hold it firmly, then placing a wet rag over the bottom of the iron, stretches upon it the velvet and with a small whisk broom carefully brushes out the nap, raising it so evenly that it looks nearly as fresh as new. Ribbon she treats in the same way, merely moving it back and forth to avoid making creases.

These are small items, but by means of such one's wardrobe may be kept looking fresh and neat with little expense. This talent, like all others, is capable of cultivation, and one who possesses but a trifle may improve it by use.

✱✱

For Torpid Liver

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Take it when your complexion is sallow, and you are troubled with constipation, malaria and sick headache. It stimulates healthy liver activity, increases flow of bile, and improves the general health.

✱✱

The absent may be at fault, but those present are always supplied with excuses.

—•—

NO PERSON SHOULD DIE

of any kidney disease or be distressed by stomach troubles or tortured and poisoned by constipation. Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine will be sent free and prepaid to any reader of this publication who needs it and writes for it. One dose a day of this remedy does the work and cures perfectly, to stay cured. If you care to be cured of indigestion, dyspepsia, flatulence, catarrh of stomach and bowels, constipation, or torpid and congested liver; if you wish to be sure that your kidneys are free from disease and are doing their necessary work thoroughly; if you expect to be free from catarrh, rheumatism and backache; if you desire a full supply of pure, rich blood, a healthy tissue and a perfect skin, write at once for a free bottle of this remedy and prove for yourself, without expense to you, that these ailments are cured quickly, thoroughly and permanently with only one dose a day of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine.

Any reader of THE CHRISTIAN WORK who needs it may have a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid by writing to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y. It cures catarrh, indigestion, flatulence, constipation of the bowels and congestion and sluggish condition of liver and kidneys. For inflammation of bladder, and enlargement of prostate gland it is a reliable specific.

O'Neill's

Women's Cloak and Suit Dept.

2d FLOOR.

Stylish Costumes and Waists at a Remarkable Reduction from Prevailing Prices.

Women's Suits.

Made of Cheviots, Etamines and Canvas, all new models, most of them in colors and nearly all made over Silk Drop—Samples of a well-known maker. \$25.00 to \$40.00 prices prevail elsewhere.

\$16.50

Silk Waists.

Three choice lots of Silk Waists on special sale to-day. They are made of Taffeta, Peau de Cygne and Peau de Soie, all new designs, black and colors.

REGULAR VALUE, \$6.00 to \$10.00.

\$3.98 and \$4.98.

Sale of Trimmed Millinery.

2d FLOOR.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF TOQUES AND WALKING HATS. All new and artistic designs, originated in our own workrooms, at

\$5.00, \$10.00 and \$15.00 each.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFERING OF Untrimmed Hats.

A thousand dozen, comprising all the latest shapes and braids, all new, fresh stock, **45c each**

Regular value, \$1.00.

Also many special values in Flowers, Foliage, Crowns, Braids, Etc.

Wash Goods.

5,000 Yards Imported Madras,	18c yard
In Plain and Dotted Stripes, 32 inches wide, regular value 35c,	
36-inch Percalles, Stripes and Figures,	9c yard
Regular 12½c quality,	
Plain Linen Batiste,	18c, 20c and 25c yard
Silk and Linen Tissues,	40c yard
Imported White Madras, 40c to	65c yard

A Complete Line of Bed Spreads, Summer Blankets and Comfortables, Steamer Robes, Trunks, Chairs, Etc., at Reasonable Prices.

Sixth Avenue, 20th to 21st Street, New York.

THE INN AT HIGH POINT,

Port Jervis, N. Y.

—A Summer resort with all the conveniences of city life. Grandly located upon the highest point in the State of New Jersey. Always cool.

—A beautiful spring water lake upon the mountain top. All the advantages of the Adirondacks within three hours of New York.

—A wide veranda, encircling all sides of the house, affords a fine opportunity for promenading, the veranda being 600 feet in length.

—Good livery, tennis, croquet grounds, billiards, boating, etc. An orchestra during season.

CHARLES ST. JOHN, Mgr., Port Jervis, N. Y.

"FORBID A FOOL A THING AND THAT HE WILL DO."

DON'T USE

SAPOLIO



When the Public has faith in a name it is a faith that must be backed up by good works.

Elgin Watches

Every genuine Elgin has the word "Elgin" engraved on the works.

have the name and works; and the faith of nearly 10,000,000 users as the world's standard timekeeper.

Sold by every jeweler in the land. Guaranteed by the world's greatest watch works. Illustrated booklet mailed free.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, Elgin, Ill.

Among the Churches.

Rev. C. C. Pierce has just closed the third year of his pastorate of the Memorial Baptist Church of Los Angeles. It has been three years of progress. During that time 175 have been added to the church, 120 during the past year and 70 during the past two months. The recent additions are the results of evangelistic meetings conducted by the young evangelist, J. Hayden Cooke, and Christopher Mitchell. Mr. Cooke is only 22 years of age, but possesses remarkable powers as an evangelist.

The annual meeting of the American Bible Society was held at the Bible House, May 8th. The eighty-sixth annual report was the chief feature of the meeting. It stated that the threatened evils arising from a permanent shrinkage in the support given the society had been arrested. Fifteen life directors and 263 life members were constituted in the year. The receipts were \$433,173, and the cash balance at the close of the fiscal year was \$29,329. Appropriations had been authorized for the foreign work to an amount not exceeding \$200,000, and the total amount of invested funds was \$486,402, with an income of \$19,595. The total issues of Bibles for the year, at home and abroad, amounted to 1,723,791, an increase of 169,663 over last year. The most notable of the leaflet publications of the year had been the address of President Roosevelt on the Bible, of which 80,000 copies have been printed in English and 10,000 in Spanish.

The fourteenth triennial meeting of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States will convene in the First Reformed Church, of Baltimore, Md., May 20th.

President Roosevelt, in agreeing to be present at the centennial celebration of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, which is to be one of the most important features of the convention of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, is following the example of Presidents Cleveland and Harrison, both of whom, by their presence and speeches,

gave encouragement to the work of missions at great meetings held in this city.

The "Rev. Ford," reported as killed in the tornado which nearly swept away the town of Glenrose, Texas, Tuesday of last week, was Rev. William B. Ford, a Methodist minister, formerly of Georgia, who was born and reared in Cave Spring. According to the information received, Rev. Mr. Ford was killed in a vacant lot about 300 yards in the rear of his house. He was struck by large timbers hurled by the force of the tornado, which cut deep gashes in his neck and throat. When found he was bleeding profusely and was picked up and carried to the house of a neighbor. He lived twenty-five minutes after he was carried to the house, but was never able to speak more than two or three words at a time. The house of the minister, which was used as a parsonage, was not in the path of the tornado, and his family escaped unhurt.

Rev. Dr. Charles T. Haley, pastor of the Roseville Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J., has announced that he will resign, probably in June, after having had charge of the church for nearly forty-two years. He has organized three churches, the Munn Avenue Church, East Orange, and the Memorial and the Fifth Avenue churches, in Newark. He will remain pastor of Roseville Church until he organizes Bruce Street Chapel into the West Side Presbyterian Church.

"The Old First Church," Presbyterian, of Babylon, L. I., N. Y., a popular seaside resort, has just closed one of the most prosperous years of its more than century of history. At the recent annual meeting when the various sums raised in the prosecution of the various activities of the church came to be added together the total reached the gratifying amount of \$4,522. This is the only church in the Presbytery of Nassau to carry the salary of one of the missionaries of our foreign board. The "pastor abroad" of this church is Rev. Robert H. Milligan, of Baraka, West Africa. The home pastor, who is now in his fourteenth year of service here, is Rev. John Dietrich Long. His term far exceeds in length any in the history of

this church. During this time the church has made constant advance to its present high prosperity. The pastor has recently enjoyed the assistance of the "Blind Evangelist," Rev. Thos. Houston, in a two weeks' mission which resulted in more than thirty professing conversion and confessing a desire to acknowledge Christ by uniting with His church. Mr. Houston, who lives in Elizabeth, N. J., and who is a member of the Presbytery of Jersey City and recommended by the body, was in every way most acceptable both in song and in preaching.

A long-standing indebtedness of \$2,000 has recently been paid by members and friends of the Waverly (N. Y.) Congregational Church. In the last year the income of the church has increased from about \$2,000 to approximately \$6,000. A choir of seventy-five provides the music at the Sunday services. The church galleries have been used throughout the winter for the first time in twenty years. The pastor is Rev. Howard A. M. Briggs, who went to Waverly Church immediately after being graduated from the Union Theological Seminary in the spring of 1900.

Rev. John Graves, who was believed to be the oldest Methodist preacher in the United States, died at his home, Saratoga, N. Y., May 13th. He was born at Corinth, Orange County, Vt., ninety-five years ago. He entered the ministry in 1830, and three years later identified himself with the Troy conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

News of the death of Rev. Dr. George M. Grant, at Kingston, Ont., has been received in Halifax and other parts of the province of Nova Scotia with deepest regret. Dr. Grant was distinguished as an educationalist and author. For fourteen years he was in charge of St. Matthew's Presbyterian Church, Halifax. He was director of Dalhousie College and a member of the various committees of the Presbytery and Synod. In 1877 he became principal. (Continued on page 813.)

FAT VS. BRAINS.

Food That Makes Brilliant Newspapers.

Nervous prostration cannot continue if the right kind of food is used, but food that will build fat does not always contain the elements necessary for rebuilding the soft gray matter in the nerve centers.

A lady tells how she got well from using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food. "I was treated by several physicians at the hospital. My disease was pronounced neurasthenia (nervous prostration). The doctors gave me various nerve tonics without producing any beneficial results. I finally got so weak that I could not work either physically or mentally.

About two years ago I began the use of Grape-Nuts and a marked improvement set in at once. In eight weeks I had regained my strength and could do my old work even better than before, that of writing for the press. All honor to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

(Continued from page 812.)

pal of Queens College, at Kingston, Ont., receiving in the same year the degree of D.D. from Glasgow. He was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in 1889, and in 1891 president of the Royal Society of Canada.

Rev. William Wilmerding Moir, who died from appendicitis at Lake Placid on Tuesday of last week, was the son of the late William Moir, and was born in this city forty-six years ago. He had been rector of St. Eustace by the Lake, at Lake Placid, for two years and was organizing another parish in the same neighborhood, to be known as St. Hubert. Before going to the Adirondacks Rev. Mr. Moir had been curate at the Church of the Holy Communion in this city for eleven years.

The General Synod of the Reformed Church in America will meet in its ninety-sixth regular session in the Grand Avenue Reformed Church of Asbury Park, N. J., on Wednesday, June 4th, at 3 p. m. The Synodical sermon will be preached in the evening of the same day by the retiring president, the Rev. Denis Wortman, D.D.

The nineteenth annual convention of the Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church was opened at Xenia, O., May 14th, with prayer by Mrs. Dr. Weir, of Sparta, Ill. Mrs. R. S. Findlay, of Xenia, made the welcoming address, remarking that "there is nothing this side of heaven like the beauty and power of consecrated womanhood." Mrs. S. S. Wilson presented to the convention a gavel and tablet made from part of the first United Presbyterian theological seminary at Service, Pa., which was built in 1794. Mrs. H. T. Jackson, of Oakdale, Ill., president, delivered an address; 165 delegates answered at the opening session, which closed after the introduction of Miss E. J. Sloan, of Pittsburgh, and Miss Mary W. Porter, who have been the secretaries for nineteen years.

Fifty-five new members united with the Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sabbath morning, May 4th, upon the return of Pastor S. Edward Young and Mrs. Young from Palestine and other Eastern countries. The work was well sustained in his absence under the preaching of President John Henry Barrows, of Oberlin; President Moffat, of Washington and Jefferson; Dr. McKibbin, of Cincinnati, and other preachers; 226 have joined on profession alone during the past year and 1,112 have joined during the present pastorate, over four-fifths of them adults on profession of faith. The annual meeting, May 5th, found this down-town unendowed church out of debt with a balance ahead.

One of the most progressive seedsmen in this country is Hon. John Lewis Childs, of Floral Park, N. Y. His large, elegant catalogue is sent free to all who apply, and it presents an array of choice new flower and vegetable seeds, bulbs, plants and fruits which is really enticing. Mr. Childs has been in business twenty-six years, is well known and thoroughly reliable.

Christian Endeavor.

The Purpose of His Coming.

Sunday, June 1st.—Matt. xviii, 11;

John x, 10.

By Lina Jeannette Walk.

Of the existence of sin we have no doubt—it is an absolute fact. From the time the disobedience began in the Garden of Eden until the present moment it has never ceased to attack the human race everywhere, and now it seems even more in awful evidence and aggravation. The Divine law and the laws instituted by man are being continually broken. In the latter case, and for the good of the universe, sin is usually met with swift and sure punishment, but in God's government how often is the punishment delayed by his infinite and merciful patience that the opportunity for repentance may be heeded and accepted. In the closing chapter of Revelation we have a vivid picture of the harvest which sin reaps and the reward which is obtained for those who have kept God's commands. It is plainly stated there that none can despise or dishonor God without violating His right to the tree of life.

If we believe in the Bible, and we trust that all who read these pages do, we are certain that Christ came into this world to save lost and sinful man and we are equally certain that the only way for man to be saved is by Him. He holds the door of salvation open to every soul and we have only to have faith in Him and to repent of our sins to gain an entrance through it and to become heirs of eternal life. Christ's voice is ever sounding a loving invitation to come and be cleansed from sin and impurity, and though the heavens shut Him from our view, He is ever with us yearning over the lost and perishing. Like the Good Shepherd in the parable, He cannot be satisfied to have *one* without the fold. For this reason He has appointed some to be preachers and some to be missionaries and all Christians to be His witnesses. No power given to man is higher than the power of winning souls and, as Arthur says, "no place among the servants of God can be so glorious as that of an instrument of salvation."

But though the love and compassion of Christ inclines Him to save sinners, we are told that we "must work out our own salvation." We recollect, in the story of the Prodigal Son, how the young man wandered far away from his father's house to spend his time and his substance with evil companions and in riotous living. But at last, realizing his sinfulness, he said, "I will arise and go to my father." This is the spirit which every sinner must manifest in order to gain the forgiveness the prodigal received. Christ stands in the same attitude of the prodigal's father and rejoices in like manner over every sinful child of His who comes to claim His mercy.

Mr. Moody said: "The grand question of life is, is my name written in heaven?" and without this hope before us our life

is, indeed, a "losing bargain." No matter how great our possessions here, they are nothing to the treasures reserved for us in the life to come. Happy are we if we have gained the right to that "abundant" life; with Borthwick we may then sing:

"Rest, weary soul!

The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made."

REDUCED RATES TO SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES,

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Imperial Council, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

On account of the Imperial Council, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, at San Francisco, Cal., June 10 to 14, 1902, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to San Francisco or Los Angeles from all stations on its lines, from May 26th to June 7th, inclusive, at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be good for return passage within sixty days from date of sale when executed by joint agent at Los Angeles or San Francisco and payment of 50 cents made for this service. For specific rates apply to ticket agents.



Temperance.

Another chapter has been added to the history of prohibition in Manitoba, which is by no means satisfactory to the supporters of the movement. On April 2d a referendum was taken on the Manitoba Liquor Act which resulted in its defeat by a large majority. In view of the plebiscites of 1898, when a large majority was polled in favor of prohibition, this may seem a backward step, but the vote is not due to any change in temperance sentiment. It is accounted for by the fact that many prohibitionists refused to recognize the referendum because the law was regularly passed and placed on the statute books in common with other laws. They now propose to work for the defeat of the government which has betrayed their cause, but it is doubtful if party politics will not prove too strong a tie for the successful accomplishment of this object.



It sometimes happens that after meeting a great man you discover that his reputation is about three times larger than he is.

DO NOT SPECULATE.

WE offer a safe business proposition that may pay you more than \$500 for each \$100 invested. Why not invest a small sum? It will, without doubt, increase your income largely and you will have risked but a little. You can get in now on the ground floor. Later the same interest will cost you double the amount or more.

If you desire, we will take you at our own expense and show you our property and satisfy you that it is a safe and conservative investment. Write for full information and reports.

THOMAS & COMPANY,

568 to 570 The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN ENGINEER'S PERIL

His Hair-breadth Escape in a Time of Danger.

"In the first place," said Mr. Thomas F. Coleman, an engineer, living at No. 417 Post street, Salt Lake City, Utah, "before I tell you of my narrow escape, I will say that my position is a hard one. Not only are the hours long—sometimes I am obliged to work twenty-four to thirty-six hours at a stretch without any rest—but there is a continual strain of responsibility attached.

"Now this strain and lack of rest had begun to tell upon me. I began to have sick headaches. I grew nervous and every little thing bothered me. Then I became irritable and could find no comfort in anything. Very often a dizziness would come over me. I would feel so faint that I could hardly hold my head up, and with it all came loss of appetite and restless, wakeful nights. I was so worn out that I was wholly unfit for my work.

"But I'm in good shape now," went on Mr. Coleman. "I suffered as I described to you for about three years and during that time took prescriptions by the score from some able physicians, but nothing gave me more than temporary relief. All this time I was unfit for work and, as I became more and more run down in health, I grew more and more discouraged. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People advertised in a newspaper and in August, 1900, I began taking them. I got relief after a few doses and five boxes cured me."

Nervous strain and hard work are the causes of much sickness. The system becomes run down, the nerves racked and the blood becomes poor. The power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the vast number of diseases due to derangements of the nervous system or to impure blood has been demonstrated in thousands of instances as remarkable as that of Mr. Coleman.

It is a well established fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female. At all druggists, or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., fifty cents per box; six boxes for two dollars and a half.



BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL 33c.

1-lb. trade-mark red bags.
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Easy, practical, interesting lessons by mail.
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One hour a day for study and practice.
Results uniformly satisfactory.
Terms moderate. Send for circular.

**DAVID GREENE, 1122 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Just for Fun.



UNCLE SAM: "Now look out, this is where I let go."

—The Minneapolis Journal.

"After all, man is only dust," remarked Reuben Rail, who owed a two months' grocery bill.

"Yes, but some men don't resemble dust," snapped the storekeeper.

"Why not?"

"Because dust will settle."

Mrs. Chellus—The trouble with my husband is that he can't keep his eyes off the women.

Mrs. Pepprey—You wrong him. I saw him sitting in a crowded car last night and he was pretending to be asleep.

"Mr. Grimes," said the rector to the vestryman, "we had better take up the collection before the sermon, this morning."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I'm going to preach on 'Economy.'"

"I hear you were on jury duty all last week."

"Yes."

"Tedious, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was trying."

Wife—Really, I can't make up my mind where to sit in church Easter morning.

Husband—What difference does it make?

Wife—Why, if I sit up in front everybody will see my new bonnet—

Husband—Well, isn't that what you want?

Wife—Y-yes; but then if I take a seat in the rear I can see all the other bonnets.

Mrs. Hocorn—Young Ezra Hankins is gettin' to be right literurry. He had three pieces in the county paper this week.

Mrs. Meddergrass—He comes of a literurry family. His ma put over a thousand pieces in a crazy quilt onct.

"What do yez want of the mistress of the house?" demanded Norah, belligerently blocking the door.

"I want to get her subscription for the blue book," replied the solicitor.

"An' fwhat is a blue book?"

"It's a book containing the names of people who move in society."

"I'll take w meeself," said Norah, after a moment's reflection, "if yez'll have it bound in grane."

12

Minutes for Lunch.



That is the average time spent in a large city restaurant by three thousand lunchers. It takes three hours to digest a fresh egg soft boiled; three hours to digest a boiled apple dumpling; three hours to digest fresh roast beef. In fact, three hours is about the time required to digest the average twelve minute lunch. The object of the hasty lunch is to let the busy man get back to his office work. But when the brain is active, the stomach is inactive for lack of necessary blood. The natural consequence is indigestion, and indigestion opens the door to many diseases.

Indigestion is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food.

"It is with heartfelt gratitude that I send this testimonial which I wish you to publish with my name and address," writes Mr. Willis Seaman, of Washingtonville, Orange Co., N. Y. "I had stomach trouble from childhood and suffered with it more or less as I grew up. At the age of 26 I was broken down with dyspepsia. My suffering was terrible. Could not eat without distress. Could only eat a few certain things and was not able to work half the time. Every thing I tried only gave me temporary relief. My wife finally persuaded me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets.' I took six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. I then felt so well that I stopped taking medicine. Several months have passed and I can do the hardest kind of work, can eat anything that is set before me and enjoy it. I am 27 years old and this is the first time I have ever been well."

Free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser in paper covers is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only; or 31 stamps for cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

An Englishman went into a restaurant in a New England town and was served for his first course with a delicacy unknown to him. So he asked the waiter what it was, and the waiter replied:

"It's bean soup, sir." Whereupon the Englishman, in high indignation, responded:

"I don't care what it's been; I want to know what it is!"

"All Joshua wants," said Farmer Corn-tossel, "is a chance to show what he can do."

"Yes," said the farmer; "I s'pose so. Josh is one of these people who never seem to get a chance to do anything except something they can't do."

A pretty girl sometimes fires a young man's heart with admiration, and then her father fires the rest of his person with shoe leather.

Man's Mission on Earth

Medical Book Free.

"Know Thyself," a book for men only, regular price 50 cents, will be sent free (sealed postpaid) to any male reader of this paper, 6 cents for postage. Address the **Peabody Medical Institute**, 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass., established in 1860, the oldest and best in America. Write to-day for free book, "The Key to Health and Happiness."

EDITOR'S NOTE For 40 years the Peabody Medical Institute has been a fixed fact, and it will remain so. It is as standard as American Gold.

The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

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Artlessness is at the head of the high-art class.

Many a man's career begins and ends with soup.

Most of our duties are too plain to be attractive.

It's a great deal when each player gets four of a kind.

After acquiring a good appetite a man tries to get rid of it.

When a man lends his influence he rarely gets it back.

Many a man uses his religion as a sort of lightning rod.

Dead men tell no tales, but many posthumous stories get into print.

The natural selection is usually the best umbrella in the rack.

Any man who is unable to bear misfortune is truly unfortunate.

If you would make a fool of a man, applaud rather than praise him.

When a man has no more money to burn his old flames soon desert him.

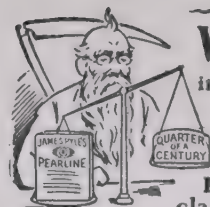
When a wise man knows anything worth telling he keeps it to himself.

Nothing is so uncertain as the minds of a certain class of politicians.

Nothing provokes a proud woman like the pride of some other woman.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



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in the balance and found standard.

Time has proved PEARLINE'S claims and given

it its place—the leading washing powder. Why is PEARLINE imitated? Why are those who have used it for years still using it? Why are all willing to pay a little more for it?

661

Pearline—Standard

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that during the heated term in Greater New York you must take wife and the children and

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of Sullivan, Ulster, and Delaware Counties, N. Y., on the main line and branches of the New York, Ontario and Western Railway, a region of absolute HEALTH AT MODERATE COST, 2000 feet above the sea, with Pure Air, Pure Water, Pure Milk and only three hours' ride on the cars. Send 7 cents for postage to the undersigned, or call and get free at offices below, the Superbly Illustrated Book "SUMMER HOMES," of 200 pages. It gives list of Hotels, Farm and Boarding Houses, with their location, rates of board, facilities, attractions, etc.

On May 29th and 30th Excursion tickets at reduced rates will be sold at 425 Broadway, 1364 Broadway, and Ferry Offices, giving an opportunity of personally selecting a Summer home, and also enjoying a day's fishing in this delightful region. Tickets good returning up to Monday, June 2.

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Lake McDonald, Montana; the heart of the Rockies; the "Crown of the Continent." Unequalled in the world for beauty and mountain scenery; for climate; for healthfulness; finest glaciers in America, accessible on horseback.

Low round trip rates via


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to Seattle, Portland and Puget Sound points during June, July and August, 1902.

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Connects with new steel steamship "Spokane" for two weeks trip to Alaska points and return, sailing from Seattle June 14th, 28th, July 12th and 26th.

Write for booklet "Across America" and full information,
F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A. ST. PAUL, MINN.



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CHRISTIAN WORK

Illustrated Family Newspaper

Volume 72.

MAY 31, 1902.

Number 1841

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The New Memorial Day.

O, the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray,
We have bound in a wreath,
And in silence beneath
Slumber our heroes to-day.

Over the new-turned sod
The sons of our fathers stand,
And the fierce old fight
Slips out of sight
In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain
That the new has washed away,
And the sons of those
That have faced as foes
Are marching together to-day.

O, the blood that our fathers gave!
O, the tide of our mothers' tears!
And the flow of red
And the tears they shed
Embittered a sea of years.

But the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray,
We have bound in a wreath,
And in glory beneath
Slumber our heroes to-day.

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Weekly---Continuing The Christian at Work.

Volume 72

New York, Saturday, May 31, 1902

Number 1841

Terms \$3 Per Annum.

Beef Trust
Enjoined.

Last week Judge Grosscup, in the United States Circuit Court, at Chicago, granted a temporary injunction, ordering the various members of the Beef Trust to refrain from pursuing the methods by which they have created a virtual monopoly of the meat trade and levied tribute upon the consumers of the country. They are enjoined from instructing their agents not to bid against one another in the buying of cattle and from arbitrary raising or lowering prices—the methods by which they have held the ranchmen of the West at their mercy. They are restrained from fixing uniform prices for meats and regulating the supply to be shipped to the markets—the methods by which they have squeezed the consumers. They are ordered to refrain from enforcing the blacklisting and other agreements, and are prohibited from getting special rates from the railroads. The Court further enjoins the combination from practicing any of the devices wherewith it has suppressed competition, divided up territory and fixed on the one hand the prices it paid to cattle raisers and on the other the prices it extorted from the consumers of meat. This will bring up the question on its merits, when it will be decided whether the injunction shall be made permanent or not.

Sanitary
Havana.

Among the many beneficial acts which this country has performed for Cuba, who has just been introduced to the society of nations, and which, in the aggregate, form a larger debt than the Republic of Cuba can ever repay, is the sanitary regeneration of the island, and especially of Havana. For six months not a case of yellow fever has been reported in that province. Before the American occupation not a month had passed without a death from the scourge. The present death-rate of Havana city, 20.85, would be excellent for a municipality of its size anywhere in the world. If the new sanitary officers can keep the cleanliness of Havana and the other Cuban cities up to the mark made by Major Gorgas, its most important administrative work will be accomplished successfully. The 1,385 yellow fever deaths in 1897, the last year of Spanish occupation, might easily be repeated with lax health regulations.

Mr. Mitchell
Loquitor.

President Mitchell, under whose auspices the existing coal strike has been inaugurated, gives out a public denial that he ever advised the soft-coal miners to break their contract with the operators. Moreover, he does not intend to do so, he says. This voluntary statement from the head of the Miners' Union seems to make more remote than ever the possibility of a sympathetic strike in the bituminous collieries. Yet on the same day that this an-

nouncement appears the retail dealers of New York City serve notice of a large increase in the price of bituminous coal. As was the case with the increase in the price of anthracite coal on the day the strike was ordered, the additional tax on soft coal is without rhyme or reason. The strike of the anthracite coal miners has no possible effect on the supply of bituminous coal, which is inexhaustible, which is not affected by the strike, and which will not be affected by the strike. To charge higher prices for soft coal at the present time is a form of extortion which borders closely on theft.

Outbreak of Independence
in the House.

A singular incident occurred in the House of Representatives last week which is worth recording. The Naval Committee had reported its bill providing for the construction of the new battleships, and it was supposed the report would be adopted without amendment, under the discipline of party rule. But upon motion of Mr. Ernest W. Roberts, of Massachusetts (Republican), an amendment was adopted providing that one ship of each class should be built in Government navy yards instead of at private plants. Under existing practice, as Mr. Reed has said, Congress has ceased to be a deliberative body—legislation being carried on by committees. Consequently the vote came as a surprise to the party majority, and undoubtedly was a source of chagrin to the Speaker. We should explain that the result was reached by a combination of "insurgent" Republicans and Democrats, who have on more than one occasion rebelled against the arbitrariness of party rule—only to cite the vote against the Beet Sugar interests. The "insurgents" were moved to their action by not wholly inspiring reasons, one being the opportunity of patronage in the Government, which is not presented in the private yards, and another being dissatisfaction with Speaker Henderson's arbitrary methods. It is just as well, perhaps, that now and then Representatives should show that they can be moved to resent the party whip and exhibit themselves as men of independence of thought and action.

President Loubet's
Visit to the Czar.

It came last week, and it went—President Loubet's visit to the Czar—and then one of those series of public demonstrations by which each country emphasizes the dual alliance. And yet all is not as smooth as it appears to be on the surface. For a secret doubt exists in Paris Government circles, we are told, as to whether Russia's part in the agreement is neutralized by unknown reservations. Already there is an increasing party in France which sees that Russia has the chief advantage and that the Czar would refuse to lend a single regiment to help his ally solve a difficulty in which Russian interests were not clearly menaced. Since Russia's refusal to countenance the attitude of France during the Fashoda incident, there has been, judging by comment in the more conservative Paris jour-

nals, the disposition to regard the alliance as purely defensive, and this suits Russian policy so admirably that French Chauvinists see no possible gain in it. It is very clear that in making this alliance the French motive was, first, to increase the national importance among European Powers; second, to gain a leverage for aggression and expansion. In the latter respect France has wholly failed, and no international rejoicings can do more than gloss over a humiliating fact.



The Canal Question
in the Senate.

The Senate will not adopt Senator Hoar's bill placing the choice of canal routes—Panama or Nicaragua—in the hands of the President. This is to be regretted. Doubtless the opposition of Senator Morgan, chairman of the committee, is chiefly responsible for this, for it is well known that he will oppose to the utmost any plan which conflicts with the Nicaragua idea by which he is obsessed. But it seems certain that unless the President's power in relation thereto is increased the less likely it is that we shall have a canal for a long time to come. As to the President, he has never committed himself to either route, but he does intensely desire a canal, and would be better able than ever to use his position advantageously on account of the unsatisfactory nature of the treaties with Colombia and Nicaragua. To confer upon him the power of choice would give him the whip hand over the contending States in the matter of terms, and would also insure a decision in favor of the canal best recommended by experts.



Britain and
Boer.

Amid the many conflicting reports of negotiations between the Boers and the British, according to the latest despatches from Pretoria the representatives of the Orange Free State are blocking the negotiations by reaffirming a demand for independence. It was expected that the chief opposition would come from the commandoes of western Transvaal; but ex-President Steyn may have influenced the Free State representatives to side with him. Enough is known of the British terms to infer accurately that the negotiations will make no progress toward peace until an agreement to waive independence has been accepted by the Boers. This is probably the cause of the projected visit of the leaders to confer with Milner and Kitchener at Pretoria. Reports are unanimous, however, in affirming the peace proclivities of the redoubtable De Wet, whose opinion will go a long way, as in the event of continued hostilities his support might be doubtful. There is evidence, therefore, of a division of opinion in the conference which must work in favor of accepting the British terms.



A Movement in
the Right Direction.

What may prove to be one of the most useful of movements in connection with the status of the South is the invitation extended by Hon. Charles W. Thompson, a representative in Congress from the fifth district in Alabama, to a party of Northern and Western members of Congress to accompany him on a tour South in a few days "to study the conditions of the white people and the negroes, for the purpose of promoting a just and hopeful view of race relations." Not one of these Congressmen has ever visited the South. They know the negro only from the very limited observation of him which is possible in the North. Invitations to Representative Thompson's personally conducted

party to see other parts of the South than Alabama have been received since the itinerary was announced. They have been spontaneous and cordial. The South evidently thinks it is misunderstood, and is willing to be studied at short range by its Northern critics. When we come to think of it, the country is much too big for any man to have a proper conception of the wants of a locality and the point of view of its people in relation to public questions unless he visits the locality and mingles with the natives, which a large number of members of Congress have never done. Furthermore, it would be an admirable thing if many of our editorial brethren who regard the South with prejudice were to make a Southern tour, and see whites and blacks, and study conditions for themselves with the "natives." The West, as was brought out in the Presidential campaign of 1896, does not always understand the East, and Eastern men have their eyes opened and their minds cleared of prejudices when they travel in the West. Representative Thompson's personally conducted party makes an admirable precedent. Not only, therefore, would it be a good thing for the country if the tour were followed by other members of Congress, who feel that the geographical locality from which they come is *terra incognita*, but it would be a benefit to all sections if North and South and East and West were better acquainted with each other than they are. But the facilities of travel are increasing, and the unfailing result will be a fuller acquaintance of all sections, a most perfect understanding of difficulties and the prevalence of a more just feeling all around.



The Socialists and Radicals in Belgium have not succeeded in their attempt to coerce the Conservative Government into assent to the abolition of plural suffrage. After a prolonged and heated debate the proposal to revise the Constitution was negatived in the Chamber of Deputies by 84 votes against 64, and the Socialist leaders have acquiesced in their defeat by issuing a manifesto to the strikers, calling on them to resume work. So minorities will not be represented, and one man may cast three votes in his several capacities, while his neighbor, an honest workman, may not cast one. But eventually an end must come to this proscriptive system.



Again the fierce volcanoes in Martinique and St. Vincent are getting in their deadly work. Their first fatal eruption was merely a beginning, as those acquainted with the action of volcanoes feared. What the outcome will be no man can tell, but after the terrible warning of St. Pierre the loss of life is not likely to be so great, while that of property may be enormous. More people will be left living and destitute, and the sums raised for their relief may not prove excessive. Indeed there is already a prospect that more help may be required. If it is it will be given.



The awful tragedies in Martinique and St. Vincent have served to direct attention to the alleged liability of both isthmian routes to earthquakes and volcanic action. The speculations of scientists in this respect are of less immediate importance than the political use that may be made of them by obstructionists who wish to delay the building of any isthmian canal indefinitely. A despatch from Washington in the *Tribune* implies that the geologists in that city are considering the seismic disturbance aspect of the canal question in all seriousness, and that

special investigation of the causes of volcanic action will be made. The result of these deliberations of the geologists will be awaited with interest, even though there has been no seismic disturbance in Darien or Nicaragua for many a year.



The opening, last week, of that noble benefaction—the gift of Miss Helen M. Gould—the handsome new clubhouse of the naval branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, situated in Sands street, Brooklyn, shows what a patriotic and generous woman can do. The institution, with its dormitories, reading-room, library and provision for recreation, will be a boon to the men of the navy, and will cause the name of the generous donor to be honored all down the coming years.



In spite of President Mitchell's declaration that he would not advise a sympathetic strike of the soft-coal miners, four districts have joined in a request for the calling of a national convention to consider and vote upon such a strike. When it is considered that this involves not only great public inconvenience but breach of contract as well, the question arises whether something should not be done toward the restoration of peace in the great foundation industry whose suspension or prolonged interruption would imperil the whole fabric of our prosperity.



The Cuban House of Representatives has adopted a resolution to pardon all Americans now imprisoned in Cuba and to commute the sentences of all other prisoners. Before this amnesty measure can become a law, however, it must pass the Senate and be signed by President Palma. The act, if well meant, is of very questionable wisdom. Why should such a lot of public criminals be released to prey on the public; and why, especially, should those who were parties to the great postal frauds be released to thrive on what they have stolen?



The Prussian Diet has resolved to continue Bismarck's policy of strengthening the German element in the Polish provinces of the Empire. A bill which has just been introduced for that purpose provides funds for the purchase of additional lands for German settlers. The Poles have a political party represented in the Reichstag, too small for notice in ordinary times, but large enough to be inconvenient on a close vote.



A German firm at Shanghai has opened negotiations with the Chinese Government for securing a monopoly of the preparation of opium. It has offered to pay the Government 50,000,000 taels a year for the privilege. Opium seems to have a way of putting the public conscience to sleep, and so the direful traffic goes on, misery and wretchedness following in its train.



From Hawaii there comes despatches showing that President Roosevelt's indorsement of the administration of Governor Dole has produced a reassuring effect in the new territory. Some of the journals there affect to raise the issue of dictatorial interference, but the most influential opinion looks upon the President's indorsement as strongly helpful to the cause of just government during a crisis. It will unquestionably discourage the ambitions of unscrupulous cliques which have been formed by specu-

lating and adventurous Americans, and whose hopes of success were based upon the ignorance of the natives. These elements of disturbance have insisted upon Governor Dole's removal as necessary to the well-being of Hawaii, and nothing that they could do to create official prejudice against him at Washington has been left undone. Their complaints have now been finally disposed of, and the new territory is assured of the continuance of the present régime under which so much has been done in behalf of order and prosperity.



Cuba, too, has its Memorial Day, which has been fixed by the Cuban Congress for May 19. Cuba has a long and noble list of heroic dead, whose memories it may fittingly commemorate.



The General Assembly.

Elsewhere we give in epitome an account of the doings of the General Assembly up to the hour of going to press, and also very close to the adjournment.

The proceedings reveal the fact that this Assembly is one of the most important that has ever met in the history of the Presbyterian Church. There were two matters upon which interest in the proceedings mainly centered—Home Missions, the occasion being the centennial of Presbyterian Home Mission work in this country, and Creed revision. After the interesting report upon Home Missions had been read by Secretary Thompson, and interesting addresses had followed, the culmination was reached in the splendid meeting at Carnegie Music Hall, which was addressed by President William E. Dodge, of the Home Mission Board, the President of the United States and Secretary Charles L. Thompson. The occasion was a notable and inspiring one, and marks, with the promising outlook for the future, an era in Presbyterian Home Mission work.

But the chief topic of interest, and a most vital one, was the subject of Creed revision. At the first there was much doubt in the air as to what the result would be, and it was thought heated discussion could not be avoided. But the doubters were distanced. As we have already noted, the committee not only reported a declaratory statement and notes upon certain chapters in the Confession, but it also submitted a new creed statement of sixteen articles. It need not be said that these articles and the emendations of the committee in no wise contravene the Presbyterian system. But they do this—they not only remove many obscurities, but they restate the Presbyterian faith in so simple a way that those who are sometimes called "the common people" can understand. Indeed, there is not a line in the new Statement that any layman cannot read without confusion and without distress. The language is simple and lucid; and it has a way of relegating non-essentials to their proper sphere; in this way one may think as he pleases regarding the Pope; he is not required to bar out those whom Bushnell called "the outside saints," all doubt as to the fate of infants, which is taken away by declaring them all salvable, although any Presbyterian may question this opinion if he chooses.

As to the question, To what extent does the new Creed change or modify any of the teachings of the old Confession? that is one every Presbyterian will answer for himself. The fact remains that the revised Confession, in framing which conservatives and liberals took equal part, is

a triumph of supreme wisdom on the part of the committee in framing and on the part of the Assembly in adopting it, and that without heated discussion and with practical unanimity. For one thing, the old Confession is practically eliminated from future discussion. The jeers of the unsympathetic and the taunts of those who have no knowledge of God for themselves and find their chief diversion in assailing the faith of others—these must and will disappear. In widening its horizon line so as to include statements of God's love for all men, declare God's willingness to extend His Spirit to all who ask, and in eliminating all declaration circumscribing the number of the elect and in omitting all statements that God "withholds mercy as He pleaseth" and condemns people "to dishonor and wrath"—in brief, in its omissions even more significantly than in its positive statements, the new Creed statement marks a great advance for Presbyterianism, and, as we believe, opens up a new and more glorious future for that great denomination.

Henceforth, as Dr. van Dyke said, there should be no further use for such terms as "conservative" and "liberal," all Presbyterians are conservative of the truth and liberal as to non-essentials: that is the Presbyterian spirit and the Christian spirit as well. We have only to add that the very Spirit of God seems to have possessed the committee and the Assembly or such a result could not have been secured. We look for the same blessed Spirit to rest upon the Presbyteries, by whose action, as we believe, the work of the General Assembly will be confirmed, and the Presbyterian Church will go on to a nobler future, marked by grander work for the Master than ever before.



The President's Address.

The strenuous championship of the Man Behind the Gun in his fervid address at the great Presbyterian Home Mission meeting in Carnegie Hall last week moved the vast assemblage to patriotic demonstration, as it also warmed the hearts of all who, as Dr. van Dyke put it, "have a sneaking love for the army." The Moderator did well, too, in suggesting that the Army of the Lord be also included, the patness of which became evident to the Assembly and no less so to the President, for he at once responded "Yes, yes." There is no question, though, that American patriotism rings responsively to the shots which the Commander-in-Chief sends straight to the mark in defense of his country; for are not his forces, like the missionaries in the Army of the Lord, "taking the light of civilization into the world's dark places"? So it was, when the call on humanity came from a stricken island, the moment the President "wanted to get men who would drop whatever work they were doing to go down there, whom pestilence nor volcanoes nor anything else could swerve from their duty, men of incorruptible integrity," he "turned to the Army and Navy." All well said. And this is the estimate formed by the American people of the men who do their country's missionary work at home and abroad, here feeding a starving island, there freeing an oppressed people, diffusing the Light in the "world's dark places." The army has not gone wrong; the hearts of the men who wear the blue have not changed because they are carrying the flag a little further than some could wish. And the people still have that same "love for the Army" of which the General Assembly's Moderator speaks in homely yet expressive phrase.

On the other hand, let one word be said which we wish

the President himself had uttered, which we know is in his heart, and which fittingly might have found expression in his admirable, if incomplete, address. "War is hell"; and while we must ever be prepared to meet it, we should take every available honorable opportunity to avoid it, and if possible settle our differences with other nations as they have been settled in the past in ninety-nine times out of a hundred, by recourse to diplomacy or arbitration. Such an injunction before a religious assembly would have been most appropriate, and we could wish he had supplied it. But the President will be heard from again, and then we trust he will favor us with an utterance on the other side of the War question.



Independent Cuba.

As this paper reaches the eyes of its readers, Cuba will have had one week of national life, and will have given to the breeze a flag of its own. Henceforth it becomes one of the great family of nations, and by no means the weakest nor the least conspicuous of them. And it is we, the people of the United States, who have done it. Cubans fought gallantly against the Spanish forces in the island, but of themselves they never could have won the cause of Cuban independence; the odds were too heavy against them. But it is won for them and by their aid, although the assistance they were able to render was less, when the time of the trial came, than it was supposed it would be. But all that is passed, and nothing could have been or can be more beneficial to Cuba than the fact, which perhaps has not always been a welcome one to them, that they have had to wait almost four years before tasting the sweets of independence.

But they have been a very useful four years—four years of cleansing, of reorganizing and of needful preparation for assuming the duties of self-government. So it is, in this interval, they have learned the lesson of self-government, the lesson of patience, the lesson of self-control. Thanks to the American government of occupation, they have also learned the lesson of civilization. Their ports are free from contagion, their streets are clean, their houses wholesome, good roads connect their chief towns, they have a modern school system, an efficient police force, and admirable hospitals and public institutions. They had none of these things when the Spaniards evacuated the island, and would not have them to-day if it had been turned over to them immediately, as was demanded by some of her well-meaning and enthusiastic, but greatly mistaken, friends. The fact is, the Cubans were not fit to govern themselves on January 1, 1899. The attempt would have resulted in anarchy, and had they been left to their own resources, the passage of fifty years would not have seen them as far advanced as they are to-day, after less than four years of American guardianship. Fortunately the responsibility of shaping Cuba's future rested with a man who had the ken of a statesman. Had President McKinley pursued a different course, Cuba's fate might have been that of Venezuela or Colombia—destined to be torn and tortured by internal dissension and to be a straggler from the procession of civilization, until, perhaps, the United States, impelled by her interests, intervened by force of arms to restore order, establish a stable government and annex the island.

As we have before said, the Platt amendment, under

which the United States guarantees Cuban independence, not only stands justified; it was absolutely necessary to the existence of Cuba as an independent nation, for it removes all danger of complications with the nations of the Old World. It fits in with the Monroe Doctrine. It is defensive as well as protective. The Platt amendment is the correction of a blunder which would have worked irreparable harm to the people had the relations of the United States to the new State not been clearly defined, as they are. One thing still remains to be done before the United States will have discharged its full duty to the new nation; it must provide for reciprocal economical measures by which Cuba may be able to dispose of her sugar for the support of her people, and be otherwise brought into closer economic relations with the United States. As President McKinley has said, "This nation has assumed before the world a grave responsibility for the future good government of Cuba; we have accepted a trust, the fulfilment of which calls for the sternest integrity of purpose and the exercise of the highest wisdom," and, as President Roosevelt has declared, that "we are bound by every consideration of honor and expediency to pass commercial measures in the interest of her material wellbeing." So it is that until we discharge this last duty we shall not have done our best to give the new Cuban nation a fair chance to live and grow. We have wished it prosperity, but we have withheld the means of prosperity. Certain it is that until we strike off the commercial fetters which we have imposed upon the Cubans our national generosity to those whom we have made dependent upon us can scarcely be made a thing for triumphant commemoration.



Things of To-Day.

Here is something to make the Indians grieve. A negro named Thompson was recently convicted in Prairie county, Arkansas, of assault with intent to kill and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. An application for his pardon having been presented at the Executive Mansion, the Hon. Jefferson Davis, Governor of the State, made the following indorsement on the document:

Having just returned from the North, and having heard many expressions of sympathy by the citizens of Massachusetts for what they were pleased to call the poor, oppressed negro of the South, and desiring that they shall have an opportunity to reform a certain portion of the negro population of our State; therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, Governor of the State of Arkansas, by virtue of the Constitution and authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of Arkansas, do grant unto Andrew Thompson, a negro, a full and free pardon on condition that he become within the next thirty days a citizen of Massachusetts.

The question asked forty years ago in Putnam's Monthly "Have we a Bourbon among us?" is now answered in the affirmative. He is at present the chief executive of Arkansas.



The Sun utters a loud wail and Dr. Henry van Dyke gave it the impulse. How? Why, in a sermon in the Brick Church as its acting pastor, the Sunday following his election as moderator, he declared it to be the duty of the Christian ministry to "preach Christ." Here comes the wail: "Is it," *The Sun* inquires,— "Is it to preach Christ as the divine pillar of a definite system of theology or to preach him as merely a human teacher of gentle humanity, of the relief of the suffering, and of the brotherhood of man?" And again: "Was this sermon merely an effort to hide under a cloud of sentimentality the actual emptiness of definite and positive doctrinal belief in the preacher?" If only the Man of *The Sun* had been living some 1,840 years ago we can easily imagine him, after listening to the reading of St. Paul's Epistle to the Christians in Corinth, then rising and saying, "what I should like to inquire concerning Brother Paul is this—"Is his declaration 'I preach Christ crucified,' merely an effort to hide under a cloud of sentimentality the actual emp-

teness of definite and positive doctrinal belief in our brother who sends us this long letter from Rome? Why, pray, didn't he declare himself distinctly as to supralapsarianism and infralapsarianism, as to the death of unbaptized infants, and why didn't he explain matters as between him and Brother James touching faith and works?" But they got along pretty well without *Sun* critics in those days, just as the Presbyterian church does to-day.



We have a very high regard for the scholarship and the fairness of spirit manifested by the Rev. Dr. John Fulton in conducting *The Church Standard*, of Philadelphia. Taking up this journal we read:

The truth is that our non-episcopalian brethren labor under an utterly erroneous impression that Anglican Episcopalians are anxious to prove them to be all wrong. There could hardly be a greater mistake. There has never been a time when Anglicans were so eager as they are now to recognize every evidence of the workings of God's Spirit through the ministrations of non-episcopalian bodies.

We are glad, heartily glad, to read such an utterance. One question right here: If the American Episcopalians—we say nothing of Anglicans—are so eager to recognize every evidence of the workings of God's Spirit through the ministrations of non-episcopal bodies, why do they not recognize the lawful order of the non-episcopal ministry as in the first century of the Reformation when non-episcopalians were heartily welcomed to Episcopal pulpits and when Cramner sent to Holland for one William Bucer, a Dutchman, to come over and assist him in his work of preparing the Book of Common Prayer, which he did?



Any statistics which bases denominational numbers upon the actual church membership multiplied by four is misleading. Such figuring would give 80,000,000 Protestant population in 1890 when the total Protestant communicants of the country were placed at 20,000,000, and the total population of the whole United States, including 8,000,000 Catholics and several millions of agnostics and indifferent, were returned as 76,000,000. The proper factor for determining the affiliated strength of a denomination from its membership is two and a half. This was shown by a census taken in Canada. This would give a total Presbyterian population of all kinds of 5,212,500, not 8,350,000, as claimed in some newspapers.



It has been well remarked that Christian unity, of which we hear so much, lies along the way to which the great missionary apostle pointed when he exhorted men to do nothing "through faction or vainglory, but in lowliness of mind each counting other better than himself; not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others." This spirit given full expression would call for a final tombstone to be placed at the head of Apostolic Succession.



This from *The Presbyterian* shows the tendency of some thought and also illustrates one way of utilizing the *à priori* method:

It becomes all our presbyteries to stand true and steadfast, and not to admit to the gospel ministry those who are not of us, and who, if received, will only prove a source of disturbance and torment. We cannot with consistency and credit receive into our ministry those who are at sword's point with fundamental doctrine. If we are to give up a literal Adam and an actual fall, we will have to rewrite our Confession of Faith and reverse our Calvinistic theology.

Since the above was printed two presbyteries have licensed two young men who do not accept the historic character of the first chapter of Genesis. Well?



How is this? A Texas Methodist, writing to oppose the removal of the time limit in pastorates, argues that it is only the college men who want the change. As a matter of fact, the time limit has already been removed. But the presiding elders get in their fine work all the same.



We do not quite agree with *The Herald and Presbyter* that Mary, the mother of Christ, has been given honor and pronounced "blessed" by Protestant Churches. We have very seldom, if ever, heard her name mentioned in any of our Protestant churches. But Dorcas and Eunice have not suffered from neglect.

[Continuing the account from page 825, opposite.]

The Presbyterian General Assembly.

HOME MISSIONS.

Tuesday was Home Mission day at the Assembly, continuing the centennial celebration that was begun Monday afternoon. At the morning session the report of the Standing Committee on Home Missions was made by its chairman, the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Holmes, of Pittsburg. The committee congratulated the Board on the fact that for four successive years it has reported to the Assembly a balance in its treasury, commended the work in Cuba and Porto Rico, and recommended the indorsement by the Assembly of the present policy of the Board. The report was adopted without division, after addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. John Dixon, one of the secretaries of the Board, and the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson. In the afternoon, at a fellowship meeting, the Home Board was congratulated on the one hundredth anniversary of organized home mission effort by all the other boards of the Presbyterian Church, through their secretaries, by the Alliance of Reformed Churches, by its Western secretary, the Rev. Dr. William H. Roberts; by the Episcopal Board of Missions, represented by the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer; by the Methodist Missionary Society, for which Bishop Andrews spoke; by the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, represented by the Rev. Dr. W. C. P. Rhodes; by the Rev. Dr. James I. Vance, for the Board of Domestic Missions of the Reformed Church in America, and by the Rev. Dr. John B. Clark for the Congregational Home Missionary Society, of which he is one of the secretaries. During the afternoon session a message of congratulation was sent to the new Republic of Cuba by resolution of the Assembly. The message follows: "To T. Estrada Palma, President of the Republic of Cuba, Havana: The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America sends congratulations and prays for God's blessing upon the new Republic.

(Signed) Henry van Dyke, Moderator; William H. Roberts, Stated Clerk.

THE MEETING AT CARNEGIE HALL.

The great meeting of the Home Mission celebration was that at Carnegie Hall in the evening of Tuesday. The building, one of the largest in New York, was nowhere near large enough to hold all those who sought to attend, and the Central Presbyterian Church, where an overflow meeting was held, was also too small for the purpose, and after it had been filled by twelve hundred people the doors had to be closed and further admission refused. It is a great thing to have the President of the United States publicly testify to the value of the Church of God in the settlement and government of the country, and when the President, as did President Roosevelt, makes a special trip from Washington to New York in order that he may voice his appreciation of home missions, the occasion is one that will be long remembered. The President's first address was made at Carnegie Hall, and when he rose to speak the audience rose with him and cheered him to the echo. It was apparent that he was performing no perfunctory duty, but that his heart was in his subject, and the words that he spoke were so important, coming from such a source, that they were telegraphed from one end of the country to the other almost as they left his lips. Dr. van Dyke responded in his usual happy style and then the President went to the Central Church where he

made an address entirely different from that made in Carnegie Hall, and one so full of the spirit of home missions and Christianity that Dr. van Dyke, who followed him, began by saying that the President would make a pretty good Presbyterian preacher. The Rev. Dr. D. Stuart presided at the Carnegie Hall meeting, and, in addition to those named, the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Thompson, secretary of the Home Board, gave a most eloquent and effective address. [We reported it in full in our last week's issue.—Eds. CHRISTIAN WORK.] At Central Church the Rev. Dr. George L. Spining presided and addresses were made by several home missionaries.

Foreign Missions was the paramount subject of Wednesday's meetings, although the afternoon session was devoted to other objects. The Rev. Courtney H. Fenn, one of the men who passed through the seige of Peking, made the report for the Standing Committee on Foreign Missions, reviewing the work of the year and announcing that the contributions to the cause were larger in the year just ended than for any other like period in the history of the Board. \$1,097,637 was the amount, much of which, according to Mr. Fenn, should not be placed to the credit of the churches, as it came through legacies. As a matter of fact, direct contributions from churches, Sunday-schools, etc., showed a considerable falling off from last year's figures. The Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown, one of the secretaries of the Foreign Mission Board, and who has just returned from a fourteen months' trip to the

Asiatic missions, made a stirring address, describing the work of the Presbyterian Church in that field. Missionaries from Mexico, Japan and Korea also addressed the Assembly. At the mass meeting on Foreign Missions, held in Carnegie Hall in the evening, the Hon. John Wanamaker presided and made the principal address. A number of missionaries were heard from and Dr. Brown spoke again. The hall was filled to overflowing and a simultaneous meeting had to be held in Central Church to accommodate those unable to get in the larger building. The afternoon session was taken



CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK CITY, WHERE THE HOME MISSION MEETINGS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY WERE HELD.

up by the presentation of reports from several standing committees, including those on Publication and Aid for Colleges.

Thursday—the second Thursday of the Assembly—was the great day. It marked an epoch in the history of the denomination in this country, for with a unanimity as unlooked for as it was unparalleled, the report of the Creed Revision Committee was adopted with scarcely a voice raised in protest. Fifth Avenue Church was crowded with people who came with the expectation of hearing a hot debate, but in just one hour and forty minutes from the time ex-Moderator Minton rose to make the report for the committee, the changes had been adopted, together with the new short statement of faith, and the Assembly was singing "All People that on Earth Do Dwell." Dr. Minton, in making the report, said that the Presbyterian Church had been misunderstood in some of its doctrinal statements.

The great social event of the Assembly appropriately followed the great religious one, and the reception given by the Presbyterian Union to the commissioners at the Waldorf-Astoria was most enjoyable. Mayor Low, of the city of New York, spoke a few words of welcome. The sessions of Friday were all occupied with reports and their acceptance, some of the subjects considered being Presbyterian building, Church erection, vacancy and supply, Church polity, marriage and divorce, in which a committee was authorized to confer with other religious bodies, and work among young people.

The Presbyterian General Assembly.

By William T. Demarest,
Of the Church News Association.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, now in session at the Fifth Avenue Church, New York, began its work on Thursday of last week by electing the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke moderator. This action came as a great surprise to many, for while Dr. van Dyke's name had been mentioned for the honor, it was the general opinion that the choice would go to some man representative of the Middle West. That section had three candidates: the Rev. Dr. James D. Moffat, president of Washington and Jefferson College; the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Holmes, pastor of Shady Side Church, Pittsburgh, and the Rev. Dr. David R. Kerr, of Omaha. The Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield, of the First Church, New York, and the Rev. Dr. Wilson Phraner, of East Orange, were also nominated. The latter, however, withdrew before a ballot was taken. Two ballots were necessary for the election, for although Dr. van Dyke led from the start he had not a majority on the first ballot. The names of Drs. Kerr and Duffield were withdrawn before a second was taken and the balloting then resulted as follows: 574 votes cast; Van Dyke, 298; Moffat, 227; Holmes, 49. The Assembly was opened, as is usual, with a service at which the retiring moderator, the Rev. Dr. Henry Collin Minton, of San Francisco, preached. The large church was crowded to its capacity at this service and an almost equal number was present at the communion service in the evening, which was conducted by Dr. Minton.

Reports of special committees were made in the morning of the second day of the Assembly, that of the Committee on the Revision of the Confession receiving the greatest attention. The report was read by Dr. Minton, chairman of the committee, and was received with marked favor. It took the larger part of an hour to read the report and at its close there was long and loud applause from the commissioners. There was no discussion and the only action taken was the reception of the report on motion of John H. Converse, of Philadelphia, and making it a special order for another day. Other reports read and adopted were from the committees on Evangelistic Work, Ministerial Relief, Assembly Herald, Church Statistics, Omaha Seminary, and Printing of the Minutes of the Assembly. At the opening of the morning session the Rev. Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Church, welcomed the Assembly to that edifice, and the Rev. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, moderator of the Presbytery of New York, welcomed the commissioners to the city. The Rev. Dr. S. Hall Young, of the Alaskan Mission, presented a gavel to the moderator. It was made from the tooth of a walrus, fashioned by one of the officers of a Presbyterian church there. Dr. van Dyke accepted the gift with one of his happy little addresses, creating no little amusement by saying that he hoped the gavel would be the only tooth shown in the Assembly. Another gavel, made of wood from the Holy Land, had been presented to the Assembly, and Dr. van Dyke said that it pointed back to the Church of the past, while the other represented that of to-day and the future. A large part of the afternoon of the second day was taken up with a reception to the commissioners, given in the Presbyterian building by the several boards of the church having their headquarters there. Addresses were made by the moderator and by the presidents of the boards. In the evening a popular meeting in the interest of the Board of Publication and Sabbath-school Work was held in the Fifth Avenue Church, the Rev. Dr. James A. Worden, of Philadelphia, and several others making addresses.

There was but one session of the Assembly on Saturday, that of the morning. The Hon. Daniel R. Noyes, of St. Paul, Minn., who had been appointed vice-moderator, presided in the absence of Dr. van Dyke. The devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Holmes, of Pittsburgh, after which the Rev. Dr. E. P. Ingersoll, one of the secretaries of the American Bible Society, spoke of the work of that organization. At the close of the address the Assembly adopted a resolution commending and endorsing the work of the society. The Standing Committee on Ministerial Relief made its report through its chairman, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Parry, of Wilkesburg, Pa., and after an address by the Rev. Dr. Benjamin L. Agnew, secretary of the Board, the report was accepted and its recommendations adopted. Early adjournment was taken in order that the commissioners might accept an invitation to luncheon which had been given by the American Tract Society.

Special trains were taken on the elevated railroad to the lower end of the city where the beautiful building of the society was inspected. After the lunch, served on the top floor of the building, trains were again taken, this time to University Heights. At the invitation of the faculty the buildings and grounds of the University of New York, including the Hall of Fame, were visited and an address of welcome from the chancellor, the Rev. Dr. Henry McCracken, was read by the Rev. Mr. Stockwell, his son-in-law. Dr. McCracken is just recovering from an illness and did not feel strong enough to speak, although he was present. Response was made for the Assembly by the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago. A meeting in behalf of the Board of Aid for Colleges was held in the Assembly church in the evening.

The centennial celebration of the beginning of Presbyterian home mission effort began on Monday, when, at the afternoon session, three addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, the Rev. Dr. Samuel J. Niccolls, of St. Louis, and the Rev. E. P. Hill, of Portland, Ore., representing the East, the Middle West, and the West, respectively. Dr. Niccolls traced what he called the leading of Providence in the work of settlement in the Mississippi valley by children of the Reformation. He showed how that although parts of the territory had been taken for the Roman Catholic Church by the French, the nation which permitted St. Bartholomew's day massacre was not permitted to hold its place in this fair land. Dr. McCook spoke of the earlier days, when the Eastern coast was settled, while Mr. Hill talked of home mission work of more recent date, showing its influence on the Pacific coast. At the morning session Freedmen and Education were presented in the reports of the standing committees on those subjects, the former arousing considerable discussion in which several of the colored commissioners were heard. These brethren from the South made a very favorable impression and the report of the Committee on Freedmen was adopted with an amendment calling on the churches to increase their contributions to the cause 50 per cent. Missions for Freedmen were also considered in the evening at a public meeting in the interest of that board, the Rev. Dr. Henry T. McClelland, of Pittsburgh, presiding.

NEW YORK CITY, May 20, 1902.

[For latest news of the General Assembly, see page 824.]



Current Comment—In Brief.

Commenting upon the recent election of three workingmen mayors in three cities, the *Christian Register* says: "Once Dr. Holmes predicted that some day a representative of the class from which Lincoln afterward came would be elected to the Presidency: then, he said, we shall come to the true test of our republican institution. It is needless to moralize upon the result of that experiment, and it is needless also to forecast the results of this uprising of the labor element. But we may be sure that, if worthless men are elected, they will be thrust aside by those whose cause they misrepresent; and, if unexpected excellence is discovered in unknown men, the community will be so much the richer for the gain in its resources."

You make a big mistake when you are cumbered with so many cares that you cannot see the miracle of nature all around you. Shut off steam for a few minutes some of these bright spring days and watch the grass grow and the leaves unfold. You will do better work in the end.—*The Congregationalist*.

If American soldiers cannot pacify the Filipino savages without themselves becoming savages, every day they spend there is a bad day both for them and for their victims.—*Church Standard*.



About People.

Signor Marconi, regarding whom the world is cherishing such great expectations, is an active member of the Waldensian Church, in Leghorn, Italy. Protestant Italy has always honored him for his pronounced Christian position.

Frank T. Bullen, author of "Cruise of the Cachalot," who has lately been in this country, remarks four things in criticism of American ways: The bad streets, the old young men, the bolting of meals in restaurants, and (this not an evil) the bracing air. He is inclined to the opinion, too, that there is nothing too big for American journalism.

The Rev. J. B. Dunwody, of Waterboro, S. C., finds himself at eighty-six years of age, an object of national interest. He married the President's father and mother, now almost forty-eight years ago. Mr. Dunwody was selected to perform this service because he was a cousin to Miss Bulloch, the President's mother. The veteran clergyman says that there was nothing showy about the wedding, it having been conducted according to the simple form of the Presbyterian Church.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

Henry A. Havemeyer gave \$20,000 to Bryn Mawr College, last week.

The coal strikers threaten to create a strike that will extend all over the United States.

All that Archbishop Corrigan possessed is given to the Church by the terms of his will.

Congressman Peter J. Otey, of the Sixth Virginia District, died at Lynchburg, May 3d.

The President has received gratifying responses to his appeal for aid for the West Indian sufferers.

Reports from Guatemala indicate that famine and pestilence may have followed the recent earthquake there.

A controlling interest in the *Philadelphia Record* has been sold to W. S. Stenger, of Philadelphia, for \$2,300,000.

President Roosevelt has sent his thanks to the King of Italy for the pardon of the officers of the Chicago.

President Roosevelt has nominated Herbert G. Squiers for Minister to Cuba and General E. S. Bragg for Consul-General at Havana.

Governor Murphy, of Arizona, has resigned, to take effect June 30th. It is probable that A. L. Brodie will be appointed to succeed him.

Elaborate arrangements are being made at Bowdoin College for the celebration of its 100th anniversary at the commencement on June 26th.

The Dixie started from this point on Wednesday on her errand of mercy to Martinique, with 1,220 tons of merchandise and a number of passengers.

Helen M. Gould, on Thursday, formally turned over to the Y. M. C. A. the home she built near the Navy Yard for our sailors. Admiral Dewey was present.

Western cattlemen have been thrown into consternation by the President's order for the tearing down of fences, and declare their intention to fight the order to the last.

The anthracite mine workers in convention at Hazleton have decided to continue the strike of the 145,000 men against the mine owners and to fight it out to the bitter end.

President Roosevelt laid the cornerstone of the McKinley Memorial Ohio College of Government at the American University, near Washington, on Wednesday last.

President Roosevelt ordered a change made in the Cuban law of criminal procedure, so that the case of Rathbone may be reviewed by the Supreme Court of the island.

Tammany has likewise had an eruption on a small scale and lost its head. Lewis Nixon resigned as leader of Tammany Hall because he would not take orders from Croker.

The Court of Appeals decided that the old magistrates in Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond were rightfully in office, the law providing for their succession being held unconstitutional.

Acting on instructions from their bishop, the Catholic clergy throughout the anthracite region pledged their parishioners, the striking miners, not to drink during the continuance of the struggle.

Ambassador Cambon presented to Secretary Hay, on Thursday, a message expressing the gratitude of the French Government for the efforts of the American people to relieve distress in Martinique.

Every day scores of small retailers are closing their shops because they are unable to purchase meat at the prevailing prices and because their former customers are living on a strictly vegetarian diet.

Eminent engineers have declared that a tunnel could be built in less time and at a cost of one-fourth the Manhattan Bridge; would do more to lessen congestion at Brooklyn, and afford better transit facilities.

At a meeting of the Rapid Transit Commission, on Thursday, Julien T. Davies said a company he represented could reduce the congestion on the Brooklyn Bridge by a system of moving platforms, and would charge only a one-cent fare.

Jewelry valued at \$50,000, stolen from the house of Henry Steers, president of the Eleventh Ward Bank, was recovered by the police after it had been taken at the bottom of a load of ashes

to a saloon. The butler, named Patrick Branagan, confessed to the theft.

President Roosevelt issued an appeal for generous and speedy contributions to relieve the West Indian sufferers, and appointed committees to receive funds in all the principal cities, Cornelius N. Bliss being named as treasurer.

The International Christian Endeavor Convention of the Friends' Church will be held in Richmond, Ind., August 8th, 9th and 10th, with delegates from all parts of the world. Many prominent workers will take part.

A heavy fog enveloped the harbor on Monday and the Staten Island ferryboat and Edwin Gould's yacht, Aileen, came in collision, and J. C. Atterbury, of West New Brighton, was killed by being impaled on the yacht's bowsprit.

Goliad, county seat of Goliad County, a town of 3,500, on the San Antonio River, sixty miles southwest of Houston, was struck by a tornado at 3.40 on the afternoon of May 18th, and practically wiped off of the map. About one hundred persons were killed.

The worst disaster in the history of Tennessee mining occurred at half-past seven o'clock on the morning of May 19th, when between 175 and 225 men and boys met instant death in the Frater-ville coal mine, two miles west of Coal Creek, as the result of a gas explosion.

Dr. William Tod Helmuth, head surgeon of the Flower Hospital, this city, and one of the foremost representatives of the homœopathic school of medicine in this country, died at his home, May 15th, from heart disease. He had been seriously ill only three days.

There was disorder all day and rioting at night of Thursday in the Hebrew district of the East Side as the result of the high price of meat; meat was torn from those who purchased it and from plates of those who were eating it in their homes; hundreds gathered in the streets and around the police stations, and the police clubbed right and left.

Terrific cloudbursts have made havoc in the West and Northwest within the last week. At and around Independence, Ia., a score of bridges were washed away, a half mile of the Illinois Central track disappeared and hundreds of persons were forced to leave their homes. At Sparta, Wis., three bridges on the St. Paul Railroad were swept away and heavy damage was inflicted in Monroe, Juneau and Vernon Counties. The Red River Valley in North Dakota is flooded. Wheat has been washed out and 18,000,000 bushels of the crop lost.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

Plans for new railroads in Chili are under consideration.

It is reported from Peking that the rebellion in Pe-Chi-Li Province had been quelled.

Commandant M. Botha, a nephew of the Boer leader, has been taken by Colonel Barker.

King Edward's second court was held at Buckingham Palace May 2d, and nine American women were presented.

There have been 960 cases of cholera with 769 deaths in Manila. The provinces report 2,888 cases and 2,092 deaths from the disease.

It is estimated that the total number of deaths on the Island of St. Vincent from the volcanic eruption reached 2,000. Most of the victims were Carib Indians.

Serious trouble has occurred at Hayti; fighting took place in the streets of the capital; Simon Sam, the ex-President, left the capital on a French steamer on May 13th.

An imperial edict has been issued appointing Wu-Ting-fang, the Chinese Minister at Washington, and Sheng Chia Pong to prepare a code of Chinese laws on modern lines.

The value of silver has declined about 23 per cent. since 1893, and the latest fall brings it to the lowest price it has ever touched. At the present price of silver, the bullion value of the silver dollar is about 37 cents.

Some big warehouses at the London Docks, filled with wool, sugar and chemicals, were destroyed by fire this afternoon. Twenty-two engines were engaged, but they were unable to check the flames until the roofs fell in.

An anarchist plot to kill King Alfonso with dynamite during the coronation ceremonies has been discovered by the police of Madrid. At least ten men have been arrested as implicated in the plot, and, it is expected, many more arrests will be made.

Faith's Prayer.

By Emma Graves Dietrick.

Lead me, dear Lord, by Thine own hand,
 Where'er the path may go;
 It may be fair or desert land,
 I do not need to know.
 I only need to trust Thy care,
 To know Thy love is sure,
 To let Thee all my burdens bear,
 And in Thy strength endure.

Teach me, dear Lord, in Thine own way,
 Whate'er I ought to be;
 The lessons may be hard to say,
 The path too dark to see,
 But holding fast Thy pierced hand
 I cannot go amiss;
 Until I reach the Unseen Land
 By faith I'll walk in this.

Guide me, dear Lord, by Thine own eye,
 In every step I take;
 So shall I feel Thee always nigh,
 And live for Thy dear sake.
 And looking up to Thee, my Guide,
 Thro' darkness or thro' light,
 May I in trustful faith abide
 Till faith is lost in sight.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.



The Problem of the Rural Community.

Experiments That Failed—The Way to Rural Reformation.

By Rollin Lynde Hartt,

Author of "A New England Hill Town" and "The Regeneration of Rural New England."

When the hill farmers of Western Massachusetts want to frighten little children they tell them that Rollin Lynde Hartt will get them. I know this because a hill-town parson, lately run out of his parish (the farmers put cats in his well!) came along the other day and told me so. He and I, you see, are not loved in the hills. Shall I tell you why? In my own pet hill town I made three wicked though futile attempts to establish a village improvement society; I tried to start a travel club; I tried to bring good books into the town. No wonder the natives regarded me as a dangerous man. Defeated in all my dark designs, I came out of that miserable village and published a diagnosis of its degeneracy, prescribing the social settlement as a remedy. But mind you, I didn't call the village by name, and I drew my characters and my local color from several villages and made of them a composite picture. Then, in defiance of my copyright, the one particular village began to pose as the "Sweet Auburn" of my Atlantic papers, and talked favorably of tar and feathers.

But a worse man than I—because a more determined—is this parson fellow. Going with missionary intent to the vilest of decayed villages, and remaining there three years and more in the face of the most sickening circumstances, he labored arduously to uplift his degenerate parishioners. He even tried to build up the town by inducing people to come and rehabilitate the abandoned farms. But when the natives saw the ruined houses repaired and the tumble-down barns rebuilt and the town's population increasing, a vast distress of soul came over them all. Degenerates love degeneracy; they loathe change; they are staggered by the merest suggestion of progress; so the parson was forthwith marked for decapitation. The villagers waited their chance, which came when the parson preached against the church lottery—a sacred institution by which his salary was raised. This was indeed a superb opportunity, for the parson read from the pulpit the anti-lottery laws of Massachusetts. His people replied with dead cats, and the parson sought fresh fields and pastures new.

From these pleasant circumstances I trust you will draw the logical conclusion. The degenerate village—with its diminishing population, its increasing poverty, its abandoned farms, its gross immorality, its appalling percentage of idiots and deformed persons,

and its fatalistic contentment with things as they are—is not to be redeemed by the mere efforts of an abstract philanthropy or abstracted philanthropists. No, you must get power in such a village—power that the villagers can't shake off—if you are ever to accomplish anything.

The intellectual life of the rural hamlet, you will learn, is directly proportional to its material prosperity. The chief educator, the church, gets just what it is able to pay for. Cut down the minister's salary, and in place of a cultured, wide-awake, stimulating preacher you get a "graduate" of some training school or a green boy or a dotard. So with the schools. That scandal of modern civilization, the little red schoolhouse, is a direct result of rural poverty. Its ignorant teacher—incapable of giving decent instruction or even of making the schoolhouse anything but a seed-plot of moral corruption—will never be replaced by a better until there is money to pay a better. The comical village library—if the village has a library at all—will, unless economic conditions improve, continue to be stocked with the cheapest books obtainable. And travel, which fills the mind with new ideas and gives it new standards of comparison and a broader outlook on life, is quite out of the question when a whole community is tied to the cow's tail. You will find country people of advanced years who have never been beyond the horizon visible from their own doorstep.

The lack of any sort of travel has a worse effect than merely cramping the mind; it also works harm to the physical organization of a rural community. Having practically no interests and almost no acquaintances outside the little village, young people marry within the home circle, and so small is that circle that the same families intermarry, generation after generation, till a melancholy brood of idiots, deaf-mutes, and deformed persons makes its appearance. Make the villages rich enough to afford good roads, to induce the trolley companies to extend their lines and patronize the railroads that already exist, and you will remove the prime cause of inbreeding, which is isolation.

A further problem comes up when you see how pitifully ugly country life is. The church is bare and forbidding. The town hall shabby, the schoolhouses beautiful, and the homes as dull without as they are vulgarly cheap and tawdry within. Fences, barns and horse-sheds blaze with the glaring advertisements of quack medicines. Even rocks or the face of some splendid cliff is similarly disfigured. Nobody cares how hideously he dresses. A general slackness prevails—old carts standing in dooryards, broken tools littering the driveway, tin pans and shattered pottery strewn hither and yon. Indeed, the sheer ugliness of a decayed village adds by contrast a meretricious glamour to the city and serves as an incentive—another incentive where incentives already abound—toward bolting away to town. Hence the crying need for a village improvement society. Start one, then, and when you have made your rural hamlet the prettiest in all the countryside, see if the change won't act with the other changes to check the outgoing tide of population and to invite newcomers. Start one, I say, but don't try to start one till you have begun to relieve rustic poverty by providing profitable employment. My own experience may serve as a very illuminative example. I announced a mass meeting to found a village improvement society. Result: Three little boys and six little girls assembled in the town hall. I tried again. Result: One little boy, two little girls, and a crusty old gentleman came together; the old gentleman indulged in a furious tirade against the village storekeeper, who "was the worst nuisance, disfigurin' this hear taown an' throwin' empty boxes all 'raound." The little children repeated the speech in various quarters. Again I tried. Result: Large attendance, composed of embattled farmers—the retainers of the crusty old gentleman lined up against the retainers of the village storekeeper; society organized and officers chosen, amidst much glowering and frowning; but when it became evident that each member must pay an initiation fee of fifty cents, the society promptly disbanded. You see I had begun at the wrong end, showing the burghers how to spend their money before I had shown them how to earn it. My parson-printer is wiser; he has taken the mule by the muzzle, whereas I had taken him by the tail.

And I confess I am not a little proud of this metaphor of the mule. It fits. For sheer, beastly, accursed stubbornness there is no match (except the mule) for a degenerate village.

But still there is hope. Plenty of normal children are grow-

ing up in the most degenerate of rural communities. Scarcely anywhere is there wanting a considerable element of adult ability, manifesting itself in rare manual skill and pronounced clarity of mind. New industries will find ready hands. Abandoned farms can be reclaimed and a soundly scientific agricultural awakening begun. Money-making is possible and money-making will beget ambition. Forge your own fortune, and you slough off your fatalism. Let a business man like my printer-parson come into the decayed country town and offer it money for labor and a new era will open. At first the people will hate him, but as long as they can get money out of him they will keep his well clear of cats. For years he will do little talking about reforms—he will simply enforce them by dint of his commercial power. He will teach improvement by improving. By and by, when prejudice and enmity are overcome, he will find himself not only the industrial, but also the intellectual, moral, social and religious leader of a radically regenerated and rejuvenated community. Meanwhile he will have earned an honest living and attained an enviable position of pecuniary independence.

Boston, Mass.



A Neglected Channel of Reform.

By Adelia Cobb.

Among the many suggestions now being offered as to the responsibilities of the rich in their use of surplus wealth we find a leading periodical pressing the claims of Civil Service Reform as one of the most useful causes now appealing for furtherance to the American people.

It is not pointed out by what means munificence might best aid this noble reform, but to the student of history a possible channel is suggested by an incident in connection with the English slave trade.

In the year 1785 Thomas Clarkson, a Cambridge student, intended for the Church, was assigned by the Vice-Chancellor the subject of the slave trade for a prize essay. Young Clarkson's interest during the necessary research in preparation was so thoroughly aroused that he threw aside his plans for the Church and dedicated himself, heart and hand, to the overthrow of this great evil. Almost single-handed at first, he later associated with himself Wilberforce and others, and rested not until, after twenty years of seemingly hopeless effort, the victory was won and the slave trade on English soil was a thing of the past. A task assigned, the resultant research, an awakened conscience, and there was given to the civilized world a moral impulse which shook it free from the most iniquitous traffic of the ages.

Is it not possible that as a prize essay hastened the overthrow of the slave trade, a prize essay might likewise hasten the overthrow of that trade in spoils which is breeding corruption throughout the length and breadth of our land?

The Clarksons are not dead. There are young men of today, American-born, clean of hand, stout of heart and with purpose as lofty as any that have prompted the great reforms of the past, who stand with eager gaze looking out into the future. Rightly interest them in problems of government—hold out incentives, if we will, and we cannot doubt the result.

Already do we discover a hopeful sign of help from such source in the recent gift to a New England college of a fund providing for a yearly prize to that member of the senior class writing the best essay on the duties of Christians to the Government. The thoughts of young men in one college, at least, will thus be turned to the Christian scholar's political duties, and so far may hasten the day of purer government. But the subject chosen in this particular instance, while important, is still possibly too broad to secure that earnest study along the line of administrative reform which might prove more productive of practical results. The narrower the subject the deeper must the student delve if he would win, and to direct the thoughts of young men into such channels as shall lead to best results for the nation is one of the high privileges of colleges and university authorities. Our institutions of learning may send out brilliant scholars and Christian gentlemen, but unless at the same time they send out young men who are consciously weighted with the duties and responsibilities of citizenship they have largely failed.

Civil service reform is a subject preeminently fitted to awaken a sense of personal responsibility for community weal, and few

fields of study offer more abundant and interesting literature to the ambitious and earnest student.

It is a subject which, more than any other, is likely to stimulate that spirit of patriotism, which recognizes our country's greatest danger, not in foreign foe and hostile fleet, but rather in the enemy which lurks within her borders—a patriotism which ranks a lonely civic courage above that which answers to the bugle's call and which regards indifference to corruption as scarcely less an evil than corruption itself—in short, a patriotism which makes one willing to live as well as to die for one's country.

The young man who carries with him into active life this spirit of higher patriotism is, in a large measure, safeguarded against that selfishness which leads to participation in politics for personal gain on the one hand, and that cowardice which, on the other hand, counsels avoidance of active citizenship on the part of the irreproachable man, lest his fair name be besmirched.

There is a crying need not only for Clarksons who will lead, but for young men in the ordinary walks of life who, thankful for their country's glorious past and intelligently hopeful for her future, will frankly acknowledge her weaknesses and her sins and will resolutely set themselves to the task of performing quiet, and, if needs be, obscure service in combating the one and overcoming the other.

Nor will young men thus minded become easily discouraged. Taught by enlightened study of the past, they will realize that "nations are long results," and will give patient, persistent effort, content that those who come after them shall reap the reward of their labors.

To this noble and surplus wealth may well lend itself in offering to those about to leave college halls material inducement to study such problems of the day as shall best fit them for the cares of State which the morrow will commit to their charge.



The Pulpit Prayer.

By Rev. Alexander Hall.

Without question, prayer is the most important part of public worship. "My house shall be called the house of prayer for all people." Thus, this use of God's house seems to overshadow all else. But a service with the common congregation would convince the observer that few ministers, and very few people, so regard it. Now and then a person bows the head on entering the holy place but the majority give no such sign of devotion, even during the pulpit prayer. Perhaps the fault is in the pulpit, for if the minister allows the people to feel that his prayer is merely one part in a decorous preliminary exercise, the praying spirit will not prevail in the congregation. Hence, the pulpit prayer should be different, in many respects, from the ordinary personal prayer, and yet it should help enlarge and enrich all personal and social prayer.

In the first place, the pulpit prayer should be very reverent. "This is none other but the house of God," "Ye shall reverence my sanctuary." "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit." The piling up of long and high-sounding titles is no evidence of reverence; neither are expressions of extreme unworthiness on the part of the worshiper. Indeed, a true reverence needs no direct mention. It will reveal itself and give a tender, subdued tone to every sentence of this holy exercise. But as soon as the minister loses this sense of God's presence and majesty and holiness he ceases to pray, losing his hold on God, and the people can always tell, or feel, whether he is really talking with God, or framing beautiful sentences for their ears.

Besides destroying the prayer itself, this felt absence of reverence in the pulpit leads the people to regard prayer as, in all respects, a mere literary exercise, and thus its real purpose and character are not seen; and, being on all sides a human act, it is easily neglected and may as well be. Thus a lack of reverence in the pulpit prayer tends to destroy all prayer.

Again, the pulpit prayer should be very sympathetic. The minister prays not so much for himself as for the people and with the people. Our High Priest accepted the common experiences of men so that he might be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and every high priest is taken from among men so as to be able to have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way, for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity. Every minister is, in a modified sense, a priest, and the common-

ness of his nature and experiences and an intimate knowledge of the life of the people should enable him to make their case his own as he leads them to the throne of grace.

It is not the preacher but the pastor who is prepared to offer the pulpit prayer. It is the man who gets nearest the people and knows most of their common and peculiar temptations and sorrows who is prepared to lead them nearest to God. In his prayer at the dedication of the temple, Solomon never forgets the people, and, though the occasion was great and special, it did not incite him to cold and lofty rhetoric, but his thought and heart were with the worshipers, those present and all those who, in the future, should come to that house of prayer or look toward it in time of trouble. The prayer of Christ with his disciples is one of surpassing tenderness, and it finds its preparation and inspiration in their past intimate fellowship and their coming separation. How necessary, then, that all who are called to render this sacred service should cultivate an intimate knowledge of the heart and life of the people and great tenderness of heart in themselves.

To fit himself for this supreme service the minister must be at home with his people, knowing them personally and causing them to know that in all his social attentions he has their highest welfare in mind. Then, when he comes before them in public worship, they will know that they are in his thought, and they will give him their hand and heart and enter with him into the holy place while he talks with God for them.

The pulpit prayer should also be comprehensive. The purpose of this prayer is not to meet the wants of the people then present only, but also to teach them and help them to take a larger list of persons and objects into their own daily and social prayer. The pulpit prayer will not be any less, but rather more, spiritual by being comprehensive and instructive, and there is no way in which the prayer of the people will be so enlarged and enriched and their benevolent impulses so quickened as by the view they get of the needs of the world through the pulpit prayer of larger vision and tender sympathy. Pulpit prayers have been heard that had no reference to any person or any object outside the building in which it was offered. The families there represented, the 14,000 in that city who never enter the house of prayer, the cause of education, our President, and all in authority, the disturbed and alarming condition of our country, the present crisis among the nations, the various benevolent enterprises, etc.—none of these things were named, and, when the people went away, the world was no larger and the kingdom of God had no more interest to them than when they came. Here is a great loss of opportunity and an evident overlooking of the divine purpose in this service. The minister is a watchman; he sees afar and see things the people do not, and in the pulpit prayer he should share his vision with the people that they may partake of his enlargement and inspiration.

Of course, all the common elements of prayer, such as penitence, confession, faith, etc., should enter into the pulpit prayer, but because they are common they need no mention here.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.



Nature and Science.

Agriculture and Manufactures in the United States.

Of the entire agricultural output of the world, the United States gives 23 per cent., Russia 15 per cent., Germany and France each 12 per cent. For every American agricultural laborer the output is valued at \$900, for Frenchmen \$580, for Germans \$510. The average American farmer cultivates 44 acres, while the Frenchman has 13 and the German 8. The European output per acre is, however, about double our own. We make one-fifth of the cotton cloth of the world, one-quarter of the woolen, 27 per cent. of the linen, 46 per cent. of the paper, about 30 per cent. of the glass. Thirty-four per cent. of the iron ore of the world comes from our mines, and 34 per cent. of the pig iron from our furnaces; 37 per cent. of the steel is produced here. Germany produces about two-thirds as much steel, Great Britain about two-thirds as much pig iron, and half as much steel. Of manufactured goods the United States produces about 34 per cent., Great Britain 15 per cent., Germany 12 per cent., and France 11 per cent. The American artisan is extraordinarily efficient. His annual output

is worth \$1,900, while the Frenchman produces \$650 yearly, the Englishman \$485, the German \$450. We produce 29 per cent. of the world's coal (Great Britain 27 per cent.), and 43 per cent. of the petroleum, 31 per cent. of the gold, 33 per cent. of the silver, 56 per cent. of the copper, one-quarter of the lead, 29 per cent. of the quicksilver, one-quarter of the zinc and 39 per cent. of all mining products. We have 200,000 miles of railway, which is 40 per cent. of the world's mileage; and the tonnage of our vessels is 38 per cent. of the total. The earnings of the United States are 32 per cent. of the total, those of Great Britain 14 per cent., of Germany 12 per cent., of France 11 per cent. Our imports are only 8 per cent. of the total imports of the world, our exports greater than those of any other country.



International Congress of Americanists.

The thirteenth annual session of the International Congress of Americanists will be held at the Museum of Natural History in New York from the 20th to the 25th of October, 1902. Communications may be verbal or written and can be presented in any modern language, but must not be over thirty minutes in length. The general subjects of discussion are to be:

I. Relative to the indigenous races of America—their origin, distribution, history, characteristics, physical characters, languages, inventions, customs and religions.

II. Relative to the history of the earliest contact between America and the Old World.



Overcrowding in London.

A committee of the London County Council has recently studied the question of overcrowding, based on the census of 1901. Ten years previously, in 1891, 831,668 persons were living in 145,844 lodgings of less than five rooms, giving an average of 2.99 persons per room. In 1901, 726,096 persons were living in 124,773 dwellings of less than five rooms, giving an average of 2.88 persons per room. In 1891 there were 308,918 dwellings of five rooms or more to the population of 1,889,475, or 6.11 persons per dwelling. In 1901 there were 347,516 dwellings of five rooms or more to a population of 2,086,752, or 6 persons per dwelling. On the whole, then, the figures show a slight improvement in the situation.



Science Notes.

Of petroleum in 1891 the United States produced 62 per cent. Russia 38 per cent. of the total, while in 1901 the United States produced 38 per cent. and Russia 62 per cent. The situations were exactly reversed in ten years.



According to the London *Lancet* a sure way for keeping eggs fresh consists merely in greasing the eggs the moment they are laid and before they have cooled. This procedure is so successful that eggs so treated are said to be as fresh to the taste when weeks and even months old as they are when eaten an hour after being laid. Try it!



The beet-sugar production of the world in 1901-02 was 6,825,000 tons. Germany leads with 2,295,000 tons; Austria, France and Russia follow next with 1,320,000, 1,200,000 and 1,060,000 tons respectively. The cane-sugar output was in 1901-02, 3,530,000 tons. Cuba produced 800,000 tons; Porto Rico, 80,000; Brazil, 235,000; Java, 720,000; United States, 450,000; Peru, 120,000; Hawaii, 340,000.



Some attention has been paid to estimating the forest riches of the Philippines. Estimates of the size of the great forests in those islands differ all the way from 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 acres. Six hundred species of trees have already been enumerated; some of them attain a height of 150 feet, and from them are extracted gum, rubber, gutta-percha, dyes, oil, tan bark, textile substances and medicines of various kinds, besides timber.



The year that has just closed has been very remarkable for deficiency in the supply of rain, the precipitation having been nearly twenty-nine inches short of the average. The amount that fell during the year was only a little more than one-third the usual annual amount. Of course, the hope is that during this incoming year the earth may receive more moisture and the harvests be more abundant. Especially are we to seek for larger outpourings of spiritual power from on high and larger spiritual harvests on earth.



Professor Loeb's experiments in artificial parthenogenesis are most interesting. He has been able to develop eggs of *Chaetopterus*, an annelid, into free-swimming larvæ by placing them in solutions which cause them to lose water. Potassium chloride solutions and hydrochloric acid when added to the sea-water have been found effective in causing the eggs to develop. The artificially developed larvæ, it is said, did not differ from those produced by natural fertilization, and it was concluded that the processes of segmentation are a function of the constitution of sea-water.

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for June 8, 1902.

The Council at Jerusalem.—Acts xv, 22-33.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free."—Gal. 5, 1.

ORIGIN AND RESULT OF THE COUNCIL.

This chapter is one of great importance, treating of a question and its results which decided that Christianity was intended especially for all men instead of being a mere sect of Judaism, a religion of a party, or any one nation. The chapter opens with the occasion and origin of the Council at Jerusalem, and narrates the journey of the delegates from Antioch, and their reception by the Jerusalem church. Peter, Paul, Barnabas and James, our Lord's brother, take special part, and matters are adjusted in a measure pleasing to the whole church. The results are embodied in a letter sent to Antioch by Paul, Barnabas, Judas, Silas and others, and are highly satisfactory there. After a time Paul and Barnabas propose to return to their missionary work, which gives occasion to a dissension between them regarding Mark, and results in Barnabas going to Cyprus, and Paul starting on his second tour through Syria and Cilicia.

DECISION OF THE COUNCIL PROCLAIMED.

The will of God was now so clearly manifest in reference to the reception of the Gentiles, that all opposition was silenced, and it remained only to adopt the proposition of James. Then pleased it the apostles and the elders with the whole church, to send chosen men of their own company, or rather, having chosen men from themselves, to send them to Antioch, etc. And they wrote letters by them to be taken to Antioch. They sent greeting—"hail, wish you joy." This was the usual formula of salutation in Greek epistles. "To the brethren which are of the Gentiles in Antioch and Syria and Cilicia," implying Gentile converts, and probably churches in all those regions. We here get a glimpse of some of the unrecorded labors of the Apostle Paul. While at Antioch, both before and after his first missionary tour, Paul doubtless extended his labors and planted churches in Syria and earlier than this, he probably on his return to Tarsus, made converts and gathered churches in Cilicia.

THE LETTER SENT.

The letter opens formally, as in Luke I, and first gives a reason for the writing: "Forasmuch as we have heard that certain who went out from us—in Jerusalem, being members of the church there—subverting your souls, that is, unsettling your minds by false teaching, saying 'Ye must be circumcised and keep the law,' to whom we gave no such commandment." They had come from the church at Jerusalem and had taught, and had probably claimed authority from the mother church. They had thus troubled or disturbed the brethren at Antioch with their words, unsettling their souls with doubts regarding the method and conditions of salvation. But the assembled church at Jerusalem, with their leaders in conference, openly disavow their authority. Paul calls them "false brethren." Gal. 2, 4. "It seemed good, being assembled with one accord"—or rather, having become of one mind, implying some difference of views and discussion. There would be no significance in this statement that the Church had assembled together, but much in the fact that it had reached a unanimous conclusion.

PAUL AND BARNABAS HONORED.

Our beloved Barnabas and Paul. This phrase is not an unmeaning compliment, but a strong indorsement of their characters against the maligning of the Judaizers. It is noticeable that the order of the names as in verse 12, is the same as that which was used before Paul became the most prominent of the two, and as they would naturally be regarded at Jerusalem at this time. In this the accuracy of Luke as a historian, is manifest. Men who have hazarded, or literally have given up their lives. In their consecration and their will they were martyrs, though as yet they had not laid down their lives. They had, however, given them to be spent or sacrificed for Christ if needs be. The inference is, that such men deserve in the fullest measure the confidence and honor of their brethren. It was no small matter in those days to be a disciple of Christ. Did the same conditions prevail in our midst to-day, how many would continue their Christian profession. Doubtless, there would be fewer professing Christians, but how much more earnest and faithful would the Church at large be.

DIRECTIONS AS TO WHAT WAS REQUIRED.

In introducing the reasons which had led to their conclusions, they say: It had seemed good to the Holy Spirit. They had been guided throughout by the Spirit to an authoritative and unanimous conclusion. The apostles were inspired men, as Jesus had promised, and it seemed good to them as it had in the direction of the Holy Spirit to lay upon the Church no greater or further burden than these necessary things—made necessary under the circumstances and the times, coming as they did in contact with the heathen world and with Jewish society. It was necessary that they should be separate and pure from the one and not give offense to the other. The matter of the injunction which is according to the advice given by St. James, in order to avoid giving offense to the Jews was not to eat anything that they knew had been offered in sacrifice to an idol, but look upon it as though clean in itself, yet thereby polluted to them. This prohibition was afterward in part taken off, for they were allowed to eat whatever was sold in the shambles or set before them at their friend's table, though it had been offered to idols, except when there was danger of giving offense by so doing.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE APOSTLES.

While they express themselves with all tenderness, it is not without something of authority that what they wrote might be received with proper respect and deference paid to it. It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us, that is to us under the conduct of the Holy Ghost, and by direction from him. Not only the apostles, but others, were endowed with spiritual gifts extraordinary and knew more of the mind of God than any since those gifts ceased can pretend to. Their infallibility gave an incontestible authority to their decrees, and they would not order anything because it seemed good to them but that they first knew it seemed good to the Holy Ghost. When the Holy Ghost descended upon the apostles, he endowed them with the gift of tongues, in order to their preaching the gospel to the Gentiles, a plain indication of God's purpose to call them in. When the Holy Ghost descended upon Cornelius and his friends, upon Peter's preaching, it was plain that Christ designed the taking down of the Jewish pale within which they fancied the Spirit had been enclosed. After enumerating the restrictions, the letter closes with the usual formula: "Fare ye well."

RESULTS OF THE COUNCIL.

One negative result on the side of Paul and Barnabas was that Titus, a Gentile believer, was not compelled to be circumcised. Another negative result on the side of Jewish Christians was that they were left just as the council found them. Nothing was commanded and nothing was forbidden in regard to their relation to circumcision and the Mosaic law. They were at their pleasure to observe it strictly as thousands of the Jewish believers did, or more loosely, as Paul often did. Yet, while the question seemed now to be settled, it was not long before Judaizing teachers were enjoining circumcision on Gentile converts. Against these Paul had to contend during his whole active missionary career, as is evident from his Epistles, especially that to the Galatians. The fall of Jerusalem and the destruction of the temple had a most weakening power upon the Judaizing party. The subsequent terrible overthrow of Bar-chocheba, "the son of the star," about A. D. 135, crushed out Judaism in Palestine. The church at Jerusalem now ceased to be the church of the circumcision.

THE MESSAGE RECEIVED.

When these messengers were dismissed, had had their audience of leave of the apostles, no doubt dismissed with prayer and a solemn blessing in the name of the Lord, than they came to Antioch. They stayed no longer at Jerusalem than till their business was done, and then came back and doubtless met at their return by "them that brought them on their way at their setting out." When they had gathered the multitude of the disciples, constituting the church at Antioch, they delivered the epistle to the proper representatives of the church, doubtless to the pastor or pastors, which when they—the "they" here refers generally to the company that returned to Antioch, but especially to Judas and Silas, the messengers sent to deliver the epistles to the church at Antioch—which, when they had read, they, that is the multitude, rejoiced for the consolation which the contents of the letter gave them. Their anxiety regarding the Judaizing faction was appeased. They rejoiced that the stand which Paul and Barnabas had taken was approved, and that their Christian liberty was respected and secured.

Up-to-Date Points of View.¹

An Ancient
Library.

It is stated that arrangements are being made at Oxford for the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the opening of the Bodleian Library. Bodley's work was begun in 1598, and for more than two years he devoted himself to the task of providing accommodation for the books. On June 25, 1600, Bodley informed the Vice-Chancellor that, the mechanical work being nearly completed, he had begun to collect books and had provided a register for the names of all benefactors, with particulars of their gifts. During the years 1600, 1601 and 1602 upward of 2,000 volumes were received. The library was opened on November 8, 1602 (the day appointed for the annual visitation), by the Vice-Chancellor.

Adam Historically
and Allegorically.

We have heretofore noticed that *The Congregationalist*, in commenting on the refusal of certain Presbyteries to license two young men to preach because they could not believe the Biblical story of Adam to be historical, made the statement that it did "not know of a professor of Old Testament literature now teaching in any theological seminary of the Presbyterian Church who claims that the story of Adam and Eve in the first two chapters of Genesis is literal history." *The Advance* claims that this assertion was "made without any inquiry into the facts." *The Congregationalist*, on the other hand, finds plenty of professors who do believe, or at least are ready to admit the possibility of the Adamic legend. *The Independent*, itself an advocate of the theory that the historicity of the first chapter of Genesis is not proven, noticing this statement, sent it, with an inquiry in regard to its correctness, to Prof. Robert D. Wilson, D.D., who holds the chair of Old Testament Criticism in Princeton Seminary. The following reply was received: "I have never known, nor do I now know, a professor in any Presbyterian theological seminary who has claimed or thought that the story of Adam and Eve in the first two chapters of Genesis was not literal history. You are at liberty to make any use of this answer that you may think best."

We have here two distinguished doctors of divinity, one of whom does "not know a professor in any Presbyterian theological seminary" who believes the Adamic story other than literal history, and the other does not know of one who *does* so believe! This is quite as incredible and puzzling to the common mind as the Biblical narrative itself.

More About
Father Adam.

DEAR CHRISTIAN WORK—In your paper of May 10th, a certain writer makes this statement: "There is no occasion why the Genesis record should be taken literally." But to those of us who are merely common-sense readers, and not scholars, there appears to be a difficulty in reconciling Paul's statements in Romans and Corinthians, and elsewhere, with this assumption; for it is purely an assumption without positive proof, e. g., Paul says, in I Tim. 2:13, "For Adam was first formed, then Eve." Where is there anything like allegory in this statement of Paul? It certainly reads like a plain statement of fact; and there ought to be very clear and strong reasons for refusing to accept it as historical.

Also Genesis declares that Adam was "made in the image of God." Why should not the statement, the declaration in Genesis that Adam was "made in the image of God," be as truly an historical fact as the declaration of James that men now are?

Again, Paul says, in Rom., 5:12: "By one man, sin entered into the world." This Paul states as an historical fact.

Also Paul says that Adam was a type of Christ. How could he be a type, if he never had any real existence?

In the account in Romans also a comparison is made between the respective influence of Adam and Christ on the human race. Now, if the work of Christ was a real work, why is not that of Adam?

This is the way common, uneducated men are compelled to understand the Scriptures. Do we know they are certainly wrong? Where is the proof? E. W. C.

Wireless
Telepathy.

Noticing the various curious instances given in your "up-to-date points" lately, I wish to add an experience of my own. Up to a certain recent date I had never been honored by the visit of a real burglar, and, therefore, had no practical knowledge of the business. To be sure, I had a theory—for what thinking man hasn't?—often a large and generous supply, perhaps, too.

They might not always apply as well as had been expected when the critical moment arrived to put them in use, but in the light of recent experience I am quite convinced it is advisable to be provided liberally with theories, even if sometimes they do prove a misfit.

What I had deemed a most symmetrically constructed and, as I had fondly hoped, useful theory, was that, if a burglar should ever fairly succeed in introducing himself into my sleeping room before I had time to protect myself I should quietly and calmly, without undue fuss and agitation, and without ruffling his temper unnecessarily, await events.

This idea, of course, was based upon a supposition that my guns or other paraphernalia of offense and defense were safely stowed away in a duly locked bag or sideboard, or something so inaccessible as to render it impossible for me to reach without opposition from the burglar, who would doubtless take offense when he divined my evident intention of securing a weapon to his injury and damage.

Prudence, you will observe, is an important factor in this theory. Prudence also is the better part of valor, as has been tritely remarked by people of experience, and so the major part of this theory has an element of safety about it that ought to commend it to the prudent mind.

It so happened that in the instance I am about to relate the burglar had entered my room about 3 o'clock in the morning, when I was soundly sleeping. By some sort of mesmeric influence or wireless telepathy, induced, as it certainly seems to me, by the magnetism of a big, burly villain near the bed, I had a startling dream at that moment, in which I saw a scowling rascal standing over me, and as he pointed a revolver at my head, he whispered: "You stir now or attempt to raise an alarm and I will immediately blow your head off."

And How
It Worked.

It was at this juncture that my pet theory seemed to loom up conspicuously as a measure of relief. I did not shout or alarm others in the house, of whom there were several, but just concluded to await events. Up to this point I had evidently been dreaming, but at that moment a noise of some object falling to the floor fully awakened me to the facts of the situation. I had still the vivid dream of a threatening burglar in mind, but without any special feeling of alarm, looked about the room, which was dimly lighted by a gas-jet turned low, but saw nothing, the burglar, as it later appeared, having crouched down at the head of the bed and out of my line of vision, which position I do not now regret his having taken.

My trousers containing my money hung on the bedpost. In detaching these he had probably jostled some object to the floor, which was what I heard as it struck.

My revolver was in a bureau drawer on the opposite side of the room. I was quite well aware I could secure this only at the risk of my life, and so, thinking the matter over on the lines of my best theory, concluded to await events.

This philosophical study of the moment continued until I became drowsy, and, absurd as it may seem, went to sleep again. It was three or four hours later when I awoke to find my clothes, with such valuables as they contained, missing.

The "gentleman" magnanimously left the garments which he got on a lower floor, after sorting from the pockets such articles as he deemed most useful to himself, and took his departure as he had entered—by a rear window. I am quite sure that, had it not been for my well-developed theories, which induced, like "Br'er Rabbit," the plan of "laying low," I should have done something foolish, and either the burglar or myself got hurt—probably myself. Do I believe in wireless telepathy? Well, yes!—sometimes.

¹ This department is an open court in which, numbered alphabetically for convenience, will be found original "Up-to-Date" items, short articles, news, facts and opinions of our own and other people. We especially welcome letters, comments and opinions from any source, and upon any subject of real interest. The responsible source of information for each "Point" other than our own will be given in every case. In the above these authorities are as follows: c, Rev. E. W. Cook, 170 Putnam ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; d, e, A. L. Thomas, in *New York Times*.



MAP OF MARTINIQUE.

The Windward Islands.

Martinique and St. Vincent.

By Rev. Joseph Newton Hallock, D.D.

By consulting the map in our last issue (page 801) the reader will notice the exact location of this now noted group of the West Indian Islands. The maps we have prepared for this week show particularly Martinique and St. Vincent, upon which the wonderful volcanic eruptions have lately taken place. Mont Pelée gave ample warning, as it began its mutterings months ago, but, so little seemed to be there to disturb scientific minds, that, on the day before its final eruption, a scientific commission assembled in St. Pierre to study its phenomena, and, under the chairmanship of the Governor, M. Mouttet, announced that the city, the next day to be wiped from the map, yards deep under cinders and ashes, was in complete security. This announcement was made after the scientists had examined the relative positions of the craters and the valleys. They thought that if the eruption should come the valleys would carry the lava away from the city and into the sea. Many citizens were thus thrown off their guard and were sacrificed, who would otherwise doubtless have escaped.

Strange to say, following immediately upon the Mont Pelée eruption, that of a "quiet" volcano on St. Vincent startled the world with its record of sudden death. Then came the news that other volcanoes in various parts of the world were threatening, and the people living in the neighborhood of each of these now active fire mountains are terror-stricken.

A description of the eruption of Mont Pelée on that fateful May 8th last, from an eye witness, reminds one of Sir Robert Ball's vivid account of the happenings in the Straits of Sunda in August, 1883.

Over St. Pierre the sun rose clear on May 8th. The wind was blowing to the westward, and to the north Mont Pelée was smoking. Shortly before 7 o'clock a huge white column belched

from what was apparently a new crater on the smoking mountain. It looked like steam and gas, and the new vent appeared to open up a wide rent from the top to the bottom of the mountain. The outbreak caused a frightful panic among the inhabitants of the doomed city at its base, and they fled toward the seashore, uttering frightful screams in anticipation of what was to follow. A terrible groaning was heard from Mont Pelée about ten minutes before 8 o'clock, and a minute later a gigantic mass of thick, impenetrable black smoke poured out of the crater and fell with frightful rapidity upon St. Pierre. In a very short time the whole city was a mass of ruins.

The quiet harbor was violently agitated, and everywhere was heard the sounds of falling masts as vessels were seen to overturn and sink or burst into flames. The cries of the doomed on shore and afloat lasted but a few minutes, when the stillness of death fell upon the city and harbor. Nothing remained of St. Pierre except vast heaps of smoking ruins, resembling a great furnace. Here and there, in open spaces, large numbers of partly burned and asphyxiated bodies could be seen lying on the ground.

The Island of Martinique in reality consists of three volcanic piles or groups of piles, from the summits of which radiate deep gorges and knife edges. Two of these at the north and center of the island are subcircular, dissected pyramids, while the third, which makes the southern end, is a ridge from which there are many craters. Of these three features, known as Mont Pelée, Carbet and the Caraïbe, respectively, the two latter were oldest in age, and have never in the memory of man exhibited the least sign of activity.

Mont Pelée, at the northern end of the island, is practically a great cone, standing about 10,000 feet above its base, and about half submerged beneath the waters of the ocean. The portion above the water level is about eight miles in diameter and surrounded on three sides by water. To the southeast the lava thrown in ancient times from this cone had coalesced with that from Carbet, making a neck of land which united them. Thus it will be seen that, notwithstanding the apparent topographic complexity of Martinique, Pelée may be considered separately as a typical single volcanic cone.

St. Lucia, lying between Martinique and St. Vincent, is one of the largest of the volcanic groups, as well as having the magnificent harbor of Castries, which England has been fortifying for years with the aid of its ablest royal engineers. This island has one of the largest and most threatening volcanoes of the whole group. This, too, is known as Little Soufrière. This summit, some 4,000 feet above the sea, has a deep crater lined with deposits of sulphur, the fumes of which constantly rise from the eruptive matter in its depths in a state of fusion. Many hot springs are found throughout the island and one of the streams of sulphurous water flows through an old French estate.

Although these islands are of volcanic formation, no explosions



THE LUXURIOUS VEGETATION OF THESE TROPICAL ISLANDS.



IN THE SUBURBS OF ST. PIERRE.

have occurred within the memory of man upon any of them, with the exception of St. Vincent, which is the only island of the group in historic time that has been known to suffer from volcanic explosions. Its Soufrière (sulphur crater) is situated near the northern end of the island, and the present eruption is the third which has taken place in historic times. It is a single island, with no outlying rocks or inlets. It is seventeen miles long and ten miles broad, with an area of 131 square miles, and a population of nearly 50,000 people. A ridge of mountains passes along the middle through its whole length, the highest of which, the Soufrière, is at the northern extremity. Its scenery is slightly different from that of the other Caribbees. There are many extensive open views—slopes and valleys—while vast areas of more recent cinder and lava indicate that later volcanic action has taken place.

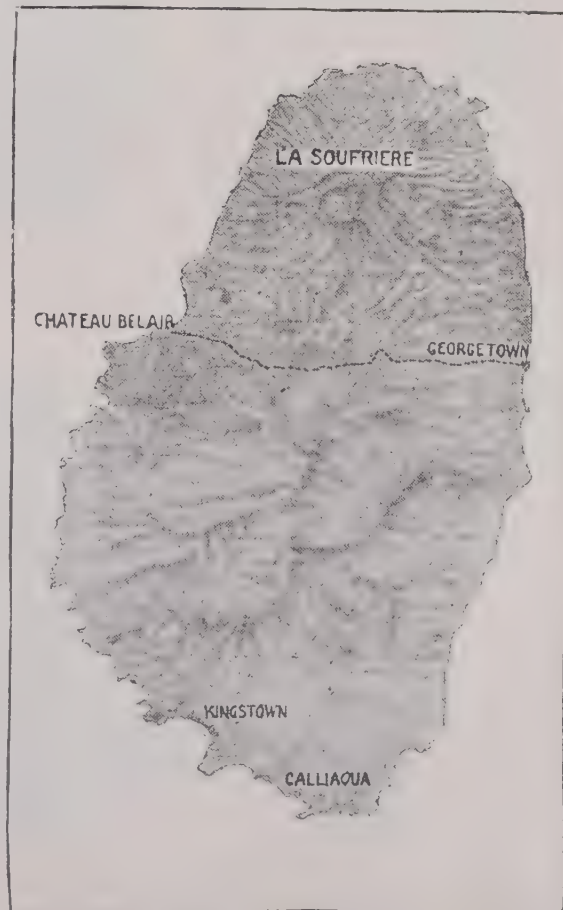
The island culminates in the vast crater of Morne Garon, which was the scene of a tremendous eruption in 1812, when the earthquakes which for two years had terrified the West Indian region and the South American coast, culminated in an explosion, which was a most devastating and far-reaching cataclysm, being rivaled within recent years only by the explosion of Krakatoa in the Straits of Sunda. In Caracas 10,000 people were buried in a single moment, and ruin was wrought along the entire line of the Andes by earthquakes accompanying the event. The Soufrière of St. Vincent vomited vast clouds of dust, which darkened the sun for an entire day and spread over a hundred miles of sea and land. This eruption changed the configuration of the island and destroyed its eastern end. The crater formed at that time was a half mile in diameter and 500 feet deep, and was a beautiful lake, walled in by ragged cliffs to a height of 800 feet.

Kingston, the capital, with about 8,000 inhabitants, is on the southwest side, the town stretching along a lovely bay, with mountains gradually rising behind in the form of an amphitheater. Its red-roofed houses and a few fine stone structures show picturesquely through the palm groves. Behind these are the Governor's house and botanical buildings, overlooking the town. Three streets, broad and lined with good houses, front the water. On these are stone buildings occupied as a police station and Government stores. There are many other interesting highways, some of which lead back to the foothills, from which good roads ascend the mountains.

Mr. Frederick A. Ober, well known to the readers of *THE CHRISTIAN WORK*, by his many contributions to this journal, and who has visited these islands frequently, is authority for the statement that the northern part of St. Vincent, being mountainous and

unfit for the cultivation of cane, was set aside for the Carib Indians, and that this was confirmed by treaty when the English took possession of the island. When, however, it was discovered that the arrow-root could be profitably cultivated on the slopes of the hills and in the many fertile pockets along the ravine-scarred ridges of the great volcano, their reservation was gradually encroached upon, until they were finally compressed within the confines of two rather restricted regions between the great Soufrière, or sulphur mountain—the volcano—and the northern coast. There was a colony of "Yellow Caribs" at Sandy Bay, on the northeast coast and a colony of "Black Caribs" on the northwest, at Morne Ronde. The distinguishing differences between the "yellow" and the "black" Caribs were mainly those brought about by a greater or less admixture of negro blood, originally, it is said, from a cargo of Africans wrecked on the coast about 200 years ago. Like the Creeks and Seminoles of Georgia and Florida, the Caribs fraternized freely with the black men and admitted them to share their tribal and family institutions. The original Caribs were of a bright yellow hue, like yellow bronze, and a few families yet exist who have preserved their blood from contaminating influences and show the pristine complexions of their ancestors.

It seems now probable that all the north country of the island, being the part designated in the cut herewith by a line drawn from Georgetown to Chateau Belair is devastated and the inhabitants destroyed. This means the practical extermination of a very interesting tribe or family of Indians. Although it is probable that the number of the killed is exaggerated, being given as more than 1,500, about one-fifth of this number would represent the total Indian population, there being no more than three or four hundred on the island. The "Carib country," as it was called, of St. Vincent included nearly all the districts in the north in which the soil was either too thin or the surface too rugged for the cultivation of the great staple of the West Indies—sugar cane. It has been often stated that the people of the United States, when our pioneers came into contact with the Indians of the frontier, took all the good lands for themselves and gave the red men the remainder. How false this is we who have been in the Indian Territory and seen the accumulated wealth of the noble red men there can aver; but whether this be so or not, in the Lesser Antilles the white men practiced this policy centuries ago. First the Spaniards, in Cuba,



MAP OF ST. VINCENT.



VIEW IN PLACE BERTIN, ST. PIERRE, LOOKING EAST.

Jamaica, Hayti and Porto Rico; then the French and English, in the southern or volcanic islands of the Lesser Antilles. Anyway, the Indians of the Greater Antilles were long ago exterminated, after first being deprived of their lands, and only a miserable remnant of the Caribs of the lesser islands remains in existence to-day. There are between 200 and 300 Caribs now living in the island of Dominica, north of Martinique, and, as stated, about as many were until recently living in St. Vincent. Statements have appeared to the effect that there are Caribs in Martinique and St. Lucia, but these statements are not true. Of all the millions of Indians discovered by Columbus, his contemporaries and immediate successors, in the islands of the West Indies, no descendants remained on earth save these forlorn remnants of a once great family in the two islands of Dominica and St. Vincent, and of these we may now suppose that nearly all have perished by this great disaster.

We have before referred to the great eruption of Krakatoa, which took place in the Straits of Sunda nearly a score of years ago and of Sir Robert Ball's vivid description of that wonderful event. This was in 1883 and at that time less was known than at present about volcanic forces. Of this particular eruption, which convulsed the known world, the effects only were known to a few mariners who happened to be out that moment navigating the Straits of Sunda between Sumatra and Java. The symptoms of the approaching catastrophe were plain. In his description, Sir Robert states the facts as seen by eye witnesses. He says:

"With successive convulsion a quantity of fine dust was projected aloft into the clouds. The wind could not carry this dust away as rapidly as it was hurled upward by Krakatoa, and accordingly the atmosphere became heavily charged with suspended particles. A pall of darkness thus hung over the adjoining seas and islands. Such was the thickness and the density of these atmospheric volumes of Krakatoa dust that for a hundred miles around the darkness of midnight pre-

veiled at midday. Then the awful tragedy of Krakatoa took place. Many thousands of the unfortunate inhabitants of the adjacent shores of Sumatra and Java were destined never to behold the sun again. They were presently swept away to destruction in an invasion of the shore by the tremendous waves with which the seas surrounding Krakatoa were agitated.

"As the days of August passed by the spasms of Krakatoa waxed more and more vehement. By the middle of that month the panic was widespread, for the supreme catastrophe was at hand. On the night of Sunday, August 26, 1883, the blackness of the dust-clouds, now much thicker than ever in the Straits of Sunda and adjacent parts of Sumatra and Java, was only occasionally illumined by lurid flashes from the volcano. * * * At the town of Batavia, a hundred miles distant, there was no quiet that night. The houses trembled with the subterranean violence, and the windows rattled as if heavy artillery were being discharged in the streets. And still these efforts seemed to be only rehearsing for the supreme display. By 10 o'clock on the morning of Monday, August 27, 1883, the rehearsals were over, and the performance began. An overture, consisting of two or three introductory explosions, was succeeded by a frightful convulsion which tore away a large part of the island of Krakatoa and scattered it to the winds of heaven. In that final effort all records of previous explosions on this earth were completely broken."

This supreme effort it was which produced the mightiest noise that, so far as we can ascertain, has ever been heard on this globe. It must have been indeed a loud noise which could travel from Krakatoa to Batavia and preserve its vehemence over so great a distance; but we should form a very inadequate conception of the energy of the eruption of Krakatoa if we thought that its sounds were heard by those merely a hundred miles off. This would be little, indeed, compared with what is recorded on testimony which it is impossible to doubt, and which in the case

CARIB NATIVE IN WORKING DRESS.
From the north of St. Vincent.

PLANTATION IN THE SUBURBS OF ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.



A TYPICAL LANDING AT THE WINDWARD ISLANDS.
The above represents the West Dock at the Harbor of St. Pierre.

of the late explosions of Mts. Pelée and Soufrière in the Windward Islands has been verified.

Robert T. Hill, of the United States Geological Survey, divides the West Indian Islands into four classes: The Bahamas, which at their surface, at least, are coralline in origin and largely made up of the débris of polyp skeletons which have been blown into numerous hills and dunes. The Greater Antilles (Cuba, St. Domingo and Porto Rico) are mostly composed of floated sediments bordered by coralline formations. The Windward Islands consist of two parallel rows, the western row of which is volcanic and the eastern composed of lime and other sea-made débris; and, lastly, the volcanic groups consist of eleven conspicuous islands and a group of 600 separate rocks, constituting the islets called the Grenadines, lying between Grenada and St. Vincent. Some of these islands, like Little Saba, consist of a single volcanic cone with a crater, while others, like Dominica and



NEGRESS IN 'OLD MARTINIQUE COSTUME.
A characteristic type—(see below).

Guadeloupe, are composed of a dozen or more without vents.

With all the boasted knowledge of the twentieth century, representing the consummation of thousands of years of human history, there are still some phenomena in the great universe which so conspicuously bring to man a feeling of ignorance that he seems appalled at the problems before him. One of the subjects concerning which we know least and which thousands of human minds have endeavored to interpret, is that of volcanism embracing the origin and nature of volcanoes, earthquakes and similar phenomena.

Summing up what man knows about this subject is as follows:

The earth was at one time a molten mass. In the process of cooling and shrinking there has developed a cool, solid crust and a hot interior. Furthermore, whether this interior is solid, liquid or viscous no one can tell, but it must be intensely hot. We know that temperatures generally increase with depth as far as determined by the artificial scratches which man can make into the surface. We know that the original crystalized crust of the hot globe under influences of weathering for ages, has been wearing away and deposited as sediments around the margins of the ocean. These sediments long accumulating are heavy and make weight where they are deposited.

From physics we know that the earth is constantly shrinking. There are then two forces which may make local earth movements, the change of load at the surface and the shrinking of the globe. Earth movements or earthquakes may produce fissures through the cool, solid crust. The water of the aqueous envelope may penetrate these fissures and come in contact with the intensely heated undersphere. Every one knows the effect of pouring water on a red hot sheet of iron, and it is not difficult to imagine the explosion which would result from letting in an ocean of water upon the heated underworld.



Mulatto Girl. Negro Woman. A Native Carib Woman. Franko-Carib Woman.
TYPES OF CARIBBEAN WOMEN—MARTINIQUE AND ST. VINCENT.

The Christian Life

The Heavenly Advocate.

By Rev. W. J. Mosier.

Paul says that "Christ has entered into heaven now to appear in the presence of God for us." This appearance before God is confident, bold and glorious. It is not in self-abasement, nor as a sin-offering, as when He appeared on earth, but in the conscious strength and dignity of one who has fought and won the battle; who has finished his work; who is accepted by his God. The prelude of this appearing we have in the glorious scene on the Mount of Transfiguration, and in the triumphal entry into Jerusalem. There, in the glory which no man hath seen, nor can see, surrounded by millions of the heavenly hosts, hymning His praises and eager to do His will; there in the presence of the high and holy and just God, he appears on our behalf; there he ever lives to make intercession for us.

In the great day of atonement once every year the high priest entered the holy of holies, not without blood, to offer sacrifice for all Israel. Imagine the awful suspense and eager longing of the thronging multitude outside, as they listened for the sound of the tinkling bells on the high priest's garment, while he is out of sight, to prove that he is alive in the presence of God, and making acceptable sacrifice in their behalf. Imagine their eager gaze, their breathless fear, as they strain their eyes to see him returning alive from that most holy place, where no other man ever dared to enter. Could he approach into the presence of God and live? Could he make sufficient atonement for them? Or would he be smitten with death, and all the people likewise. For such a purpose our great high priest has ascended into the heavens, there to appear in the presence of God for us, on our behalf. But no fear need possess any child of God, nor any sinner who puts his case into the hands of that great advocate. Those pierced hands and feet, that pierced side and thorn-crowned brow, is an effectual prayer, a perfect offering for every son and daughter of Adam who will accept it.

A respectable business man in one of the towns of England was steady, skilful, sober, prosperous, philanthropic and respected, but he was an infidel. He was too upright, in his own estimation, to need a Saviour. Thus he drifted along through life till he was suddenly smitten with a stroke of paralysis. He was laid upon his bed, uttering one mournful cry, "I am going—I don't know where." For forty-eight hours this dreadful sentence proceeded from his lips, with frightful rapidity and force, till his strength became exhausted. His last words were uttered slowly and with difficulty, "I am going—going—I—don't—know—where." Such an awful experience need never be necessary if men would believe in the sacrifice and intercession of Jesus Christ. Such will have the hope of the life that now is, and that which is to come. They will have God on their side, and one with God is a majority. They will exclaim "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Abiding in Him, their prayers will be answered; they will have power with God and power with men. One of our

own number went to a college town with only \$5 in his pocket. He told the president he had come to take a four years' classical college course. The president pitied him, but said, "You will never be able to do it, sir." He trusted God, and did his best for self-support. He led his class all through college, and graduated with \$100 in his pocket.

"My Father is rich in houses and land,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hand;
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, He hath riches untold."

Christ's appearance in the presence of God means for all who will avail themselves of His priestly ministry, salvation, sanctification, support, power for service, the life more abundant, and finally an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom.



Christian Conversation Corner.

By Mary Elizabeth Sweetser.

In general all wish to go to heaven because they desire to be happy, for is not the word heaven a synonym for a future place of greatest bliss? Perhaps we can judge somewhat of our Christian character by the nature of our anticipations of the joys of heaven.

The pleasures of heaven are described in God's word in two ways—negatively and positively. We are told the inhabitants "shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat"; that "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither any more pain." "And there shall be no night there," and "no more sea," the symbol among the ancients of separation. How very alluring to sad and suffering men and women the picture is!

I was much impressed, a long while ago, by the answer a lady made to her companion, who had uttered some remark in regard to her troubles and cares, and expressed a longing for the heavenly country where they would cease. The answer, quickly given, was to this effect: "Don't think it is religious to want to go to heaven to be relieved of earthly trials." Just here let us ask, What is it to be religious? Is it not to have right relations with the Supreme Being—God? Can any thought, or conduct, which leaves this out be called religious?

Is it then not right for us—for Christians—to look forward to freedom from physical ills from which we now suffer? Surely a description of heaven would not have included and particularized the absence of these, had it not been intended that we should be incited to patience by the sure hope of a life beyond where they no longer will fetter and annoy. While here, like Paul, we need to struggle constantly to "keep" the "body" "under," and to "war against" the "flesh in which dwelleth no good thing"; "for we in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." Shall we not, with Paul, likewise gratefully anticipate the time when we shall be "absent from the body?"

But is this our only reason for desiring a home in heaven? Certainly not. Let us look in the Scriptures and find what are some of the positive joys we have reason to expect there, and another week we will talk of the chief of these.

(Address all letters for this department to Miss Mary E. Sweetser, Christian Conversation Corner, THE CHRISTIAN WORK, 86-90 Bible House, New York City.)

The Home Life

Reason and Faith.

Faith came and found a broken heart.
She bound and healed the riven part,
And beckoned Joy until she came
And kindled faggots into flame,
Till Night forsook
The citadel her wrath had shook.

Reason, too, found a wounded heart.
She tore the wound a bit apart,
And beckoned to Despair, who came
And wrote in blood her lurid name;
Then darkening Night
Put out Hope's last, lone star of light.

SUMMIT, N. J.

GEO. KLINGLE.

The Spoiled Child.

By Ina Brevoort Roberts.

This article is not meant as a plea, nor even as an excuse, for the spoiling of children, but it is a protest to parents against spoiling a child and then blaming him for being what he becomes through his parents' mistakes.

We hear, in these days, a great deal about the ingratitude and lack of respect of American children toward their parents. That the parents themselves are to blame in most instances cannot be denied by any one who will take the trouble to study the cause of this state of affairs. When fathers and mothers realize that lack of discipline comes nearer to cruelty than to kindness, we shall have fewer children who have not learned to respect old age and who do not know the beauty of the Fifth Commandment.

The mistake most parents make is in being too unselfish. Unselfishness in a parent, carried beyond a certain point, encourages selfishness in the child.

Fathers and mothers work and save and deny themselves for the benefit of their offspring, consoling themselves with the hope that when the little ones are grown their reward will come; but it too often happens that when the sons and daughters reach the stage where it is possible for them to make life easier for their parents they have become so accustomed to seeing father and mother "doing without" that they never even realize that this condition of affairs ought to be reversed. The one argument in favor of boarding-schools for children whose parents are living is that in them a child learns to take his chances with other children. At home his parents love him whether he is cross and surly or sweet-tempered and affectionate; at boarding-school he soon discovers that if he would be loved by his teachers, he must be lovable; if he would win friends among his companions, he must show himself friendly.

It is not fair to a child whose parents have allowed him to grow up selfish that the world should blame him because he is so; but the world does just that. It is too busy to probe below what we seem to be to learn what we are, and when it finds a man or a woman who is selfish, who expects too much of it, it does not argue the matter—it simply lets that man or that woman alone.

This is why parents should look beyond the present moment in dealing with their little ones. We all desire for our children, when they shall have become men

and women, happiness, success, power. Shall we not, then, do all we can to fit them to fill the positions we crave for them? Do we not all know people whose power to control others is lost through inability to control themselves?

The greatest kindness we can do the little ones who may owe the happiness or the misery of their after lives to our direction of their earlier years, is to instill into them that mastery of self which is the foundation of a well-balanced nature, and without which no man or woman can attain to a high degree of development—physically, mentally or morally.—*The Household*.



When It Rains.

Dislike of a rainy day shows bad training.

Abominate the saying, "I am afraid it will rain!"

Create no prejudice against rain, but help the very young to see its beauty, as it patters on the window-pane. Teach the child to watch a window plant grow, bud and blossom. Fail to water the plant, see the earth harden and crack and see the plant shrink, unnourished and afraid it will not rain. Shower discreetly, setting the jar in water to revive the plant. Then teach how the grass, grains and fruits are lost to us without rain. This may be one of the first lessons in the study of Nature.

A rainy afternoon, with the children all indoors, should be a holiday, with some clever "grown-up" at their service, setting them to work.

Make molasses candy, while children crack nuts for the very reasonable treat. Have a soap-bubble match. Provide scissors and let them cut up old magazines; boys can fill scrap-books, little girls choose paper dolls from fashion plates, paste them upon stiff paper and paste folding card upon the back of each one to make it stand well in society.

Have a web-party; attach a thread to some table leg, then, spool in hand, unwinding as you go, walk upstairs and down, out of one room through another, hitching the thread here and there, criss-crossing it about door knobs and rockers. When one child is chosen to take the spool, and wind thread as he walks back to the starting point, why, there is a frolic worth keeping for a rainy day.

Take five napkin-rings and make a *diving belle*. With a little patience, distending the hips, they will hold a napkin-ring against the closed teeth. Next slip a ring over each ear; then open the eyes very wide and carefully adjust a ring in each socket—careful not to laugh and lose all.

This trick was first shown us in old Winchester, England, but children and their parents laugh just as merrily in New York over the grotesque diver.

Another amusement calls for teaspoon and tablespoon, perhaps others of various sizes. Wind about the handle of each the middle of a yard-long cord; knot it to prevent spoon slipping. Take the ends of the cord and wind around a finger of each hand, stand before a table, put a tip of the cord finger in each ear, stopping it completely. Then lightly swing the cord, so that the suspended spoon strikes the edge of things of different material—a goblet, a bowl. Let some one else strike the spoon with knife, ladle, etc. A small spoon rings to the closed ear like a dainty bell, while a tablespoon is like a church bell, with its lasting sound, deep, dying slowly away. These are two dining-room plays for children of all ages.

Do, dear fathers and mothers, do anything to prevent a rainy day from becoming a bugbear.

The Children.

What Saved Susie.

Miss Susie went paddling one beautiful day,
And a Jelly-fish spied her afar;
"How dare she come close, with her horrid bare toes!"
He cried, "I will go and tell Ma!"

"Or, stay, I have thought of a beautiful plan,
I will place myself under her feet,
And then as she stands on me on the sands
I will sting her, for vengeance is sweet."

But Fortune is kind to the gentle and good,
And she frowned at that imp of the sea;
He found out, too late, that he'd rushed to his fate,
For Susie wore sandals, you see!

LITTLE FOLKS.



The Flickers at Home.

By Mrs. F. M. Howard.

Madam Flicker was quite in style that year. The human people were moving, and great vans stood before many doors on the Avenue, and the Flickers moved also. No one knew just where they came from—that was their secret—and if there were gossips among the bird people, no doubt they discussed the matter fully.

The sparrows fluttered about in the great old maple where the Flickers were moving in, in a perfect fever of curiosity. *They* were old residents, they would have you know, and had raised brood after brood in the sunny corner of the gable roof of the cottage, and had been chased by the same hungry Thomas cat for ages of bird life, and they felt quite patrician.

The Flickers were a fine appearing couple, there was no question about that, and the richness of the velvet crescents they wore marked them as birds of fashion, and their voices had a note of authority quite impressive to the sparrows, who really had no voices at all worth mentioning. Never a leopard wore a skin more beautifully spotted than their plump breasts, and, like the lining of a lady's opera cloak, their wings and tails were lined with golden velvet which, flashing in the sun when they flew, gave them the name of Yellowhammers.

"Really those birds seem to feel quite above us," chattered Mrs. Sparrow, in her thin voice, "but whatever they are doing in the top of that old dead branch is more than I can see. Such a tap, tap, tapping as they do keep up is deafening, to be sure."

"Some new kind of game they're playing maybe." Sir Sparrow strutted up and down a limb with a wise air. "It's quite the thing to play games now-a-days, and, of course, they want to be in it, if it's fashionable."

"Well, for my part, I'm kept too busy caring for the family and dodging the cat to take up new fads," cried Mrs. Sparrow, spitefully, "but there they come," and her curiosity got the better of her tongue, as the Flickers began a lively rat-tat-tat on the old tree, making the chips fly in a shower to the ground below, to the amazement of the watching sparrows.

The new family were objects of interest to more intelligent observers than the sparrows, however, and every day the young girl who lived in the cottage came out with her opera-glass in hand to observe the busy Flickers. She was a bird lover, and this was her first opportunity of studying the Yellowhammers at close range.

She had read of their curious ways of nest-building, but it was a very different matter to watch the process, and see the little round hole in the tree grow bigger and deeper from day to day, while the chips lay under the tree like big snowflakes.

It was amusing to see Madam Flicker dive into the hole headfirst, tap, tap, tapping furiously for a bit, then pop out her head, her bill filled with chips, which she threw out in a flying shower. Where she could store away so many at once was a mystery.

They grew accustomed to being watched, and would dive in and out of the nest quite unmindful of the old gentleman in the dressing-gown, or the mother of the girl whom they knew by her white hair, otherwise the building would have gone but slowly, for the whole family were interested in the operation.

The nest grew so deep at last that not a bit of Sir Flicker's tail appeared above the opening while he tapped, and the chips quite covered the ground beneath. Then the tapping ceased, and it was current gossip among folk and fowl that Madam Flicker was sitting.

The curious sparrows used often to perch on the edge of the nest and peer in at the mother bird, whose long bill sometimes shot up at them with a most unneighborly jab.

"Mean old thing; she feels too big to associate with us," said Mrs. Sparrow, angrily. Her breast was sore yet from the prick of the resentful bill.

"Served you right," scolded Mr. Sparrow. "You wouldn't like it to have her come peeking into your nest," and then they flew at each other, the silly birds, and had a regular family disturbance.

There were four young Flickers soon after, and such hungry fellows as they were, too. How they did eat, and the parent birds were on the wing the most of the time, and it was not long before four little heads with long bills could be seen, craning out of the nest and falling for food. It was a comical sight to see the young things fed.

Madam Flicker would appear, perch on a near bough, as if resting after a long flight, a fat worm in her bill, four little bills upturned and begging eagerly in the nest. Then she would put her own bill into the young one's throat and shake it, as a terrier shakes a rat.

One after another she would serve in this way, her throat filled with food, apparently, as she had filled her bill with chips when building the nest. The pity of it was that the bird babies were never satisfied. After breakfast was served they began crying for dinner, and nearly all day long their hungry voices were heard calling for refreshments. It was no wonder the mother shook them well when she did come.

The white-haired lady and the girl with the glass watched very closely to see the young Flickers come out of the nest and learn to fly, but they were too quick for them. Quite likely Madam Flicker coaxed them out very early in the morning while the cats were taking their early nap, for not a trace of them was seen by the watching family, the nest was deserted and silent, and the sparrows were free to dodge in and out at their pleasure.



A Robin Story.

By Anna D. Walker.

Cock-robin plumed his thick, brown coat,
And took a sip of dew;
And sweetest songs gush'd from his throat,
All in the morning new.

And soon a robin, browner still,
Upon a twig close by,
Piped forth a little answering trill,
And hung her head, quite shy.

"Will you, will you wed with me?"
Cock-robin sang again.
And he was happy as could be
To hear the answering strain.

And soon a cozy nest was made,
And then, oh, joy to see!
Four tiny eggs were in it laid,
And robin sang a glee.

He told the news with trill and shout,
Till every songster knew.
And from their nests they hastened out
To greet with song the two.

And when they came—the chirping young—
Away cock-robin flew,
And in exulting notes he sung
The leafy woods quite through.

And then again he sought the nest,
And sang in joyous flow,
Each songster thinks their own the best,
But ours are best, I know!



"Upon a Twig Close By."

OUR POST-OFFICE.

INTERESTING STORIES.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 8, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I am six years old. I can't write, but I can print. I have a dog called "Teddie," but I did not name him after our President. I like to hear stories and my auntie tells nice ones. I don't go to school yet; mamma teaches me at home. Mamma helps me spell my words. My hand is getting tired, so good-bye.

MAURICE AVERY.

Well done, for a little six-year-old! I didn't have the least trouble in reading this letter and I am proud to put it in our post-office. I fancy auntie tells you some nice bed-time stories, and I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Sandman got round sometimes before she was through.

A FREQUENT VISITOR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 6, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I would like to be one of your grandchildren. I come round your chair every week, for we take your nice paper. I live on the Park Slope and I go to the Park a great deal. It is lovely there now. It will soon be Anniversary Day; it does not come till the 6th of June this year. I hope it will be a pleasant day. School will soon close and then for a nice, long vacation. I will look in your post-office for this letter.

Your loving grandchild,

SADIE H. CASTLEMAN.

Here you are, Sadie, and now you will feel that you really and truly belong to grandma's family. I presume the reason for postponing Anniversary Day to so late a date this year is on account of the uncertainty of the May weather. It is just as well to wait until the dear old Quaker friends have gone home, for they are credited with bringing the rain, you know. It is too bad to have the naughty showers come and spoil the new dresses and gay ribbons and the pretty banners. June is such a gracious queen that she is more apt to smile than Mistress May.



"But Ours Are Best, I Know."

PING-PONG.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 7, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I hope you will let me come around your chair. Papa has taken your paper a long time. I live near the lake and near Lincoln Park. I think this is a pretty city. Wonder if you have ever been here? I go to school; I passed all my examinations and was promoted. I take music lessons and am getting along nicely, my teacher says. I belong to a ping-pong club. It meets every Saturday. I think it is great fun. Can you play ping-pong, grandma? Please don't forget to print this letter.

Your affectionate grandchild,

BELLA E. SILLCOCKS.

It is a pretty big city, at any rate, and I must admit that there are many beautiful avenues and boulevards in Chicago. Up where you live, on the north side, it is particularly inviting, I think, and, being so near the lake, makes it very pleasant in summer. "Ping-pong" seems to have made itself a favorite everywhere; it is quite amusing and entertaining. I believe I could learn to play the game, but, then, how would it look to see such an old lady jumping around trying to hit the balls, and how would my old, rheumatic limbs stand it? I think it best to leave such active amusements to my grandchildren.



UP IN THE APPLE-TREE.

WARWICK, N. Y., May 3, 1902.

Dear Grandma—We live on a farm and it is very pleasant in summer. My little cousin comes from New York City and spends her vacation here; we have very nice times. I have some cunning little chickens and I have a pet squirrel. I have a nice play-house in a field back of the house, and my brother has fixed a platform in a big apple-tree and made a pair of stairs to go up to it. It is really nice to sit up there in the shady branches. I would like to be in your family and I hope you can make room for me. We take your paper and papa says it ought to be in every home. I must close now, as I have to go and feed my chickens.

Your loving grandson,

RALPH B. YOUNG.

I wonder what the birds think of their little neighbor? By this time they understand that you are their friend, I fancy, and that they need not fear that you will molest them or allow their nests to be robbed. And, maybe, they treat you to a concert occasionally. The little city cousin is getting impatient for her visit to begin, I've no doubt. Any one, big or little, who can spend the summer in Orange County is to be envied. Grandma thinks it is about the prettiest county in the State.

Our best respects to papa and we thank him for his good opinion of THE CHRISTIAN WORK.



THE CRUISE of

By Frank T. Bullen
First Mate

The CACHALOT



CHAPTER XXVII.

PORT PEGASUS.

The wind still holding steadily in the old quarter, our skipper got very restless. He recalled his former exploits, and, firing at the thought, decided then and there to have a trip round to Port Pegasus, in the hope that he might meet with some of his former good luck in the vicinity of that magnificent bay. With the greatest alacrity we obeyed his summons, handling the old barky as if she were a small boat, and the same morning, for the first time, ran out of the Straits to the eastward past Ruapuke Island. Beautiful weather prevailed, making our trip a delightful one, the wonderful scenery of that coast appealing to even the most callous or indifferent among us. We hugged the land closely, the skipper being familiar with all of it in a general way, so that none of its beauties were lost to us. The breeze holding good, by nightfall we had reached our destination, anchoring in the north arm near a tumbling cascade of glittering water that looked like a long feather laid on the dark-green slope of the steep hill from which it gushed.

We had not been long at anchor before we had visitors—half-breed Maoris, who, like the Finns and Canadians, are farmers, fishermen, sailors and shipwrights, as necessity arises. They brought us potatoes—most welcome of all fruit to the sailor—cabbages, onions and “mutton birds.” This latter delicacy is a great staple of their flesh food, but is one of the strangest dishes imaginable. When it is being cooked in the usual way, *i. e.*, by grilling, it smells exactly like a piece of roasting mutton; but it tastes, to my mind, like nothing else in the world so much as a kippered herring. There is a gastronomical paradox, if you like. Only the young birds are taken for eating. They are found, when unfledged, in holes of the rocks, and weigh sometimes treble as much as their parents. They are exceedingly fat; but this substance is nearly all removed from their bodies before they are hung up in the smoke-houses. They are split open like a haddock, and carefully smoked, after being steeped in brine. Baskets, something like exaggerated strawberry pottles of the old conical shape, are prepared, to hold each about a dozen birds. They are lined with leaves, then packed with the birds, the melted fat being run into all the interstices until the basket is full. The top is then neatly tied up with more leaves, and, thus preserved, the contents will keep in cool weather an indefinite length of time.

Captain Count was soon recognized by some of his old friends, who were delighted to welcome him again. Their faces fell, however, when he told them that his stay was to be very brief, and that

he only required four good-sized fish to fill up. Inquiry as to the prevalence of sperm whales in the vicinity elicited the news that they were as plentiful as they had ever been—if anything, more so, since the visits of the whalers had become fewer. There were a couple of “bay” whaling stations existing; but, of course, their success could not be expected to be great among the cachalots, who usually keep a respectful distance from harbors, while they had driven the right whales away almost entirely.

No one could help being struck by the manly bearing, splendid physique and simple manners of the inhabitants. If ever it falls to the lot of any one, as I hope it will, to establish a sperm-whale fishery in these regions, there need be no lack of workers while such grand specimens of manhood abound there as we saw—all, moreover, fishermen and whalers from their earliest days.

We did not go far afield, but hovered within ten or fifteen miles of the various entrances, so as not to be blown off the land in case of sudden bad weather. Even with that timid offing, we were only there two days, when an enormous school of sperm whales hove in sight. I dare not say how many I believe there were, and my estimate really might be biased; but this I know, that in no given direction could one look to seaward and not see many spouts.

We got among them and had a good time, being more hampered by the curiosity of the unattached fish than by the pugnacity of those under our immediate attention. So we killed three, and by preconcerted signal warned the watchers on the lofty points ashore of our success. As speedily as possible off came four boats from the shore stations, and hooked on to two of our fish, while we were busy with the third. The wind being off shore, what there was of it, no time was to be lost, in view of the well-known untrustworthiness of the weather; so we started to cut in at once, while the shore people worked like giants to tow the other two in. Considering the weakness of their forces, they made marvelous progress; but seeing how terribly exhausting the toil was, one could not help wishing them one of the small London tugs, familiarly known as “jackals,” which would have snaked those monsters along at three or four knots an hour.

However, all went well; the usual gale did blow, but not till we had got the last piece aboard and a good “slant” to run in, arriving at our previous moorings at midnight. In the morning the skipper went down in his boat to visit the stations, and see how they had fared. Old hand as he was, I think he was astonished to see what progress those fellows had made with the fish. They did not reach

the stations till after midnight, but already they had the whales half flensed, and, by the way they were working, it looked as if they would be through with their task as soon as we were with ours. Their agreement with the skipper was to yield us half the oil they made, and, if agreeable to them, we would take their moiety at £40 per tun. Consequently they had something to work for, even though there were twenty of them to share the spoil. They were a merry party, eminently good tempered, and working as though one spirit animated them all. If there was a leader of the band, he did his office with great subtlety, for all seemed equal, nor did any appear to need directing what to do. Fired by their example, we all worked our hardest; but they beat us by half a day, mainly, I think, by dint of working nearly all the time with scarce any interval for sleep. True, they were bound to take advantage of low water when their huge prize was high and dry—to get at him easily all round. Their method was of the simplest. With gaff-hooks to haul back the pieces, and short-handled spades for cutting, they worked in pairs, taking off square slabs of blubber about a hundredweight each. As soon as a piece was cut off, the pair tackled on to it, dragging it up to the pots, where the cooks hastily sliced it for boiling, interspersing their labors with attention to the simmering caldrons.

(Continued on page 841.)

TALKS OUT.

Doctor Talks About Food.

It is often the case that doctors themselves drift into bad habits of food and drink, although they know better, but doctors are human, you know, like the rest of us, but when they get into trouble they generally know better how to get out of it, and the “food route” is a common one among them.

Dr. H. Barber, of Laurel, Ind., concluded that coffee and badly selected food were the cause of his stomach trouble and his loss of weight from 184 pounds to 153 pounds, with nerves impaired and general nervous breakdown.

He did not give coffee up at once, but began the use of Grape-Nuts and says, “Within a month I could see a wonderful change had taken place due to the use of the new food. I decided to give up coffee and use Postum in its place. So regularly for a time I have been on a breakfast made up of Grape-Nuts, a little graham bread, and Postum Food Coffee. My weight has increased to 174 pounds, my stomach trouble has entirely gone and my mind is clear and vigorous as ever. Wishing you every success I beg to assure you of my warm appreciation of Grape-Nuts and Postum.”

(Continued from page 840.)

Their efforts realized twenty-four tons of clear oil and spermaceti, of which, according to bargain, we took twelve, the captain buying the other twelve for £480, as previously arranged. This latter portion, however, was his private venture, and not on ship's account, as he proposed selling it at the Bluff, when we should call there on our way home. So that we were still two whales short of our quantity. What a little space it did seem to fill up! Our patience was sorely tested, when, during a whole week following our last haul, we were unable to put to sea. In vain we tried all the old amusements of fishing, rambling, bathing, etc.; they had lost their "bite"; we wanted to get home. At last the longed-for shift of wind came and set us free. We had hardly got well clear of the heads before we saw a school of cachalots away on the horizon, some twelve miles off the land to the southward. We made all possible sail in chase, but found, to our dismay, that they were "making a passage," going at such a rate that unless the wind freshened we could hardly hope to come up with them. Fortunately, we had all day before us, having quitted our moorings soon after daylight; and unless some unforeseen occurrence prevented us from keeping up our rate of speed, the chances were that sometime before dark they would ease up and allow us to approach them. They were heading to the westward, perhaps somewhat to the northward withal, to all appearance making for the Solander. Hour after hour crawled by, while we still seemed to preserve our relative distance, until we had skirted the southern shore of the island and entered the area of our old fishing ground. Two vessels were cruising thereon, well to the northward, and we thought with glee of the excitement that would seize them did they but gain an inkling of our chase.

To our great delight, what we had hoped, but hardly dared expect, came to pass. The school, as if with one impulse, hauled up on their course four points, which made them head direct for the western verge of the Solander ground, and—what was more important to us—made our coming up with them a matter of a short time. We made the customary signals with the upper sails to our friends to the northward, who recognized them immediately, and bore down toward us. Not only had the school shifted their course, but they had slackened speed; so that by four o'clock we were able to lower for them at less than a mile distance.

It was an ideal whaling day—smooth water, a brisk breeze, a brilliant sun and plenty of whales. I was, as became my position, in the rear when we went into action, and hardly hoped for an opportunity of doing much but dance attendance upon my seniors. But fortune fa-

(Continued on page 847.)

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism? Do You Have Bladder or Uric Acid Trouble?

Pain or dull ache in the back is unmistakable evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results are sure to follow; Bright's disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

The mild and the extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince any one—and you may have a sample bottle free, by mail.

Backache and Urinary Trouble.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root investigated by THE CHRISTIAN WORK, the one we publish this week for the benefit of our readers speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy.

DR. KILMER & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—When I wrote you last March for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, my wife was a great sufferer from backache, rheumatism and urinary trouble. After trying the sample bottle, she bought a large bottle here at the drug store. That did her so much good she bought more. The effect of Swamp-Root was wonderful and almost immediate. She has felt no return of the old trouble since.

F. THOMAS,

427 Best St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Lame back is only one symptom of kidney trouble—one of many. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are, obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times at night, inability to hold your urine, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, catarrh of the bladder, uric acid, constant headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, irregular heart-beating, rheumatism, bloating, irritability, worn-out feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families because they recognize in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy.

To Prove What SWAMP-ROOT, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder

Remedy, Will do for YOU. Every Reader of THE CHRISTIAN WORK

May Have a Sample Bottle Absolutely Free by Mail.

If you have the slightest symptom of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you free by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book of wonderful Swamp-Root testimonials. Be sure to say that you read this generous offer in THE CHRISTIAN WORK.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.



CHURCH CHANGES.

NOW IS THE TIME TO DISCUSS SUCH WORK, IN ADVANCE OF THE SUMMER VACATIONS.

Correspondence solicited. Send for Photographs of Important Work recently completed, showing the Parts to be executed by Local Labor and the Parts forwarded from New York.

J & R LAMB

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20,000 CHURCHES

Lighted by the FRINK System of Reflector with Electric, Gas, Welsbach, Acetylene or Oil. LICENSED to manufacture electric and combination gas and electric fixtures. Send dimensions for estimate. **I. P. FRINK, 551 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.**

The Housekeeper.

Clothes—an Important Subject

"There are few things in life so sustaining as the consciousness that you are looking your best. It gives pluck and fortitude in a crisis where spiritual grace often fails—to paraphrase a bit of Margaret Fuller's famous remark. When I'm certain of my prey or of securing the ends toward which I've set out, my costume is a matter of no particular concern. But if there's a stout foe to be assailed, I arm myself with discretion."—*The Gentlewoman*.

As the wardrobe of her family, as well as her own, must occupy much time and attention with every housekeeper, it may be well to consider the important subject for a few moments. We must confess to hesitating a little before even quoting the remark that a consciousness of being well dressed will give courage in a crisis where grace often fails. Yet it is easy to imagine one's giving more thought to externals and personal appearance on facing a crisis in every day affairs than would on the instant be given to spiritual consideration. We are firmly convinced, as doubtless are very many others, that any man or woman is greatly mistaken who allows the fancy to prevail that clothes in general "do not make much difference" as to the way that others regard us, or the impression we make upon the people we meet. It used to be remarked that people of superior intellects were very likely to be careless, or even negligent, in matters of dress, but a close observer at the present day would fail in most cases, we think, to note anything of the kind. The good taste of the world is advancing along with many other phases of social and personal improvement, and so easily are ready-made garments procured, or accurate patterns available, and so varied and becoming are all kinds of goods displayed in the stores, that there seems to be no excuse for anyone's presenting an untidy or really unbecoming appearance.

We deem this matter of dress to be one of no little importance in the home, as well as in company or on the street. And much as we may shrink from making the criticism, we yet must enter a word of protest against the too great indulgence which many good housekeepers allow themselves regarding their appearance in the morning or in the kitchen. Most emphatically in this connection we would say dress neatly and in accordance with your work. It always, to our mind, is a great mistake to do any cooking, washing or cleaning in any fabric but one that can be washed and nicely done up. The habit of using a waist that has once been a smart, handsome affair and relegating it to use in the kitchen is a serious offense against good judgment, for grease spots, or the ingrain of flour or other substances, in wool are exceedingly unsightly, not to say repulsive. If such materials must be utilized for morning wear, by all means use the large print or cambric aprons that

have a high front reaching to the collar.

Whatever may be said of the relative degree of neatness with men and women, certain it is that men greatly admire taste and neatness in the dress of women, especially those of their own households. We have known of more than one good husband who has looked with disapproval, not to speak, perhaps, more accurately, and say with hatred, at the crimpers and curl papers worn by wife and perhaps daughters at the breakfast table. They are never becoming, scarcely even a welcome sight, and after becoming soiled through use are a positive abomination. And although not to come under the appellation of "clothes," are yet something that is worn, and have much to do with one's looks and appearance.

Try, dear housekeeper, to make yourself attractive at all times in the eyes of your family. The mother's daily appearance is something that will be remembered in years to come. Have it worthy of the exalted place you occupy either in the parlor, at the table or in the kitchen. And let the costumes be appropriately considered.

A word about the children. Dress them becomingly. Spend a few more pennies a yard, if necessary, on the dress or on the hat, in order to have it fit the child, the size, the complexion, the whole general need. We have never forgotten, and are not likely to forget, the case of a little playmate of long years ago, who went away by herself and cried because obliged to wear unbecoming things, which, although new, were purchased because of their cheapness, and presented so different a look from the garments of her schoolmates that the sensitive child was made very unhappy; at the same time no unkindness was meant, and it was no doubt thought only foolishness on her part to be so "particular." We want the young people to be particular. It is proof of a fine nature to want fine and suitable clothing. Something desirable is lacking with the young person who is satisfied with anything that is to be worn, no matter how devoid of taste or ugly. Do not hesitate to consult the children about their suits or dresses. And if their hearts are set on having a kind of fabric, or special cut of a garment or dress, indulge them if you can. It teaches them to have a taste and ideas of their own. Let them have an idea as to prices. Taste and economy can go hand in hand. It harms no child to learn that quite early in life.

There is no mistake about it, women *do* like to look well, and there is a kind of assurance and confidence that goes with being nicely and handsomely dressed. What we want is, that this feeling should assert itself in the home and in that elevated, essential place—and elevated because so essential—the kitchen. Remember a cheap dress that will wash and can be kept always clean is worth half a dozen waists that have cost ten times the price of a "wash fabric" when it comes to the needed service of the housekeeper of a morning, or in the kitchen.

Bread for the Family.

By M. L. Palmer.

A spoonful of lard to a quart of flour with potato or compressed yeast, stirred to a stiff dough, properly raised and molded, will make spongy, moist, white bread.

We vary this rule with Indian meal (unbolted preferred), using one-third meal to two-thirds flour, omitting lard, adding one-half teaspoon salt, otherwise the same. Bake well in a hot oven until well done.

We also use rye meal—sometimes called rye flour—the same proportion, one-third to two-thirds white flour. To get best bread mix this with warm milk. It is excellent when warm and good for children's lunches. It makes nice sandwiches, also.

(Continued on page 843.)

COLLEGE COMPLEXIONS

Can Be Ruined by Coffee.

Nothing so surely mars a woman's complexion as coffee drinking. A young college girl of Hyattsville, Md., says, "I never drank coffee up to the time I went to college, and as long as you are not going to publish my name will admit that I was proud of my pink-and-white complexion, but for some reason I began drinking coffee at school and when vacation came I looked like a wreck. Was extremely nervous and my face hollow and sallow."

All my friends said college life had been too much for me. After questioning me about my diet, mother gave me a cup of strong, rich coffee at breakfast, although formerly she had objected to the habit, but the secret came out in a few weeks when everybody began to comment on my improved looks and spirits. She said she had been steadily giving me Postum Food Coffee and I did not know it.

My color came back, much to my delight, and I was fully restored to health. I will return to college without the slightest fear of losing ground, for I know exactly where the trouble lies.

Mother says the first time she had Postum made no one would drink it, for it was pale and watery, but the next day she did not trust to the cook, but examined the directions and made it herself. She found the cook had just let it come to the boiling point and then served it, and it was tasteless, but the beverage made according to directions, by proper boiling, is delicious and has a remarkable 'taste for more.' One cup is seldom enough for father now.

I have a young lady friend who suffered several years from neuralgia and headache, obtaining only temporary relief from medicines. Her sister finally persuaded her to leave off coffee and use Postum. She is now very pronounced in her views as to coffee. Says it was the one thing responsible for her condition, for she is now well and the headaches and neuralgia are things of the past. Please do not publish my name." Name can be given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

(Continued from page 842.)

The entire wheat flour bread also recommends itself to all who study food from the viewpoint of health, since the whole kernel of the wheat is used in this flour, and we are told by chemists contains all the elements of the human body. This bread is delicious and wholesome. I prefer to use milk for mixing, and fresh home-made potato yeast. No "shortening" of any description is used. The baking should be in an oven of good heat and until thoroughly done.

The rye and Indian loaf—brown bread—still holds place. This is in proportion of two-thirds Indian, one-third rye, mixed to a thin batter with warm water—not hot or boiling—a pinch of salt and a half teaspoon soda dissolved, and for Boston brown bread add a half cup of molasses; this is optional.

The old-fashioned recipe—baked in a brick oven on a "peel"—did not include molasses. It is quite worth one's time to vary their table in this way with different varieties of bread. It is no more work to make it after a little experimenting and quite welcome to most of the family, if not all.

Baby's Diary.

A unique and handsome publication wherein to record the important events in baby's life has just been issued by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson street, New York. It is not given away, but is sent on receipt of 10 cents.

DO THE RIGHT THING

at the right time. For all who suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Flatulence; for all who are tortured and sickened by Constipation; for all who have weak or diseased kidneys, Inflammation of Bladder or enlargement of the prostate gland, the right thing is to write immediately for a free bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It will be sent postpaid by return mail. The right time to do so is by the first mail after you read this. Any reader of THE CHRISTIAN WORK may have a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid by writing to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y. It cures Catarrh, Indigestion, Flatulence, Constipation, weakness and disease of the kidneys and Inflammation of the Bladder. Only one small dose a day does the work quickly, thoroughly and permanently. Perfect health and vigor are soon established by a little of this wonderful curative medicine.

Write for a free bottle and prove for yourself, without expense to you, the value of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine for the cure of your ailments.

Removal of Mason & Hamlin.

The headquarters in New York City of the old-established house of Mason & Hamlin, the well-known manufacturers of Pianos and Organs, will, after the first of April, be at 135 Fifth avenue, corner of 20th street. At this place they will be pleased to welcome all visitors. The reputation of the house has been built upon good workmanship and straightforward, honest dealing. Their organs and pianos are in use in all parts of the world. We are glad to take this opportunity of saying a good word for so excellent a firm.

Christian Endeavor.

Sunday, June 8th.—II Cor. xii, 9, 10; Isa. xli, 10; lviii, 11.

How the Weak Become Strong.

By Lina Jeanette Walk.

In one of our old hymns there is this question:

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?"

But the first thing a Christian learns is that there is no such a thing possible. There may be no hand to hand conflicts for him to engage in, nor any martyr's death for him to endure, but he knows that no one comes into this life without being subject to infirmities of the spirit, as well as those of the flesh, and that there is always temptations of the evil one to face and meet. To be a faithful soldier of the cross means not only toil and peril, privation and suffering such as Paul encountered, but it means, also, constant warfare against the weaknesses of sinful humanity which are sure to assail him. The one who goes to heaven "on flowery beds of ease," we must frankly own, has very little consciousness of his weakness and feebleness, and his utter dependence upon God. So might a baby be carried along, escaping absolute harm and injury, by the aid and watchfulness of an earthly guardian.

The Apostle Paul has never appealed to us as a weak man; we think of him as the embodiment of strength, physically. Like an athlete—firm and strong of limb and muscle, able to bear any amount of hardship. We think of him as brave of spirit, for none but a brave man could have stood so fearless in the presence of Agrippa and Festus, and spoken so confidently, or preached so boldly to the skeptic and scoffer. And yet, this man, with all his grand physical and mental equipments acknowledges his infirmities, and tells us that he is afraid of the wiles of Satan. Many a Christian, if he had fought such a good fight as Paul, would never have realized, or been loath to admit, at least, that any weakness of the flesh had tried to overcome him.

Not only was Paul aware of his spiritual infirmities, but he "gloried" in them. This was not because he was proud of his sins, or wanted to yield to them, but because they kept him from becoming self-righteous and too much exalted at his own power. He was more proud of God's power than he was of his own, and it was this humility of spirit which led him to fear that having preached to others, he himself might become a castaway. The Apostle well knew that Christ was the fountain of his strength, and that through Him alone he was conqueror. We can well believe that Satan was continually trying to overthrow Paul's faith by artful and tempting insinuations, just as he attempted to overcome Jesus, and just as he tries to overpower every one who is seeking to serve the Heavenly Master to-day.

Well may we take Paul as our model. As he fought the good fight, so may we.

His God is our God, and if we take Him for our refuge and strength we may overcome every weakness and the sins which so easily beset us. We may depend upon it that we cannot get to heaven without a struggle, but we can accomplish all things through Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. Every day we are on probation here. Let the thought of this inspire us to greater love to God, and a more earnest desire to labor in His service. If we walk day by day with the Master we can truly say:

"The weakness I enjoy,
That casts me on Thy breast;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.



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Risks and will Issue Policies flaking
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WE offer a safe business proposition that may pay you more than \$500 for each \$100 invested. Why not invest a small sum? It will, without doubt, increase your income largely and you will have risked but a little. You can get in now on the ground floor. Later the same interest will cost you double the amount or more.

If you desire, we will take you at our own expense and show you our property and satisfy you that it is a safe and conservative investment. Write for full information and reports.

THOMAS & COMPANY,

566 to 570 The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

Among the Churches.

The First Presbyterian Church at Flanners, N. J., on Wednesday afternoon, May 14th, 3.30 o'clock, laid the cornerstone of their new edifice, expecting to worship in the new structure on or before August 1st. The cornerstone was laid by the pastor, Rev. Wm. T. Pannell, amid burning and encouraging words of greeting from Rev. J. B. Heard, of the Flanders M. E. Church, and Rev. F. P. Dalrymple, of Mt. Olive Presbyterian Church. A large crowd of friends were present. The dedication of the new building will occur immediately on completion, entirely free from debt, which is considered a great victory.

Rev. Dr. Brent, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines, who sailed for his post on Saturday, telegraphed from Boston that \$100,000 had been given him, to be used in building a cathedral, school and Bishop's house in Manila. The name of the giver is withheld.

The cornerstone of Zion's Reformed Church, Leighton, Pa., Rev. D. A. Winter, pastor, was relaid on Sunday, May 18th. The church was built in 1876. Extensive alterations and additions are now being made to cost about \$15,000.

Rev. Erskine M. Rodman, who has been for thirty-two years rector of Grace Episcopal Church of this city, was made rector emeritus to-day. Mr. Rodman was born in New York in 1830. He was graduated from Columbia College and later from the Alexandrian Seminary, of Virginia. He was chosen dean in 1872 by the convocation of New Brunswick, and in 1886 went as delegate to the general convention of the Episcopal Church from the Diocese of New Jersey.

Bishop William Taylor, perhaps the greatest of all missionary bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died, May 18th, at Palo Alto, after a long illness, at the age of 81. Fifty years ago he began the career of an evangelist, which carried him to all quarters of the globe. He maintained a home at Alameda, Cal., but spent little time there. He was appointed Bishop of Africa, and served in that field until 1898, when he was retired for old age. He established missions in West Africa and far up the Congo.

Rev. James H. Baldwin died on Saturday, May 17th, at the home of his son, A. M. Baldwin, in Cooperstown, N. D. Mr. Baldwin was 88 years old and was a pioneer minister of the Presbyterian Church, founding many churches and Sunday-schools in the West.

The sums expended by the churches of the United States last year were as follows: Maintenance of all churches, \$137,563,200; for education and literature, \$32,728,000; for hospitals and orphanages, \$28,300,000; for improvements and missions, \$43,000,000; miscellaneous, \$45,466,100; total disbursements, \$307,057,300.

Christian missionaries in Japan number 692.

The Sign of a Watch Case

This Keystone is the identifying sign of the best watch case made—no matter what it costs. It stands for worth and wear—for beauty equal to an all-gold case, at a much smaller price. The

JAS. BOSS

Stiffened GOLD

Watch Case

is better protection than a solid gold case, because of its stiffness and strength. Better than any other case, because it will last for 25 years without wearing thin or losing its beauty. A reputation of 50 years proves the value of the Jas. Boss Case.

Consult the jeweler. Write us for a booklet.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY,
Philadelphia.



The Presbyterian organizations in the United States aggregate a total of 12,049 ministers, 15,244 churches and 1,605,015 members.

The receipts of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in America for its regular work during the year which closed on April 30th were \$114,057.22. For special objects outside of the appropriations, including \$25,000 by Mr. Voorhees for the Vellore College, \$35,469.78 was received, making a total of \$149,527. This was sufficient to meet all the expenditures of the year within \$32, which amount was enthusiastically made up by a collection of \$50 at the meeting of the Particular Synod of New York.

Rev. Arthur H. Grant, pastor of Unity Church, Montclair, N. J., for the last four years, has handed in his resignation to the trustees, to take effect the latter part of next month. He will sail for Europe then, where he expects to remain for a year, and then take up editorial work.

Prof. W. W. White, of Montclair, N. J., is engaged to lecture on "The Writings of Luke the Physician" during the month of June at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. The course is complete in itself and is intended for pastors and others who can spend only a limited time at such an institution as the Moody Institute. Dr. White will also deliver several addresses on "How to Teach the Bible."

Rev. Wm. T. Stokes, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Mount Sinai Congregational Church, L. I., N. Y. Rev. E. A. Hazeltine, who had been its pastor fifteen years, is now with the Congregational Church of Rushville, N. Y. The Mount Sinai Church was organized December, 1789. The church building, which is of the old style, but in good repair, was erected in 1807.

An effort was made at the services in the Orange, N. J., Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday, May 18th, to raise \$30,000 for a new building. While the church and site will cost considerably more than this, it has been decided to have plans prepared as soon as this amount is assured. At the morning service \$17,000 was given,

and at night nearly \$8,000 more was contributed. It is expected that the balance will be made up shortly. It is proposed to sell the present church, which was built about forty years ago and is too small for the congregation. During the pastorate of Rev. Frank MacDaniel, the congregation has largely increased. Through his efforts the church has been entirely freed from debt and greatly improved.

At the recent communion season of the First Presbyterian Church, of Pueblo, Col., 271 communicants partook of the communion. Quite a number of additions have been made to the membership, bringing the present membership up to 440.

Rev. W. Kliefkên has resigned his charge at Egg Harbor City, N. J., for the purpose of accepting a call to the German Presbyterian Church at Atlantic City, N. J.

Ira D. Sankey, the singing evangelist, has become a member of Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, of which Rev. David Gregg is pastor. "While I was giving all my time to evangelistic work, I did not want to be considered as a member of any denomination," Mr. Sankey said. "For years, however, I have attended the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church and have considered myself a Presbyterian. Now that I have given up active evangelistic work and have settled down, so to speak, I have become a regular member of the Presbyterian Church."



It is said that liquor improves with age, but some men don't care to wait.

We often hear of the sweet simplicity of childhood, yet every mother considers her baby cunning.

Anything that is mighty enough to prevail is mighty enough to set itself up as the truth anyway.

The logical deduction from many a so-called statement of facts is fully 100 per cent.

Contested wills often result in divorces.

An empty head is to be detected by the roaring sound you hear at the mouth.

—•—

Strengthening and Nourishing.
Food - Drink - Tonic Combined.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE a Tonic that strengthens and invigorates permanently.

In the Library.

Boys' books are as a rule calculated to inspire the youth with a desire to "go and do likewise," whatever that likewise may happen to be, and in that way so frequently do harm to the unsophisticated reader that parents have a hesitancy about placing such literature in the hands of their children. No such fears, however, need be entertained in regard to the books by Edward S. Ellis, among which his new volume, "Red Eagle," takes a first place. It is a pure and wholesome story of a pioneer life, in which two manly boys play a prominent part, and teaches the youthful reader many valuable lessons in patience, obedience and love of home and family, which traits unfortunately are lacking in so many of the rising generation. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, announce for publication this month "Home Thoughts, Second Series." The success of the first volume bearing the above title (of which Hamilton W. Mabie said, "No wiser book nor one more sorely needed has appeared for a long time,") has led to the preparation of the "Second Series" by the same author. The "First Series," issued last year, were skillfully held together by a slender thread of progression; the "Second Series," also, have the connecting link of their close relation to family life and the eternal vigilance with which men and women strive to build their homes and rear their children. They belong to the years of life's most strenuous activity. Those who have read the first volume will be interested to know that the author's name will appear on the title-page of the new book.

James B. Connolly, the son of a New England skipper, who went to the Creek games and won a first prize, will have another of his graphic sea sketches in the June *Scribner's*, this one describing a trip "On a Baltic Sea Sloop." Mr. Connolly has now pictured the three great groups of fishermen—Gloucester, North Sea and Baltic.

An interesting coincidence has occurred in the Harper's publication of "Marion Manning," the new novel by Mrs. Eustis, which appeared on May 16th. The author is a daughter of ex-Vice-President Morton, and it transpires that the publication date of her first novel has fallen on her father's birthday. Mr. Morton was born May 16, 1824. Throughout a distinguished career as statesman, diplomat and man of business, he has not, in spite of all temptation, ever written a book.

"The Desert" is the special subject relating to the Great Southwest which is to be discussed in the June *Century* by Ray Stannard Baker, illustrated by Maxfield Parrish, and impressively depicted by both. The article will constitute a sort of biography of the desert, which is treated from the commercial, scenic and intimate points of view. It is said to be a notable addition to the public knowledge of our own country.

The forthcoming "Life of Longfellow," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in the American Men of Letters Series, will be especially interesting on the personal side; for Mr. Higginson, having married the niece of the first Mrs. Longfellow, has had access to letters throwing much light upon Longfellow's early married life.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish, early in the fall, a new romance by Marie Corelli, the manuscript of which is nearly completed.

The story is said to be a singularly powerful and striking one, dealing with a subject which has never before been treated in fiction, and intimately touching on certain topics which have been for some time uppermost in the minds of many people. The title is at present withheld.

It is generally conceded that the present postal money order system is both inadequate and inconvenient, and the adoption of Mr. Post's plan will be a distinct advantage to all persons who have occasion to send small sums of money through the mail.

While with mathematical accuracy two and two always make four, by adding a certain amount of personality the result will very nearly equal five.—*The College Student*.

Dauchy & Co.'s Newspaper Catalogue.

We are in receipt of the 1902 edition of this well-known work containing all the distinctive features which have made the eleven previous editions valuable. This work is a complete newspaper directory listing all the periodical publications of the United States and Canada. It is handsomely bound in red cloth and contains 808 pages and gives complete and carefully arranged statistics as to frequency of issue, date of establishment, circulation, etc., of every publication. It is convenient for desk use, and is the only newspaper directory which has a space for memoranda against the name of each paper in which advertisers can note the details of their contracts with the papers and thus have their records always at hand in systematic and accessible shape. The published price is \$5, and it can be obtained from the publishers, Messrs. Dauchy & Company, 27 Park Place, New York, or from booksellers.

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Resulting from tongue-tiedness, cleft palate or other organic malformation; weakness or paralysis of the muscles of articulation, retarded development, etc., promptly eradicated by educational methods. Cure of

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in mild or severe form a specialty. Expert individual instruction. Day or evening. Many years' experience with speech sufferers of all grades here and abroad. DAVID GREENE, 1,122 Broadway, Madison square, New York, N. Y.

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Books Received.

Any of the books mentioned in the list below (and all others excepting subscription books) will be mailed, postpaid, to our subscribers at a special reduction of ten (10) per cent. from the retail price. Address, THE CHRISTIAN WORK, 90 Bible House, New York City.

The Evolutionary Philosophy. L. T. Chamberlain. The Baker & Taylor Company. 50 cents.

The Blessed Mission of Sympathy. Leila L. Topping. American Tract Society. 3 cents.

Education and the Larger Life. C. Hanford Henderson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.30.

In the Days of Giants. Abbie Farwell Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10.

Religions of Bible Lands. Prof. D. S. Margoliouth. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 60 cents.

The Sport of the Gods. Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

A Lay Thesis on Bible Wines. Edward R. Emerson. Merrill & Baker. 50 cents.

The New Century Bible—Hebrews—A. S. Peake, M.A. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

The New Century Bible—Corinthians—J. Massie, M.A., D.D. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

Meditations of an Autograph Collector. Adrian H. Joline. Harper & Bros. \$3.

Broader Bible Study. Rev. Alexander Patterson. Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. 75 cents.

Religion for the Time. Rev. Arthur B. Conger. Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.

Music in the History of the Western Church. Edward Dickinson. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

The Fulfillment, or, a Church at Work. Rev. J. G. Davenport, D.D. E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents.

Buell Hampton. Willis George Emerson. Forbes & Co. \$1.50.

The Roots of Christian Teaching as Found in the Old Testament. Geo. A. Barton. John C. Winston & Co. \$1.25.

William McKinley Memorial Address. John Hay. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. 28 cents.

Guide Book to Natural Hygienic and Humane Diet. Sidney H. Beard. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.

What Is Religion? Lyof N. Tolstoi. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cents.

The Confounding of Camelia. Anne D. Sedgwick. The Century Company. \$1.50.

A Lay Thesis on Bible Wines. Edward R. Emerson. Merrill & Baker. 75 cents.

Love Never Faileth. Carnegie Simpson. Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.25.

Primitive Semitic Religion To-day. Samuel Ives Curtiss. Fleming H. Revell Company. \$2.

Christendom Anno Domini MDCCCXI. Rev. Wm. D. Grant. Chauncey Holt. Two volumes. \$2.50.

Sarah the Less. Sophie Swett. The Westminster Press. 75 cents.

Faith and Life—Sermons. Geo. T. Purves, D.D., LL.D. Presbyterian Board of Publication. \$1.25.

What Gladys Saw. Frances M. Fox. W. A. Wilde Company. \$1.25.

The Truth in Christian Science. H. E. Cushman, Ph.D. Jas. H. West Company. 60 cents.

The Hinderers, a Story of the Present Time. Edna Lyall. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.

The Small End of Great Problems. Brooke Herford, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.60.

Bylow Hill. George W. Cable. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

A PINK BOOKLET

And What Came from One Women's Reading It

A woman in Rome, N. Y., Mrs. W. T. Clark, was cured of stomach trouble and nervousness by a certain medicine and gave the manufacturers permission to use her statement recommending the preparation. This was published in a booklet and thrown around at the doors. Now Mrs. William Metot, also of Rome, was ailing, and, happening to read the book, came across the description of Mrs. Clark's case. In some respects their symptoms were similar, so she went to Mrs. Clark's house at No. 318 West Thomas street, and asked her about it. Mrs. Metot tells the story as follows:

"I had been miserable for a long time, suffering with the troubles which come with the turn of life. It made me sick to my stomach, I had smothering spells every once in a while and, if I walked any distance, my limbs felt like sticks. My head felt just as if I was going to be crazy and with it all I was afflicted with nervousness and heart trouble. I felt so bad that I did not see anything to live for.

I went to a doctor but he didn't do me much good and so I was pretty well discouraged. Then I saw in a booklet that was thrown around, how Mrs. Clark was cured. I went to see her and upon her recommendation I went that very day and got some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I felt better before the first box was all taken and continued using them until I was well. My husband is sick and is going to take them and so is my sister. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to many people and will continue to do so, for I know what they will do from my own experience."

Mrs. Metot lives at No. 426 W. Bloomfield street, Rome, N. Y. Her statement is another proof of the well-deserved popularity of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Among the many diseases they have cured are locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box; or six boxes for two dollars and a half, by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

GOOD INCOMES MADE
By selling our celebrated goods, 25 and 50 per cent. commission off.

"BOMOSA" the 33c.
Most Economical
1 lb. tin a-mark red bags,
Good Coffee 12c and 15c.
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One hour a day for study and practice. Results uniformly satisfactory.
Terms moderate. Send for circular.

DAVID GREENE, 1122 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Just for Fun.

He (after a quarrel, bitterly)—I was a fool when I married you.

She (quietly, about to leave the room)—Yes, but I thought you would improve.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me how iron was first discovered?

Johnny—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Well! Just tell the class what your information is on that point.

Johnny—I heard pa say yesterday that they smelt it.

Remus—Who took de cake down at det swell cakewalk?

Sam—Bill Jones.

Remus—But Bill wasn't invited.

Sam—I know, but he ran his hand fro de window an' took de cake when nobody was lookin'.

She—It's no use bothering me, Jack. I shall marry whom I please.

He—That's all I'm asking you to do, my dear. You please me well enough.

Mr. Goops—Wasn't there some kind of a hitch about the wedding of Mr. Spooncigh and Miss Mooney?

Mr. Wooph—No; the groom did not show up, and so there wasn't any hitch at all.

Mrs. Hauskeep—What have you got today in the shape of rhubarb?

Green Grocer—Well, we've got some celery; that's the nearest.

Old Lady—Oh, officer, I feel so funny.

Officer—Have you vertigo, ma'am?

Old Lady—Yes; about a mile.

"Want a job as conductor?" said the superintendent of the street car line. "Have you ever had any experience, any technical knowledge of the work?"

"Well," replied the applicant; "I believe I have sufficient 'take-nickel' knowledge."

Mr. Youngthing—How in the world did you come to deposit that money in the bank instead of buying that automobile coat you wanted?

Mrs. Youngthing (triumphantly)—Why I read in this morning's paper that the interest had been reduced from 4 per cent. to 3!

"It's got so now," began the sour-looking man with the basket, "that the infernal beef trust—"

"You won't find any beef trust at this shop," interposed the butcher, blandly. "My terms are cash."

"I once invented a flying machine," said the thoughtful man.

"Did you have any better luck than other inventors in that field?"

"Yes. It didn't take me as long to find out that it wouldn't fly."

"Yes," said the conductor. "I remember it very well. That was in 1897, the year of the big fire."

"What big fire?" asked the other man.

"Don't you recollect? Twenty-nine fellows on our line were bounced for knocking down."



Sometimes, however, the husband's attention is directed to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and its remarkable cures of womanly diseases. He may not have much hope of a cure, but he is led to try the medicine, with the result that in almost every case there is a perfect and permanent cure.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures irregularity. It dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

As a tonic for women who are nervous, sleepless, worn-out and run-down "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled.

"In answer to your letter I will say, my wife commenced to complain twenty years ago," writes Lewis A. Miller, ex-Chief-of-Police, of 33 Prospect St., Weasport, Pa. "We have tried the skill of twelve different doctors. She took gallons of medicine during the time she was ill, until I wrote to you and you told us what to do. She has taken eight bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and six of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She can do her own work now and can walk around again and is quite smart."

"Favorite Prescription" has the testimony of thousands of women to its complete cure of womanly diseases. Do not accept an unknown and unproved substitute in its place.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

"I saw you at the Thomas concert the other night. Who was that lady that sat beside you? You and she seemed to be almost carried away with enthusiasm."

"Oh, we were! That was Sue Dalling-ton. Haven't you ever met Sue? She was telling me of such a splendid dress-maker she has just found."

Church—Have you a cozy corner in your house?

Gotham—Oh, yes; my wife has arranged two of them.

"You must enjoy them after a hard day's work."

"Enjoy nothing! The cat has one and my wife's dog occupies the other!"

"They tell me Maude Burlocks is going to be married."

"You're misinformed. Miss Burlocks is going to marry the man who is going to be married. Your difficulty is that you don't know Miss Burlocks."

Man's Mission on Earth

Medical Book Free.

"Know Thyself," a book for men only, regular price 50 cents, will be sent free (sealed postpaid) to any male reader of this paper, 6 cents for postage. Address the **Peabody Medical Institute**, 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass., established in 1860, the oldest and best in America. Write to-day for free book, "The Key to Health and Happiness."

EDITOR'S NOTE For 40 years the Peabody Medical Institute has been a fixed fact, and it will remain so. It is as standard as American Gold.

The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

CACHALOT.

(Continued from page 841.)

vored me. Before I had any idea whether the chief was fast or not, all other considerations were driven clean out of my head by the unexpected apparition of a colossal head, not a ship's length away, coming straight for us, throwing up a swell in front of him like an ironclad. There was barely time to sheer to one side, when the giant surged past us in a roar of foaming sea, the flying flakes of which went right over us. Samuela was "all there," though, and as the great beast passed he plunged a harpoon into him with such force and vigor that the very socket entered the blubber. It needed all the strength I could muster, even with such an aid as the nineteen-foot steer-oar, to swing the boat right round in his wake, and prevent her being capsized by his headlong rush.

For, contrary to the usual practice, he paused not an instant, but rather quickened his pace, as if spurred. Heavens, how he went! The mast and sail had to come down—and they did, but I hardly know how. The spray was blinding, coming in sheets over the bows, so that I could hardly see how to steer in the monster's wake. He headed straight for the ship, which lay to almost motionless, filling me with apprehension lest he should in his blind flight dash that immense mass of solid matter into her broadside, and so put an inglorious end to all our hopes. What their feelings on board must have been, I can only imagine, when they saw the undeviating rush of the gigantic creature straight for them. On he went, until I held my breath for the crash, when at the last moment, and within a few feet of the ship's side, he dived, passing beneath the vessel. We let go line immediately, as may be supposed; but although we had been towing with quite fifty fathoms drift, our speed had been so great that we came up against the old ship with a crash that very nearly finished us. He did not run any farther just then, but sounded for about two hundred and fifty fathoms, rising to the surface in quite another mood. No more running away from him. I cannot say I felt any of the fierce joy of battle at the prospect before me. I had a profound respect for the fighting qualities of the sperm whale, and, to tell the truth, would much rather have run twenty miles behind him than have him turn to bay in his present parlous humor. It was, perhaps, fortunate for me that there was a crowd of witnesses, the other ships being now quite near enough to see all that was going on, since the feeling that my doings were full in view of many experts and veterans gave me a determination that I would not disgrace either myself or my ship; besides, I felt that this would probably be our last whale this voyage, if I did not fail, and that was no small thing to look forward to.

(To be continued.)

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It's a mighty mean husband who never gives his wife a chance to complain.

You are responsible for only one tongue, so let others say what they please.

When a man boasts of his ancestors probably he has nothing to look forward to.

An epitaph is a mixture of the wit of the living and the virtues of the dead.

When a man acquires a wife all his bachelor friends look dubious and interested.

It is difficult to convince a man who has been sued for slander that talk is cheap.

A statesman amiably in the right is no match for a politician pugnaciously in the wrong.

It sometimes comes to pass that the favors thankfully received are soon unthankfully forgotten.

If bootjacks were bouquets the nine lives of the musical midnight cat would be strewn with flowers.

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[This department is intended to be a useful adjunct to THE CHRISTIAN WORK. The Doctor is on hand to give advice, and he is well and favorably known to the editors of this journal. We trust the advice given here may be full of health. Of course, our readers understand he cannot go into details in a public print, but within reasonable limits he will be open to advice by correspondence. Simply address, inclosing stamp for reply, "Dr. Junor" at the address as given below.—Eds. C. W.]

ERYSIPELAS.

This is a very common disease, and it is very dangerous and painful, especially in the presence of any open sores. There is often a chill preceding. The skin gets red and is glossy as if oiled. The redness usually disappears on pressure, but immediately returns.

The attack may be superficial with little swelling, or it may be deep with blebs full of fluid and may proceed even to suppuration.

Erysipelas is from a micro-organism, the same as that which produces suppuration. It may last ten or twelve days. It is likely to recur. Its most frequent location is about the face.

It has been found that an attack of erysipelas is sometimes curative, of course, at least in such forms as are not open to operation.

Where catarrh is present there is good ground for an attack of erysipelas. The multiplicity of remedies advertised for use in the cure of erysipelas is fairly good proof that no specific remedy exists for arresting infection.

Prevention, of course, is the great thing in surgical conditions where open wounds exist.

The disease being the result of the presence of a micro-organism, antiseptics are always in order both for protection and cure.

When erysipelas attacks the face, I have found the best remedy to be a mixture of ichthyol and flexible collodion as follows, painted all over the affected area and some distance beyond:

Ichthyol 1 part.
Flex. collodion 100 parts.

This mixture should be painted on every morning and evening.

If nothing is at hand but common starch, this sprinkled over the parts will prove very soothing and helpful in arresting.

If the case is very rapid in its development a stronger solution of ichthyol and collodion should be used, as:

Ichthyol 1 part.
Flex. collodion 5 parts.

As strong a solution as this will usually abort the attack in two or three days at the most.

If the fever is severe a 10-grain dose of phenacetin every 3 hours will greatly aid in the abortion.

This should be accompanied at the outset by a brisk cathartic.

Far better than even this is, however, a good hourly enema of warm water. This saves several hours and in severe attacks is of vital moment.

The percentage of deaths in erysipelas is as high as 10 per cent., and in the majority of cases this comes from exhaustion from fever and depression of the vital forces.

Tonics and good feeding are called for from the very beginning.

Tincture of the chloride of iron in 20-drop doses every 2 or 3 hours should be given.

This should be put in a wine-glass of water and taken through a glass tube, as it is hard on the teeth.

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1900—They numbered over 500.

1800—The income of the seven societies amounted to about \$50,000.

1900—The income is over \$15,000,000.

1800—The number of native communicants enrolled in Protestant mission churches was 7,000.

1900—There are now 1,500,000 native communicants.

1800—The adherents of Protestant churches in heathen lands were estimated at 15,000.

1900—They number 3,500,000.

1800—Not one unmarried woman missionary in all heathen lands.

1900—There are at least 2,575.

1800—Medical missions were unknown.

1900—There are more than 500 medical missionaries, one-fourth of this number being women.

1800—There were no patients treated by Christian physicians.

1900—There are over 200,000 patients under treatment in hospitals and dispensaries established by foreign missionary societies.

1800—Only one-fifth of the human family had the Bible in languages they could read.

1900—Nine-tenths of the people of the world has the word of God in languages and dialects known to them.

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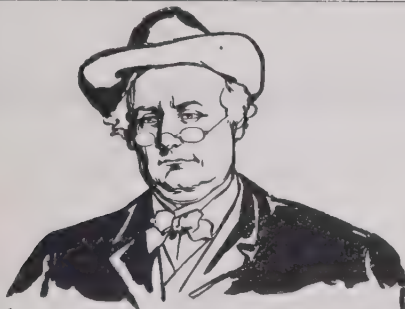
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SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks,	\$ 748,517 01
Real Estate	1,653,893 06
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate,	128,750 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents,	771,007 63
Interest due and accrued on 1st Jan., 1902,	53,443 04
Bonds and Stocks,	11,924,900 00
Total Assets,	\$15,255,869 73

LIABILITIES.

CASH CAPITAL,	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	5,060,677 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims,	1,288,849 85
Net Surplus,	5,006,342 88
Total Liabilities,	\$15,255,869 73
Surplus as regards Policy-holders,	\$8,006,342 88

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The house will open on Thursday, May 29, 1902, and close October 1st to 10th. It is kept as a quiet, strictly temperance resting-place, where each guest will receive a most cordial welcome. Visitors are not expected to arrive or depart on the Sabbath. It will give great pleasure to send any further information wished.

Albert A. LeRoy, Unadilla, N. Y.

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With our improved Elastic Truss. Worn with ease night and day. Retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain. Examination free. Lady in attendance for Ladies. Send for pamphlet.

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In answering advertisements found in these columns the writer will confer a favor on the advertiser as well as the publisher of the paper by mentioning the name of THE CHRISTIAN WORK.

THE INN AT HIGH POINT,

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—A Summer resort with all the conveniences of city life. Grandly located upon the highest point in the State of New Jersey. Always cool.

—A beautiful spring water lake upon the mountain top. All the advantages of the Adirondacks within three hours of New York.

—A wide veranda, encircling all sides of the house, affords a fine opportunity for promenading, the veranda being 600 feet in length.

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"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY
BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME."
CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO

THE CHRISTIAN WORK

Weekly---Continuing The Christian at Work.

Volume 72

New York, Saturday, June 7, 1902

Number 1842

For Terms See Prospectus on Page 887.

The Great
Coal Strike.

Preparations on both sides for the week's campaign in the anthracite coal regions point to grave developments. The union has insisted on calling out this morning all the men at the engines and pumps, in spite of urgent pleas from those men themselves that they be allowed to remain at work. Withdrawing them is sawing off the limb on which the strikers are sitting. To abandon the pumps means the flooding of the mines, unless new men are put in the strikers' places—which the strikers will prevent if they can. To pursue such a wanton course, if the history of coal strikes offers any indication of the future, means failure. That the pumpmen, firemen and engineers realize how suicidal is the act they are commanded to commit is evidenced by the widespread resistance to the strike order. A large number of them wisely prefer to defy the union and remain at work. The present week should determine the proportions of a strike as unnecessary as it is unjustifiable, and measurably indicate its outlook in the future.

✦

Amending the
Constitution.

Two Oregon legislatures have voted for a Constitutional amendment which provides that when 8 per cent. of the voters ask for a specific measure, such measure shall be put to popular vote and shall become law if there is a majority in its favor. The amendment also provides that any law passed by the Legislature's own motion be submitted to the voters and must be submitted if 5 per cent. of the voters ask that it be; and the Governor cannot veto the people-made laws. June 3d the Oregon voters will approve or disapprove this plan for making the Legislature a superfluity. In November Rhode Island, which used to be regarded as a conservative State, will vote upon an amendment which provides that 5,000 voters may propose specific amendments to the State Constitution, and that amendments so proposed shall be voted upon by the people and become a part of the Constitution if a majority of the votes is cast in their favor. Both amendments are odd. One shows a tendency to break away from representative government, and the other illustrates how lightly the fundamental law may be regarded in at least one State.

✦

Divorce and
Statehood.

Rhode Island most wisely has raised the legal period of residence for the obtaining of a divorce in that State from one year to two. As divorces are necessary evils in some cases, it is just as well to have the requisite period of residence made so long that the divorce squatter element will be driven to squat in other States. Such a law is notice to the world that Rhode Island's divorce provisions are for the relief of her own permanent citizens, not

for the attraction of a class of temporary residents. If we cannot have either a national divorce law or laws in all States and Territories modeled after a common type drafted by a uniform law committee, we can at least hope that the commonwealths that are in the front rank of American civilization will keep in view the principle of making their divorce laws for themselves only and not for the lowering of the standard of social conditions that may prevail elsewhere. It is cause for regret that some of the thriving States of the Northwest have encouraged the divorce business heretofore for the sake of the money it brings into circulation in growing communities. We hope that there will in time be a state of public moral self-consciousness which will regard money brought into a community as an incident to any and all such unsocial conditions as just as unwelcome as if it were stolen bodily from a bank vault or picked from somebody's pocket. A loose divorce law is an anti-national divorce law. It hurts the whole country.

✦

Christianity in
the Stockyards.

It is interesting and encouraging to learn that a number of earnest students of social reform, who hold that Christian families should live in the neighborhoods populated by laboring people, have decided to establish a Christian colony. A divinity student of Chicago University, backed by a professor in the department of sociology, is the leader of the movement. The stockyards district has been selected as the field of operations. Several families have already agreed to take houses in that locality, and the promoters are confident that quite a colony will soon be developed. Non-sectarian religious services in general will be the new feature of this settlement. The young man in charge says: "We believe that the weak point of the settlement work now being done is that the residents do not give the same inspiration of Christianity which takes them into this field." This is a carrying out of the policy that if the people will not come to the Church, then the Church must go to the people. The movement will be watched with interest. Experimentally such undertakings have not always been successful.

✦

Holland's Queen
and Holland's Future.

All Holland rejoices, and other nations with her, at the prospective restoration to health of Queen Wilhelmina. It was not merely personal loyalty and devotion to their wise and good little Queen that kept the people of Holland tearfully on their knees from the very first announcement of the serious character of her illness. All other heirs to the throne of the Netherlands are princes born and educated in Germany and supposed to be largely under German influence. Holland has at stake not merely her independence at the mouth of the Rhine but her great colonial possessions in the East Indies. Germany's ac-

quisition of the Caroline Islands from Spain and of a foothold in North China were but the parts of a broad policy of Oriental expansion. The Australians are said to regard much of the Eastern archipelago as their natural heritage, under a sort of doctrine that looks out for islands in front as on continents it looks out for the "hinterland" behind and up stream. Hence Germany's deep interest in Admiral Dewey and the Philippine situation four years ago; there was a manifest willingness to save Anglo-Saxondom the trouble of managing any islands it was at all willing to forego until Dewey said "Keep out of the American line of fire." With the Dutch East Indies in her possession, however, Germany would become a great Asiatic power, with a political interest in three continents and friends in five. Only Australia of all the great lands of the globe would remain practically untouched by German influence, unless the United States can be said to be untouched. The absorption of Holland would also give Germany the control of Curacao, Oruba and the other islands of the Dutch West Indies. Nothing can more forcibly illustrate the irresistible course of imperial evolution than the fact that it is not only effete powers like Spain that must bend to the great nations, but in the long run "brave little Holland," the clean-handed daughter of the North Sea, whose song of liberty has at times been only a solo.



Canonization of John Huss.

It is not to be assumed that the Russian State has suddenly become devout because of the statement that a movement is on foot in that country to secure the canonization of John Huss, the martyr of Constance, and to include him for the future among the "holy saints" of that country. Two hundred of the Russian priests, it is said, have memorialized the Holy Synod in favor of this action, and that at present the Procurator Pobiedonostzeff has it under his consideration. To rightly interpret this movement it is necessary to bear in mind that the popularity of Huss among his countrymen to-day rests not so much on his reforming services, far greater though these were than is generally recognized by his countrymen, as on his patriotic activity in promoting the use of the Bohemian as opposed to the German language, and the Germanizing of the people generally, as well as to his efforts to restore the old-time customs in the worship of its Church. Now, if these things be borne in mind, we may see something to account for this new zeal of the Russian priests; for no Russian priest would have asked to have Huss made a "saint" by their Church, but by arrangement with the powers that be. Russia, however, never neglects an opportunity or a method for strengthening her influence as a Slav power among the different Slav communities in Eastern Europe. To confer honor on the hero of the Bohemian people would be to draw to herself their favor and gratitude; as if in Russia, Bohemia would find a champion of its rights as against both Austria and Germany. Russia works slowly, and in her plans generally lays her first line apparently very far from her goal; but by degrees, events are found occurring with singular opportuneness all along the line which she has selected, and which always further her advance. Each of these may in itself apparently be trivial, yet in the aggregate, much is contributed to the success of her tortuous and selfish policy of aggrandizement; so that, in view of the trouble which may happen any day in

Turkey, and of the possible break up of the Austrian Empire on the death of its present sagacious and prudent monarch, Russia seeks to stand well with the Bohemians, like herself, Slavs in blood, and ever contending for that Cup which the Greek Church allowed, but which the German Romanists had taken from her people. In these things we may see a motive for her proposed canonization of the man burnt at Constance five hundred years ago, religion in the foreground as a cover for the political behind.



Religious Statistics.

The British Census returns, with one exception, are very complete. "Religious profession" is not registered in England or Scotland, but it is in Ireland, where the population is overwhelmingly Catholic. In England the great plurality, but not the majority, is Episcopal. The *Quarterly Register* gives these figures:

	Church Sittings.	Communi- cants.
Baptists	1,287,424	353,083
Congregationalists	1,645,092	403,711
Presbyterians	166,391	76,071
Wesleyans	2,224,057	564,324
Primitive Methodists	993,909	187,260
Calvinistic Methodists	455,349	158,114
Salvation Army	540,000	no return.
United Methodist Free Churches...	381,872	81,464
Methodist New Connexion.....	167,946	37,383
Bible Christians	153,600	30,257
Society of Friends	no return.	17,346
Six smaller bodies	123,579	36,919
Total	8,139,219	1,945,932

Episcopal Church 7,000,375 1,974,629

In the English-speaking world, omitting all non-Protestant bodies, these figures are given:

	Communicants.	S. Scholars.
Methodists	7,659,285	6,961,529
Baptists	5,454,699	2,586,692
Presbyterians	3,916,450	3,087,713
Congregationalists	1,201,254	1,455,100
Total	18,231,688	14,091,034

Anglican and daughter Churches... 3,367,052

The Methodist Church, therefore, ranks as the largest non-Episcopal body of English-speaking Protestants in the world; the Baptist Church ranks next; the Presbyterian comes third; at a considerable distance behind comes the Episcopalian, the Congregationalist bringing up the rear.



The Inrushing Tide of Immigration.

Apparently the great tide of immigration is pouring into the country as never before. Nearly 150,000 of the peasantry of Europe have already this year landed in America, so that 1902 promises to hold a record for foreign immigration. There seems to be no limit to the capacity of the United States to absorb the European thousands. In January 18,375 immigrants arrived at Ellis Island, New York. In February the number was 29,747. In March it was almost double that many—57,666; and during the first half of April more than 30,000 strangers came. The great hordes of foreigners crowd ashore at the little horseshoe island in New York Harbor which the Government has secured for the purpose, and after they have been inspected and passed upon they are transported in boatloads to the Battery; and there begins their distribution throughout the whole United States. One day this spring 6,300 immigrants were unloaded here, the greatest number on a single

day in the history of the New York immigrant station. It exceeded even the days of old Castle Garden. One vessel alone carried 2,708 immigrants, packed together in the ship's steerage. Why should foreign immigration increase to such an extent at this time? The answer is in the records of the Bureau of Immigration. These records show that during the years of good times in the United States immigration has always been greatest. The foreigners residing in America, the thousands of Italians, Jews, Germans and others write of the good times to their relatives in Europe, and send money for their passage. And it very often happens that while there is prosperity in the New World, work is scarce and wages are low in the Old World; so the brothers and sisters and wives and children of the Americanized foreigners make the voyage to America, and among them at these rush times are many women and little ones. Meantime, our immigration laws, with their few restrictions, are very loose. Illiteracy is fully represented in our immigrants, and an unproductive element is coming in upon us which we do not need. Abundant as is our acreage, it is no more than is necessary for our natural increase of population. But Congress is slow to move in this matter. Unless the evil of this inrush of immigrants is checked we shall have to pay the penalty in future years—a statement so self-evident as to require no demonstration.



Britain and the
Opium Traffic.

They are still restless in England over the course of the British Government in licensing the opium traffic, and even imposing it upon China. Provision for continuing it has been incorporated in the new treaty, while England also arranges for a supply from India. At a recent meeting held in London to oppose the traffic, Sir Joseph Pease, M.P., pointed out that those who deemed the opium trade immoral and antagonistic to the principles of true Christianity had had to fight the Indian Government. The trade, he said, was maintained on the most false of all moral arguments, viz., that if they did not do it some one else would. Moral retribution, he declared, was as certain as the sunrise, and it had come in China with a vengeance. The Chinese, in consequence of the opium trade, looked on the British missionaries and religion as shams. India, with more economical management, he insisted, could dispense with the paltry revenue of \$13,000,000 a year derived from the opium trade, as doubtless she could.



The Congestion
of New York.

New York is becoming so congested that its future can only be regarded with something of alarm. Take the travel in its streets, for example, by the elevated railway alone. The report of the Manhattan Railway Company for the quarter ending March 31st shows an increase in passengers carried over the corresponding quarter of last year of 17,588,000, or more than 2,500,000 a month. The total increase during the nine months ending on March 31 was about 18,000,000, or an average of 2,000,000 a month. It thus appears that the increase is steadily growing month by month. During the last quarter it was nearly 85,000 a day. In this increase alone there is sufficient business to support an ordinary street railway line. There is undoubtedly an increase of like proportions in the business of the surface lines. The growth of the city was never more rapid than it is at present. We are constructing a new city on the top of the old, which is many times the

size of the old city, and which includes much larger residence accommodations as well as much larger business accommodations. The increased population must have traveling facilities, and no one can move about without discovering that these facilities to-day are far short of meeting the demand. By the time the new underground system is completed there will be a sufficient overflow from existing lines to meet its full capacity and demonstrate the absolute necessity of extensions and auxiliary lines. As we have said, no perceptible relief to travel will be experienced when the tunnel is completed and trains are running.



The Unrest
in Russia.

Accounts of the unrest in Russia grow more serious. It is stated that the sufferings of the peasantry in the South, the most populous and richest division of the Empire, involve actual hunger, and that in the provinces of Pultawa and Kharkoff the peasants have proclaimed "war to the castle." Eighty residences of landlords have been sacked, and the local officials are so terrified that the Minister of the Interior, M. Plehve, has gone himself to the disturbed districts to brace up the bureaucracy. The artisans everywhere are clamoring against their employers, who, poor people, find orders so short that they recently appealed for Government help, and circulars have been discovered directed against the "foreign devils" who, as foremen and overseers, try to execute the owners' commands. The students have, it is said, circulated a forged ukase, bestowing the land on the peasantry, and the leaders of the artisans have formulated their demands, which are the ordinary demands of English workmen, with the significant exception that they ask for a day of *ten and a half* hours. It is reported, moreover, that the "moral tone" of the non-commissioned officers can only be trusted when they are peasants, and that peasants of sufficient cultivation are not always in the ranks. Altogether there is an ominous stirring among the dry bones, society in St. Petersburg and Moscow is divided and there are furious dissensions among the group around the Czar.



Statistics of
Local Option.

In considering the subject of local option which, applied to the drink question, is only a form of restricted prohibition, *Harper's Weekly* finds that under a régime of local option applied to towns or counties much more has been accomplished in the way of prohibition legislation than most people are aware of. The whole of Georgia is under State prohibition or local-option laws, with the exception of four cities; South Dakota, with the exception of a few cities and towns; South Carolina, with the exception of ten cities, and Iowa, with the exception of twenty-five cities. In Montana only a few counties have adopted local option or prohibition in any form; but in most of the other States there is a goodly array of towns, counties and cities which have decided to reform themselves concerning strong drink. In New York State there are 700 cities and towns that have thus drawn the strict line of abolishing the sale of spirituous drink, and in Massachusetts, out of 353 towns and cities, 263 have fallen in line. Illinois has to her credit 650 cities and towns enjoying local-option laws; Ohio, 500; Michigan, 400; Wisconsin, 300; Nebraska, 250; Minnesota, 400; New Jersey, 200; California, 175. In some other States the voting unit is the county instead of the township, and where this obtains the results are equally

satisfactory. In Alabama 50 out of 65 counties are reported to be under prohibition laws; in Arkansas, 50 out of 75 counties; in Florida, 30 out of 45 counties; in Kentucky, 90 out of 119; in Louisiana, 20 out of 59 counties; in Maryland, 15 out of 24 counties; in Mississippi, 71 out of 75 counties; in Missouri, 84 out of 115 counties; in North Carolina, 60 out of 90 counties; in Pennsylvania, 60 cities and towns and 20 counties; in Tennessee, 70 out of 96 counties; in Texas, 120 out of 246 counties; in Virginia, 55 out of 106 counties; in West Virginia, 40 out of 54 counties, and in Washington, 50 cities and towns. Little Delaware has half the State under prohibition, and little Rhode Island 20 of its cities and towns. In these numerous cities, towns and counties it is estimated that there is a total population of about 30,000,000 people.



While many will regret that the St. Louis Exposition cannot be opened until two years hence, in 1904, still, by taking plenty of time for the work, the managers of the Columbian Exposition made it the finest upon record in beauty and extent, and there is little doubt that by 1904 the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will once more set a high standard.



Seventh Mohonk Arbitration Conference.

The Seventh Annual Arbitration Conference at Mohonk serves to renew public attention to this subject at the present time. And we may say here that the addresses in the main accentuated the fact that at best arbitration is a matter of slow growth. It is true a great step was taken when, upon the initiation of the Russian Czar, an international conference was held at The Hague, which resulted, chiefly through the persistent efforts of the American commissioners, in the establishment of a permanent international court of arbitration for the settlement of differences between nations. This, as we have said, marked distinct advance in the direction of lessening, if not wholly removing, the chances of war.

On the other hand, an equally suggestive fact is this—that so far no important case has been brought before that body. Indeed, the fact was brought out that has not received public attention, namely, that the cost of convening that body is great, so that claims to the extent of fifty thousand dollars and more cannot be adjusted by that body without practically wiping out the amount at issue. This brings up the fact that the court can only be utilized in cases of great importance, financially or publicly; and it was well said by the chairman, Hon. John W. Foster, that until two great nations submit a great question for the decision of that body it will be an untried tribunal.

In the course of discussion over the most efficient method of educating public sentiment in behalf of utilizing arbitration between nations, attention was properly directed to the limitations of utilizing this method. That is to say, as one speaker said, national honor and national sovereignty cannot be arbitrated. And we may observe that the issues at stake in our Revolutionary War, as well as those involved in our Civil War, could not possibly have been submitted to the decision of a congress of foreign nations. Indeed, had this been attempted and had it been accomplished in either case, it is safe to say, there would be to-day no United States of America, self-governing and independent,

exercising its strenuous and beneficent influence upon national civilization. In such case this country would be either another Australian colony or we should see two dissevered republics divided by a line of latitude instead of the one American nation of to-day. Certain it is—and the fact cannot be too strongly emphasized—that if no apologies are to be made for Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, for Shiloh and Chickamauga and Nashville; if these great battles justify themselves, then a future war involving the national integrity and honor must stand justified as against any obligatory arbitration from outside.

Passing these two distinct issues, involving national integrity and honor, it is clear that international arbitration as a method for settling differences between nations is growing in public favor, and overwhelmingly so, and is sure to prevail. It is this fact that not only justifies the meeting of the Seventh Mohonk Conference, but that serves to emphasize the great obligation which the friends of international arbitration are placed under by Mr. Albert K. Smiley in having initiated the Mohonk movement, and for the lavish hospitality which alone has made these gatherings possible. Never has Mr. Smiley interfered with the proper freedom of discussion; and yet his potent influence so wisely exercised has served to keep the deliberations within proper bounds that it shall not attempt or stand for the impossible. As Mr. Smiley has repeatedly said, the Mohonk arbitration gathering "is not a peace society," but it is an association for promoting practicable arbitration; it is not academic, but discriminating; not doctrinaire, but a practicable method for settling differences, for lessening the causes and probabilities of war, not for converting the world to a condition of universal peace.

Viewed in this aspect, the Mohonk conference and the Mohonk idea appeal to the approved enlightened judgment of mankind, and Mr. Smiley becomes their chief inspirer and promoter.



Peace in South Africa.

The announcement that terms of peace in South Africa had been signed is one which will be welcomed in this country as well as in England and in the region where the horrors of war have prevailed for over thirty months. And whether sympathy goes out to Boer or Briton, great will be the relief to know that no more blood is to be wasted, while the heartier will be the satisfaction that the new King has, with wisdom worthy of his peace-loving mother, urged the proffer of terms which proud men might without humiliation accept. As yet we are without news of the precise terms agreed upon, but the quick and satisfactory conclusion of the negotiations makes it extremely improbable that Lords Milner and Kitchener have failed to grant the most generous terms to the Boers. Probably their instructions permitted them to concede almost everything but British sovereignty, so eager was the Ministry to have a peaceful coronation. It is hoped the sad but stern lesson of the war will be appropriated by all parties to this awful contest, with its stories of slaughter, of wives and children penned in fever camps, their homes in ashes, and husbands, fathers and sons lost forever to their bereaved families. And in its retrospect the war seems to have been as needless as cruel and costly. To the British are left problems in statesmanship, problems that will tax to the uttermost the wisdom, the humanity, the self-control of those who

must solve them, and opportunities for an exhibition of magnanimity which, it is to be hoped, in the light of our own Civil War, will not pass by unimproved. All the world is now virtually at peace; may it be long before sword and gun supplant the resources of diplomacy and arbitration in adjusting differences between nations.



Nature and the Open Mind.

It is a fact noted by many recent writers that in these days Religion is too much separated from Science. As Mr. Balfour has suggested, the theologian is apt to regard the students of Nature very much as the Western Israelites regarded the Trans-jordanic tribes. Owing to their distance from Shiloh, where the Tabernacle was set up, the two and a half tribes who had their allotment of land beyond Jordan, had erected an altar to God within their own boundaries; and this was looked upon with suspicion by their brethren on the more favored side of the river, as indicating a tendency to idolatry and the severance of the natural life. But these across-country tribes assured their accusers that their altar was not intended to supersede the one at Shiloh, but merely to be a symbol and pattern of it, to assist the memory of the Holy Place where true worship alone could be offered, and in this way to remind them that, although isolated from their brethren and on the heathen side of the river, they were not outcasts from the commonwealth of Israel: "Behold the pattern of the altar of the Lord which our fathers made, not for burnt offerings nor for sacrifices, but as a witness between us and you."

With like suspicions in our own day many theologians regard scientific men. The successive disclosures of the constitution of natural things, which of late years have come up in such startling profusion, have been regarded by many divines as tending to a separation from Scriptural truth and the setting up of a social altar to that philosophic god—Natural Law.

That there is some ground for this suspicion is undoubtedly true. Some scientific men not only seek refuge in a negative agnosticism, but, as in the case of Hæckel and those thinking with him, insist on the supremacy of Nature and natural law; from that system God is excluded and the teleological view has no place. On the other hand, there are plenty of other devoted men of science who see an intelligent Supreme Being behind Nature and natural law. They see, indeed, much that is inexplicable; but they discover a yawning chasm before them, a deep, an unfathomable abyss, whenever they would from any standpoint of their choosing look upon Nature as an order without design or plan, a proceeding which involves the exclusion of God from his own universe.

There is, let us say, but one safe, tenable position for any one to take at this time. And that is, to postulate God behind Nature, immanent through all its vast domain, and then as to the rest maintain the open mind.

In this view any scientific theory, as, for example, that of the so-called "physical basis of life," becomes a hypothesis not to be hastily denied, but to be held in abeyance, awaiting the investigations of Science. And even if Life shall be found in the electric current, as Professor Loeb suggests, what then—is God not behind this awful force, and is it not He, the Almighty one, who has imparted life to an otherwise insensate force? And then,

are Christians to put themselves in the position of regarding God as working according to whim, or fancy, or impulse, and not in accordance with Law, which results in one harmonious whole?

Then, there is another view of the natural world which will not elude the thoughtful observer, and it is this: At this time we look with delight upon the unfolding of Nature in her countless forms of beauty. Considering that this earth was once an incandescent spheroid, burning at white heat, with vast flames of hydrogen leaping up miles and miles beyond the earth's fiery mass—and on this point all scientists are agreed—can a more stupendous miracle be imagined that that which has transformed a molten sphere, dead and insensate, into a home for Beauty, into a nursery and dwelling place for animal life, culminating in man with his aspirations for the heavenly and beatific, with his belief in immortality and his hopes beyond the grave? Viewed in such a light, how does the changing of a pot of water into wine, or the healing of a palsied hand, or the restoring of sight to a sightless eye appear? As we contemplate the great miracle of Nature, unimaginable but for the evident fact, shall we stumble before the few miracles of the Man of Nazareth and bring down our religion to the purely sensuous and self-evident? Let us, then, at this season of the year, teeming with beauty and fraught with the workings of an all-wise Design, see, in their amazing phenomena incontrovertible evidence of the Great Being whose handiwork is seen in the flowers and grasses of the field, in the means given all animated Nature for its birth, for its sustenance, for its adaptation to earth, sky and sea, for its protection against the heat of summer, the cold of winter and other adverse conditions, so that, save by the hand of man or some great cataclysm, no form of life ever became extinct. Thus, looking upon the world of Nature and seeing God's great law of Design immanent through all; regarding her on her spiritual no less than her scientific and material sides, we shall discern the circling lines of knowledge and of Nature, which have their beginnings in God and their endings in Him, while with the open mind and in the flow of faith and reason we accept all revelation of truth offered us, whether in the world of Nature or in the vaster realm of Spirit.



Things of To-Day.

It is a fact, and a significant one, just developed from the figures of the Twelfth Census, that for the first time in our national history the South is growing in population as rapidly as the North; in fact, it is growing a little faster. It is also a fact that the percentage of the population of the Northern States living in large cities is nearly three times as great as the corresponding percentage in the South; that the large Northern cities taken collectively are growing nearly twice as fast as the rest of the country. On the other hand, this difference is balanced by an extremely rapid growth of small towns and cities in the South, and especially by the high rate of increase of Southern rural population, which is surpassing that of the North. How far the slight growth of rural population in the North, as a whole, is influenced by the transfer of places classed as rural in 1890 to higher classes in 1900 cannot be told from these figures. They do show that the present growth of population is a resultant in the North of a very rapid growth of large cities, a slower growth of small cities, and a very slight growth in the country, and a resultant in the South of a rate of growth of large cities below the average for the country, balanced by a striking growth of small cities and an increase of rural population twice as fast as the average for the United States. The Northern rural increase is the largest in the West, which argues well for

that part of the country. Here at the East, while cities are growing rapidly, another element is moving out into the country for the sweeter air, the more perfect quiet, and the blessed companionship of Nature. Indeed, as things are moving now, it looks as if by the end of the century New York might lose much of its residential character and become a great metropolis of Trade and the Almighty Dollar. As such it will hold the first rank in the world, while for those who love them the birds in the country suburbs will sing as sweetly as ever. It is a blessed thought that at least they suffer none of that deterioration which civilization with all its blessings sometimes afflicts mankind.



President Moffat, of Washington and Jefferson College, said to the Presbyterian General Assembly, in the course of his excellent address, "I think that after all we shall have to look to the labor unions for the remedy. They could demand no Sunday work. They won on a shorter-hour day." As a matter of fact the union rate of wages for Sunday work is generally "double time," or exactly twice the normal rate for day work. This is intended to operate as a prohibition of Sunday work, by making it so expensive for the employer that he would rather hire more men at the normal rate. The fact that some men are willing to work on Sunday at these double rates does not signify. The overwhelming mass of workers want their Sunday—and they get it, too,—employees of transportation companies and public institutions excepted.



That was a fine deliverance which the venerable Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, put forth, in which he admonishes those who neglect their duty as voters and leave control of public affairs to the professional politicians and their followers. A word from this aged prelate, president of the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church in America, one of the oldest bishops in the world, a man of intellectual eminence, who now, after a length of days vouchsafed to few, speaks from the lengthening shadows of the Beyond, will attract attention when admonitions from other sources, however reiterated and sincere, would fall on deaf ears. It is among the easy in circumstances, the educated and the "respectable" where is found that class of people who consider that it is not obligatory upon them even to register and vote, who look with abhorrence upon the idea of "mixing up in politics," and who are proud of their reprehensible neglect. Bishop Clark in his pastoral letter, read in all the churches of his diocese, on Sunday of last week, calls it the "sacred duty" of every good citizen to take part in politics, to vote and attend the primaries, to "secure, if possible, the nomination of the best and wisest men in the community, and then to do all that he can to induce others to vote for them." The words of the Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church will be heard far beyond the boundaries of his own diocese and will reach that very class of people who particularly need this admonition as to their sacred duties as citizens, but hardly would consider it coming from another source.



It would greatly interest the American public to know now what dominant political influences are behind one of the men convicted of postal frauds in Cuba to shield him from punishment. Two years are passed since the frauds were committed and only a few months since the principals were convicted; and now high official interposition with the Cuban court one week before establishment of Cuban independence secures for one of the convicted men a new trial. The situation is not one calculated to give the Cubans an impressive sense of the impartiality and thoroughness of American justice.



In the death of Edwin Lawrence Godkin we have the passing of one of strong individuality of character. During the newspaper life of the man, Mr. Godkin made for himself and his paper, by sheer force of ability and independence of character, a unique place in American political journalism. Like all men of earnest convictions and combative temperament, he made enemies as well as friends. But all that will be remembered now by his generous contemporaries is his brilliancy as an intellectual gladiator, his sincerity of purpose, his fidelity to ideals, and his readiness to stand on the side that was unpopular if he believed it was

right and fight a losing battle to the end. Some of his views were widely disapproved. He was not always fair and he was given to stating his views with intolerance and with a virulence wholly indefensible, as when on one occasion he denounced President McKinley and his advisers as being "the most dangerous set of scoundrels by which any civilized country was ever beset." Still, with all his faults, which weakened his influence, he pursued high ideals with unflinching courage and with an ability as conspicuous as it is rare. *The Evening Post* will long enjoy the savor of his strong name.



Professor Pickering makes the following statement relative to the light flash from Mars: Early in December we received from the Lowell Observatory in Arizona a telegram that a shaft of light had been seen to project from Mars lasting seventy minutes. I wired these facts to Europe, and sent copies throughout this country. The observer there is a careful, reliable man, and there is no reason to doubt that the light existed. It was given as from a well-known geographical point of Mars. That was all. Now the story has gone the world over. In Europe it is stated that I have been in communication with Mars and all sorts of exaggerations have sprung up. Whatever the light was, we have no means of knowing. Whether it had intelligence or not, no one can say. It is absolutely inexplicable."



It is stated that no method has been devised for raising the huge monoliths of the Cathedral. Many efforts have been made to accomplish this, but in each case the stone was broken in the attempt. The granite company has appealed to the trustees to be allowed to construct them in sections, and their appeal has been granted. So American engineering stands palsied and powerless before what ought to be a simple problem. Were this Egypt, and the time 1560 B. C., the efforts at raising the monoliths might have been more successful.



Two important rulings recently made by the Holy See are announced by Cardinal Gibbons. One is that it will not be valid to hear confessions hereafter **over the telephone**. The other, given upon a recent inquiry by Archbishop J. J. Kain, of St. Louis, on the subject of asking dispensations from canonical laws by cable or telegraph, is that this practice shall no longer obtain and that it is now specifically condemned. But it seems odd to a Protestant outsider that such questions should be brought before the Holy See.



We should like to see all Islam converted to Protestant Christianity. But we see no prospect of it and advise our readers to receive with caution statements to the effect "that whole villages in Persia; where Mohammedanism held supreme sway, have united in appeals for gospel preaching." We should like the names of a few of those villages.



The missionary, like the laborer, is not only worthy of his hire, but of his higher as well. This was made manifest by the report of the Committee who favored an increase of the salaries of the missionaries. They richly deserve it.



Why should a theological seminary here in the East, with a total attendance of fourteen (14), maintains the expense of buildings and a faculty? Or is sound economy at war with theology?



Not a few will share Lord Kelvin's doubts of the practicability of M. Santos Dumont's balloon ship as an aerial navigator; certainly, a flying machine occupying a thousand times the bulk of the man it carries, and of gossamer-like material, seems a practical absurdity. But it is interesting to note one statement put forth by M. Santos Dumont. He declares that at a distance of three or four hundred feet above the surface objects may be discerned in the depths of the sea. Fish and wreckage can be plainly discerned at that height. It would be possible to see a submarine boat from an airship which could be observed in no other way. This is an interesting fact not, we believe, developed before. It gives us a hint, too, of natural law, under whose provisions the hawk is enabled to see fish far below the surface and

eventually to capture them. The discovering of wrecks far down in ocean depths is new and serves to accentuate the utility of the balloon as a discoverer of the secrets of the sea.



So the first-class British railways still use footwarmers—cans of hot water—which, according to the *British Weekly*, are “grudgingly delivered them here and there to the passengers who seem most likely to pay for them.” By the year 1950 the British railways should heat their cars by steam, which will be about 45 years after we heat ours by electricity. Indeed, the process has already begun.



In his speech before the Presbyterian Home Mission gathering in Carnegie Hall, the President eulogized, and deservedly, the army and navy. This was well. What we missed was a commendation of arbitration as a means for rendering war unnecessary. Take another opportunity and say a word, Mr. President.



Current Comment.

I am convinced that what success I have had in this line of work has been due to the effort to follow the methods of Christ. Who made the lily speak and the sparrow tell of the care of God. He was indeed a kindergarten teacher, although He taught adults, and I know of no better way of reaching the boys' hearts than by having love for the boys, and catching their eyes with some object upon which you can fasten the truth one wishes to convey.—Rev. A. A. Kidder in *Church Economist*.

The Lutheran World thinks “It is going hard with the poor Christian Scientists. Recently one of the faithful in an Eastern city was to have addressed a meeting of the faithful. His failure to materialize came about because an immaterial cinder got into his immaterial eye and so inflamed that illusory organ that he was unable to leave his room. If there is so material a thing as an ecclesiastical court in Christian Science circles these brethren ought to be taken before it and disciplined for conduct unbecoming a true ‘Scientist.’”

In President Roosevelt and General Hampton are to be found those two elements the recognition of which has brought the North and South together and turned a great war full of bitter memories into a common tradition of heroism: perfect sincerity of conviction and perfect courage. These two qualities, shared alike by the blue and the gray, the Federal and the Confederate, have taken the sting out of the Civil War and have made it a common heritage of noble examples.—*The Outlook*.

Gen. Matt. W. Ranson, who is a Confederate veteran and a former United States Senator, advises Northerners to leave the race problem alone. He said last evening before a gathering of North Carolinians in this city that sectionalism is a shadow of the past, and added: “Trust it to the wisdom of her people and to their sense of right. It belongs to the South, for it is in her homes, in her religion. What country has done for the savage what she has done for the negro? I say to you men of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, don't take this question up again to disturb our people.”

The physical observance of the Mosaic Sabbath grew into a social and religious institution of unspeakable benevolence; the history of the Lord's Day is the history of an opposite movement, beginning in the spiritual nature of man, closely connected with the social, but steadily and effectually accomplishing the same weekly Sabbatical release of man and beast from ordinary toil with which the Israelitish Sabbath began.—*Church Standard*.

The dream of Human Brotherhood seems to be coming true at last. The peasant who dipped his net in the Danube, or trapped the beaver on its banks, perhaps never heard of Cæsar, or of Cæsar's murder; but the shot that shattered the forecasting brain, and curdled the warm, sweet heart of the most American of Americans, echoed along the wires through the length and breadth of a continent, swelling all eyes at once with tears of indignant sorrow. All the denominations are brought closer to each other, and the Christendom is unified. A common race feeling is promoted. The world is joining the “Get Together Club.”—*Western Christian Advocate*.



About People.

The Austin (Tex.) Theological Seminary, which is conducted under the auspices of the Southern Presbyterian Church, has received a contribution of \$75,000 cash from Mrs. Sarah C. Ball, of Galveston. The contribution is given for the purpose of endowing two chairs of the institution.

Gen. Joseph Wheeler has written to a friend in Scotsboro, Ala., that the published report that he is going to England to attend the coronation of King Edward is not correct. General Wheeler says

he is going to Europe with his family, and that he will attend the army maneuvers in Germany and France.

Lord Kelvin is credited with the statement that he has not read a book for thirty years. To an interviewer he said: “I read nothing but the daily papers. Well, perhaps that is an over-statement; it may not be thirty years, but it is a long time. Of course, I am continually referring to books, but I have not the time for steady reading, except the daily papers, and I feel especially bound in crises of our history to study the course of events.”

Queen Elena giving a hundred cradles and their furniture to her contemporary Roman mothers, to celebrate the birth of her first child, follows the royal custom abroad, that kings and queens should keep their great occasions by making as well as by receiving gifts. The Queen of Italy also imitates Leo XIII., who makes the present of a certain number of complete beds, sheets and blankets an invariable part of his Christmas alms in the Eternal City.

There are four Bothas among the leaders of the Boers, and they are brothers. The eldest is Gen. Philip Botha. Commandant-General Louis Botha is “the” Botha. Commandant (now acting general) Christian Botha is the Botha with whom General Buller had the interview last June. The fourth brother is a Botha who has not come before the public.



Are Churches Too Costly?

A writer in *The Christian Work* declares that a large part of the \$900,000,000 at which church property in the United States is valued is “represented in splendid and costly edifices, idle and empty monuments, cold, stately and magnificent—but nothing more.” He believes that all church buildings should be severely utilitarian, and that they would be more in harmony with the spirit of the age “if the vast capital lying almost dead and useless in costly accessories to churches were turned into channels of missionary enterprise or into the funds for reaching and evangelizing the unchurched masses in our great cities and neglected country districts.” The steeples and towers of churches, which, according to his estimate, cost about \$45,000,000, arouse his especial indignation, and he looks upon the expenditure of this amount as a sinful waste.

As for the objection to steeples, towers and other costly accessories, there is not much in it. Doubtless here and there too much is spent on the ornamentation of churches, and in some cases the useful may be sacrificed to the artistic and æsthetic. Speaking generally, however, church buildings must satisfy the æsthetic sentiment of the people, otherwise nobody to speak of would go to church. Even the steeples and towers of which *The Christian Work* writer speaks so contemptuously may minister to that very complicated feeling in man known as the religious sense. If they do that, although only in the smallest degree, they have vindicated their right to be. All the same, we may say in passing that there are some steeples and towers ugly enough and inartistic enough to drive people away from the ordinances of religion.

Great stress is laid in this article from which we have quoted on the splendor and costliness of church buildings, and, as we know, the assertion is frequently made that poor people no longer care to go to church because modern churches are so luxurious and magnificent. But, like many another popular assumption, this assertion is not founded on fact. Years ago, perhaps, the church buildings of this country were relatively magnificent; but in these days of palatial hotels, office buildings and private residences our churches—even the best of them—are relatively cheap affairs. In many cases, too, instead of repelling by their magnificence, their dinginess and faded furnishings are the things that most strongly impress the beholder. There are conspicuous exceptions, of course; but the average church building in the large cities seems to be overwhelmed by the onward march of modern civilization. Its steeple, which used to dominate the town, and to climb which was one of the greatest privileges of the country visitor, is now hidden away out of sight by great office buildings from whose roofs one may look down on its topmost point. As to the interior furnishings of the average church of to-day, they seem poor and cheap when compared with interior furnishings of even the better class of apartment houses. We say this, of course, not to cast any discredit on the churches, which, perhaps, ought not to be too luxurious, but to vindicate them from the charge of costliness and magnificence which thoughtless people so often make against them.—*The Tribune*.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

The wholesale price of coal is now \$7 per ton.

The newest big gun, it is promised, will throw a shot ninety-three miles.

The Boston police were last week called out in force to quell "kosher" meat riots in the North End.

Land has been purchased in Pennsylvania for a Chinese cemetery, the only one east of the Rocky Mountains.

The East Side meat riots, in this city, broke out afresh last week, when 700 women wrecked a kosher shop in Norfolk street.

The President has nominated Robert S. McCormick, now United States Minister at Vienna, to be Ambassador to Austria-Hungary.

The United States steamer Dixie arrived at Kingston, St. Vincent, May 23d, with 900,000 rations, together with clothing, medicine and supplies.

The General Memorial Hospital, until lately known as the New York Cancer Hospital, is to receive the sum of \$100,000 from Mrs. Collis P. Huntington.

All the washeries in the anthracite district in Pennsylvania have shut down and each side of the strike seems to have settled down for a mortal struggle.

Soft coal is being burned in many high buildings in this city, and the demand for bituminous fuel was so great that there was a scarcity, with an advance in price.

Attorney-General Knox, in a contest with the authorities of Virginia over the navy yard at Norfolk, has decided that the authority of the United States was paramount.

President Roosevelt has abolished the long-standing practice by which army officers have acted as Secretary of War in the absence of the Secretary and Assistant Secretary.

Great Britain and Germany have formally denied the sovereignty of the United States over the Sulu Archipelago, which is firmly maintained by the Government at Washington.

President Roosevelt unveiled, May 21st, a monument in memory of those who fell in the Spanish-American War, erected in Arlington Cemetery by the National Society of Colonial Dames.

The Arthur Seitz and the Frank A. Palmer, large coastwise vessels, and both laden with coal, went ashore on Vasque Shoal, off the Massachusetts coast, and may go to pieces.

The entire northeastern portion of Iowa was half submerged by the cloudburst and heavy financial losses have resulted. It is estimated that the cloudburst precipitated six inches of water.

Joseph Hobson, for over twenty years a leader in the Salvation Army, though not a regular member of that organization, dropped dead at his home in Linden street, Passaic, N. J.

The Beef Trust inquiry begun by Attorney-General Davies has been temporarily held up by the departure of the necessary witnesses for the beef houses to New Jersey, out of reach of subpoena.

During the parade of the Rochambeau mission and its escort, in this city, a bridge at Fifth avenue and 18th street collapsed, killing a man and severely injuring a score of men and women.

Walter N. Halderman, president of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and one of the oldest newspaper men in the country, died in Louisville, Ky., May 13th, from injuries by being struck by a trolley car.

The funeral of Lord Pauncefoot, the British Ambassador, who died at Washington, May 24th, was of a state character. The remains were temporarily placed in the receiving vault at Rock Creek Cemetery.

Miss Julia Williams, member of a wealthy and socially prominent Detroit family and a cousin of Senator Mark Hanna, died, May 18th, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel from a self-administered overdose of strychnine.

The members of the Rochambeau mission from France arrived in Washington, last week, and were received by President Roosevelt at the White House; in the afternoon they visited Mount Vernon, and at night the President gave a state dinner in their honor.

One man was killed and \$150,000 worth of property destroyed, as a result of a fire which broke out at the transfer freight sheds of the New York Central Railroad, in the Williams street yards Buffalo, on the night of May 23d.

One thousand persons standing upon a viaduct at the Union Stock Yards watching a fire that raged in Armour & Company's lard refineries, Chicago, on May 16th, were caught in the ruins of the structure which collapsed under their weight, injuring five fatally and twenty-four seriously.

A thunderstorm formed in Spartanburg County, S. C., on the afternoon of May 25th, and passed through the three towns of Pacolet, Jonesville and Union. Six persons were killed and fully a dozen seriously injured. The damage to business houses, residences and crops will aggregate at least \$100,000.

The piano factory of Freeborn G. Smith, manufacturer of the Bradbury piano, was destroyed by a fire, on the evening of May 21st. The factory is a five-story brick building, at the northeast corner of Raymond and Willoughby streets, Brooklyn, and extending to within one hundred feet of Bolivar street.

Six alleged Italian counterfeiters and an extensive plant for the manufacture of spurious coins were captured by Chief Secret Service Agent Flynn and his men. The plant was found in a modest looking cottage in the Italian quarter of Hackensack, and the prisoners, two of whom were women, were caught in this city.

President Raymond, of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., has announced that he has received a letter from a wealthy patron of the university giving \$75,000 for the erection of a new science building. The name of the donor is not made public. Of the three buildings desired by the Wesleyan authorities to commemorate the coming commencement two buildings have now been given, and the sum of \$50,000 has been secured toward the third.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

The rebellion in Pe-Chi-Li province, China, is ended.

The prospects of early peace in South Africa are brightening.

The King of Spain expressed a desire to substitute horseracing for bullfighting.

Jean Joseph Benjamin-Constant, the eminent French painter, died in Paris, May 26th.

An attempt has been made to assassinate Prince Obolensky, Governor of Kharkoff, Russia.

A provisional government, with M. Boisrond Canal as President, has been formed in Hayti.

Henri Gréville (Alice Marie Céleste Durand), the French authoress, died at Paris, May 26th.

Conditions in Martinique are unchanged and the people of Fort de France are somewhat quieter.

President Loubet arrived at St. Petersburg, May 22d, and received a most enthusiastic popular welcome.

The Cuban Congress passed a bill granting President Palma \$300,000 for current expenses of government.

St. Pierre is now completely covered with lava, and it will be dangerous to approach the place until the covering hardens.

Balschaneff, who assassinated Sipaguine, the Russian Minister of the Interior, was put to death last Monday, at St. Petersburg.

Within nine hours, beginning at 8.25 o'clock on the evening of April 18th, 200 earthquake shocks were felt at Tapachula, Mexico.

The Pope has contributed 20,000 lire (\$4,000) to the fund being raised for the relief of the sufferers from the Martinique disaster.

At Naples a thief threw stones at a train last week on which were the King and Queen of Italy. No harm was done, and the assailant was arrested.

A German firm has offered the Chinese Government \$15,000,000 annually for the exclusive rights of selling opium throughout the empire, but the offer was rejected.

The eruption of Mont Pelée, on May 20th, which broke out at 5 o'clock in the morning, was ten times as violent as that which destroyed St. Pierre. Colossal columns of volcanic matter were ejected from the volcano, which rained huge, red-hot boulders, many feet in diameter, on the ruins of St. Pierre and the country near it from an enormous elevation and with fearful velocity. The volcanic clouds advanced until they reached Fort de France. The rays of the rising sun lighted them until the clouds looked like molten metal suspended in the air and rolling over the city. The spectacle was appalling and sublime beyond description.

My Father's Will.

He shall receive an hundredfold in this time * * * and in the world to come eternal life. Mark 10, 30.

By William G. Haeselbarth.

My friends assure me I'm quite poor,
But I say, "Not."
Although of this world's goods I'm sure
I've nothing got.
I have no money, houses, lands
To call my own;
Poor? Yes, as this world understands,
Poor as a stone.

Yet I'm more rich in things of worth
Beyond compare
Than if I owned the whole round earth,
Its wealth and glare.
My storehouse never lacks supply,
But overflows;
It's not far off, but close near by,
Secure from foes.

My Father's will provides for me
In terms most clear,
A hundredfold—how full and free!
In this world here.
And in the world that is to come,
More wondrous still.
Life everlasting in His home—
Such is His will.

For every need, how great or small,
My Father's will
Makes full provision for them all,
And yet more still.
Need and supply adjust the scale
With even hand,
Nor can the rich supply e'er fail,
But must expand.

With such a rich inheritance
At hand and sure,
Which drawing from but does enhance,
Who can be poor?
What blessed poverty is this,
How rich indeed!
Earth's brightest gifts can bring no bliss
This to exceed.



The Question of the Hour.

By William G. Haeselbarth.

If our children are to be saved from the imminent peril of becoming victims of the drink habit through the social drinking customs of the day, and through which so many in the past have been doomed to a drunkard's grave, these usages must be entirely abolished, and in spite of fashion and custom the French cut-glass decanter and the sideboard of choice wines and liquors in the drawing-rooms of fashionable society must be cast out and disappear entirely.

The appeal need not rest on the deleterious quality of the liquors used or on the question whether or not the drinking of a glass of wine is in itself sinful, or whether any positive prohibition can be quoted from the Scriptures. Each man must settle such questions according to the light he has received, and in full view of his position and privileges, his duty and responsibility. The question which confronts us is this—and it is one from which we cannot get away: Whether for the sake of many thousands who are already the slaves of strong drink, and for the sake of multitudes who are in great danger of becoming such; for the sake of those who are dear to us; for the love of souls who are

ready to perish; for the glory of the Saviour who died for us—we ought not be willing and ready to do all in our power, even at some personal sacrifice, to banish intemperance and its foul brood of ills from the Church and the world, and for this purpose cease to countenance in any way any of the drinking usages of society, by which so many have been entangled in the meshes of the siren destroyer.

There is, on the one hand, the admitted prevalence of a most insidious and destructive vice, a widespread and most pernicious practice, existing among us. On the other hand, we have the examples and teachings of Jesus, the entire spirit of the gospel, inspiring love, enjoining self denial and calling on us to stretch forth a hand to help the weak, to help the feeble, tempted, falling brother for whom Christ died. As Christians, as followers of Him who gave Himself for us, and who has said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." We ask you to join in the suppression of this evil under which our country, the Church and the people suffer and mourn.

Let us act upon the principle set forth by the noble and tender-hearted Paul, when he says, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient." And, again, "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." Surely it needs no argument to enforce this principle upon the Christian mind and conscience.



Typical Elders and Deacons.

By the Author of "Clerical Types."

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A DEACON NOT IDEAL.

One characteristic thing about Deacon Dennison was his smile—which was really a compromise between a smile and a smirk. Other things might change, that was a fixed quantity. He wore it at weddings and funerals. The facial muscles seemed to have got fixed into an unalterable grimace. When you told him some piece of good news, he smiled; when you told him of the death of a friend, he smiled; only in the latter case the sense of the proprieties made him contract his smile to its smallest dimensions. It is a general belief that he will die with a smile; that a smile will rest upon his lifeless clay; and that he will greet the angels with a smile. Strangers felt flattered at his expressions of personal interest; but when they saw that he greeted everybody in the same way they came to discount the value of his smile.

Another characteristic was his easy-going optimism. He had a way of affirming that things were all right, when everyone knew that they were all wrong. Like the ostrich which hides its head in the sand and fails to see its pursuer, he often refused to see the difficulty he ought to have faced, and tried to solve. When there was something disagreeable coming up at a church meeting he was sure to be kept at home with a headache. When there was a hard piece of work to be done he passed by on the other side. He followed in all things the line of the least resistance.

He was not positively intentionally bad, but he was weak and vacillating, which, in its moral effect, often amounted to the same thing. When he ought to have been firm and decided he wobbled. He usually sat upon the fence, and slid down from that place of neutrality after a question had been settled, taking care to land on

the popular side. Like the Irishman's flea, however certain you felt that you had him, when you lifted your finger he was not there. Having no mind of his own he readily became a tool in the hands of others. They made the bullets, and he fired them off, getting all the blame for whatever damage might be done. He was a stuffed figure, a man of wax, a thing rather than a man. His attitude toward his superiors was as deferential and as accommodating as that of a foreign ambassador who said to an English nobleman: "Tell me, O illustrious stranger, what your religion is, that I may profess it while I am in your company." Like the chameleon he took his hue from his surroundings; and hence people took knowledge of him where he had been. If he had been in the company of the godly he talked the language of Canaan; if he had been in the company of the profane he might unconsciously rip out an oath. He was neither as good nor as bad as he appeared to be.

Another characteristic of Deacon Dennison was dullness of ethical sense. He was stupidly good; not exactly immoral, but unmoral. He lacked that fine sensibility to ethical distinctions which belongs to highly-developed natures. His moral perceptions were decidedly blunt. Hence he often did with serenity things which to others would have brought compunctious visitings of conscience. He could prevaricate with as much ease as a cat laps milk. When he fell into debt he allowed the other party to do the worrying, while he himself slept the sleep of the just, for in some way he generally succeeded in finding an opiate to soothe his conscience. Either he had been put under peculiar strain so that he could not help giving way, or he had been the victim of circumstances and was to be pitied rather than blamed for his shortcomings. And when all such excuses failed to give relief he fell back on the Antinomian position that salvation is by faith alone, irrespective of character, and that God's mercy, like a sponge, wipes out all scores, no matter how great their number or the frequency with which they are repeated. He overlooked the important qualifying truth that sin forgiven is sin forsaken.

The negro preacher who, when reading a well-known hymn, changed a single word in one of its lines, making it read: "Judge not the Lord by feeble *saints*," instead of "Judge not the Lord by feeble *sense*," blundered better than he knew. The church ought not to be judged by its poorest specimens any more than an orchard ought to be judged by its gnarliest, sourest apples. But who can tell how much worse these feeble saints would have been save for the modicum of religion which they possess. That Christianity has not done more for them is attributable not to its lack of ability but to the poor material with which it has to work, or to the limited chance which has been given to it on account of the half-hearted surrender which has been made to its wonder-working power.



One of the first public utterances of Dr. Gore, the new Bishop of Worcester, is this: "I am not one of those who are able to speak lightly of the old and long-standing differences that separate the Church and Nonconformity. It is no use pretending that such differences can be lightly healed; but the best way to heal them is by mutual knowledge and effort to cooperate wherever it is possible. I do not believe we are ripe for corporate communion, but *we* may combine in the bettering of social and political life, and in all things connected with temperance, purity and social reform." And what could be better said?

Things Wanting.

By Rev. W. E. Glanville, Ph.D.

1. There is wanting to-day a clear-cut conception and conviction of sinfulness.

There was a time when to be told that anything was sinful awakened compunction, regret and alarm, but that time, it would seem, has largely passed away. Certain causes may be assigned for this change of attitude toward sinfulness. One is science. We have come to suppose that because science has made so much of heredity, therefore we need make but little of sinfulness. We have come to feel that our ancestors have been more to blame in this matter than ourselves, and that therefore we need not trouble ourselves much about it. Another cause contributing to indifference respecting sin is the more pleasurable view of life which prevails to-day. There is something very seductive and pleasantly slumberous about life to-day as far as its moral tone is concerned. We are coming to have a reputation of living chiefly for the fun we can get out of life; for the soft and soothing sounds and sensations that can be made to minister to our senses. We put respectability first and character is but little thought of, and respectability too often stands merely for a well-filled pocketbook, a well-furnished house, the elements of a general education, a well-polished exterior, an occasional conventional patronage of the worship of God; and we give little heed to the old-fashioned talk of Jesus Christ, who described such a life as like a whited sepulchre, well cleaned and painted white on the outside, but corrupt and stenchful within. And so in the literature of our day, in the magazines, the papers, the works of fiction, in the society gossip of the day, and in the popular amusements of the times, the old idea of simpleness is pooh-poohed, and the word sin itself is seldom heard. All of which, in the writer's judgment, is a most pitiful infatuation; an infatuation as real as the infatuation of any unhappy patient in the lunatic asylum. And it is an infatuation because it does not work outright. The most casual observation and experience should convince us that this light and airy and sportive attitude toward sinfulness is continually working out, all around us, the most grievous and wretched results.

Young people, whose sense of sinfulness has never been stirred by faithful and dutiful parents, enter life with the idea that it does not matter how we live, what habits we allow, as long as we keep ourselves out of the reach of the arm of the criminal law, get all the money we can, and have as good all-round time as it is possible to cram and crowd into the twenty-four hours of the day. That is their philosophy of life. They have never been seriously taught to love and reverence the Sabbath day and the worship of their God. They have never been taught, by family worship, the influence and importance of private personal prayer. In fact, the influence of the home and society has been largely the other way. And so, as they go forth into life, we see them one after another, entangling themselves in evil habits, stupefying and stultifying the brain, confusing and confounding the voice of conscience, embarking their forces of virtue, knowledge and strength in downright practical heathenism, living without God and without hope in the world, and in some cases reaching the conclusion that life is not worth living. True! such a life is *not* worth living; this kind of life we were never created to live, and this kind of life is the logical and inevitable outcome of making a mock at sin.

So far from the researches of modern science having annulled the grievousness of sin, they have emphasized it in most startling fashion. The light which physical science has shed upon the moral evil of mankind has not by one jot or tittle abated the deadly nature of sin and the personal responsibility of the sinner for sin wilfully committed. The word of God concerning the nature of sin remains untouched, uncontradicted, by all the discoveries of modern science. "The way of the transgressor is hard." "The wages of sin is death." "Sin is an abomination to God." "The wrath of God is declared against all unrighteousness." That is the word of God, and however sophistical we may be we cannot argue that teaching out of existence. Our own heart knows we cannot; and the longer we live the more are we convinced of its truthfulness, however contrary the will may be.

2. There is wanting to-day a clear-cut conviction of our need of conscious individual turning to God.

Half-way measures will not suffice. Lame and laggard and unwilling promises to turn to God some time in the indefinite future are too indefinite to be of much, if any value. Men and women who linger for years on the dividing line between a life turned from God

and a life turned to God are never happy, never satisfied and never can be. Dilatory tactics may be useful in some kinds of warfare, but they are positively of no use in this matter of religious decision. "He that is not with me is against me" is the plain, uncompromising message of Jesus Christ. Side by side with the conviction of sinfulness there springs up in the heart the consciousness of our need of Divine help, of repenting of sin, of turning right about right away, of ordering our lives differently from what they have been ordered. And every time we fail to yield to that consciousness then by a law of our soul life we make it harder and more difficult to yield the next time. Prompt, energetic, determined, spontaneous action is requisite here, and apart from this action our lives can never be right with God, whatever their condition may be otherwise. How reads the Scripture? "Except a man be born again (from above) he cannot see the Kingdom of God."

This is true for every one everywhere. No one is born so good as not to need to be born again. No one can become so educated and cultured as not to need to be born again. And this new birth, this birth from above, is impossible until we reach out hands of faith, and, realizing our inward sinfulness and the tendency of our hearts to sin, we pray for Divine help, for the indwelling presence of the Divine Spirit, to make us Godlike.

3. Further there is wanting on the part of professing Christians a more thorough, earnest and diligent imitation of Christ, the daily "practice of the presence of God."

Formality is unreality. The externals of religion are well enough if they are feeders of a genuine Christian life, otherwise they are a pious mummery, an offense before heaven. The world will become better in proportion as Christian people become better Christians; and Christian people will not become better Christians until they master the truth that their religion is a life to be lived, a practice to be daily cultivated. The best types of moral heroes and saints are not bred in the dim religious light, the oppressive silence of a convent, but in the open world, developing sterling righteous character, becoming living forces for truth and goodness, and wearing the cross of Christ, not carved from wood and suspended from neck or girdle, but wearing it stamped upon the warm palpitating heart, which lives to minister in Christ's name and spirit to the weak, the lonely, the poor, the sinful, everywhere. We must learn to pierce beneath form to substance, and be content with nothing else and nothing less than a substantial, intelligent, Christ-formed, Christ-permeated life.

With these needs awakened and supplied, the churches will take on new life and the Kingdom of heaven will move forward in the world with the fulness of pentecostal power and blessing.

ANAMOSA, IOWA.



Personality and Impersonality.

By Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D.

Why did our Lord in His parable of the rich man and Lazarus give us the name of the beggar and not the name of the rich man? Why did He speak of the rich man in vague general terms as only a *certain* rich man; and why did He condescend to particulars in regard to the beggar, and actually mention his name? We should have imagined that it would have been just the reverse; that He would have emblazoned the name of the rich man in the honors of fame and consigned the beggar's name to the obscurity of his lot on earth. That is what the world would have done. Judged according to the standard of society, the rich man with his splendid house and grand appointments, and rich dress and luxurious food, was a person of name and consideration. When a man becomes rich in our country he becomes a somebody; he is, perhaps, made a peer if he has made himself useful to his political party, and his name and title and lineage are recorded in the book of the peerage and in the almanacs of the land. Every one knows his name and is proud to acknowledge him and do homage to him. But when a man is poor he is a nobody. Whatever his gifts or merits may be nobody knows him. Nobody is interested in his doings. He may go from home, or do anything he likes at home, and nobody cares a straw. He has no friends and no name that is known outside his own humble dwelling. That is the way of the world.

But with Christ it was quite different. He reversed the standards of the world. He bestowed his patents of nobility not upon the rich, but upon the poor. He said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven." He began

His public ministry with the strange words: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Himself poor, He associated with the nameless poor. It was the common people, with names unknown and undistinguished lives, who gave Him His best welcome. He knew well from His own experience the short and simple annals of the poor. And, therefore, when He gave a name to the beggar Lazarus, and passed by the rich man without a name as only a certain rich man, He acted entirely in keeping with His well-known mind and the rule of His life. The condition of the rich was foreign to Him; but He could understand and sympathize with the condition of the poor. He had a tenderer and more considerate spirit toward them just because of their poverty. If others despised and rejected them, He would honor them for their simple virtue and rugged honesty. He would minister to their humblest necessities and give to their sore experiences a deeper meaning and a higher value, and connect them with the blessedness of heaven.

But it was not merely because of our Lord's sympathy with the poor rather than with the rich that He discriminated in this remarkable way between the rich man and Lazarus. The reason lies deeper than that and touches the very foundations of human nature. Our Lord, by naming the one and leaving the other nameless, wished to show that it was the character and not the condition of the two men that distinguished them. The rich man was just a rich man and nothing more. He has been called Dives, but that is simply the Greek word for rich. It is not an individual, but a generic name; the name of a class, not of a person. It applies to every rich man without distinction, not to one man exclusively. There has been recently a very singular application of photography. By taking and combining by a process of superposition a succession of photographic likenesses of the different members of a family, a single portrait is ultimately produced, which is not the exact likeness of any one of those photographed, and yet it is a likeness of them all, a family portrait in a very literal sense in which the resemblance of each member cannot fail to be traced. We have something like this in our Lord's portrait of the certain rich man in His parable. We have not the likeness of any particular man, but the likeness of a class. The individual is lost in the class. The rich man had no personal likeness, no particular name, because he had no individuality: He was simply one of many, without any personal characteristics to separate him from the class with which he was associated. His sole distinction was that he was a rich man. He was simply made of money, to use the popular expression. Apart from his wealth he was a nobody. He reminds us of lairds and farmers in Scotland, who are called not by their own personal names, but by their farms or estates. It is their farms or estates that give them consequence in the eyes of their fellow-men, not their personal qualities. In many of our rapid streams there is a very slender kind of worm living, called a caddis-worm. It gathers round itself a compact case of little bits of sand and gravel and sticks and any substance that happens to float past that it can lay hold of. In this case it hides itself, and attaches itself to the bottom of the stream and resists the force of the current. This case is many times the size of its own body; and when you pull it to pieces and reach the worm in the inside you are surprised to find how thin and small it is; how little living material there is at the heart of all this great mass of sand and gravel and sticks. And so it is with the rich man in the parable. It is the riches with which he is encased that swell out his life and make his petty, insignificant being bulk so largely in the eye of the community, and take such a firm hold of the world. His life indeed consists in the abundance of the good things he possesses. The meat is more than the life, and the raiment more than the body.

On the other hand, the poor man must be known by his character, or not at all. He comes out of circumstances, naked, clear-cut, with outlines well defined, like a figure in perfect relief, like a statue that stands on a pedestal surrounded only by the empty air, not like a cameo that is carved out of a shell or a gem, and is seen only against the background of that material, and owes most of its beauty and perfection to it. We judge of a poor man by what he is, not by what he has. The early Tuscan painters painted their portraits on a golden background; and that golden background was the same for each person. There was no difference in the gilding that halved each face, and there was apt, therefore, to be little difference in the faces themselves. The face of one man or woman painted on such a mechanical metallic back-

ground was like the face of another. Such faces were beautiful, not so much in themselves, but because of the beauty of their background, and that beauty was tame, monotonous and meaningless. But afterward when a higher art came in, and the background was painted with a brush, and was made to correspond with the character of the face, and was painted in lights and shades to suit the play of the features, then there was a special meaning and individuality in each face. You could not mistake the portraiture. It suited the person represented and no other. And so with the poor. Their portraits are not painted on the gilded background of worldly prosperity; but are made to stand out by the inequalities of fortune, against the dark background of toil and want and poverty. Their human nature is their sole possession, and its character is clearly and distinctly outlined by the hard discipline of their lot. Their poverty has made them what they are; and whatever worth or virtue their life owns has been given to them by the toil and trials through which they have passed.

We see in the rich man of the parable the common characteristics of a rich man. His good things were his clothing of purple and fine linen and his sumptuous fare. He valued these outward material things above the inner spiritual things of his true life. Even religion itself was for him chiefly a thing of outward form and show. Obviously he conceived of religion as an addition to his respectability, an outward, becoming ornament of his life. And as these things are all outside of a man and do not touch his real nature, so in proportion as he yields other habits and cultivates these qualities, so in proportion does he lose his individuality. He gains the world, but loses his own soul. He has no name, but is known as a certain rich man. And when he dies he leaves all his possessions behind him. He is stripped of the body he has pampered, and the treasures he amassed, and the forms he has worshiped, and enters into a world of spiritual and eternal realities with which he has nothing in common and for which he has made no preparation or provision.

On the other hand, we are led to conceive of Lazarus as caring more for the soul than the body, valuing human life as a scene of spiritual discipline and growth rather than of sensual comfort and enjoyment. And when he died the name of Lazarus, which means "God is my help," and all that it implied was carried with him to heaven and was continued in the future life. He was known by it in Abraham's bosom among the saints in glory. His individuality consisting in the gaining of his own immortal soul, not in the possession of earthly perishing things, suffered no change by death or by the transitions to the future world.

EDINBURGH, Scotland.



The Secret of Rejoicing.

By Rev. N. J. Mosier.

The last word in the record concerning the Ethiopian eunuch is this: "He went on his way rejoicing." Steps that lead to this happy consummation are clearly revealed in the short passage which gives us the beautiful picture of his simple, but wonderful religious experience. We find seven clearly defined steps which led to his great rejoicing:

1. Worship. Acts 8, 27. Though a man of great authority, perhaps prime minister of Queen Candace, yet he allowed no court duties or trifling pretenses to prevent him from attending to his spiritual nature. His worship may not have been the most intelligent and acceptable, but it was according to his best light. He was, doubtless, a proselyte of the Jews, brought out from heathenism, and had left all temporal affairs for a time, to take a long journey from Ethiopia to Jerusalem, to worship as best he could. His heart was yearning for God, and the things of time and sense did not hinder him.

If only men of our day would follow his example and put themselves under the sound of gospel preaching and worship, according to their best light, how soon would they be abundantly rewarded.

2. Searching the scriptures. Verse 28. His worship had drawn him toward the Word of God, and, doubtless, he spent much money to purchase the Greek translation of a part, or the whole, of the Old Testament to take back with him to Ethiopia, that he might know the way of God more perfectly. What a rebuke to modern unbelievers, who so much neglect this precious book! Infidels argue about it, and laugh at it, but scarcely ever read it. Indifferent people take no interest in its never-dying truths, and choose the newspaper and the trashy literature of the day instead. Christians idle away their time in worthless reading, frivolous conversation, or questionable amusements, instead of hiding God's Word in their hearts. No wonder sinners never find joy and that Christians live in a wilderness of doubt and complaint!

3. Searching the scriptures concerning Christ. Verses 32 and 35. A young minister who failed to preach Christ from his chosen text was rebuked by an old Welch preacher on this

account. He said he thought that Christ was not in the text. The minister answered: "That as all roads lead to London, so all texts should lead to Christ."

4. Searching the scriptures for Christ crucified. Verses 32 and 33. The chapter from which the eunuch was reading, Isaiah 53, contains eleven references to the vicarious sufferings of Christ. We may know much about the scriptures, much about Christ, and yet if we know not about Christ crucified, our knowledge will be of no avail for the salvation of the soul. All the sentimental talk about Christ as a model man, apart from Christ as the atoning sacrifice for sin, is misleading to man and displeasing to God. A Christian gentleman, after traveling three years over the Eastern and Middle States, said: "I have not heard a dozen allusions to the sacrifice made on the cross, and not one sermon given to the expansion of the atoning grace of God in Christ. I have listened to so-called preparation lectures and sat at communion tables where not the remotest hint was uttered that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. I have heard beautiful and eloquent discourses, ranging through almost every field of Christian literature, save one, and that the one which exhibits the religion of Jesus as a gospel to sinful men." Paul says to the Corinthians: "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." What a motto text for every Christian to take for life! "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Some time ago there was a wreck at sea, and a large number of passengers were obliged to trust to the life-preservers to float them till help should come. All went well for a time, but presently one after another began to sink, in spite of all their skill in swimming or the help of their friends. After the rescue of the survivors it was found that the life-preservers, instead of being filled with cork sawdust, had been filled with waste paper. A cheap imitation had been palmed off upon the managers of the shipping company, and what seemed to be life-preservers became life-destroyers. So any faith in God, or the scriptures, of Jesus Christ, apart from faith in His atoning blood, increases judgment and intensifies destruction, rather than saves the soul.

5. Teachableness. Verses 31, 34 and 35. Various steps have prepared the honest inquirer for the work of the faithful preacher. He has improved his means of grace as best he knew, and God in His providence sends to him Philip, the deacon-evangelist, to lead him out into the clear light. The eunuch is not conceited or argumentative, but a humble seeker after truth. He is not like most of the Jews of his day—a traditionalist. He does not come to the Word of God to prove what he already believes, but to get his belief. The reason why so many Christians are in such bondage and darkness is that they have received for doctrines the teachings of men, instead of unlearning everything and coming to the Word of God without preconceived notions, and getting their views directly from the fountain-head of all truth. There are many thoughts and practices held in the modern church which have no ground whatever in the Word of God. No one who is not willing to be taught, like a little child, from God's book by any teacher whom God has raised up need have any hope of reaching the state of happiness to which every human being is struggling. Many a lost soul will see at the judgment how much he has lost by neglecting his divinely appointed teachers, such as parents, husband or wife, child, friend, Sunday-school teacher, pastor and the like. Happy the man who welcomes the truth from any source and receives it in childlike simplicity and gratitude.

6. Obedience. Verses 36-38. Philip, in preaching Jesus, had preached baptism. Repent, believe and be baptized is the scriptural order. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, baptizing them," is the great commission. It is but natural that this humble inquirer should say: "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" Nothing hinders the child of God in the path of obedience in this or in any matter but himself. All the devils of the universe, all the forces of wicked men, and all the powers of ecclesiasticism cannot hinder one who resolves to obey God at any cost. Prompt and cheerful obedience is one of the important steps to a happy Christian life.

7. Satisfaction with Christ. The seeker has been true to his holy desires, and convictions, and leadings, and he at last comes to a position in Christ where he can say: "I have a Christ which satisfies." Grateful to Philip for his faithful and helpful ministry, he does not worship Philip. The messenger goes on to other work, but the message abides. The evangelist is caught away, but the true Evangel tarries. One like unto the Son of Man sits by his side in the chariot. "He sees no man save Jesus only."

Is it any wonder, after these seven successive steps have been humbly and faithfully and successfully taken, that he goes on his way to Ethiopia, and home, and duty, rejoicing? The rich young ruler went away from Jesus sorrowful. Strange phenomenon! No one is ever compelled thus to leave Jesus. He came to preach the gospel to the poor, to bind up the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and the recovery of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised. He went about doing good. He healed all the sick that were brought unto Him. He said: "Come unto Me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Why should any go away from Him sorrowful?

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 3, 1902.

Up-to-Date Points of View.¹

Shall New York
City Give Up
Sunday to the Saloons?

The contention has been, that a man should have the same freedom to go out and get a drink on Sunday as to go to church. This implies, of course, that the saloons should be as open to him as the churches, and that it is better to have the saloons opened by law on Sunday than to have men buy liquor surreptitiously on that day; since the latter course induces evasion of law on the part of the saloon-keeper and hypocrisy on the part of his customer. In other words, it is better not to have a law forbidding the sale of intoxicants, because it may be evaded. It is easy to see that this reasoning carried out would wipe all laws against crimes from the statute books and bring in "personal liberty" with a vengeance. Quite naturally the better people—not to say the saloon men themselves, and even the "yellow journalists"—have been greatly shocked by the advocacy of the "open Sunday" on these grounds, by such men as Mayor Low, Bishop Potter, Rev. Drs. Abbott and Rainsford and others. The course of these men has been to multitudes wholly incomprehensible, and the protest against their views has been wide and profound.

"Great Thoughts"
on London.

Interesting statements respecting the city were made recently by the editor of "Great Thoughts." Taking the whole of London, its area stretches fourteen miles from north to south, and seventeen from east to west. It contains at least 30,000 streets which, if placed end to end, would stretch as far as from New York to San Francisco. A child is born every three minutes, and a death is registered every five minutes. The city contains over seven hundred railway stations, nearly eight hundred miles of railway line, and eleven railway bridges span the Thames. Daily a million persons travel on the underground railways, and two and a half millions in five thousand omnibuses, seven thousand hansom, fourteen thousand cabs, and seven thousand trams. The total population is between six and seven millions. In spite of the multitudes which hustle, and almost trample on, each other, it can be the dreariest and loneliest place on earth. "I have no one to think of or care for me," said a lady who had spent her entire life in the heart of the city. So overwhelming is the great mass that the individual is in danger of being lost and life of becoming cheap.

The Apotheosis
of Commerce.

It is expected that the heir to the throne of England will be present at the dedication of the magnificent new building which is being erected on Broad street by the New York Chamber of Commerce. Great civic rulers have taken part in ceremonies of a similar character, but they were simply local demonstrations, and their presence was dictated by local pride. This, however, may be regarded as an international event, and will truly be the apotheosis of commerce. Leading representatives of all the leading Governments, as well as delegates from the great commercial bodies, will be largely represented, and take part in the ceremonies. If the projected plans are successfully carried out, New York will not only witness an extraordinary international spectacle, but one that will at the same time demonstrate most clearly the greatness and grandeur of this new world nation. Perhaps the greatest significance of this event lies in the fact that the future king of the greatest commercial nation of the world is to cross the ocean to take part in the dedication of a building, stately and impressive, a monument to the grandeur and triumphs of trade. It is not such a very great while ago that this class and its adherents were looked upon with disdain and regarded as something quite inferior. But the world has advanced mightily since then and grown—

grown to be what it is by the labor, thrift and business enterprise of man. If the pen is mightier than the sword, then the spade and the axe, which cleared the forest that the fruits of nature might be gathered, are greater than both. The merchantman sailing the seas laden with those fruits and the products of man's ingenuity, was on a grander mission than any ship of war sent forth to harass and destroy. The workman, the artisan and the inventor, are to-day the monarchs of this world, and to do them honor, and to do honor to all who labor and work, the son of a British king, who will be king himself some day if life is spared, comes over the water. And it is fitting that this should be so. Within a year the world has witnessed two impressive spectacles that exhibited the might of trade and commerce. The London Chamber of Commerce held a great celebration to which were invited representative business men from other parts of the world, including a delegation from the New York Chamber of Commerce. During the recent visit to this country of Prince Henry the American "captains of industry" met to welcome him. The world had never before witnessed the assembly of such representatives of a single nation. What were all political conventions compared with that? There were the brains of the country, the brains which have, under God, assisted so materially in making us what we are.

A Literary
Wonder.

The "deadly parallel column" is a favorite and usually an effective method of proving a charge of plagiarism. That it is not always conclusive is illustrated by the facts stated by the principal of a high school in New England, for whose character and veracity *The Youth's Companion* offers its own voucher.

In the *Youth's Companion* of January 16th, of this year, was published the story of "Mat," in which were printed some jingling lines which appear below. Beside them are some lines which were written by the principal in a diary in 1879. His wife, whose name is Jane, had hidden a cane belonging to him, which for some reason she disliked, and in sport he wrote the lines, read them to her, had his laugh over them, and forgot about it. When the story of "Mat" appeared he was startled, and was still more amazed when he hunted up the old diary and compared the two. He sends them to the editor as follows:

YOUTH'S COMPANION, 1902.

O tuneful Jane!
Desist, abstain!
Thee I would fain
Move to restrain
Thy warbling pain!
My joy is slain!
My tears they rain!
Alas, 'twere vain!
I can't contain
Myself, O Jane!
That's very plain
I'll go insane!
I'll snap in twain
A large, green cane!
(Heed my refrain.)
O Jane! Jane! Jane!

MY EFFUSION OF 1879.

O cruel Jane,
I can't abstain
For I would fain
Sole lord remain
You give me pain.
My pride is slain.
I must complain,
But all in vain.
I can't contain
My wrath, O Jane!
You wicked Jane!
I'll be insane!
You still retain
The wished for cane.
Hear me complain,
Give me my cane,
O cruel Jane!

"If two scholars," says the principal, "were to pass me two exercises having the similarities of these two productions, I should say at once that either one was copied from the other, or both were from a common source. In this case, neither of these explanations is possible. My lines were written twenty-three years ago in a book which has never been out of my possession."

A Momentous Question.

It was a question of small moment that came up the other day at the session of the Pittsburg Presbyterian Ministerial Association as to whether a minister should, or should not, wear whiskers after his beard becomes gray. One clergyman strongly advocated shaving as soon as the gray began to manifest itself, on the ground that a minister should remain young, at least in appearance, as long as possible, and that this was an impossibility when the face was covered with a mass of long white hair. In the

¹ This department is an open court in which, numbered alphabetically for convenience, will be found original "Up-to-Date" items, short articles, news, facts and opinions of our own and other people. We especially welcome letters, comments and opinions from any source, and upon any subject of real interest. The responsible source of information for each "Point" other than our own will be given in every case. In the above these authorities are as follows: c, British Weekly; e, W. G. Haeselbarth, New York City.

course of his remarks he related that he was once invited to preach a trial sermon before a certain church. He was entertained over Sunday at the home of a member of the congregation, and almost the first question put to him was as to his age. In a pleasant half-joking manner he replied that he was over forty, which was true, for as a matter of fact he was fifty-two. There was no tell-tale long gray whiskers and beard to suggest anything else. He declared it his belief that one of the reasons why he was called to that charge was on account of his not having a beard. But, of course, on this, as on all other questions, there are two sides. The bearded men were not at all backward in their defense. They argued that the face had but little to do with the man. Rev. Dr. Dunlap Moore was of the opinion that few, if any, of the apostles ever shaved, and Christ himself has always been pictured to us with a flowing beard. While in India, Dr. Moore himself had shaved daily, and the Mohammedans often questioned him in regard to his hairless face. He found that the beard had secured the respect of the Mohammedans, and, therefore, he had allowed his to grow. The discussion was conducted in the best of temper, and brought out many little pleasantries, the result of all which was to show that on every question, whatever it may be, there are two sides, and much to be said on either.

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The Poem That Landed
a Commissionership.

Eugene F. Ware, of Kansas, the newly appointed United States Commissioner of Pensions to succeed H. Clay Evans, owes his appointment principally, it is said, to the President's admiration for "Ironquill's" best known poem, "The Washerwoman's Song," which we give below. Mr. Roosevelt read the poem about two years ago and expressed a desire to meet the author. From this acquaintance a friendship sprang up which culminated in Mr. Ware's appointment to the commissionership.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone.
In a sort of undertone:
"With the Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along,
I had heard the semi-song,
And I often used to smile.
More in sympathy than guile;
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long:
"With the Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be;
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes;
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone,

Of a Saviour and a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds.
Or was paddling in the pools
With old scissors stuck in spoons;
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I should not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring.
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

g

The Goat
in Court.

We have all at times, no doubt, had our little joke about "riding the goat," but here is a case which seems to invest the joke with a certain degree of seriousness, and in the settlement of which all the august majesty of the law has been brought to bear. At Columbia, S. C., the law has invaded the most sacred precincts of the temple of a secret organization and dragged out before the eyes of the profane and uninitiated the lodge goat. A man named Mitchell has brought suit for \$25,000, claiming that he had been damaged to that extent when "riding the goat" during a course of initiation. The court demanded that the animal should be produced in court. The goat, a contrivance on wheels, which possessed a spring arrangement by which the rider could be thrown over its head, was accordingly produced by the defendants and made to do its trick before the judge and jury, the counsel and the court crowd. So funny was the goat that everybody present was convulsed with laughter, excepting, of course, the plaintiff. One of the witnesses, who, by the way, was a clergyman, testified that Mr. Mitchell had just laughingly told the goat to "get up," when it threw Mitchell over its head. Then, though attendants helped Mr. Mitchell to land on his feet, he became very angry, declared he was hurt and wanted to fight the entire crowd. The jury, at last accounts, had been ordered to bring in a sealed verdict.

—h—

Oldest
Dressmaker's Bill.

Among the documents which have lately been discovered in Chaldea is a tablet which may well be called the "oldest dressmaker's bill in the world." It was the custom of the Babylonian kings to present to the temple sets of robes for the use of the priests and priestesses. This was usually done every year. Many of these lists are in the British Museum. The oldest hitherto known has been that of a king, about 1450 B. C. The document now discovered is, however, much older. The tablet is of limestone, and was found in the ruins of a temple in the city of Nippur, in Southern Chaldea. This temple was dedicated to the "ghost god," and had a large priesthood attached to it.

From the style of the writing, which is extremely archaic, and from the curious system of numerals employed, the tablet, it is said, cannot be of later date than 2,800 B. C. It contains a list of 92 vestments which were presented to the temple of the king. The name of the king is, unfortunately, omitted. The inscription ends with the words: "In all, 92 vestments, the bill (list) of the temple for the priests this year." Many of the words are unknown, and are doubtless technical terms employed by the modistes of that period.

Among the items are "Twelve white robes of the temple, 8 robes of the house of his lady, 10 collars of the house of his lady, 10 pure gold collars, 2 white robes." An item toward the end of this curious bill—"Four scented robes"—is suggestive of the passage in Psalm xiv., in which are mentioned the robes redolent of "myrrh and aloes and cassia."

It was evidently the custom in Babylon to perfume the robes, as it is at present in India and Persia. This document is of value as showing the great development which had taken place in the textile arts in Chaldea, even at that early period.

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for June 15, 1902.

Paul Crosses to Europe.—Acts xvi., 6-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Thou shalt be His witness unto all men."—Acts xxii, 15.

INTRODUCTORY.

This chapter continues the story of Paul's second missionary tour. He revisits Derbe and Lystra, where he adds Timothy to his associates, and after visiting other churches, he extends his labors through Phrygia and Galatia. Finding no other open door in Asia Minor, and being joined by Luke at Troas, they pass over to Macedonia, and begin a mission in Europe. Lydia and her household are converted, a wonderful miracle is performed, Paul and Silas are beaten and imprisoned, the jailer and his house believe, and Paul and Silas being honorably discharged, depart from Philippi.

IN LABORS ABUNDANT.

Paul had now visited the churches which he and Barnabas had planted in their former tour. From this point he makes an advance into Phrygia and Galatia. Phrygia represents a somewhat undefined region of country. At the time of Paul's visit it was not a distinct Roman province. With Galatia it occupied the great central portion of Asia Minor. We learn from Paul's epistles to the churches of Galatia that he was in Galatia a longer time than he had planned, on account of an attack of disease which he styles an "infirmity of the flesh." This may have been the first serious appearance of "the thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet" him, which was, perhaps, a painful inflammation of the eyes, brought on by fatigue and exposure in his travels and labors. God had overruled it for good. The Galatians received him as an angel of God—so he declares—and counted it their happiness to minister to his necessities, and if possible would have plucked out their own eyes and given them to him. Many were converted from idolatry, and from Judaism, and churches were organized.

THE INTERDICT OF THE SPIRIT.

Paul at this time was greatly perplexed as to his next field of labor. He and his companions refrain from taking the road southwest to Sardis and Smyrna, because they were forbidden of the Holy Spirit, through some communication, or internal intimation, to preach the word in Asia. By Asia is meant the province of Asia bordering on the Ægean Sea, of which Ephesus was the capital. Paul's judgment seems to have been much at fault at this period in regard to times and places of labor. He had unexpectedly been delayed at Galatia, restrained from preaching in Asia, and now in his westward journey, coming to the borders of Mysia, he attempted to go northward into Bithynia, but the Spirit did not permit them. The time had not yet come for Paul to preach the gospel in Asia. It was the Lord's will that he should now carry the gospel into Europe. Mysia is only found here in the New Testament. It occupied a region in the northwestern corner of Asia Minor, and is sometimes included in the province of Asia.

THE MEETING WITH LUKE AT TROAS.

Under the constraining guidance of God's Spirit, the travelers followed a route different from that which they themselves had intended, till finally it brought them to the town of Troas, on the shores of the Ægean Sea, near the entrance to the Dardanelles. An important seaport and a Roman colony, Troas was a busy town, and people of many nations would be found thronging its streets. Yet the missionaries do not seem to have preached there at all. During their short stay they met Luke, the beloved physician, and the writer of the Book of Acts. How they met we are not told. Whether Paul had to consult the physician about his health, or whether he made his acquaintance simply as one of the little group of Christian converts in Troas—for Luke was a Christian—we cannot tell, but, from the day they met, those two servants of Jesus felt drawn to each other, and when Paul and his companions left Troas Luke accompanied them.

THE VISION TO PAUL.

Paul now learned the design of the Spirit in turning him aside from the places where he had thought of laboring. As he reaches Troas, the limit of Asia Minor, and looks over the Ægean Sea toward Macedonia, doubtless he earnestly seeks divine direction. And he is not left long in doubt. The will of the Lord becomes manifest in a vision which appeared to Paul in the night. By vision is meant, not a dream, but a sight divinely given and actually seen.

Paul may have been in prayer, and in a spiritually elevated state. A man of Macedonia—his appearance, speech and dress, doubtless revealed to him the nationality of the man—prayed, beseeching him, saying: "Come over into Macedonia and help us," with the gospel against Satan and spiritual blindness. And this has been the watchword of missions in all ages, the unuttered cry of heathenism for that help which the gospel alone can give. On this momentous vision hung the Christianization of Europe, and all the blessings of modern civilization.

PAUL GOES TO MACEDONIA.

Macedonia was an important kingdom of Greece under Philip and Alexander the Great, and afterward a Roman province. The ancient Macedonians were a hardy and warlike race, and much less corrupt than the more polished society of Achaia. The churches Paul gathered there were among the best, and gave him more comfort than any he established elsewhere. "After he had seen the vision, we endeavored to go," seeking a ship across the sea. At this point the writer of the Acts uses the first person, from which it is inferred that Luke joins Paul at Troas. Assuredly gathering, or convinced of a surety that God had called them to preach the gospel unto that people, they made no delay. An opportunity occurs at once for making the desired voyage to Macedonia, about one hundred miles distant from Troas. Therefore loosing, or setting sail, from Troas, we came with a straight course. The wind must have been from the south to overcome the current which runs from the Dardanelles with considerable force, for the voyage was made in two days. When six years later Paul journeyed in the opposite direction the voyage took five days. Such specifications of time accord with what is now known about the navigation of those waters, and shows the accuracy of the narrative.

FIRST PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL IN EUROPE.

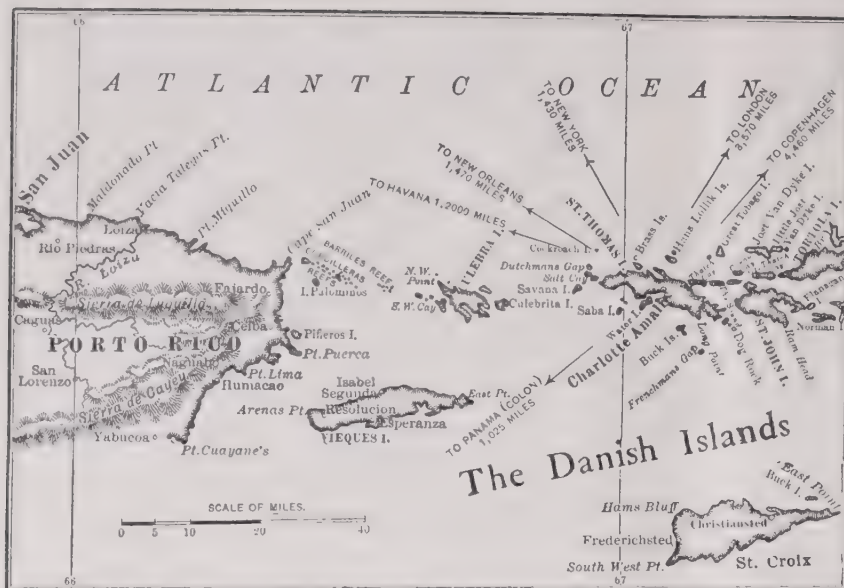
Reaching at length Philippi, they abode in that city certain days, before the arrival of the Sabbath noted in the next verse. The Sabbath day had generally afforded them an opportunity in other cities in reaching Jews, proselytes and devout Gentiles in the synagogue, but there was no synagogue in Philippi. We went out of the city by a river side—the Gangas is doubtless meant—where prayer was wont to be made, or a place of prayer where Jews assembled in the open air. Such places were generally outside of those cities where there was no synagogue. And we sat down and spake unto the women which resorted thither. It would seem that only women were there. Probably the number of Jewish men in the city was extremely small, and the whole important Jewish population consisted chiefly of women, some of them doubtless married to Gentiles. Hence there is no mention of men being present. Thither Paul and Silas and Luke went and sat down to instruct the congregation, that they might the better pray with them, and that they might lead them on further to the knowledge of Christ.

THE CONVERSION OF LYDIA.

A certain woman named Lydia. This name was common among the Greeks and Romans, and would naturally indicate her as a Gentile. That she was in the place of prayer, and was one who worshiped God, makes her as a devout Gentile, perhaps what was later styled a proselyte of the gate. She appears as a temporary resident of Philippi, as her home was nearly three hundred miles distant, at Thyatira, a considerable city of Lydia in Asia Minor, and celebrated for its purple dye. The purple color, obtained from a shell fish, was highly valued by the ancients, and included many shades from rose-red to sea-green. It is possible that she had a dyeing shop just outside the city gate, for she was a seller of purple, or fabrics dyed in purple. Hence we see the manner of the working of God's providence. It brings Lydia to Philippi to be under Paul's ministry, and then when she met with it, she made a good use of it. We should always improve opportunities. Wherever we find an open door we find a door that the hand of God has opened for us, and an indication that we should enter in, in the Master's name and for his glory.



The final purpose of all consolation and help is revelation. The reason why we are led into trouble and out again is not merely that we may value happiness the more from having lost it once and found it again, but that we may know something which we could not know except by that teaching, that we may bear upon our nature some impress which could not have been stamped except on natures just so softened to receive it. II. 272.



THE DANISH ISLANDS.

The Danish Islands in America.

By A. Godet Lightbourn,

Formerly Editor of "Lightbourn's Mail Notes," St. Thomas, Danish West Indies.

As the people of the United States are hearing and reading a good deal just now about the Danish West Indies and their prospective sale to the United States, it occurs to the writer that a few truthful statements anent those isles from the pen of a native would be of some value and interest—especially to offset the many ignorant, absurd and malicious statements that have been made concerning the islands from time to time.

THE ISLANDS.

The islands in question are three in number—St. Croix, the largest, being eighty-one square miles; St. Thomas, thirty-nine, and St. John, forty-two. Besides these there are quite a number of smaller islands lying around, which could be turned into delightful pleasure resorts. The combined population of the islands from latest statistics would only give about 30,000 souls, the majority of whom are negroes or of mixed blood. The climate is one eternal summer—not a New York summer, however, for a case of sunstroke has never been known—that is tempered by delightfully cool breezes the greater part of the year. Between the months of December to March, the mornings are somewhat bleak, but the day grows warm as the sun rises. Fireplaces, therefore, except for the purpose of cooking, are never used, nor do the people have need of woolen underwear—some wear no underflannels at all. The clothes worn are naturally very light, drills and ducks for the most part, except in the evenings when they change their coats to a heavier material, or on Sundays, which is their "dress day." The dew falls very heavily in those islands. The sanitary condition of the islands is excellent, which, coupled with the abundant pure air, rears a healthy, good-natured race of people. In this island of St. Thomas there is a well-kept quarantine station, the quarantine regulations always being strictly enforced against ar-

rivals from any infected country. In the days of Spanish rule in Porto Rico, for instance, quarantine against that island has been in force for a whole year, more or less. As a result of such precautions epidemics in the Danish Islands are very rare. The latest epidemic of any consequence was the cholera outbreak in 1867, and there has never been any such since.

CLEAN STREETS.

The streets of St. Thomas are kept scrupulously clean, and are of oval shape

the most part roughly laid out. In the present condition of that island, however, the roads serve their purposes, all travel being either on foot or horseback, as there are no carriages, etc., at all on the island.

THE SEASONS.

The islands have a "rainy season" and a "dry season"—enough rain falling during the former to tide over the period of the latter. Each house has its own reservoir, called a "cistern," which is generally built a good many feet under the ground—they used to be built under the houses in olden days—and into which the water flows from the roofs of the houses. The houses in those islands are not built with flat roofs as here, but high in the middle, slanting down on the four sides, that the water may run into the "spout" at the edge of the roof. The roofs are covered with shingles, galvanized iron, tiles or tin, the last-named material being painted red and makes a pretty spectacle in the glittering sun. If one tenant's water gives out during the dry season, he gets all he needs for the asking from his neighbor, the people being very charitable to one another. As it is now, many of the poorer people have no cisterns, just a small tank or barrel, which quickly gives out, receiving all their drinking water from their nearest neighbor. There are many wells in the island but this water is very heavy and is only used for washing purposes. There is no sewerage system in the islands.

THE PEOPLE.

The people of the Danish Islands, as said, are a good-natured and hospitable lot, any more so than they would be hard to find. By them the islands are called "The Stranger's Home." They are also temper-



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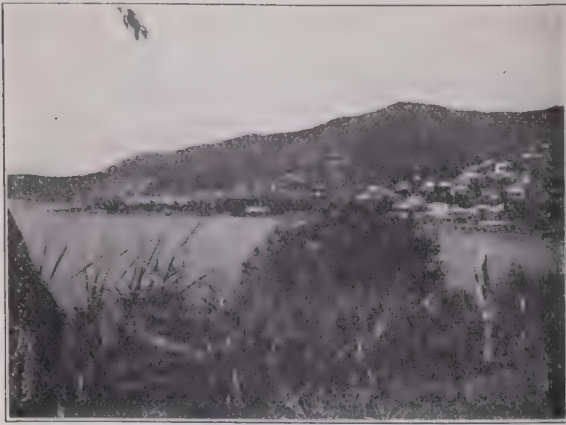
CHARLOTTE AMALIE, ST. THOMAS, AND ITS BEAUTIFUL HARBOR.

The German warship "Vineta" is saluting the Port, and the Italian warship "Umbria" is next to her. The other vessels are the Danish ship "Valkyran," the German cruiser "Stein," and the German school-ship is next to it.

to allow the water to run off quickly after a shower. The country roads of St. Croix cannot be beaten anywhere in the West Indies for excellence, and cycling along its avenues lined with stately cocoanut trees on both sides is a delightful pleasure. Of St. John, the same cannot be said, the roads there being merely foot passages for

ate in their habits, industrious and intelligent.

The negroes, and for that matter the entire population, while wishing and praying for "better days," or rather a return of the "old days," which they can only see through annexation to this country, live in perfect peace and happiness. Such relics



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EASTERN PART OF HARBOR OF CHARLOTTE AMALIE.

These two cuts show in the eastern part of the harbor the barracks and the fort, and the hills to the rear on which "Blue Beard's" and "Black Beard's" castles are situated. In the western part of the harbor, near the opening, is located the beautiful "Villa Olga."



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WESTERN PART OF HARBOR OF CHARLOTTE AMALIE.

of barbarism as race riots, lynchings, etc., are unknown quantities out there, and miscegenation is nothing uncommon.

In their religious life the inhabitants are exemplary and unostentatious. They are all strongly attached to their different churches, of which there is one of nearly every denomination, and, as a rule, yield implicit obedience to the will of their pastors. The combined congregations of the Church of England in St. Croix and St. Thomas are by far the largest, the Roman Catholics next. In the island of St. John, the Moravian Church (official name "Unitas Fratrum") holds undisputed sway, and well that it should, for its work among the negroes of the three islands has been of the most unprejudiced and uplifting character, entailing at times great sacrifices on the part of the missionaries. It was the Moravians, if I am not mistaken, who first ever did establish a public school in the island of St. Thomas, which work was only taken up by the Government years afterward; and to-day they are still at their noble work educating the negroes of the country districts.

IMPORTANCE OF ST. THOMAS.

That there are many reasons why St. Thomas should have always played a commercial part in the history of the Antilles is self-evident to any one who is acquainted with its admirable geographical position, its great facilities for vessels seeking its safe and commodious harbor, and the energy of its enterprising people. It deservedly takes the first rank in the West Indies as a coaling station, as twenty to thirty large steamers coal there every month. Of its value as a military outpost the following from Major Glassford on the strategic value of St. Thomas may be of interest to your readers:

"This island possesses all the natural advantages, enabling it to be converted into a second Gibraltar. Its structure is especially adapted for the emplacement of fortifications commanding both shores at the same time, making it extremely difficult for an enemy to approach or obtain a foothold upon the island. The elevated ground in the immediate neighborhood of the excellent roadsteads which this island affords makes the question of harbor defense an easy one. This position, with its few inhabitants, could be provisioned for a long

siege. The harbor of Charlotte Amalie and the numerous sheltered places about the island afford six and seven fathoms of water; besides, this harbor and the roadsteads are on the southern side of the island, completely protected from the prevailing winds. If this place were strongly fortified and provisioned it would be necessary for an enemy contemplating a descent upon Porto Rico to first take it in account."

St. Thomas has but one town, Charlotte Amalie, situated upon three hills



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SHOWING "BLUE BEARD'S CASTLE" AT TOP OF HILL AT THE LEFT.

and presenting a pretty picture as seen from a steamer or vessel in the harbor. Two old castles, one to the east and the other in the center, overlook it, and, rejoicing in the names of Blue Beard and Black Beard, carry back the imagination to the days when piracy and privateering were flourishing trades in the West Indies and the Spanish Main.

The prosperity of St. Thomas depends largely upon its facilities for coaling and repairing of vessels. Besides being a free port, the customs tariff is low, duties being



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GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF CHARLOTTE AMALIE.

about 3 per cent. upon declared value. This enables it to supply customers from abroad at a very cheap rate. Many of its merchants are anxious on this score, believing that the United States will introduce a tariff so high that it will practically do away with the little trade left to them. But the advent of free trade with America in Porto Rico and the increasing prosperity of that island are opening their eyes to the fact that the Government of the United States is not ungenerous, and that it will surely have the same consideration commercially, politically and socially for St. Thomas.

CHURCHES AND RELIGION.

There are several churches. Lutheran, Roman Catholic, Moravian, Episcopalian, Dutch Reformed and Methodist. There is a synagog picturesquely situated on one of the hills. Latterly the Baptists and Seventh Day Adventists have initiated services, which have been well attended. English is largely used, and, if you be an American, they will tell you, while they feel that to belong to so great a nation as yours is a privilege and cannot fail to be for the benefit of themselves and their children, still they can never think of the dear old Dannebrog without emotion. A good people they are, handed over to your care by another nation, as civilized and humane in many respects as your own.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.

No one who has lived in St. Thomas for any length of time can doubt that under the ægis of the American nation it will develop into something more than a first-class colony. If business has declined during the past years much has been done to make the port attractive. For many years it has been noted for its facilities for repairing and refitting vessels, and this is now done much cheaper than formerly, as the facilities have greatly improved of late.

In regard to schools in general throughout the islands, there is an almost criminal negligence on the part of the Danish Government in the educational welfare of the inhabitants; notwithstanding which fact the people born and brought up in the islands are as intelligent and capable a group as you could expect to find. Knowledge of the three "R's," at least, is universal, and the ignorance of them is generally among some immigrant from a



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KING STREET, CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX.



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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX.



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TOWN CLOCK, TELEGRAPH OFFICE, ETC., CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX.



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QUEEN CROSS STREET, CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX.



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SCHOONER ATLANTIC, CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX.



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CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX, FROM PROTESTANT QUAY.

neighboring island—very seldom a native. Private schools are numerous, but only one or two are really of any excellence.

THE SPOKEN LANGUAGE.

The language of the islands is English, which would seem strange from the fact that they have been in the possession of Denmark since 1666. The only reason I can give for this is that the Danes, forming such a small fraction of the population, find it more convenient or easier to adopt the language of the people than to infuse the Danish tongue into them, notwithstanding the fact that it is taught in all the public schools and a bonus given to any private school including it among its studies. A Spaniard or a Frenchman has no difficulty at all in making himself understood, many of the people being conversant in both tongues. The very court proceedings are conducted in English and transcribed into Danish!

AMERICAN HABITS AND WAYS.

As in their language, so are the people essentially English (or American) in their ways and customs. Not that they have no love for Denmark, but the Danes never take the trouble to introduce among the people any of their customs, or else being satisfied to adopt ours. "When you are in Rome do as Rome does," seems to be the idea of the Colonial Danes. To illustrate their indifference, the King's birthday is never celebrated by the people, though all Government offices close at 12 o'clock noon and the Governor holds a "levee" at 2 P. M., which is attended for the most part by the officials, consuls, etc.

The life of the people in every department is very quiet, slow—even monotonous. Their amusements are generally primitive and furnished by local talent, except when some traveling circus or variety company passes through the islands. Their two chief outdoor amusements are masquerading and cricket. Tennis is the pastime of the "upper ten." Yet, compared with the neighboring islands, the Danish West Indies are far more lively, especially when the beautiful harbor of Charlotte Amalie is graced by a couple of Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, etc., all at one



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HOSPITAL, CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX.



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RESIDENCE OF DR. HEINS, CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX.

time, with the consequent endless exchange of courtesies, balls and the like between the various ships and the Government. The town of Charlotte Amalie, like New York, is exceedingly cosmopolitan in its make-up—French, Spanish, American, English, German, all being represented. The natives are called Creoles, and there are still a few old people left who can speak the Creole language. There are quite a number of Jews in the island who hold high positions, socially and commercially.

THE INDUSTRIES.

The industry of the islands of St. Croix is the manufacturing of sugar, rum and molasses. The island is exceedingly fertile, but the lack of capital leaves quite a large part uncultivated. St. Thomas is absolutely a rock, the "Gibraltar of the West Indies," as it has been justly termed. It produces nothing for export, though a few plodding landholders (negroes) raise veg-



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STREET IN FREDERICKSTED, ST. CROIX.



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EPISCOPAL CHURCH, FREDERICKSTED, ST. CROIX.



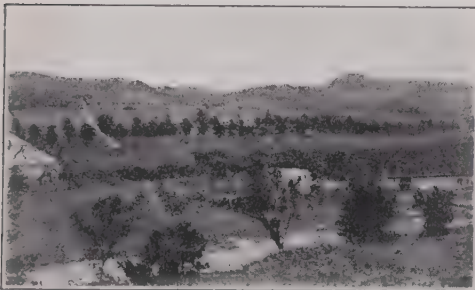
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ACROSS COUNTRY FROM MT. PLEASANT, ST. CROIX.

etables, etc., for the local market. The mainstay of this island is its magnificent harbor, of which so much has been "sung and told" that I shall not dwell upon its merits. St. John, to me, is the island that will most repay investments. At present it produces a very limited quality and quantity of sugar, but its soil is really yet untried and vast possibilities lie before it. Then, too, it has a great advantage over St. Croix in the fact that it possesses two or three excellent bays that could be converted into safe harbors. In St. Thomas, the West India and Panama Telegraph Company have their headquarters, as also the Hamburg-American line of steamers. The Colonial Bank, of London, has a branch here as well as in St. Croix. The Royal Mail S.S. Company have a repairing factory in the island. In the harbor there is a floating dock for large vessels and a repairing slip for smaller ones. In both islands there are local banks for sav-

ings, the one in St. Thomas being over half a century old. The town of Charlotte Amalie is thoroughly lighted up by gas at night, but St. Croix has not advanced thus far, though it can boast of an electric plant on some of the estates for power as well as lighting purposes, and also of an ice factory.

There are well-kept cemeteries in the islands, common to all denominations except the Jews and Moravians, who have their own private ones. In comparison with its size, the Jewish cemetery is the richest in costly monuments.

THE CURRENCY.

The currency of the islands is purely local, a Danish coin being quite a curiosity to the inhabitants—another proof of the total absence of any material bond existing between the colonies and the mother country. The fact of the strong attachment of the people to King Christian is only a proof of the spontaneous magnanimity and intelligence of the people in recognizing and loving a good man, and not from any existing sympathies between the two peoples. There is really none, nor do I exaggerate when I say that the natives do not truly love the Danes, though they do love the King.

COST OF LIVING.

Living in the islands is very cheap. You can rent a good house of about eight rooms, bath, kitchen, back yard, etc., for from \$12 to \$20 a month.

That the islands would be a valuable acquisition to this country is undoubted, and that the people are eager for it is equally true. In the event of annexation there will be no problems at all as in the case of Porto Rico and the Philippines, since the people are one in language, manners and sentiment as this country.

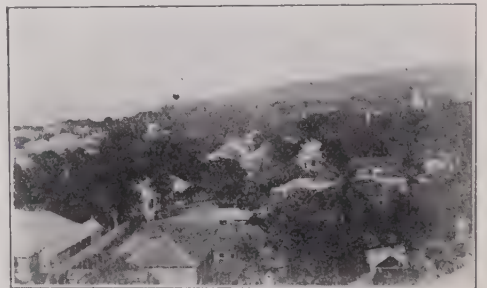
ST. THOMAS, Danish West Indies.

May 16, 1902.



They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink.
From the truth they needs must think,—
They are slaves who will not dare,
All wrongs to right, all rights to share.

J. R. LOWELL.



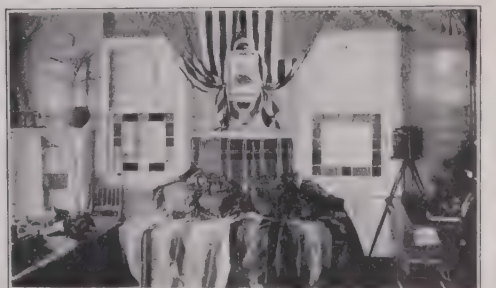
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FREDERICKSTED, ST. CROIX.



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OLD WINDMILL.—NEGRO BAY, ST. CROIX.



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INTERIOR VIEW OF AMERICAN CONSULATE IN ANTIGUA, BRITISH WEST INDIES.



TOWN HALL IN WHICH THE FEASTS WERE HELD.



THE OLD WOOLEN MILL.

The Harmony Society at Economy.

The Rise and Fall of a Once Noted Religious Community.

By One of Its Members.

The Harmony Society was formally organized at Harmony, Butler County, Pennsylvania, A. D. 1805. George Rapp, then a sturdy young farmer of moderate education, at the head of a colony of immigrants from Wurtemberg, Germany, came to the United States to escape religious persecution and to find an asylum where he and his people could worship God according to their understanding of his word. Prompted by a desire for a purer life, their religious views differing somewhat from those of the recognized religious denominations of the Fatherland, and demanding that freedom in the exercise of their own convictions which was guaranteed in the constitution of the United States, they came to this country, where they were successful for a time even beyond the expectations of their courageous leader.

AS AN ORGANIZATION.

The Harmony Society is probably the most unique and picturesque communistic organization of its day. That it is a strong organization is evident, for it has witnessed legal storms that would have wrecked less substantial organizations. In the main its people have never faltered in their sublime faith; but they have stood together against disorganizers and baffled the skill of talented lawyers in their attempts to disrupt the society or to separate its interests. The cardinal principle of the association is entire community of property, and their adherence to this principle has been steadfast. Discontent at times came upon some of the members like old age, but the great majority were content with the accumulation of their years and they were satisfied with the cheerful shelter of the main tree, which has been planted and pruned by "Father Rapp," as he was known nearly a century ago.

RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS.

Father Rapp, among other strong religious convictions, held that the second advent of the Lord was close at hand, and his teachings accordingly very materially

aided himself and his followers in their practice of self-denial of the lusts, pleasures and distractions of the world.

The society grew steadily and successfully. Its Butler county site soon proved to have been badly chosen, however; it had no water communication with the outside world. Hence the entire tract of 6,000 acres was sold in 1814 and the society found itself in a new home in Posey county, Indiana, the following year, where 30,000 acres of land had been purchased. They built up a town; their business was rapidly extended and larger factories and shops erected. They called their town Harmony, and it soon became a business center for a considerable region. They gained in wealth, but unpleasant neighbors and the unhealthy locality forced them out and they sold their Indiana property to Robert Owen for \$150,000, and in 1825 removed to their new and final home at Economy, where they had secured a tract of 3,000 acres of land. The colony was then about 800 strong.

COUNT LEON.

Father Rapp's administration was eminently successful, but was not without strife and contention. The advent of the so-called adventurer, Count Leon, who, it has been commonly stated, split the society into factions, occurred during Father Rapp's administration. It cost the society a loss of one-third its membership—composed mostly of the element of marriageable age—and a vast sum of money. The Count Leon advent was not so bad, however, as it appears at first glance. Rebellion to the autocratic rule of Father Rapp was rife in the settlement at the time, and the Count's arrival only brought about a union of the dissatisfied elements, which finally withdrew. Had it not been for the arrival of the man Leon, the discord would likely have grown to such proportions as to disrupt the entire organization.

The community prospered, however. They were encouraged by cheap water communication with Pittsburg and New

Orleans and all their industries were stimulated. Their farming interests were large. They had cotton, woolen and silk factories; also shops necessary to produce everything they consumed as well as large quantities for sale. They had also a large and successful distillery. The manufacture of silk was for a time carried on very successfully, and at one time the Sunday dress of men as well as women was of silk—grown, reeled, spun and woven by themselves. Their town was well-built. The architecture is curious, but there is a tinge of good taste about the ancient plainness displayed in every structure. Through their successful business methods some \$500,000 in coin was accumulated. It was buried for a long time and the bulk of it was only put into circulation about thirty years ago.

A NEW MANAGEMENT.

Upon Father Rapp's death, which occurred August 7, 1847, R. L. Baker and Jacob Henrici, trustees, succeeded to the management of the colony. During their administration, the membership of the society becoming more and more depleted, the trustees became rather conservative. Their factories were closed, and instead of carrying on any business except such as arose from their successful oil operations at Tidioute, Pa., they invested their money in good dividend-paying stocks. Just prior to and immediately after Mr. Baker's death, Mr. Henrici adopted a more aggressive policy, and considerable money was made and lost through promiscuous investments. Mr. Henrici was at that time, however, well advanced in years. Business and business methods had changed materially, and his late-day activity was not particularly successful. He was charitable beyond wisdom, and through his charity christian-like and devoted, he was unconsciously building up an army to destroy the communistic principle upon which this community was founded. Mr. Henrici was a man of pure motives and lofty purposes, and as he felt that his association was able to give generously, few who sought relief were turned away. But as the membership through death became more and more depleted, the hired element steadily increased until it outnumbered the membership ten to one.

Then a competitive element, interior to



THE SILK FACTORY.



STREET SCENE, SHOWING SIDE OF THE HOTEL.

a communistic body on which it subsists, cannot but prove detrimental in the end, is self-evident; and that havoc did not follow was not due to those who had secured a foothold through Mr. Henrici's benevolence.

Father Rapp's administration was in many ways quite a success and went far toward settling the question of successful communism. Whatever difference there be in the administration of the various heads of the community, the one thing needful is strikingly apparent and that is wise leadership. A commune being simply a family on a large scale must have a head who has a fatherly regard for all the members. He must be not only a man of sterling qualities and signal ability, but one who is willing to be a living sacrifice as a mediator between the various individuals of the family; one who is willing to listen to all complaints and to give proper consolation and not only make all satisfied and content, but by adding to or taking from "here a little and there a little" mold the whole so as to give it strength and beauty of character; hence a commune to be successful must have a wise leader, and during the time of his mental and physical ability he should be vested with great power.

ITS REPUTED WEALTH.

On account of its supposed wealth and the numerous relatives of departed members, the society has had many law suits before the lower and higher courts. The question of community of property has always been involved; but in all cases the more thorough the test the more pronounced was the verdict for the society.

The affairs of the Harmony Society have recently been written and rewritten, yet it would be difficult to find a condition of affairs more thoroughly misunderstood than are the affairs at Economy.

In the light of the bewildering reports the terms "Harmony" and "Economy" at times sounded strangely out of tune; yet it must not be forgotten that the public sentiment which long ago looked toward the extinction of the society, together with the agitation by the press, was largely responsible for the uncertainty of its affairs.

ADMINISTRATION OF MR. DUSS.

For a time the administration of Trustee John S. Duss attracted the attention

of news-gatherers and furnished a favorite theme for comment and criticism. Mr. Duss, although he has been most wrongfully misrepresented by the press generally and cruelly misjudged by the public, has nevertheless consistently pursued the even tenor of his way and he has wisely refused to give ear to the malignant attacks upon his person and his purposes. Being scarcely 30 years of age when he was chosen co-trustee to Father Henrici, he found himself at the head of a com-

munity whose religion, sociology and finance were in a complex muddle. We venture the assertion that the man who scans the pages of history in search of a precedent to the situation and questions which have confronted Trustee Duss during the last three years looks in vain. The community itself numbered some thirty persons; it was completely submerged by the outside element which outnumbered the society ten to one; the association proper was composed of Catho-



THE OLD BRIDGE ON THE HIGHWAY NEAR HARMONY VILLAGE.



THE OLD HARMONY CHURCH.

lies, infidels, agnostics and all manner of Protestants. It goes without saying that to be a religious leader of such a conglomerated congregation would be a most arduous task even for such a versatile and diplomatic mentality as that of Mr. Duss.

LAX IN SYSTEMATIC FINANCE.

The affairs of the association were extensive and complicated; yet no system of accounts had ever been kept by the managers. From the affidavits on file in the late equity proceedings in Beaver Court it appears that Trustee Duss discovered that the society owed in the fall of 1891 in the neighborhood of \$1,500,000, when its available assets were only \$175,000. With this discovery came the assaults from the press. All manner of senseless rumors were started and printed, and the public, quite ignorant of the true inwardness of the situation, joined willingly in adverse criticism. But Mr. Duss did not allow himself to be swerved from his trust. He had, by the death of Father Henrici, inherited a responsibility which he held sacred. He accepted the leadership as a leader should. His great physical and mental forces have been steadfastly devoted to rescuing the society from social and financial disaster. As a physician he diagnosed the troubles from which his association was suffering, and he has conscientiously endeavored to apply the prop-

er remedies. His main object has been to liquidate the debts of the society and to care carefully and tenderly for its aged members.

About a million dollars of indebtedness has thus far been paid. Through his silence under the continual public denunciation to which he was subjected for two long years, he has not only proved himself

the hero of the occasion, but, as the Honorable J. J. Wickham, Presiding Judge of Beaver County, said in open court, "the saviour of the society."

THE DECADENCE OF THE SOCIETY.

It has not been my purpose to detail completely the history of this strange community. I simply wished to give an outline of the prominent events, and to emphasize a matter of much more general interest, viz.: the home-life of these simple Germans, their personal characteristics and peculiarities, and the interesting features of their village, which possesses decided attractions of its own, and the probable future of the society. The rigid rules of the organization are growing lax, the old customs are falling into disuse, and it is evident that the Economy of the future will be very unlike the sequestered old village as seen to-day, in the last stages of a hopeless conflict with American civilization. As we pass through its ancient streets we notice here and there aged mulberry trees, which are relics of the silk industry that once flourished at Economy. The large frame building, shown on the preceding page, known as the silk factory, is now silent and almost unused. Few traces of the industry survive. On feast days and at church the older women wear garments of blue silk made with their own hands; handkerchiefs and shawls of the same material are in use, and white silken curtains still ornament the windows of the old Rapp mansion, a view of which is given below, from an old print, showing also an end-view of the old Town Hall, where the feasts were held.

The first venture in the manufacture of silk, made in 1825, the year the village was founded, suspended mainly because of a lack of knowledge. In 1835, after repeated failures, the industry became an assured success. It was carried on for years, and attained considerable proportions. Its cessation was principally owing to the decadence of the society and to foreign competition. The manufacture of woolen and other goods failed from the same causes. The empty and almost disused buildings at present tell their own story.



FATHER RAPP'S OLD MANSION ADJOINING THE TOWN HALL.

Nature and Science.

The Earth in Constant Tremor.

In an interesting article on "The Constant Tremor of the Earth" *The Sun* observes that the disturbance of the earth's crust caused by the severe earthquake that inflicted much damage in Guatemala, on April 18th, was duly recorded by the seismograph at Johns Hopkins University. It notes further that the earth movement at Baltimore was too slight to be detected except by the delicate instruments now used at many scientific stations to record such phenomena; but the evidence that the rock vibrations caused by the shocks in Guatemala extended far northward in this continent is conclusive. Dr. Reid, who read the instrumental record at Johns Hopkins, says:

The first measurable shock reached Baltimore about 9.30 o'clock last Friday night. For about four minutes the disturbance was slight. Then it suddenly became stronger. The heaviest shock was recorded about 9.40 o'clock. It soon subsided to a lower degree of violence, but the disturbance was comparatively strong for an hour and a half. The whole disturbance was apparent over a space of two hours and a half.

The distance of the city of Guatemala, near the area of extreme violence, from Baltimore is about 1,750 geographical miles. But far more striking evidences have been recorded in recent years of the far-reaching effects of earthquake disturbances. Very violent shocks, for example, originating in Asia, have been recorded by the seismograph at Dr. John Milne's observatory on the Isle of Wight. It has been known for ages that the effects of earthquakes are often felt for hundreds of miles from the place of original disturbance. The jar caused by the Charleston earthquake was felt here in New York and it was estimated by the Government experts who studied all the phenomena of that occurrence that the earthquake wave traveled at the rate of 17,000 feet a second, and that the rocks were affected to a depth of twelve miles beneath our feet in this city. It is only within the past twelve or fifteen years, however, that the seismograph has been used to record earth movements that are not otherwise perceptible. It has long been known that Japan is a land of many earthquakes; but it was not discovered till Dr. Milne set up his seismograph in Tokio that Japan is in constant state of tremor.

The beginning of international seismographic observations is still more recent. In 1892, the late Dr. von Reuber-Paschwitz devised a seismograph which was used in the University of Strasbourg. It was soon found that very distant earthquakes had an influence upon the movement of the pendulum and that the rate of speed with which these disturbances are transmitted through the rocks might be accurately determined. The results of these observations and of those of Dr. Milne in Japan greatly interested the scientific world, and the idea was suggested that regular seismic observations made in many parts of the world would promote the study of earthquake phenomena.

The Geographical Congress at London in 1895 adopted a resolution acknowledging "the utility and the scientific necessity of an international system of stations for the observation of earthquakes." This suggestion bore fruit. Seismic observations are now carried on at a large number of stations throughout the world. The reports are collated by a committee and the results are published every year in the British Association *Report*.

The science of seismology, in this brief time, has grown beyond the mere recording of earthquakes and their effects. In the advanced study of earth movements, made possible by the earlier years of seismic observations, the great violence of earthquakes is becoming less important in comparison with the almost incessant movements of a gentler type. Thus, a scientific writer, summing up the conclusions reached in Dr. Milne's latest book, says, in substance that all the observations collected go to show that the surface of the earth is neither fixed nor firm, but is in a state of continuous flutter; and that it must, in fact, be regarded as moving about a position of equilibrium, disturbed by every redistribution of matter on the surface, even by movements of air and water as well as by the violent effects of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

Why People See Apparitions.

In an interesting paper on "Fairies, Apparitions, Visions and Hallucinations," read by Sir Lauder Brunton recently in England, the author directs attention to the fact that there is considerable variation in the acuteness of the sense of different people and that apparitions are probably due to an abnormal condition of certain sense organs. According to the writer, some persons perceive blue flames in the fire in winter and some persons hear the shrieks of bats, while others are sensible of neither. In the same way there are people who feel things which others do not feel. Apparitions are probably due to abnormal conditions of the apparatus required for the reception of external impressions. The vessels inside the brain may be capable of contraction, like those outside, and in that case there would be anemia of parts of the brain and consequently affections of vision, hearing, smell, and taste. Epilepsy is connected in the minds of psychologists with migraine. In many people migraine is preceded by a vision of zigzags, rather like a procession. A troop of spirits in this form appears in Doré's illustrations to the "Inferno." It was suggested as not unlikely that both Dante and Doré suffered from headache of this kind. Stories of fairies might partly be referred to visions as well as to the aboriginal race mentioned by Prof. Rhys. Speaking of Mohammed, Sir Lauder Brunton described his visions, trembling fits, and convulsions, and said it was curious to speculate how different might have been the course of the world's history if the prophet had been thoroughly dosed with bromide of potassium.



Industrial Position of the United States.

Mr. Henry Gannett, of the United States Geological Survey, prints in the *Forum* a paper on "Our Industrial Position in the World." The following paragraphs condense his very condensed exposition: The United States has 5 per cent. of the world's population and 7 per cent. of its land area. Out of each score of persons one owes allegiance to the United States. China has more than one-quarter of the world's inhabitants; the British Empire about the same; Russia one-twelfth; the United States one-twentieth. We have 400,000,000 acres of land under cultivation, which is about one-quarter of the cultivated land of the earth. The United States produces more wheat than any other nation (about 21 per cent. of the total), and we export from one-quarter to one-third of our crop. Our output of maize is 76 per cent. of the total. We produce about one-quarter of the oats, a little less than Russia, but more than Germany. Rye, barley and rice are trifling crops in the United States compared with other countries. Cotton is supplied to the amount of three-quarters of the total by the United States. Two-thirds of our crop is exported. For wool the United States expends \$20,000,000 a year, producing only 11 per cent. of the world's crop. Our crop of potatoes is less than one-tenth; of sugar of all kinds, only 8 per cent. (We import \$100,000,000 worth annually.) Our tobacco crop is 37 per cent. of the total; of hops, 18 per cent.; of wine, 1 per cent.; of spirits, 10 per cent.; of beer, 19 per cent. We produce one-quarter of the horses and nearly one-quarter of the cattle, 7 per cent. of the sheep, 40 per cent. of the hogs, and about 25 per cent. of dairy products.



A Forest-fringed Railway.

It is stated that the Illinois Central Railroad is planting several rows of catalpa trees along its line from Chicago to New Orleans, a distance of about 900 miles. According to a despatch to the *Boston Herald*, it was at first thought to set aside one or two tracts on which to plant them, but it has been decided to string the forest over the entire system, placing hundreds of trees on every spot where there is any considerable loam. They will not be set out after any pattern or design, but the seeds will be dropped into the ground around stations, along the right of way in the country, and in every place where they may grow and at the same time add to the surroundings with their shade. The final purpose, however, is to provide the company with lumber for cross-ties, to do which in the past few years the company has found much difficulty. A forest-fringed railway, where it does not obstruct the view of passengers, forms an agreeable spectacle.

Our Old Folks at Home.

Heavenly Glimpses.

By Jennie L. Lyall.

In the beauty of the sunset, when its brilliant colors glow,
When the purple fades to silver, and the crimson turns to snow.
We see beyond the picture, which our raptured eyes behold,
A vision of the heavenly home, whose streets are paved with gold.

In the quiet of the twilight, when the birds come home to rest,
Within the soul sweet thoughts arise, the purest and the best.
And oft we feel a presence near, a peace we cannot tell,
'Tis His, who walked in Paradise when evening shadows fell.

The morning tints that touch and gild the distant hills with gold,
And burn and shine 'till all the earth their warmth and light
enfold.

Tell how the love of Him who came, and from eternal day,
Will glow and spread, till suffering and sin shall pass away.
When Nature opens up her graves, at springtime's welcome sound,
And out of death and darkness comes a world with beauty
crowned.

Then, all the soul uplifted is, and hope anew is born,
For myriad heralds loud proclaim the resurrection morn.

And all things that are beautiful, the pure, the good, the true,
Shine out within this world of sin, as stars in heaven's blue.
And though we see but dimly, 'mid the gloom that clouds our way,
We know that out of darkness comes the bright and glorious day.



The Making of a Life.

"I wonder why God made us," said Mrs. Faber, bitterly. "I'm sure I don't know where was the use of making me." "Perhaps not much yet," replied Dorothy, "but then He hasn't made you; He hasn't done with you yet. He is making you now, and you don't like it."—George MacDonald.

These words were not spoken perhaps by a really old person, but old people are very much given at times to bemoaning what they call their uselessness. It cannot be denied that in many cases physical weakness and the infirmities of age often cause the footsteps to lag and the hands to be comparatively idle long before the will submits to such a cessation of really helpful duties. This is particularly trying to naturally active people, but it seems to be the will of God thus to try and afflict many of His children as their years advance. Then it is that sad plaint arises, "I do not see why God sees fit to continue so useless a life as mine." And the question has been asked in all seriousness by more than one good man and woman "Why was there any use for my creation; why should God have chosen ever to make me?"

Then comes the true and timely reply, that no one is really fully made until the end comes, and that just as long as life continues the process of the making of life goes on. Like poor Mrs. Faber, we too often "do not like it," but only acquiescence with the will of the great Creator can bring real peace. Strange that even into old age very many of us must still be argued with and instructed as to submitting to the will of God. But, after all, the thought is not altogether unpleasant that in God's sight we never cease to be children, and however far away youth and middle age may become, the dear Father above knows and realizes how like children we still feel at times, no matter how white the hair may be, how slow the step or how infirm the hands. And these are, in fact, the very things that impress us with a sense of need—the need of guidance, patience and aid which must come from God alone.

Now, it may be said by some reader: "Oh, it is very easy to say these things, but when the time comes for being laid by like a worn and useless garment it is not so easy to feel that it is all right and that simple submission is going to satisfy the cravings of one's nature."

Herein is shown the vast difference between persons and things. The worn garment is cast aside; the precious life goes on to perfection. It never is the will of God that one of His children should perish. Poor Milton, in his blindness, makes no record that we ever remember seeing of the struggle through which he passed before saying what has comforted the shut-ins, the old and the impaired for nearly two centuries and a half:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

No wonder the same writer says:

"Yet I argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

Therein breathes the Christian's heart and hope, and come to look matters squarely and honestly in the face, are there not many compensations in the life that seems to be set aside and debarred from what we, in our blindness, call "comparative usefulness?" If grandparents and the old uncle or auntie cannot go out are they not sheltered from the storms? If they cannot take active part in the work of the family are not they saved many fatiguing hours?

But we can never admit that because the hands can no longer work one's usefulness is over and finished. How many times have we heard it said that it was like a benediction to enter the room of an old, old person who could do no more than smile a welcome and speak a word of cheer to the one who comes for a few moments into his or her blessed presence?

It seems almost cruel to repeat something of an opposite character that is sometimes said of very old people. Yet those who have had the care of an impatient, irritable and unreasonable aged relative have at times been almost forced to wonder why the aging life was spared, unless it was to serve as discipline for such as must minister to the querulous, unreasoning old friend. This is pitiful indeed, nor will such a state of feeling exist toward any old person whose life and character has been properly tempered through the events and experiences of the past.

We all have exceeding need of the patience and forbearance of God. Like children, we are all more or less discouraged and impatient as to the outcome of matters which we cannot control. Life is all one long course of schooling and discipline, and if during its fuller, busier hours we have to keep reminding ourselves of this fact, perhaps it is not strange that in hours of weakness and decline we should forget it. Yes, we want to make all the excuses we possibly can for the dear old people, who grow tired and petulant, and wonder why God made them anyway.

Keep up good heart. Do not forget that the wise Creator, the good, unforgetting Father, has special use for every one of his children as long as he keeps them on the earth. Oh how far this would go toward reconciling the old to "argue not against heaven," but to bate not a jot of heart or hope while still bearing up and steering right onward. Christ is at the helm, do not repine at His loving guidance.

The Home Life

Children's Day.

"Just now, when the skies are brightest,
When the loveliest flowers are here,
Comes the day we long have waited,
In the middle of the year. * * *
Oh, surely it was Christ Jesus
Himself who planned it so,
For He liked to put the children
Right "in the midst," we know. * * *
To-day in the golden sunshine,
'Mid foliage, birds and flowers,
With Thy dear love all about us,
We offer Thee—give Thee—ours.
And since for Thy name's sake, childhood
All over the world is blessed,
Of such as we have—forever—
We will give unto Thee the best."

Yes, it is indeed fitting that when the skies are brightest, and that midst foliage, birds and flowers, should come the sweet, inspiring services of Children's Day. How can the young people who have walked, and listened, and gazed in God's House on the cheery, hallowed day ever become indifferent to those services, or learn to neglect the place where God's honor dwelleth?

It is a wise and tactful thing on the part of older people to make the church a place of great attraction to the young, and to feel that there comes a day which is distinctively theirs. "Children's Sunday" is giving them an idea of ownership, as it were, in the interests and advantages of the church, that they will be quick to appreciate. Those of us who are older sometimes feel regret that these beautiful and impressive services were not known or thought of until of recent years. True, we had the "Sunday-school Concert" every month, when a Sunday evening service belonged to the children, and was greatly enjoyed. But the little tots were not able to be present because of the lateness of the hour, and so it was chiefly "middle-aged" children who profited by it. But to have a whole Sunday morning to ourselves, and midst the glamour of summer flowers, music and summer attire to march into church, and have the songs, the sermon, the church itself almost, our very own for half a sweet June day, that was something we knew nothing of, and a pleasure we are not privileged to look back upon.

We are all more or less susceptible to what is termed "glamour." It is something that dies out to a great degree as we grow older. It is the fresh, sweet charm that throws a never-to-be-forgotten enchantment over many of the scenes and experiences of youthful days. Sad it is, and a pity it is, that the rosy light does not continue to throw its helpful glare over the events of our advancing years. It is not altogether artificial, ah, no! but it needs the fresh and untried gladness of early years to cast its halo over the happy hours that do not return with that halo about them. If there is a month of the year that brings with it a glamour that is all its own, that one, fair, all too fleeting a month is June—balmy, leafy, flowering, song-bird, enchanting June! And certain impressions are all the more indelibly fixed in the mind, because of corresponding surroundings. The birds seem setting the tunes that the children echo on their own Sunday. Nature has donned her brightest, greenest,

whitest, pinkest, bluest and yellowest shades and tints, and the fresh young children vie with her in all tasteful and becoming attire, as they sally forth to their dear, festal service on this beautifully consecrated Sunday. Earth is receptive and yielding, drinking in the dew, basking in the sunshine, receiving the seed, bringing forth the bud, the flower, after a while the full corn in the ear.

May God grant that midst the brightness and the glamour of the Children's Sunday of June the dear young people all may have receptive and yielding hearts and lives. The sunshine of God's love is all around and about them, the dew of divine grace is freely offered them, and if only the seeds of precious, immortal truths that are sounded in their ears on this their own, particular holy day will sink into their hearts and there abide there will be not only enchantment but immortal benefit for them, one and all, springing from midst the sweetness and the song. Could they but learn and realize something of "the garment of righteousness" while still young, and how its beneficent folds would enrich all their dear young lives, it would indeed be a great blessing. But it takes line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, to acquaint the young with the vast needs and requirements of the soul. And to make religion seem a lovely as well as a desirable thing is a greatly wise plan to pursue. Methods change, and change for the better we believe, in the school, the business world and the church, and the brighter and more wholesome and heartsome essential things are made to appear the better it will be for the world at large.

The Church in its ancient dignity and uninterrupted history has no need to try keeping pace with the world, because its graces and allurements are not subject to such sudden and extreme changes as enter into the secular education of our youth, with their varying methods, their increase in physical training, and their sports. But while the teachings are the same in all vital matters as they have long been, the Church is yet awaking to recognition of the fact that the young need ministering to in a manner peculiar to their own acquirements, and through services adapted to youthful appreciation and enjoyment. It was a happy day when Children's Sunday was inaugurated. It marked an advance movement in the Church bearing upon the care and teaching of the nursery plants of fair Zion.

Make as much of it as possible. Strive to deepen the significant and underlying lesson, that youth is the time for coming into the Church of the living God, and by all sweet, adaptable and inspiring influences try to lure the dear children into great and lasting fondness for the one safe Fold, and its tender, protecting Shepherd.



Patience.

So little time since cloud and driving rain
Drew down their chill black veil across the sky;
Now all the air is clear and warm again,
And glittering on the grass the raindrops dry.
(Patience, sad eyes; sorrow shall yet go by.)
So little time since stormy winds all day
Against the shrinking branches drove and prest,
Tossing the tender twigs in sharp affray;
Now sun and silence hush the world to rest.
(Patience, tired hands; your toil shall yet be blest.)
So short the days, so little time ago
Since winter locked the waters, stiff and numb
Beneath the moonless bitter nights of snow;
Now 'twixt green banks they laugh, no longer dumb.
(Patience, O frozen heart! thy Lord shall come.)

—Mabel Earle, in *The Christian Endeavor World*.

The Children.

The Flowers for Mamie's Grave.

By Alice May Douglas.

"I wish that we could help mamma out," said Russell, as he closed his geography, for he really could not settle down to study, and why should he? There would be no school upon the next day, for that would be Saturday and Mamie's birthday.

"And I don't see why we can't help her out," said Addie. "It is so seldom that mamma does mention anything that she wants, that when she does I think we ought to get it for her."

"Specially since she's the only mother we have," said little Daisy, from her end of the room, where she was playing with Queeny, her pussy cat.

"And 'specially since 'tis just some flowers she wants," put in Addie.

"And flowers for Mamie's grave," added Russell. Then he asked, "But how are we going to help her out?"

"Why, don't you see, we will have to buy the flowers for her," answered Addie.

"And where will we get the money?" queried Kenneth.

"Oh! we'll have to take what we've got," answered Addie.

"Yes, I have a two-cent piece I will give 'oo," proposed Daisy, and the darling began to feel in the pocket of her apron for it.

"Here 'tis," she said, tripping up to Addie, and handing her the money.

"If the baby can give that we ought to give ten times as much, every single one of us," said Russell. "And here's a nickel."

Russell had his hand in his pocket, and he really thought that he had hold of a nickel, or would have hold of it immediately, but dear, dear me! First he got his hand onto a whistle and pulled that out. Then he came to a jackknife and out that came. Next he came to a handkerchief—one that was not very clean, I am sorry to say—and that came out; then there were spools and pencils and nails and screws and pins. My! What if he had sat down on one? Well, at last he came to his nickel, but when he pulled it out it was only a cent.

"Well, I declare!" he said; "come to think of it I did spend that five-cent piece for candy, and it is just a cent I've got to chip in."

"Never mind," said Addie, "a cent is better than nothing."

"But I can't have the baby doing more than I do," said Russell, "so I will go off and see if I can't strike a job and earn something."

"So will I," said Kenneth.

So the boys went on the street to try their luck, and Addie, being left alone with the baby, went to the closet where she kept her purse and began to count her money. She was surprised to find that she had fifteen cents. "I was saving this to buy a new neck ribbon," she said, "but I will wash my old one and it will do well enough. I am sure it will, and it is better to have fresh flowers for

Mamie's grave than fresh ribbons for myself. I'm sure if I had been the sister who died and Mamie had been the sister who lived, she'd be willing to give up things to buy flowers for my grave.

"Mamie was just lovely. Just the right kind of a little girl for God to want to make an angel of. That was what the minister said who came to the house when we had the funeral, and I'm so glad we've found out a way of getting flowers for her grave."

"But here are the boys now!" exclaimed Daisy, as she jumped from Addie's lap and ran to the window.

Russell rushed into the room swinging his hat, and Kenneth rushed in after him swinging his.

"See there!" exclaimed Russell, holding up a dime.

"And there!" echoed Kenneth, holding up another.

"I got mine holding a horse for a man," said Russell.

"And I got mine running an errand for a man," said Kenneth.

Into Addie's lap went the two dimes. Then she emptied her purse.

"This makes thirty-five cents," she said.

"Did you count in my two?" asked Daisy.

"Oh, no; that makes thirty-seven. Now I think that we can get at least a few flowers for thirty-seven cents."

And it was very few indeed that Addie could obtain for this money, as she found when she and Daisy and the boys went to the florist's, who had an office at the foot of their street. But when the kind-hearted man knew for what the flowers were wanted and how the money had been gathered to pay for them, he gave them a great many, notwithstanding the fact that flowers were then uncommonly high, and the dealer would not be able to supply all of his customers.

With happy faces and light steps the children hastened home with their flowers. They placed these upon the table in the little sitting-room and waited for their mother to come home from the avenue, where she had been sewing all day, for since her husband had been lost at sea two years before she had been a seamstress. It was a long time that the brothers and sisters were obliged to wait, but it did not seem a long time to them, they so enjoyed looking at the beautiful tulips and hyacinths and the sweet pinks and roses and the dainty pansies, to say nothing of the other hothouse flowers whose names they did not know.

"Why, why, why. What does this mean?" These were the words of Mrs. Harmon, as she entered the room and saw the table strewn with the flowers and the children clustered about it.

"They are what we bought for you to put on Mamie's grave," said Addie.

"But where did you get the money?" asked the mother.

Then all told her, and it seemed as if all were talking at once, but the mother did not mind that, she so loved to hear the children talk, and when they were all through there were tears in her eyes—tears of gratitude that her children should be so thoughtful of her. But why should they not be, she had always been so thoughtful of them?

The next day the mother and her four children went to the cemetery and lovingly laid the blossoms upon Mamie's grave. Then, as there was no one else near them, the hour was so early, they all took hold of hands about that little grave and sang "We Shall Meet on That Beautiful Shore," and the robins that were in the trees that were all about sung with them, and although this was a day of tears, not one of the group felt unhappy, for all knew that Mamie had simply been taken into the keeping of the Heavenly Father.



Children have more than one corner. They have a good many corners. They have corners to hide in, and corners to play in, and corners to sleep in, and they also have the open fields to roam in. The children are all around us. What could we do without them? When things become lonely and dismal, they will rattle through the house and set things in motion. Many years ago, I learned to love children. They are precious gems. I was a boy once, and used to play with the boys. What a good time we had in the orchard and when we went to school. I have grown to be quite a big boy, but still I love the children. I love to meet them in the street. I love to find them in the Sunday-school. Ah! now I have it. That is the place for children. We would not throw aside the home circle, or the daily school, or the attractive playgrounds. Oh, no. But we would stand and ring the church bell and invite them to come in. Here they are. Oh, what beauties! No wonder the mother has to come with them, and father, too. Why, here is a large church filled with parents and children.

And here are Sunday-schools all around us. In this land, and in foreign lands, what a beautiful sight! How it pleases our Divine Master, who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven." I do not know that we can find on the face of the globe a more beautiful or grander organization than this one. Very true, we have the gospel preached to us. The children are the branches—and what composes and makes a beautiful tree but its branches? We know of nothing better calculated to draw people to the means of grace with their children than the Sunday-school. Church membership in our churches is increased largely, and perhaps we may say in greater numbers, through the Sunday-school.

I was made a teacher in the Sunday-school when only about fifteen years of age. At that time there were but comparatively few Sabbath-schools in the land. How they have grown in numbers! What has made this great change? Largely, the children. Oh, how we should sing our anthems of praise to God for our dear children, who have been the means of producing such grand results in all our churches. We tell our children to open their hearts and let the dear Saviour come in. To a large extent, they do it. I often think of 500 children and teachers in one school, in many of our cities. And then I think of the choir of children singers in the Sabbath-school who will meet Jesus at His coming. And still I am thinking of that heavenly band of children who will meet around the throne in heaven and sing praises unto God forever.

Children are the beautiful germs of a splendid growth. How we should train them for this life and culture them for the life beyond the skies. I could tell the children a good many little stories which happened in my life's experience with other children, but I can point them to the Bible, which is full of many very interesting stories. Now, children, let me tell you: Be good and do good, and God will bless you. This letter goes to grandma.

W. H. FOSTER.

Quogue, L. I.



OUR POST-OFFICE.

RECITATION DAY.

BACHELLERVILLE, N. Y., May 18, 1902.

Dear Grandma—Have you ever been up in this part of the country? You must come and see me sometime, and I will show you around. I go to school; my sister goes with me. We have a nice school and a nice teacher. Every month we have recitation day, and we all have to recite a piece. I like to read your letters and would like to have you print this, please.

Your grandchild,

EVA D. WARD.

I have been in your neighborhood, I think, and, should I ever come to Batchellerville, I will be sure to call on you. I should enjoy being shown around by a little grandchild, and maybe you would invite me to attend one of your recitations.

COMRADES.

LYNN, Mass., May 8, 1902.

My Dear Grandma—If you have room for another grandchild I'd like to come into your family. I think it must be jolly around your chair where so many little folks meet each week, and I think you are a dear grandma to make it so pleasant for them. I have a dear grandma who lives with me. She is writing this letter for me. She says she will not be a bit jealous if I love you too. I go out with my grandma a great deal. She has taken me to Boston, and she says maybe she will take me to New York sometime. You see my grandma is not too old to travel. She does not wear caps, either, and only puts on her glasses once in a while. I have a big sister 10 years old. I am only four. When I get big I'm going to Harvard. Did you ever visit Harvard, grandma? I'm getting tired, so good-bye, grandma.

Your grandson,

ARCHIBALD DAY CLOYD.

You and grandma are good comrades, and no mistake. I'll be satisfied to share your affection with her and I don't believe that monster, jealousy, will trouble us at all. There's no room for any such disagreeable party around my chair. But you will find me a very different looking grandma from your other one, with my cap and spectacles, and gray hair—and my poor, old rheumatic limbs cannot travel very fast. My children keep my heart young though, and while I have them about me I never can feel very old. Yes, I've been to Harvard, and I am glad you are to choose that for your Alma Mater.

SUMMER VISITORS.

SUMMERFIELD, N. J., May 20, 1902.

Dear Grandma—We live in the country, so I don't have to go away for my vacation. We generally have visitors in the summer, so I have plenty of good times. I have been to New York, and mamma showed me where THE CHRISTIAN WORK office was. I think New York is lovely, but I like the country best in summer. I have a sister and brother; they are both older than I. We have lots of pets and we have a cute little pony. I must close now. Good-bye.

Your loving grandchild,

Isabel Galt Childs.

Grandma thinks you are to be envied, with no trunks to pack in the summer. But we who cannot live in the country are very thankful for a few weeks even of the sweetness and greenness of the blessed country and are very willing to take the trouble of the packing and unpacking. New York is a fine city. Grandma thinks, too, in summer it has its attractions also.



"Hush-a by!"

SYMPATHY.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 17, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I think maybe you would like to hear from me again. Isn't it awful about St. Pierre! I am glad I didn't live there, or any of my folks. I hope the little girl who was burned on the steamer will find a good home. I have a cunning dog. I call him Percy. He knows me wherever he sees me. I can ride a wheel and sometimes go downtown for mamma. I hope I will not be crowding you too much. I send my love and hope you will have a pleasant summer.

Your loving grandson,

MARK STUART WELLS.

You are right, Mark, I am glad to hear from you, and to see that you haven't forgotten me. Yes, it was a dreadful disaster at St. Pierre. How thankful we should be that we have been spared from sudden calamity. I think little Margaret Stokes will find a good home somewhere. Dear little child, she will never forget that thrilling experience. I am told some of her former school-mates are trying to raise funds to help her, but they are only little children and cannot be expected to do very much.

In the Library.

It would seem as though every incident of historical interest had been written up during the past few years, yet A. T. Quiller-Couch has just succeeded in presenting to the public a book of unusual charm called "The Westcotes," and on an entirely new historical subject. It is a picturesque romance of the Napoleonic wars, or more to the point, a story of some French prisoners held in England during those wars. The book holds a special interest just at the present time, for General Ro-chambeau, whose statue is just unveiled at Washington, D. C., figures prominently, and one feels quite familiar with the aristocratic old gentleman (for he is an old man at this period) before the book ends. It is a story filled with delicate pathos, weakness and unexpected strength of character, and is a clever story of human nature. Henry T. Coates & Company, Philadelphia, publishers.

In "Meditations of an Autograph Collector," by Adrian H. Joline, many good stories and interesting anecdotes are told of well-known celebrities from all over the world. There is one noticeable peculiarity about this book, which is continually being forced upon the reader, to-wit, the utter lack of system or classification of the fac-simile letters here reproduced. Queen Victoria's letter rubs elbows with John Ruskin's, Louis Napoleon's jostles Thomas de Quincy's, etc. There is, however, method in the author's disorder, for were kings, queens, poets, authors and actors carefully bunched together, each in his own little class, the book would not only be far less interesting but would also lose half its charm of originality. Mr. Joline has meditated to advantage and has given the public a bright, witty and instructive book of an unusual sort and one which should be found on the shelves of all libraries. Harper & Brothers, New York and London, publishers.

A rarely good book is Carnegie Simpson's "Love Never Faileth." Out of a by no means new plot, this intelligent author has succeeded in producing new thoughts and ideas with such subtle grace and finish the reader loses sight of anything old and remembers only the new. To quote an original poem on pages 159-61 gives a fair synopsis of Mr. Simpson's motif when writing this story:

"Yes, it was love," I hold to that, I say!
Then if it was it is and it shall be.
Love never faileth! Love hath destiny;
And what is life but to hold Love's way?

And now at last what is Love's way I see?
All the high hopes and aims to be and do
That Love has shown to me I shall yet
pursue.

Will yet achieve, for Love's sake and for
thee.

So, when the angels shall thy life unroll,
And if they, judging, seem about to say,
"This woman broke her faith," ah, then
I may
Have answer ready: "But she saved a
soul!"

A Man of Wealth

said: "Life Insurance is a wise business provision
—I have large interests paying good returns, and
by having my life insured, my family will not be
obliged to sacrifice any of them."

The Prudential

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JOHN F. DRYDEN,
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Fill out this slip and send to us.

Without committing myself to any action, I
shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and
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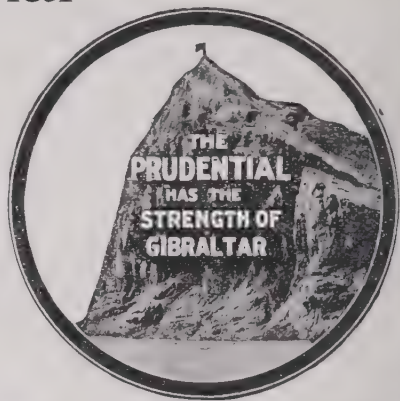
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Address.....

Occupation.....

DEPT. 72



CHURCH CHANGES.

NOW IS THE TIME TO DISCUSS SUCH WORK, IN
ADVANCE OF THE SUMMER VACATIONS.

Correspondence solicited. Send for Photographs of Im-
portant Work recently completed, showing the Parts to
be executed by Local Labor and the Parts forwarded
from New York.

J & R LAMB 59 Carmine St.,
NEW YORK.

Mr. Carnegie Simpson has the making of a clear and forceful writer of fiction, as we believe all who read "Love Never Faileth" must admit. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, who now in his eighty-first year is living in Brooklyn, the scene of his many years of labor as a pastor, is to put forth this fall through the Baker & Taylor Company two books of great interest and importance. The first of these will be "Reminiscences of a Long Life." For a number of years Dr. Cuyler has been urged by his friends and admirers to publish an autobiography. This he has been unwilling to do, but now he has compromised with a volume of reminiscences. It will amount to a summing up of the more important and interesting events and incidents of his life. The book will contain sketches of his boyhood; his college life, his first trip to Europe; famous personages he met abroad and recollections and stories of famous persons in this country. Dr. Cuyler's long life of most active service, his association with great men and great events, his intimate acquaintance with the greatest preachers of this half century, will all contribute greatly to the value and interest of this volume.

His second book will be "Help and Good Cheer," a series of brief messages. Dr. Cuyler has ever been at his best in the role of a friend to the sorrowing and the troubled and to this day possesses all the spiritual strength and optimism which has made his life so vigorous and helpful.

Interest in Edgar Allan Poe remains a fixed and positive quantity. A recent editorial in the *Times* Saturday Review charged Poe with provincialism and partiality to the South in his critical and editorial capacity. To this a reader of the *Times* replied in that paper by citing unpublished letters of Poe, which vindicate him from this charge. The letters in question, together with many critiques not hitherto collected, may be found in the new, definitive edition of Poe's works now in the press of Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The purpose of "The Literature of American History" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a work prepared under the auspices of the American Library Association, is to give to the public an expert judgment of all books relating to American history. Each book named is the subject of a brief descriptive and critical note, generally written and signed by a special student of the subject to which it relates, but sometimes drawn from books or reviews

of critical authority. J. N. Larned, who had had general editorship of the work, has won a high reputation for scholarship in American history and is a librarian of wide experience.

Michael Davitt's interest in the United States is well known throughout England. Carruthers Gould, the famous cartoonist of the *Westminster Gazette*, once represented him as "Uncle Sam Davitt" on account of his frequent intervention in behalf of American interests in Parliamentary debate. He has lately given another proof of his interest in America by coming to this country for a publisher of his latest book, "The Boer Fight for Freedom." (Funk & Wagnalls Company.)

Alone among the June magazines the *Review of Reviews* gives a graphic and comprehensive account of the Martinique catastrophe, illustrated from the most recent photographs taken on the ill-fated island. Mont Pelée's eruptions are described from the scientist's point of view by Dr. W. J. McGee, of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington. The *Review* has again distanced all its contemporaries, as it did during the Spanish War, in the journalistic treatment of historic events.

"Cornerstones," a series of sermons by the Rev. Drs. Huntington, Greer, Briggs and Rainsford, delivered at Yale University, has been brought out by Thomas Whittaker, New York. The topics are basic and characteristically treated.

The same house announces a brochure on "Christian Science," by the Rev. William Short, to which the Rt. Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, Bishop of Mississippi, writes the introduction.

A well-known judge on a Virginia circuit was recently reminded very forcibly of his approaching baldness by one of his rural acquaintances. "Jedge," drawled the farmer, "it won't be so very long 'fo' you'll hev to tie a string around yer head to tell how fer up to wash yer face."—The *Drawer*, *Harper's Magazine* for June.

"The Night-hawk, a Tale of the '60's," having to do with blockade-running between Halifax, Nova Scotia, and the ports of the Confederacy, has just been taken up by a Toronto publisher, who has purchased an edition for the Dominion of Canada.



Patience is a woman's long suit when her children are annoying the neighbors.

All women are not devoid of the sense of humor, if one may judge by the way some wives manage their husbands.

SENT FREE AND PREPAID

to every reader of THE CHRISTIAN WORK who needs it and writes for it to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y., a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. Only one small dose a day perfectly cures catarrh, flatulence, indigestion and constipation. It clears the liver and kidneys of all congestion and inflammation and takes all irritation and catarrh from the bladder and all pain and trouble from prostate gland.

Temperance Cause.

Increase of Juvenile Crime.

"A French scientist has lately asserted that the increase in juvenile crime in his country is startling, and that it is largely due to alcoholic heredity," said Dr. M. A. Stewart, a few days since, at the mid-winter convention of the New York County Woman's Christian Temperance Union. "The fact of the increase is proved by statistics, and study of a number of cases shows that a large proportion has that heredity. Alcoholic insanity also is progressing at a remarkable rate, but not so astonishingly as precocity in crime.

"It is a serious fact that in a list of countries deriving revenue from the sale of liquors Great Britain and the United States stand at the head, with respectively 36 per cent. and 29 per cent. of the total national revenue derived from that source.

"Prof. Lester F. Ward, the sociologist and biologist, wrote in a recent work," continued Dr. Stewart, "Accepting evolution, as we must, and recognizing the transmission of heredity as the distinctive attribute of the female in all species, it must be from a steady advance of women that sure and solid progress is to come. Woman is the unchanging trunk of the genealogical tree. Woman is the race, and the race can be raised only by raising her. Science teaches that the elevation of woman is the only sure road to the evolution of man."



Increase of Murder Goes with Increase of Alcohol.

Europe is discovering that crime is increasing far more rapidly among the young than among the adults. At the fifth Congress of Criminal Anthropology, recently held in Amsterdam, the startling fact was brought out that there are six times as many murders committed by young men between the ages of 16 and 20 as by adults between 30 and 35. The cause is charged to the increase of alcoholism. Put beside this fact the other that in the United States 39,872 persons died at the hands of homicides in the five years ending in 1900, and America's problem will gain new significance. No European country, except Italy, approaches this record of slaughter in proportion to population.



Revenge is sweet—but only in the hands of a fool.

Wise is the candidate who can convince the voters that the office is seeking him.

"Is he a hard drinker?"

"Indeed, no! It's the easiest thing he does."

You Certainly Need

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It strengthens the weak, revives the tired, calms the nervous, and increases capacity for endurance. Of all Tonics none equal to this.

At the glorious feast of knowledge some people never get any farther than the soup.

Nothing angers a man like the silence of his wife when he attempts to quarrel with her.

If every woman's face were her fortune some would be liable to arrest for counterfeiting.

If a man would secure his wife's undivided attention all he has to do is to talk in his sleep.

In a case of emergency it is sometimes advisable to reward the man who helped you to emerge.

Many a deluded man who thinks he is marrying a woman discovers later on that the woman married him.

A soft heart and a hard head make an excellent combination, but a hard heart and a soft head—well, that's different.

He is one man in a thousand who can drink or let it alone—especially if he lets it alone.

A woman will forgive a man almost anything—except the fact that he beat her at her own game.

Love doesn't laugh at the locksmith often enough to enable him to pose as a professional humorist.

Have the courage of your convictions—but don't permit them to transform you into an aggressive chump.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK ?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root** is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.



Don't make any mistake, but remember the name. Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

The Housekeeper.

Strawberries, Ho!

Brilliant, luscious and welcome in joyous, smiling May comes the strawberry, that for six or seven weeks is cheap and abundant enough to come within the reach of nearly all. The oft-quoted, almost hackneyed saying ascribed to one Dr. Boteler, that "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did," is echoed over and again in our minds, if not spoken by our lips, when the delightful gift of God is before us. Eaten raw, with sugar and cream, it is a dish for the gods. Without the cream it is more easily digested; minus both sugar and cream it is most wholesome. Placed between hot shortcakes, after being first cut in halves, it is food to be revelled in. Cut in halves the same and put between layers of light sponge cake, it is something to delight the taste. Carefully canned, it brightens up and makes delicious a pudding sauce, or as simply "canned fruit" it is appetizing, the strawberry being particularly acceptable when winter is abroad in the land, and the crimson fruit seems like the waft of a summer memory. Preserved in the fine old-fashioned "pound-to-pound" style, it is lovely with biscuits, toast or rusk. We discovered through several years' experience that the old-time habit of putting fruits and sugar together over night made them richer, and preserved the fruit or berry flavor in many instances to a marked degree, after the preserving was done. Our old rule taken from some long-used cookbook, very likely Mrs. Cornelius', was very simple, was followed to the letter, and would last in a Mason jar longer than one winter if desired: "Put equal quantities of fruit and sugar together over night. In the morning boil all together, removing the fruit after it has really boiled six or eight minutes. Then let the syrup boil about half an hour longer." Nothing is said in this rule about skimming, but all old housekeepers know that as a thick scum rises to the top of any boiling mass of fruit and sugar it must be removed. Generally it is easier to do this after the fruit has been taken from the kettle, but in removing it be careful to souse the fruit quickly in the fruit strainer—like a long spoon, but porous like any skimmer—down into the boiling syrup, so that no scum may adhere to it as it is taken from the kettle. Let it be also remembered, that there will be such a preponderance of syrup that a glass jar will not need to be more than half full of fruit before the syrup is poured in. And there need be no great haste in ever filling cans where fruit or berries are done up pound to pound. After a month or two this preserve is richness itself, the syrup thick, perhaps almost ropy, and the fruit, if firm and in its prime when preserved, as it always should be, will be unbroken. Flattened it undoubtedly will be, but perfectly whole. Do most of our housekeepers know, we wonder, what a delightful dessert can be set forth by serving a sauce

dish of rich preserve with a more simple dish? Boiled rice with a little butter put in tiny lumps over the surface and grated nutmeg is very nice with strawberry preserve. Fritters, either made of sour milk, rice, or bread crumbs, buttered hot and a little nutmeg grated over them, then rolled, are delicious with a rich preserve accompaniment. Strawberry shortcake is not impossible when wintry winds are howling if the housekeeper wants something particularly delectable for her mid-winter company lunch, or dessert. Make your rich biscuit shortcake in layers, not in a thick cake to be cut and consequently made heavy, then butter sparingly while hot each dainty crust, and as it cools a little put on your fine preserve, and mark how many fail of praising your so fine a treat! We always considered that fresh strawberries and light cake of any kind made a very delightful dessert.

With the passing away of "supper" and the substituting in a way of "lunch" the old-fashioned pound-to-pound preserves, dear to the hearts of our grandmothers, have also, in a great measure, passed away, as they are thought to be cloying when eaten with many of the new concoctions that many prefer. But when the evening meal invariably began with bread and butter, the fine, sweet preserve was considered almost indispensable, and many of us, while not able or willing to eat too much of it at a time, yet cling with considerable fondness to the rare old preserve of the past. And we notice, let but a dish of this o'er sweet delectability—to coin a word—be placed before almost any guest, and the confession in a vast proportion of cases will quickly arise that after all "there is nothing can get much ahead of your old-fashioned pound-to-pound preserve."

Now this is not saying that fresh fruit, and canned fruit with its scantier proportion of sugar, is not much more wholesome for children, and very likely for grown-ups, too. With many both are much preferred, but *there are* of us who still can find satisfaction and great liking in the rich old "sweeties" of other days.

Use all the fresh fruits you possibly can. Such food as can be eaten directly as it comes from the hands of the great Creator, our very instincts tell us, are most healthful and desirable. Birds and animals, we take it, seldom suffer from dyspepsia or indigestion. And does not Ruskin direct us to go to them for instruction in many things as to our daily living? Let us be thankful for all the bounteous supply of a kind and beneficent Providence, and if we feel particularly grateful for the peerless strawberry, let us be willing to return special thanks for the beautiful, sumptuous berry.



If the ladies whom gallant gentlemen delight to serve could guess what scant touch-stones of worth these same gentlemen sometimes carry into the adored presence many a handsome head would be carried with less assurance.—*The Valley of Decision*.



A woman jumps at a conclusion and wins; a man hesitates and loses.

For the Home Dressmaker.

In cutting the canvas lining for standing collars it is best to prepare the canvas by wetting it, then press with a moderately hot iron until dry, being careful to stretch the lower edge of the canvas and shrink the upper, thus shaping it to the pattern as nearly as possible. Iron until thoroughly dry and stiff.

Old celluloid cuffs if ironed under a damp cloth until straight, then pieced together by laying one edge over the other and stitching on the machine, make a good stiffening for collars, as it will not wrinkle down from heat or perspiration.

Old skirt linings may be utilized for underskirts as follows: Rip them from the outside material and cut over by a good underskirt pattern. Sew up the seams, put on a waist band and hem or face the lower edge, allowing a little for shrinking. Wash the skirt thoroughly in pearline suds to remove dirt and loose coloring matter, then dye in a black diamond dye for cotton. After the skirt is dry, wash it again and starch with a starch made very dark with blueing in the water. After the skirt is ironed trim the bottom with ruffles of black alpaca, cashmere, or any suitable black goods that may have been left from dressmaking or saved from partly worn dresses. Such

(Continued on page 883.)

SUMMER COMFORT.

Get Ready for Warm Weather.

By a complete change in breakfast, at this time of the year, one can put the body right to go through the summer comfortably.

Leave off meat, potatoes and heavy, body-heating foods, and use the food that will nourish the body and give reserve force to the brain and nervous system.

A most appetizing and healthful breakfast can be made on Grape-Nuts and cream, some fruit and perhaps two soft-boiled eggs—this meal will furnish full strength and nourishment up to the next and has a remarkable effect on the body during hot weather. Remember, the cells of the body you are now building will last you into summer, so be sure and build the kind that tend to keep a cool body and level head.

One pound of Grape-Nuts has more nourishment—that the system will absorb—than ten pounds of meat, without any of the internal heat of meat that a person wishes to avoid during the warm season; its rich, nutty flavor, added to the delicate sweet of the grape sugar, makes a dish pleasing to the most critical taste.

You receive Grape-Nuts from the grocer ready to serve, as it has been thoroughly cooked at the factory by food experts, and this saves heat from cooking and time and exertion necessary in preparing ordinary food.

A change from the old breakfast to one like this will refresh and invigorate the system in a surprising manner and permit you to enjoy the pleasures of summer in a cool, comfortable fashion, when your neighbors, differently fed, will be "hot."

(Continued from page 882.)

pieces of old dresses should be washed in a suds made by adding one tablespoonful of pearline to a pailful of hot water, and slightly stiffened by rinsing in bran water. The bran water is prepared by boiling a small sack of bran for some time in a kettle of water, then using the water for rinsing, reducing with more water if too stiff. If the black cloth is rusty it will be best to dye it in a black diamond dye for wool, which will make it a good, clear black. Such skirts cost only a trifle and are very useful for everyday wear or even for best if they are nicely made and the ruffle goods is of a good quality.

Sometimes a waist lining is almost as good as new when the outside is past wear, and such waists, if carefully ripped to remove the outside cloth and the seams of the lining sewed up again, make good corset covers to wear under thin black waists. Cut out the neck and trim with a frill of narrow black lace and treat the arms and eyes in the same way. If wanted for an extra thickness in cold weather, leave the neck quite high and hem up the ends of sleeves.

EXPERIENCE.



Common sense is not so common as some men think it is.

Variety is the spice of life, and vice is the cayenne pepper.

A smile may hide a man's thoughts, just as paint may hide a woman's complexion.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE ERIE.

The Erie Railroad is famous not only as the Picturesque Trunk Line of America, but also as the direct route to two of the most deservedly popular resorts in America:

Chautauqua Lake is known throughout the world as the home of the Chautauqua Assembly. Here thousands of intelligent people meet every year and find mental and bodily health, strength and recreation by participating in this unique system of popular education. But the Assembly is not the only attraction of the Lake, for along the shores are hotels and boarding-houses of the highest class, offering accommodations and amusements unsurpassed at any other summer resort.

Cambridge Springs, Pa., "The Bethesda of the Middle West," is a favorite resort for health, rest and recreation, located on the main line of the Erie, midway between New York and Chicago. The waters are famous for their medicinal qualities. The hotel accommodations are all that could be desired.

The Erie grants stop-over at Chautauqua Lake (Jamestown or Lakewood, N. Y.) and at Cambridge Springs on all through tickets, on application to conductor and deposit of ticket with station ticket agent immediately on arrival. Solid vestibuled trains, with sleeping, dining and café cars.

Chautauqua folder and Cambridge Springs booklet—both beautifully illustrated—may be had on application to any Erie ticket agent, or to D. W. Cooke, General Passenger Agent, New York.

Christian Endeavor.

Sunday, June 15th.—Rom. xiv, 14-23.

Why Total Abstinence Is Best.

By Lina Jeanette Walk.

There is nothing more subtle or powerful than personal influence. We may not always be aware of it but our example is constantly affecting and controlling others. Either we become a blessing or a stumbling-block to those around us. If we are true to God, and live consistent lives, so that the eyes fastened on us may read the sincerity of our hearts and the exemplification of Christ in our inner selves, we may feel confident that, in a greater or less degree, we are reflecting a character which it will be impossible for men or women to come in contact with without being helped and uplifted by it. On the other hand, though we may make every Christian profession, if we are not striving to live continually in the Christian's only, and lawful atmosphere, we are radiating that influence which becomes a hindrance to our brother, and an offense and mockery to God.

Intemperance is one (the greatest one we may assume) of the stumbling-blocks which are tripping the feet of the youth of this age. We well know the results of this special enemy to mankind, and to God, and it becomes the concern of every Christian to set his face strongly against it, and by no weak indulgence himself appear to countenance the degrading and debasing habit. It may be there are those who can take an occasional "glass" without being any the worse for it, as some would have us believe, but we doubt if there is any safe middle ground whatever. The habit is in danger of becoming stronger and more frequent, until an unsatisfying appetite is the result. Many a man who has made it his boast that he could take a drink when he felt like it, without its doing him any harm, has come to see the futility of his words, and has been filled with shame and humiliation to find that he has been overpowered by the evil thing and dragged down to the level he once thought to be impossible for him. The following true story is an illustration of the alarming risk of tampering with this temptation. A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take an occasional glass, stepped into a saloon one morning, and going up to the bar called for whisky. A seedy individual walked up to him and said, "I say, squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?" He was annoyed by the man's familiarity and roughly answered, "I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps." The tramp replied, "You need not be so cranky and high-minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you. What is more, I always know how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn, and he will bring you to just the same place I am." Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass

and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismated, his clothing filthy. "Then it was drink that made you like this," he asked; "Yes, it was, and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it." Picking up his untouched glass, the gentleman poured its contents upon the floor and said, "Then it's time to quit," and left the saloon never to enter it again.

If we look upon our fellow men in the light which God's word bids us, we know that it is our bounden duty to abstain from anything which may cause our brother to offend. God has made man in his own image, he has created him for the temple of his in-dwelling spirit, and, if by our example we help to efface or injure this holy likeness in another, we shall be held accountable. If we ever expect to conquer the kingdom of Satan we must see to it that we oppose every form of evil and endeavor by consistent living to remove the stumbling-block, whatever it may be, from the path of others. We are our brothers' keepers whether we will it or not, and if we cannot always lift them up, we can at least refrain from making them stumble.



"You certainly look better; you must have followed my advice and had a change."

"Yes, doctor, so I have."

"Where did you go?"

"I went to another physician."

Publisher (testily)—I can't see anything in that manuscript of yours. Struggling Author (vindictively)—I presume not; but you know some of your readers may be quite intelligent.

If men could shed tears as easily as women can the recording angel would have much less profanity to charge up against them.

Keep your secret from your friends and your enemies will never get next to it.

A man's friends are usually willing to stay by him as long as he has a dollar.

Not every man can get an increase of salary on the strength of his self-esteem.

Hair Falling?

Don't tell your friends of it. They would think it so strange. You see, they know Ayer's Hair Vigor checks falling of the hair, restores color to gray hair, and makes the hair grow. Then why don't you use it?

"A few years ago my hair got very dry and I could pull it right out by the handful. After using a few bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor I got relief. My hair stopped falling and I received a new head of hair."—Mrs. G. Harrer, Milwaukee, Wis.

\$1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

As TIME is the stuff Life's
made of, take it from an

Elgin Watch

the timekeeper of a lifetime—the world's
standard pocket timepiece. Sold every-
where; fully guaranteed. Booklet free.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.,
ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

Among the Churches.

American visitors to St. Margaret's, Westminster, London, will remember that one of the best pews in the church, immediately behind those reserved for the House of Commons, is a pew with the American flag under a glass cover. The pew bears a plate, marked, "Reserved for American visitors." The trustees and leading men in Plymouth Church, under the leadership of Elijah R. Kennedy, have raised a fund for five years to set apart the best pew in Plymouth Church, immediately behind the old Henry Ward Beecher pew. An English flag has been placed under glass, and a plate bears the inscription, "Reserved for English visitors." Not a Sunday passes without one or more Englishmen visiting the church, and their presence has finally led to this action. The enthusiasm of the strongest men of Plymouth Church for England has always been one of the striking characteristics of that congregation.

On the first Sunday in May 114 new members were received into the church, 80 of whom were upon profession of faith. This makes about 160 who have been received since last November.

Rev. Dr. James S. Ostrander, formerly pastor of the Stuyvesant Avenue Congregational Church, which is not now in existence, and who at one time was an assistant to the Rev. R. S. Storrs in the pastorate of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, died, May 22d, at his home, 361 Macon street, that borough. He had been confined to his bed with paralysis for nearly three years. He was born in Albany in 1832 and was educated in that city. During the first part of his life he was engaged exclusively in Sunday-school work, and after the civil war went South to reestablish the schools there that had been closed during the hostilities. From 1881 to 1887 he was connected with the Church of the Pilgrims.

Plans have been made for holding a monster Methodist Episcopal missionary convention in Gray's Armory, Cleveland, October 21st to 24th. It is expected that the

ablest and most prominent dignitaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church will take part. The object of the convention is to bring together representative delegations of the leaders of the church for consultation on the problems that are now confronting the missionary society, to organize the forces of the church for more effective work, and to "gain a vision of the incoming kingdom of God."

Mrs. George H. Sisson, wife of the pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Muncie, Ind., has been chosen by the congregation to supply the pulpit made vacant by a six weeks' vacation by her husband. She has accepted.

Rev. John W. Shackelford, D. D., who in 1891 became rector emeritus in the Protestant Episcopal Church, died, at Saratoga, N. Y., May 24th, from paralysis. His wife died of apoplexy seventeen years ago. Dr. Shackelford was born in Georgetown, S. C., May 21, 1822. He began his clerical studies in Philadelphia, Pa., and was graduated with the class of 1847 from the General Theological Seminary in New York City. His first ministerial work was performed in Amesbury, Mass., where he was temporarily in charge of St. James' Church for two years. In 1849 he was ordained by Bishop Wittingham at Troy. For six years he was rector of St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn. Nine years following that he filled the rectorship of the Church of the House of Prayer, in Newark, N. J. He afterward became rector of the Church of the Redeemer, in New York City, with which he was identified for twenty-seven years.

The American Bible Society has received from Rev. Jay C. Goodrich, its agent in the Philippines, his annual report on the situation in the islands, inclusive of the circulation of the Bible. In regard to the latter he says: "Printing for the Bible Society has been done in Japan. The total number of volumes published is 71,000; the total number of pages is 5,270,000. Last year we reported the sale and gift of 10,873 copies. This year the total circulation is 52,793, and the total direct circulation is 49,672 copies. The sales in

the Manila depository have been 4,238 copies. When we consider the bitter opposition, the unsettled condition of the country, making it dangerous in the extreme to venture into the interior without an escort, the great lack of roads and facilities for travel, and the number of men employed, the work accomplished certainly is marvelous.

Rev. Dr. William Howe, of Cambridge, Mass., probably the oldest Baptist clergyman in this country, preached an interesting sermon at the Broadway Baptist Church, Cambridge, on Sunday morning, May 25th. That day was his 96th birthday, and it was a great treat to him as well as to the parishioners to have him minister to them. He was the first pastor of the church, and there are probably few of the present members of the parish who can remember Dr. Howe as their pastor.

A recent report from Charles F. Gammon, agent of the American Bible Society at Peking, thus refers to the work of Rev. William S. Ament, D.D., whom Mark Twain and others severely criticized during the Boxer troubles in 1900 and thereafter: "I may be excused for speaking of the impression Dr. Ament left among the people of North China, as a contrast to what was so unjustly and untruthfully said of him last year. I found only a widespread and very general feeling of deep gratitude to Dr. Ament in every city and town I have visited. Almost always the first question that came from the officials or from the people was, 'Do you know Mr. Ament?' and an affirmative reply was sure to bring forth tales of the good he had done."

After thirty-eight years of continuous
(Continued on page 885.)

THREE DAYS. Then Postum Saved Him.

It makes rather solid friends of people when they discover a liquid food that will save life in extreme cases of need.

Speaking of Postum Food Coffee, a lady in Toledo, O., says, "For over five years now I have used Postum Coffee entirely in place of the ordinary coffee or tea.

"I used to have stomach trouble and every time I drank a cup of ordinary coffee suffered the greatest distress. My troubles left when I left off coffee and began using Postum.

"The most severe test I know of was when my husband was down with gastric typhoid fever. His stomach would retain nothing; we tried milk and various other drinks. Everything we put into his stomach would come up in less than three minutes. After the third day of this kind of work I concluded to give him some Postum Coffee. He drank it and relished it and retained it, and for four weeks he lived on Postum and nothing else to speak of. You can depend upon it that Postum gained some good friends, for husband would have died if it had not been for the nourishment afforded by Postum Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

(Continued from page 884.)

church work in Rhode Island, Rev. S. H. Webb, rector of Christ Church, Providence, has resigned. He is one of the best-known Episcopal clergymen in the State.

At a meeting of the congregation of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, this city, last week, it was decided to extend a call to Rev. Dr. William R. Richards, who is now pastor of the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church, of Plainfield, N. J. The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church has been without a pastor since Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock committed suicide in Naples, in May, 1900, while returning from a trip to the Holy Land. Rev. Dr. Richards has been pastor of the Crescent Avenue Church, in Plainfield, for many years, and has steadily refused tempting offers from other congregations, being perfectly satisfied with his charge in Plainfield and his salary there of \$5,000 a year. When Rev. Mr. Babcock accepted the call of the Fifth Avenue Church his salary was made \$12,000 a year, and it is understood that this sum will be offered to Dr. Richards.

Rev. Alfred Lee Royce, D.D., who was chaplain of the flagship New York during the naval battle which resulted in the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago, died May 27th, in St. Luke's Hospital, this city, from chronic nephritis. He had been ill several months. Mrs. Royce was with him when the end came, and Wednesday she left here with the body of her husband for Philadelphia, where, since the war with Spain, Dr. Royce had served as chaplain of the Naval Home. Born in Bristol, Conn., about fifty years ago, Dr. Royce was graduated at the Berkeley Divinity School, at Middletown, in 1871. He was appointed a chaplain in the navy in 1881, and for several years served at Annapolis. While there he met Captain William T. Sampson. The two men became warm friends, and when, at the outbreak of the war with Spain, Captain Sampson was placed in command of the American fleet, with the rank of rear-admiral, Dr. Royce joined him as chaplain of the New York. It was he who uttered the first prayer that went up from the flagship when it became known that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed with a minimum of loss to the victors.



Lesson for a Boy.

I had overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother. She had work for him to do which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment, and, though Karl obeyed her, it was not without a good deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased, and that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older. While the sense of injury was strong upon him, I came out on the piazza beside him and said: "Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?"

The boy looked up in surprise. "Why, I want him to be good for something."

"But he likes his own way," I objected. "Why shouldn't he have it?"

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. "I'd like to know the good

of a horse that always has his own way!" he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of common sense.

"And as for working," I went on, "I should think there was time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse."

"Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt—" Karl began. Then he stopped, blushed, and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day.—*Church Record.*

DO NOT SPECULATE.

WE offer a safe business proposition that may pay you more than \$500 for each \$100 invested. Why not invest a small sum? It will, without doubt, increase your income largely and you will have risked but a little. You can get in now on the ground floor. Later the same interest will cost you double the amount or more.

If you desire, we will take you at our own expense and show you our property and satisfy you that it is a safe and conservative investment. Write for full information and reports.

THOMAS & COMPANY,

566 to 570 The Bourse,

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ANGELUS



Testimonial from the celebrated composer of the "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Amico Fritz," "Iris," Etc.

"The ANGELUS is a wonderful virtuoso-pianist, and at the same time a very good organist."

"Thanks to its marvellous means of expression it can give the complicated pieces more life and soul than any other instrument of its kind is able to give."

"Bravo to the inventors!"
(Signed) PIETRO MASCAGNI.
Warschau, Russia, April 4th, 1902.

With the ANGELUS you can play *any* piano! Simply roll it up to the piano. Anybody can play it. Every and all classes of music. Endorsed by Marcella Sembrich, Jean de Reszke, Josef Hofmann, Eugene D'Albert, Arthur Friedheim, Enrico Toselli and many others of the world's greatest musicians. Agents everywhere.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.,

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ELLIOTT YOUNG, GREENPORT, LONG ISLAND,

Graduate in Piano Construction and Tuning, New England Conservatory, 1888.

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Full Line of Musical Merchandise, Piano Chairs, Stools, Scarfs, Etc., of the latest designs.

Small Musical Instruments to order, given to the public at comparatively wholesale prices.

Bicycles and Bicycle Sundries.

In answering advertisements found in these columns the writer will confer a favor on the advertiser as well as the publisher of the paper by mentioning the name of THE CHRISTIAN WORK.

A PASTOR'S TROUBLE

Trials Which Beset a Minister in Indian Territory.

For many long years the Rev. William R. Brock, of Provence, I. T., was burdened with troubles more than fall to the lot of the average man, but finally he was able to throw them off and now tells entertainingly how he accomplished it. He says:

"When I was a boy of about twelve years, I had what a boy seldom has—rheumatism. I had been in bad health for some months and was taken out of school on account of it. But I kept getting worse and at one time could hardly get around. This, I suppose, undermined my health and was the cause of the later troubles which afflicted me.

"Some sixteen years ago I developed a torpid liver and an enlarged spleen which finally caused a chronic diarrhoea. This in itself was very weakening but, in addition to that, my stomach refused hearty food, I had a severe pain in my side almost all the time and, when I walked any distance, I became out of breath, with a feeling of burning at the heart. My head and limbs would ache fearfully, especially at night. Then my rheumatism came on again and, later, I had a dry, hacking cough which nearly drove me distracted.

"I was under the care of two physicians but, although the tonics they gave me seemed to do me good for a while, the effect was only temporary. Finally I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People by an advertisement in a paper which told of the cure of a case similar to mine. This was four years ago. I took them and eight boxes made me well. I am now well and strong and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have made me so."

Mr. Brock took a medicine that attacked his trouble at the root—the blood and nerves. Poor blood and disordered nerves are at the seat of nearly all the ailments which afflict mankind, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have been proven to be a certain remedy for all diseases arising from this cause.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold at fifty cents a box or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



GOOD INCOMES MADE
By selling our celebrated goods, **25 and 30 per cent.** commission off.

"BOMOSA" the 33c.
Most Economical
1-lb. trade-mark red bags.
Good Coffees 12c. and 15c.
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The Great American Tea Co.,
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DEAF AND HARD-OF-HEARING PERSONS CAN LEARN

LIP-READING AT HOME

In six weeks.

Easy, practical, interesting lessons by mail. Copyrighted. One hour a day for study and practice. Results uniformly satisfactory. Terms moderate. Send for circular.

DAVID GREENE, 1122 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Just for Fun.

Clerk—What kind of gloves, madam,—walking gloves?

Miss Wayback—Mercy sakes, no! I don't wear gloves on my feet.

"When you have leisure," said a caller to the city editor, "I would like to speak to you."

"All right; come after I'm dead."

"What did the doctor say when you told him that young Frivol was out of his mind?"

"He said it was a narrow escape."

"I see you've got an automobile. Were you ever in a race?"

"Yes."

"How did you come out?"

"On crutches, a month later."

"How's this?" asked the customer in the bookstore. "Last week the prices on Bacon and Lamb were only \$1.25, and now you have marked them up to \$3."

"Well, you see," explained the bookseller, "since the meat trust began cornering supplies—"

But the customer hurried away to secure matinee seats for "A Texas Steer" before the prices went up at the theater, also.

"This is our latest novelty," said the manufacturer, proudly. "Good, isn't it?"

"Not bad," replied the visitor; "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we make."

"Oh! Are you in the same business?"

"No, we make gunpowder."

Haney—Miss Stetsan says she doesn't like her surroundings where she is living now. There are too many flats there, she says.

Ripley—H'm! Does she refer to the inhabitants, or only to the apartment houses?

She—You never come to call on me any more.

He—I'm afraid.

She—Oh, the dog is kept chained, now.

He—Yes; but your father's not.

Talbot—Haven't slept for three nights? You don't mean it!

Barton—Yes; but I was in Philadelphia at the time. Sleeping and walking are so much alike there you don't notice the difference!

Mrs. Gossippe—How does it come Mrs. Swagger invited you to her party? I thought you were enemies.

Mrs. Snappem—We are, but she thought I had nothing fit to wear and wanted to make me feel bad.

In his recent speech Senator Carmack said that General Funston was the greatest captain since Samson who ever wielded the jawbone of an ass. This reminded Representative Curtis, of Kansas, of a story.

"What did Samson slay his enemies with?" asked a school-teacher of his class. No one could answer.

"What is this?" inquired the teacher, touching the side of his cheek.

"The jawbone of an ass," was the prompt reply.



IT SCARES PEOPLE

Who come of a consumptive family when they begin to cough and the lungs are painful. But it is a fact beyond disproof that consumption is not and cannot be inherited. The microbe which breeds disease must absolutely be received by the individual before consumption can be developed.

Men and women who have been afflicted with obstinate coughs, bronchitis, bleeding of the lungs, emaciation and weakness, have been perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures the cough, heals the lungs, and builds up the body with solid flesh.

"When I commenced taking your medicines, eighteen months ago, my health was completely broken down," writes Mrs. Cora L. Sunderland, of Chaneyville, Calvert Co., Md. "At times I could not even walk across the room without pains in my chest. The doctor who attended me said I had lung trouble, and that I would never be well again. At last I concluded to try Doctor Pierce's medicines. I bought a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' took it, and soon commenced to feel a little better, then you directed me to take both the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Favorite Prescription,' which I did. Altogether I have taken eighteen bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' twelve of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and five vials of 'Pelllets.' I am now almost entirely well, and do all my work without any pain whatever, and can run with more ease than I could formerly walk."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is pure selfishness on the part of others to talk about themselves when you want to talk about yourself.

The fool waiteth for the iron to get hot before striking, but the wise guy maketh the iron hot by striking.

The straight and narrow path is not adapted to the requirements of the individual who is inclined to spread himself.

The man who makes the best of everything should have no trouble in disposing of his wares.

When a man orders spring lamb in a cheap restaurant he begins to realize how tough it is to die young.

A woman wants to see everything that goes on. That is probably why she stands in front of a mirror while dressing.

Man's Mission on Earth

Medical Book Free.

"Know Thyself," a book for men only, regular price 50 cents, will be sent free (sealed postpaid) to any male reader of this paper, 8 cents for postage. Address the **Peabody Medical Institute**, 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass., established in 1860, the oldest and best in America. Write to-day for free book, "The Key to Health and Happiness." For 40 years the Peabody Medical Institute has been a fixed fact, and it will remain so. It is as standard as American Gold. The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.



CHRISTIAN WORK

New Series of

THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK.

JOSEPH NEWTON HALLOCK, D.D., Editor.

THE CHRISTIAN WORK is issued weekly. The subscription price is three dollars a year in advance. Two years \$5.00. Five years \$10.00 in advance with one remittance.

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ADVERTISEMENTS 30 cents per agate line. Special positions 40 cents per line. Telephone, 1890-18th St. Box 34, Station D.

Address, THE CHRISTIAN WORK,
86-90 Bible House,
New York City.

Odds and Ends.

A drop of ink is black, but it serves to enlighten many.

Some by wit get wealth, but none by wealth can purchase wit.

Shoemakers are not necessarily long-lived, but they are great lasters.

Steer clear of the man whom dogs and children dislike.

Prosperity tries the small man; adversity the great one.

Paradoxical though it may seem, it is hard to touch a close man.

Men who are continually blowing about themselves spoil a lot of wind.

It is the services of the uncommon man that command the highest wages.

Some men have no fixed price, but proceed to sell out to the highest bidder.

When a dog growls over his food he likes it; but with a man it is different.

There is nothing so certain as a sure-thing game—for the man behind the game.

Many a young man visits the three-ball merchant merely to pass the time away.

There is far more eloquence in silence than there is in some long-winded speeches.

Never doubt a girl's veracity when she says she can't sing. It's ten to one she can't.

Ambition, like a torrent, carries everything before it, regardless of the wrecks left behind.

Man is born to rule the world—but along comes woman and declares it is up to her.

Only a physician of long experience knows what to do when there is no occasion for doing anything.

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Illustrated Family Newspaper

Volume 72.

JUNE 14, 1902.

Number 1843

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SAPOLIO

THE CHRISTIAN WORK

Weekly---Continuing The Christian at Work.

Volume 72

New York, Saturday, June 14, 1902

Number 1843

Terms \$3 Per Annum.

The great coal strike continues, and so far as a definite settlement goes, the end seems as far off as ever.

Under a former law the President has some power of interference, but that law has been repealed, and there is no immediate prospect of any intervention. Still it is causing great public inconvenience; the manufacturing industries are compelled to use soft coal, some of the large mines are filling with water, and the situation is such that when the strike is over it will be difficult for some time to get a proper supply of coal to market. It is to be hoped that the efforts of President Roosevelt and Dr. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, to secure an adjustment may accomplish something definite. Already the losses from the strike aggregate some \$25,000,000.



France Has
a New Cabinet.

M. Rouvier's acceptance of the portfolio of finance makes complete the new French Ministry, which will be constituted as follows:

Premier, Minister of the Interior—Senator Combes.
Minister of Justice—Senator Valle.
Minister of Foreign Affairs—M. Delcassé.
Minister of War—General André.
Minister of Marine—M. Pelletan.
Minister of Public Instruction—Senator Chaumié.
Minister of Public Works—Maruéjouls.
Minister of Colonies—M. Doumergue.
Minister of Commerce—M. Trouillot.
Minister of Agriculture—M. Mougeot.

The Cabinet is fortunate in having the services of M. Delcassé, whose foreign policy has given him great reputation. The policy of the late Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet will be continued.



The Alaskan
Seal Herds.

It has been well established by scientific investigation that the seal herds of Alaska were doomed to speedy extinction under existing regulations made after the Bering Sea award seven years ago. In order to prevent this a bill has been reported by the House Committee of Ways and Means, which provides for the reopening of negotiations with Great Britain to prevent pelagic sealing and insure the preservation of the herds. It is by no means clear, however, that the threat embodied in the bill, authorizing the killing of the greater part of the seals unless such negotiations are successful, is the best way of accomplishing the object. The threat would likely be taken as an insult. It would be directed, nominally at least, against Great Britain, and they are not English but Canadian sealers who are destroying the herds. American pelagic sealers are also doing so, but are not nearly so destructive

as the Canadians. It would seem that negotiations with Great Britain could now be undertaken with better prospect of success. The relations between the two countries are far more friendly than when the Bering Sea award was made, and negotiations begun for the protection of a great industry in which international interests were involved would appeal for pacific settlement on very substantial grounds.



The Danish
West Indies.

The adjournment of the Danish having acted upon the treaty for the Parliament until September without sale of St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix to the United States leaves that question still unsettled. As the time allowed for ratification expires by the original agreement on July 24th, an extension was necessary if the project was not to fall through. The proposal of our State Department to prolong for a year the lifetime of the treaty—that is, until July 24, 1903—has been accepted by King Christian upon the advice of Premier Deuntzer, so that the matter goes over another year. The situation reveals the political status in Denmark, for it is now admitted that the proposed transfer of the islands will be the issue on which the next elections for the Rigsdag will turn. The present government's policy is to see the transfer through, but in the upper legislative chamber there is an adverse majority which opposes the treaty and relies upon patriotic feeling to defeat ratification. This tempest in a teapot is an unexpected outcome of negotiations which were opened on our side under the impression that the Danish Government was only too glad to get rid of its islands, having long kept them almost in open market, knowing that they were an encumbrance. It is difficult to see how our ultimate acquisition of the islands can be prevented, provided they are sold at all; for discussion of the question has made clear that their purchase by any other power would not be worth the trouble, in view of American disapproval. That would be founded on those unexplored remainders of the Monroe Doctrine, which are no less real because vaguely expressed.



Chili and
Argentina.

There will be at least one war the less during the next five years, because the treaty which has just been signed between Chili and Argentina for a term of five years is one of the most important and reassuring in the interest of South American peace that has been negotiated for many years. Only a few months ago the hostility of the two republics seemed irreconcilable, and the proceedings of the Pan-American Congress at the City of Mexico were adversely affected throughout by the disturbing influence of Chili. The treaty provides that neither country shall

increase its armament for five years, and Argentina agrees to maintain the status quo in the territory in dispute between Chili and Peru. The treaty assures, therefore, not only more pacific relations between the immediate parties to it, but between them and Peru and Bolivia, for the latter republic is also closely identified with the interests, territorial and otherwise, in dispute. These four republics, especially Chili, have been so long an element of disturbance that peace even for five years among them, following so soon after a conference in which arbitration was discussed by their official delegates, cannot but be looked upon in part as a victory for the conference. Their example, if it should be manifested according to the spirit of the new treaty, will be very powerful for the cause of arbitration in South America.



Reduction of the Forces in the Philippines. An improved condition of affairs in the Philippines seems foreshadowed by the order issued by Secretary Root making a reduction of nearly 11,000 men in the strength of the army. The order cuts down the army from its present strength of 77,287 men to 66,497. The reduction is to affect all three arms of the service, but will apply less to the artillery than to the infantry and the cavalry. In the last-named arm the number of enlisted men in a troop will be reduced from 85 to 75, the total reduction thus being 1,800 men. In the infantry the total strength will be reduced from 35,520 to 29,880, a diminution of 5,640 men, by cutting down the enlisted strength of each company from 104 to 80 men. The garrison or coast artillery will not be affected by the new order; but the strength of the field artillery will be reduced by making the number of enlisted men in a battery 120 instead of 160. The present strength of the army in the Philippines is about 31,700 men. The changes made by the order will reduce it to about 25,000 men, or, rather, more than one-third of the entire army. Regiments now there are to be brought home shortly, however, so that the strength in the islands may be placed at about one-third of the forces. In December, 1900, while the volunteer regiments were serving in the islands, our forces there reached the maximum—about 75,300 men.



Chili and Argentina Resort to Arbitration. In the arranged protocol between Chili and Argentina we have an evidence of the growth of the demand for arbitration as a method for settling difficulties between nations. These republics have frequently been on the verge of war over boundary disputes, and during the last twelve months they have augmented their armies and bought new warships, from a conviction that war could not be long averted. The protocol which has just been signed provides for settlement of their troubles by arbitration, and also involves an agreement that existing contracts for war vessels shall be canceled. Argentina accepts the status quo in the Peru-Bolivia question—that is to say, Chili is to be left to deal with the demands made by them for the restoration of territory acquired provisionally by Chili after the last war, and both nations agree not to fortify the Straits of Magellan and not to sell ships to an unfriendly power. The treaty is to be operative for five years. The protocol especially puts Argentina in a

favorable position, while it witnesses the shrewdness of the Chilian officials. In her controversy with Chili Argentina has had the sympathy of the other little republics, so that if Chili were to reject arbitration, after signing a protocol, Argentina would not have to use much persuasion to rally allies to her cause in the event of war. In shelving the claims of Peru and Bolivia for five years, Chili has certainly gained a diplomatic advantage. Without the aid of Argentina these nations, deprived of nitrate provinces and seaports, cannot hope to recover their own. At the end of five years Chili's grip on Tacna and Arica and the ports that were once Bolivia's will be secure.



Diplomatic Changes.

Two new accessions or substitutions are announced in the Diplomatic Corps at Washington. In place of Lord Pauncefote, recently deceased, the Hon. Michael H. Herbert is announced as the British Ambassador to the United States. Mr. Herbert at the time of his appointment was secretary of the British Embassy at Paris. He is regarded as an accomplished gentleman and diplomat. It will be recalled that he was legation secretary at Washington in 1892 and 1893, when the vexing Venezuelan dispute was in progress, and was British agent for the Venezuelan commission which settled the boundary dispute. The other change is effected by the transfer from Washington to Belgium of the Duke de Arcos, the present Spanish Minister to the United States and the appointment of Señor de Ojeda, now at Tangier, Morocco, as his successor. The Duc de Ojeda is a diplomat of experience, and was secretary to the Spanish Peace Commission at Paris.



At Odds Again.

Colombia and Venezuela are again seemingly on the verge of war. Colombian troops are massed on the Venezuelan frontier and are preparing to invade the neighboring republic. Between the two countries strained relations have existed for some time, but it had been believed that an arrangement had been effected by which all danger of war had disappeared. Colombia has not, however, forgiven Venezuela for the aid President Castro has given to the insurgents in Panama and other provinces; hence the threatened invasion. The matter is of considerable importance to the United States, because of the effect a war might have upon American interests. Under the treaty of New Granada the United States is bound to preserve free traffic across the Isthmus, and an attack by Venezuelans upon Colon ought not to be and probably would not be permitted by our Government. We believe our State Department can be depended upon to act decisively where, seemingly, arbitration has no voice.



Sunday Liquor and the Police.

For the first time since he took the office of Police Commissioner, five months ago, Colonel Partridge has made a formal, official and authoritative statement of his policy with reference to the enforcement of the excise law and its relation to other laws. His position is this: He is not to enforce the excise law to the exclusion of the enforcement of other laws; he is not to employ "plain clothes men" for detective purposes, and especially for the purpose

of inducing illegal sales of liquor, except in cases of places of ill-repute and disorderly character. But he is to see that there is "no flagrant, open, notorious or public violation of the law." More specifically, he is to see that barroom doors are locked; that screens are removed from the windows, and that to barrooms thus freely exposed to easy inspection persons are not admitted. The decision, it will be seen, does not require the police to make wholesale arrests for selling liquor contrary to law on Sunday; it seemingly requires them to enforce the conditions in a general sort of a way vague and uncertain, which permits the old system of police blackmail to go on. That, at least, seems to be the effect of his position—we do not say its purpose. Some day we hope to have this matter of Sunday liquor traffic settled and settled in a practicable way. But the prospect at the present time seems as dim as a vision of angels.

✦

Edison's
Latest.

Electric traction cannot fail to receive a stimulus from Mr. Edison's announcement that he has solved the 100-mile automobile problem. A storage battery capable of propelling an automobile that distance without recharging has been the pressing demand of manufacturers of this vehicle and their best patrons, and if Mr. Edison makes good his words a great stimulus to this industry will be supplied. But this is not the only point to be emphasized. The claim, if made good, insures the perfecting of the storage battery for street cars as well, and the inventor will shortly begin to manufacture it. A light storage battery is admittedly the ideal motive power for street cars. Some time ago Mr. Edison promised that we should have such a battery, and it is difficult to believe that his judgment would allow without good reason a public statement that he had performed his promise. If he has, the disappearance of all other motive powers in automobiles, and of the trolley system in street railways, is, according to experts, only a question of time.

✦

Civil Government
for the Philippines.

After seven weeks of discussion the Senate last week passed the Philippine Civil Government bill, Senators Hoar, of Massachusetts, Mason, of Illinois, and Wellington, of Maryland, voting with the Democrats against it, and Senator McLaurin, of South Carolina, for it, with the Republicans. The object of this bill is to provide a temporary civil government for the Filipinos. It continues the present civil administration, but modifies it in several particulars. The judges of the higher courts will no longer be appointed by the commission, but by the President of the United States. The bill also provides that as soon as complete peace is established a census of the islands shall be taken, showing for each province and municipality separately all information

needed to inform the President and Congress concerning the capacity, fitness and readiness of all the people of the Philippine Islands, and of particular islands, provinces and municipalities and other civil divisions, for the establishment and maintenance in the Philippine Islands, or certain of them, of a permanent popular representative government.

Hitherto the President, under authority of Congress, has ruled the Philippines, for the Taft Commission was responsible only to him. Hereafter the Commission will be answerable to Congress directly as well as to the President. Future appointments of the Civil Governor

are to be made by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate. Except that they are not to be allowed to bear arms and are not to have jury trial, the natives will enjoy the same rights guaranteed to American citizens. It is obvious that the time is not ripe to invite the Filipino to help to administer the criminal law, as the juror does, or to permit him the possession of arms. While full citizenship is not extended to the natives, it is declared that they are entitled to the protection of the United States. The Commission is to establish popular representative government as rapidly as communities show themselves qualified to enjoy it. All land, except such as may be needed for the use of the United States, is to be held by the Commission for the use of the inhabitants. But this authority of the Commission is qualified. The rules and regulations it makes for the sale of lands are not to go into effect until approved by the President and Congress. An important section is that which relates to franchises and concessions. The government of the Philippines is authorized to grant them for purposes of constructing works of public utility, provided that private property be paid for, and that when the franchise is awarded to a corporation it shall be reviewable by Congress. No corporation is to be authorized to conduct the business of buying and selling real estate. The Commission is directed to acquire the friar lands from the Roman Catholic Church authorities and issue bonds in payment for them. They are to become after purchase a part of the eminent domain. Provision is made for establishing a mint at Manila to coin a silver dollar containing 416 grains of standard silver, the denomination to be expressed in English, Filipino and Chinese characters. Such are the main features of the Philippine government bill. Under such wise provisions it may justly be expected that the development of the Philippines will proceed along conservative industrial lines and the *morale* of the people will be improved, although we have hardly begun well in the matter of inaugurating the liquor traffic in the Philippine capital.

✦

In a speech in London one day last week, the distinguished mining engineer, Mr. John Hays Hammond, described the prevailing sentiment in America as sympathetic with the Boers, and this circumstance he attributed to England's failure to counteract it through "explanation." Here Mr. Hammond falls into error. The debate upon the Boer question has been well-nigh as exhaustive in this country as it has been in England, and there has been no lack of British and Boer sympathizers. And that is all there is of it. The tragedy in South Africa seems drawing to a close. The obligations of neutrality have been unfailingly, and well, observed by the American Administration. But America must look upon the episode with profound sorrow, as she will gladly welcome the return of Peace to the stricken people of South Africa.

✦

The Founders' Association and the Molders' Union were on the eve of a strike for a nine-hour working day, with prospects dubious, when common sense took possession. And now they have determined to have resort to Arbitration. As against war, arbitration wins about nine times out of ten.

✦

The Automobile Club of America, as a consequence of the fearful disaster on Staten Island, has declared against all racing on public roads. It is time. As the automobile is

being run on our highways strong public feeling is being aroused against its use. If the automobilists will only regard cross-roads, turns and roads occupied by others accidents would be few and far between. If they will not do this they should be relegated to private roads of their own construction. Certain it is that public opinion is in no mood to be trifled with regarding the mobile, which has caused so many disasters which might and should have been avoided.



According to London journals Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies, is dissatisfied with the terms of peace accepted by the Boers. The reason is easily discernible. The arrangement is the very one that was suggested by such stanch Liberals as Mr. John Morley and Mr. James Bryce. And the original negotiations were begun in the way proposed months ago by Lord Roseberry. The Secretary for the Colonies has no respect for any policy that appeals to his former colleagues.



The luxury of wealth and the emulation of business men of this city find expression in the building of a new \$10,000,000 hotel—"the most magnificent in the world"—on the site of the present Plaza Hotel. As rents go, this new twenty-story structure should command a rent of \$500,000 a year—nearly \$10,000 a week. But doubtless the guests will come and pay the money.



Although the Boer War is over, Paul Kruger, lately President of the Transvaal Republic, is now a refugee in Holland, where he is said to have received the news of peace with the exclamation, "My God, it is impossible!" But it is not only possible but actual, and Mr. Kruger is out of the count. One thing is certain—he will never be known as the Washington of his country, for Washingtons are not made of that stuff.



Oregon's election has resulted in the election of H. C. Chamberlain, the Democratic candidate for Governor, by some 2,000 majority over Furnish, Republican. The rest of the Republican ticket, however, is elected, and the Republicans will dominate the Legislature. State issues and the next United States Senatorship are stated to have figured in the result.



Bryn Mawr College is assured of the provisional gift of \$250,000 from John D. Rockefeller, having raised the conditional sum required. It has been a great work to do, and the only wonder is that Miss Thomas, the president of Bryn Mawr, is in good health and alive to see the result. The endeavor to raise the money must have imposed a great strain upon her. All the friends of Bryn Mawr will rejoice at the raising of this sum, so that the erection of the necessary dormitories can be proceeded with.



The Tuberculosis Congress which closed its sessions in this city last week have been beyond precedent helpful in practical hints suitable to the layman's understanding. It is well to know that consumption is not properly hereditary and not even easily communicable to persons taking proper precautions; that its allies are intemperance, insufficient clothing, dampness, filth, overcrowding, improper food; that its foes are fresh air, unlimited sunshine, good food, sanitary surroundings. These things are for in-

dividual consideration. The appeal of various speakers for more parks and playgrounds, for better homes for the poor and for hospitals where light cases may be cured and hopeless ones prevented from endangering the community should appeal to lawmakers and philanthropists. Much has been done, but much more remains to be done before "the white plague" is reduced to narrow and proper proportions.



The Syracuse Meeting.

Those two large religious bodies that have the same polity, but call themselves Congregationalists and Baptists, have long been discussing the administration of their benevolences. The voluntary system governing all societies of both bodies, certain people have volunteered to criticize, as well as to give, as is but natural and probably healthful. The point made has been in all cases that the societies were not sufficiently in touch with the churches. Out of this complaint have grown suggestions of consolidation, of coordination, of fewer annual meetings by more societies meeting at the same time and place, and of selection of executives.

Last week there met in annual session in Syracuse the Congregational Home Missionary Society. This is the body that celebrated its seventy-fifth year by a jubilee in Boston in June, 1901. It meets alone, although Congregationalists have long been favoring a plan for all of their six societies to meet together. This Society receives and expends something more than \$500,000 a year, including some special gifts, handled by request of donors, perhaps \$575,000 a year—a very considerable sum, entitling the Society to rank well in a list of missionary organizations, the largest of which handles \$2,000,000 a year.

The president of the Society is the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the successor of Beecher and of Abbott in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and he was to have preached the annual sermon, but he started for Europe a fortnight ago, not ill, but fearing he might be, feeling some premonitions of a nervous breakdown, and knowing that he had labored hard during the past eight months, besides worrying because of illness and death of assistants in the Plymouth pastorate. So the annual sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. A. H. Bradford, of Montclair, the moderator of the last National Council. There are being given at the meeting the usual reports from the fields. One of these reports will show, for example, increased comity between this Society and the American Missionary Association, in a way a second Congregational home mission society; another will show excellent progress making in Cuba, and a third will tell of a debt reduction from considerably above \$100,000 to something under \$10,000.

The matter of largest interest concerns the control of the Society. True, there are matters of a single annual meeting with other denominational benevolent societies, the union of treasuries and other organic questions, but these are in progress only. During its jubilee in Boston last year the Society was forced to discuss with its auxiliaries the matter of its own existence, or, at least, the administration by which it might continue to live. A committee of fifteen was named, which has held two meetings during the past year, and has evolved a program which, if adopted at Syracuse this week, ought to stop the friction between the Society and its auxiliaries. Going back to

the criticism that the Society has not been in touch with the churches, the bearing of the new plan will be appreciated, when it is explained that it consists of representation in a board of control, in the proportion of one committeeman for each 10,000 communicant members of the churches. There are certain provisions for large and for small State bodies, but the committee would be national, although it would consist of only about eighty members. This committee would elect the Executive Committee of the Society, which latter would, in turn, elect the paid officers, and estimate and apportion the funds to be raised and expended in the different States and Territories.

If this plan be adopted at Syracuse a contention of long standing will come to an end. Congregationalists are hoping that there will be no postponement of action.



Britain and Boer—and America.

No one, we think, will read the terms of peace granted to the Boers by the British, and which we present on another page, without recognizing two pregnant facts underlying that settlement. In the first place, as to the terms themselves: They are liberal and not wanting in magnanimity. And however it may be stated by some, as it has been stated, that the Boers, while assenting to English sovereignty, have secured a good measure of that for which they fought, the hard fact is that the cause of the Boers was as completely lost as that of the Confederacy at Appomattox in 1865; they might continue their spasmodic fighting, as Lee might, and would have done, had he not been the wise man he was, but for neither Southron nor Boer was there the slightest prospects of ultimate success; they had nothing to gain and everything to lose by keeping up the war. Under the circumstances, then, the terms of peace must be regarded as those granted by a victorious to a defeated foe—terms granted as a concession born of a desire for peace, yet which the Boers were powerless to receive by further fighting.

As we have said, the terms are most liberal. The Boers, indeed, lose independence, but they secure self-government. They surrender their arms and ammunition, but the Boer keeps his rifle, and next to sovereignty the most cherished possession of the Boer was his rifle, if, indeed, he did not hold it dearer than national pride. The Transvaal and the Orange Boer was taught to shoot as quickly as he grew to the age when he could lift a barrel and sight it. Under the circumstances it was quite as sagacious as it is generous in the Ministry to let the burghers keep their guns. When they have learned to live with the Outlander, as they must, and to make common cause with him—and the sooner the better—the time may come that England will be willing for help from the "men who can shoot and ride," and the general right to bear arms may be awarded him. It was, too, alike wise and generous in the British to grant the Boers self-government, which now, instead of independence, becomes their watchword. No doubt in time Britain will give the Boers, as British subjects, all that an Australian, Canadian or New Zealand citizen of the empire has obtained or could legitimately ask for; whether the time shall be short or long depends upon the spirit in which the new situation is met. That the burghers will be returned to their homes and allowed full liberty; that they will not be tried for their acts, save as they have contravened the prac-

tice of civilized warfare; that military administration will soon give way to civil government; that their property will not be especially taxed by way of securing a war indemnity as Germany taxed France, and that their cherished Dutch language will be taught in the schools as required—all this is creditable to British wisdom and magnanimity. On the other hand, in agreeing at that Vereeniging conference to substitute self-government as British subjects for independence, and that on terms which practically rest within the discretion of the British Government, the Boers accept the cardinal points on which England has insisted throughout, and which were as plainly laid down in Lord Kitchener's offer more than a year ago. An important point to be noted is that peace has been assented to by the burghers represented by the fighting leaders and their friends who paid no attention to Krüger and Leyds. They look, and confidently so, for approval to the men who did not desert the cause, and it is one of the best omens of reconciliation that the obstinacy which Krüger typified was in just discredit during the settlement of peace terms. The other salient fact to be noted, and which otherwise might escape observation, is the very clear relationship which exists between this settlement and American precedent. That is to say, America has had a mighty influence upon Great Britain for a century past—an influence which was never greater than now. The fact of America's influence has been certified by such statesmen as Cobden, Bright, Gladstone and Hall, the distinguished writer on international law, and others. And this influence is seen in Britain's adopting the policy of the United States in exchanging religious proscription for liberty, in the enormous extension of the franchise, in extending representative government to the colonies and in the enormous development of education through the establishment of common schools. As Richard Cobden declared so long ago as 1835: "Our only chance of national prosperity lies in the timely remodeling of our system so as to put it nearly as possible upon an equality with the improved management of the Americans," and John Bright, in a speech delivered at Rochdale during our Civil War, declared: "The people of England owe much more than they are aware to the Constitution of the United States and to the existence of that great Republic." This brings us to the conclusion, which the reader will have anticipated, that the Boers owe the easy terms granted them—they are easy—to the unexampled course of the North in the Civil War in exacting no penalties from the defeated South, but in returning to them their property and their rights to their share in the government of the country. As in the past, so now Great Britain, however unconsciously, comes under the influence of the United States, and grants terms to a defeated foe that she never granted before; and so history in America makes history for Britain. In this settlement we cannot but rejoice as marking a newer and better era for South Africa, as exhibiting for Great Britain a new departure from the old practice of punishment and enforced indemnity, while we of the United States may rightly indulge in no small measure of satisfaction in the thought that the outcome, resulting in a magnanimous peace, may be traced in the present instance, as in other cases before, to her example in the past—notably, to her course in ending the Civil War—a course without precedent, but now emulated by our kinsmen across the sea.

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

About People.

The death of Bishop William Taylor at Palo Alto, Cal., removes one who was a most valued member of the Episcopal board and who was known as the Nestor of American Methodism. He had the distinction of doing more important missionary work in distant fields than perhaps any other man of his generation. He was the first missionary bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having been elected in 1884, and until recently he was actively engaged in his great work in Central Africa, where with a corps of seventy missionaries he established forty mission stations in the Congo region and along the West coast. He was regarded as a man of great executive ability and intense zeal, and was ranked among the greatest missionaries of the nineteenth century. Bishop Taylor was a man of large physique, with a long, full flowing beard, which after it whitened gave him a patriarchal appearance. He was the author of many books published by the Methodist Book Concern, among the last of which were "Ten Years of Self-Supporting Missions in India," "Pauline Methods of Missionary Work," "The Flaming Torch in Darkest Africa" and "The Story of My Life."

The death of Rev. Dr. G. H. Hepworth removes one who possessed more mental and spiritual gifts, and who held a unique position among the ministers of this city. After serving successively as pastor of the Church of the Messiah and the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, in 1880, when Ireland was stricken by famine, Dr. Hepworth was persuaded to cross the ocean to distribute a relief fund of \$306,000 gathered by the *New York Herald* to aid the sufferers. He remained abroad until this money was disbursed. It was after this service that Dr. Hepworth joined the staff of the *Herald*. His sermons printed in the *Herald* attracted wide attention and were a valuable feature of that paper.

Mrs. Susan Lazelle Revere Sampson, widow of William S. Sampson, who died on Monday of last week at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Staatz S. Morris, East Orange, was a great-granddaughter of Paul Revere, whose famous ride has been told in song and story. She was eighty-five years old.

President Roosevelt will spend his Fourth of July at Pittsburgh. A delegation sent to invite the President pointed out to him that the nation's birthday is usually celebrated on a more elaborate scale in Pittsburgh than in almost any other city in the United States. Mr. Roosevelt said he would be glad to become the city's guest, and he promised to make a speech in Schenley Park, the great public pleasure ground of Pittsburgh.

General regret will be felt at the resignation by Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith, of the pastorate of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn. The resignation is to take effect September 1st, when the vacation given him by the Church Committee expires. Dr. Meredith's ill health is the cause, and the hopes will be widespread that it may soon be restored.



Volcanoes of the Earth.

The terrible catastrophe of St. Pierre has directed attention to other volcanoes, of which about 1,000 are known. Of these, 325 are now active. Those now quiescent are not all extinct; any one of them may, at any time, renew an activity which, so far as is known, is but suspended. Vesuvius was considered by the ancient world as extinct until the period of the destruction of Pompeii. From 1306 to 1631 this volcano was again quiescent—during a period of three centuries.

The volcanoes of Iceland are in perpetual activity. Etna, Vesuvius and Stromboli are now intermittently active. The volcanoes of Spain were very active in the Province of Murcia in 1819. The Azores, the Canaries, the Cape de Verde Islands, Isle de Bourbon, the Philippines, Java, Japan, Hawaii, Mexico, Central America, Ecuador and other States along the Andes and Terra del Fuego are countries containing volcanoes perpetually active. The Azores and the Hawaiian Islands are, in fact, nothing but volcanoes rising from the sea. Alaska contains several active volcanoes, and the Northwestern States of the Pacific include mountains that have become quiescent in very recent times. A glance at a map of the world on which the volcanoes are marked will give a vivid idea of their distribution. This is not a random one, as a map will clearly show.

Quiescent volcanoes that are becoming active usually give warning by earthquakes. This was not the case in Martinique, however. The crater begins by pouring out huge volumes of

smoke composed of gases and steam, and then come volcanic ashes, pumice, and every now and then volleys of incandescent porous stones—lapilli and pozzolanos. Globular masses of white-hot lava are thrown out in spiral-like forms, accompanied by explosive sounds. Through the clouds above the crater lightning flashes, and the clouds themselves are illuminated by the glare of the lava beneath. The lava itself may be thrown out by explosions or it may open ways through huge fissures in the side of the mountain. In very violent eruptions the whole head of the mountain may be blown off, or the mountain may be riven apart, as at Krakatoa. The volcanic ashes are sent out in vast quantities and, being light, are carried to enormous distances.

The ashes of Vesuvius have fallen in Constantinople. The ashes from St. Vincent in 1812 darkened the whole sky at Barbados; those from Sumbawa in 1815 were carried 700 to 800 miles in large quantities. The ashes from Krakatoa in 1888 filled the upper air and produced the red sunsets of that year, which continued for months. The gaseous products of a volcano are deadly. In Java the neighborhood of an active crater has been found covered with the dead bodies of wild animals—tigers, deer and the like. It was, no doubt, waves of noxious gas that killed thousands at St. Pierre. Some faint idea of the energy of volcanic forces may be had by considering the pressures necessary merely to maintain a column of lava at the level of the summit of a high mountain. Teneriffe is over two miles in height. A pressure of about 1,000 atmospheres is necessary to make the lava flow from out its crater. The Martinique volcano was 4,500 feet high and the pressure was, at the minimum, 100 atmospheres.



Reports on Presbyterian Missions.

No more inspiring report has been issued by the Presbyterian Church in recent years than those of the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions.

The home missions for the year, according to the report, annual and centennial, had in their employ at the year's close 1,350 missionaries and 490 missionary teachers. Their missions had a total membership of 74,457. They had organized during the year 223 Sunday-schools, and were conducting 1,850. They had formed 70 congregations, built 80 churches and canceled \$120,000 of church debt. There was more need of home missions to-day than even in the time of the pioneer and the frontier settler. The great cities needed missions as never before. Though nearly \$1,000,000 had been spent on Presbyterian Home Missions during the year, twice as much was needed, yet the administration here, as in the foreign field, is so judicious that the financial year ends with a slight balance, some \$4,000, to the credit of the Board, and so successfully has the dignity of self-support been urged, that during the year eighty-nine congregations voluntarily ceased to receive any aid, and 430 others asked that they might receive less than had previously been given. Dr. Charles L. Thompson has given these matters his closest attention with the results stated.

The sixty-fifth annual report of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions tells of a year of quiet growth, of uninterrupted expansion, with more new members added to the churches than in any former year of the Board's history. At the year's close the Board had 745 missionaries, who had gathered 44,443 communicants, with 26,108 scholars in their schools. Their medical missions had treated during the year 289,363 patients, which, as Secretary Speer notes, is nine times the number treated in the best of the hospitals in New York, at an expense of dimes for dollars. More work has cost more money, and the Board has had it to spend. The total receipts for the year were \$1,086,342, a gain of \$27,161; and the Board closes its year with a balance to its credit, not large, for in this cause it is wiser to spend than to hoard, but enough to show the care and prudence of its administration. Secretary Speer notes the development in the mission field of the spirit of Christian union, chiefly in the association of allied churches, which he hails as a first and necessary step toward larger things. Reason for redoubled effort is found in the comparison of the present with the past. The income of the Board has about doubled in thirty years, but with twice the income it is supporting three times as many missionaries, four times as many native workers, teaching three times as many scholars, and counting eleven times as many church members. Doubling the income has increased the work fourfold. Here is an object lesson indeed.

Comments Upon Presbyterian Revision.

The Presbyterian journals have various comments upon the report of the Revision Committee and the action of the General Assembly. Two or three of them are clearly disappointed, although they are careful not to voice their feeling. The *Presbyterian* of Philadelphia would seemingly carry the contest into the Presbyteries. It says:

The unity of the Assembly in regard to revision was not the result of an individual approval of all the Overtures submitted, but of a willingness to send them down to the Presbyteries for action. There was a manifest feeling to stave off discussion of their merits, and turn them over to the Presbyteries for consideration. Some persons think this was a wise proceeding, but a document so important and so far-reaching should have been studied in all its bearings, and only after full, discriminating and dispassionate consideration have been passed over to the Presbyteries for final determination. The General Assembly is a deliberate body, and Presbyterians have always gloried in its ability to discuss and deliberate, and we hope it will never lose its genius and power in this regard.

The *Presbyterian Journal*, of the same city, takes a different view. It says that by the action of the Assembly "the once distinction of Conservative and Liberal is largely historic," and that "the happiest men at the Assembly were those who had been classed as Conservative." It adds:

We believe that the subject is entitled to a rest. It is fast fading from public interest, and its agitation can do no good. The Church understands herself as never before. That the Confession should say for itself what we all along have been saying for it can admit of no heresy. If the Confession teaches that children dying in infancy are saved, let it say so. No one wishes to be on a constant defense for a friend. A Brief Statement of the Confession has already received the sanction of the Assembly. This is not law, but it is an expression of what the law is. For this we are grateful. It will serve to clarify much and put us in a position more honest before the world.

The *Interior* (Chicago) is much gratified at the result. "The commissioners of the 114th General Assembly," it says, "have done a grand duty grandly," and it adds:

We believe that they will always be remembered in the Church with peculiar gratitude—with gratitude increasing as the passing years make more apparent to how noble a future career they have opened a door for Presbyterianism. . . . Without controversy this has been neither by chance nor by human guidance that the great Presbyterian body has come in such perfect concord to a freer and more inspiring declaration of its faith, and having thus newly devoted itself to God's truth, finds itself facing a grander outlook upon God's work with a fresh desire to glorify its redeeming Master. . . . The faint marks of division remaining disappeared before the harmonious speeches which constituted what can only by technicality of parliamentary law be called the debate on the report of the Revision Committee. Thus the solidarity of Presbyterianism was magnificently manifested in the eyes of the world, and by it the Church obtains not merely the advantage of larger doctrinal freedom, but also profits by the respect that always accrues to children of God who illustrate "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

The *Presbyterian Banner*, Conservative, while accepting the action of the Assembly, voices its approval with gratification:

We are free to say that the report is not entirely satisfactory to us in some respects. The Brief Statement would be especially subject to our criticism, as we think it might have been still further condensed and stripped of theological language and expressed in the less technical and simpler terms of every-day life; and we also think that the love of God for all men does not shine out in it as brightly as we expected and wished. Nevertheless, these are minor defects and bulk small in comparison with the general excellencies of the report. No statement of doctrine could perfectly suit all, and there will always be individual preferences in points and phrases. Some compromise is therefore necessary and inevitable. We believe the present report in all its parts is as good as can be obtained, it is even better on the whole than we had expected, it certainly surpasses the general expectation of the Church, and we therefore gladly and loyally accept it and hope to see its final adoption.

The *Herald and Presbyter*, we may say, paradoxically voices its dissatisfaction by its silence, as does the *Observer*. The *Independent* sees future occasions for difference:

There will still be Liberals and Conservatives and new theological conflicts will arise, and wider space for faith will be conquered, too often after bitter conflicts. But we are learning what is the essential faith and how to separate it from the non-essential. We are learning the depth of meaning in our Lord's definition of the substance of the Commandments, which he reduced to two. We are learning in what consists the fulfilling of the law. We are learning to value correct life and character above correct belief. But while the two parties will remain unburi-

to the glory of God, they will fight with less acrimony and tolerance will be more easily achieved.

And these others:

If the temper of the Assembly is to be taken as an indication of the attitude of the individual Presbyteries upon the plan of a revision of the creed, there is a probability that the amended Confession of Faith will be adopted by the Church without a serious struggle. In the Assembly itself a feeling of the greatest hopefulness for good results was apparent.—*Christian Register Unit*.

This Assembly will be historic in the Church, which is to be congratulated on the literary form of the creed it has adopted, no less than on its substance as representing fairly beliefs which have been formed anew. It will at once be accepted in the popular idea as the belief of the Church, and in due time it will in substance become Presbyterian law.—*The Congregationalist*.

Issue may be taken with the results of their work, but it will be difficult to do otherwise than rejoice in the spirit in which they did it. The frank utterances of Dr. Minton, that certain statements in the Confession contradicted the character of our Lord and Saviour and therefore must be changed, were at once an indication of the highest courage and a determination to allow nothing to stand in the way of a closer approach to the truth.—*The Churchman*.

There is little doubt but that it (the Brief Statement) will serve a useful purpose, and be helpful in allaying unrest within and misrepresentation outside the Church.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

The *Westminster* (Toronto) publishes the Brief Statement and the amendment to the Confession, but has nothing to say. Neither has *The Economist*.

We quote from other papers not of the Presbyterian orders. *The Outlook* regards the action of the Assembly with high favor:

Such a statement of faith must have a profound influence upon the Church that uses it, honestly and sincerely, for any purpose. The careful manner in which the advance has been made is in harmony with the conservative character of the Presbyterian Church. The fact that every article of the "Brief Statement" can be preached is a strong argument in its favor. The modest and irenic spirit in which it is sent out to be tested and tried by use will win friends for it. Its future history will depend, and rightly, upon its real usefulness. There is good reason to hope, if the working pastors of the Church find that it helps the people, that it will some day take its place among the constitutional standards of Presbyterianism. Meantime, the Presbyterians have what was predicted in *The Outlook* last January: a new creed that can be read in a few minutes, understood without a dictionary, preached to plain men, and applied to the religious life.

For this the Revision Committee and the Assembly of 1902 will be remembered.



Current Comment—In Brief.

Over all the country the socialists just now are very earnestly asserting that they are not anarchists. Perhaps they are not; yet it is unfortunately true that socialism is the front door of anarchism. Anarchism in action is socialism in despair.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

If the reciprocity policy prevails, as we sincerely hope it will, it will involve sooner or later a renewal of relations with Canada on a basis of fair dealing, such as once prevailed prior to and during the Civil War.—*The Congregationalist*.

The *Westminster*, Toronto, condemns and laments the degeneration of the Canadian press and remarks that until the standard of ethics is as just, and the code of honor as high, in journalism as in private life or in the street or at the club, public life in Canada will continue to be a cruel and dangerous thing; and unless the lampooner and the liar are cast out of respectable newspaper circles, the curse will not be lifted, nor will the degenerate tendencies of Canadian newspaper work be arrested or turned again.

The censure of General Miles by the President, we are pleased to note, did not meet with a cordial approbation by the public. General Miles may have erred in expressing his opinion on a matter entirely outside his official concern, but his great services to the country certainly entitled him to a more generous consideration than he received from his superiors.—*Presbyterian Journal*.

The trend of opinion is decidedly in the direction of taking these great companies, which have a general rather than a local character—operating throughout the country regardless of State lines—and bringing them under national, as distinguished from State, regulation and control. They are engaged in interstate commerce in the fullest sense of the term, and they cannot be successfully dealt with under the isolated and dissimilar statutes of the individual States. Their charters ought to be obtained under a general act of Congress, and their methods ought to be a matter of national regulation. To this end it is all the more desirable—now that these State laws have been declared void—that the proposed constitutional amendment, giving full jurisdiction to Congress, should be passed by both Houses and submitted to the States for ratification.—*Review of Reviews*.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

The Philippine Civil Government bill was passed by a vote of 48 to 30 by the Senate.

Eighteen United States Senators have pledged themselves against all Cuban reciprocity.

President Roosevelt has accepted an invitation to open the international games at Chicago.

Fifty persons committed suicide in Chicago during May, the greatest number ever recorded for a month.

The fruit crop in the Hudson River Valley was seriously damaged, it is feared, by the recent heavy frosts.

Snow fell in several parts of the State of New York and New Jersey on May 28th, to the depth of an inch or more.

It is expected that the McKinley postal cards will be on sale at all post-offices throughout the country about July 1st.

Application is to be made to the Board of Education of this city to throw open public schools and playgrounds on Sundays.

Dr. Charles A. Peabody, superintendent of the Worcester City Hospital for twenty years, has been sent to prison for embezzling \$9,000 of the hospital's funds.

Occupants of a tenement house on the East Side who fled from a corps of vaccinators were caught by the police on roofs and fire escapes and forced to be "scratched."

Mrs. Carrie Nation, who was sentenced to the Shawnee County jail on May 16th for one month and to pay a fine of \$100, for smashing saloon fixtures, has been pardoned by Governor Stanley.

The Navy Department has ordered the cruiser Brooklyn, which under the present understanding is to transport the body of Lord Pauncefoot to England, to be in readiness for sea duty by June 25th.

General Chaffee, the reviewing authority, has disapproved in part the findings of the court-martial in the cases of Major Waller and Lieutenant Day, tried for executing natives of Samar without trial.

President Roosevelt spoke on Memorial Day at Arlington National Cemetery in answer to charges of cruelty against the Army, which, he said, is fighting to bring about peace and freedom in the Philippines.

The principal feature of the Memorial Day observances in this city was the unveiling of the soldiers and sailors' memorial monument at Riverside Park and 89th street; there was a large parade of troops and veterans.

The French battleship Gaulois sailed from Boston, last week, with some of the members of the French mission on board. The Count de Rochambeau and several others, however, remained for a more extended visit in this country.

The New York City Board of Education has retired, at his own request, John Jasper, associate superintendent of public schools, on an annuity of \$2,000, to which his long service entitles him. The retirement will take effect on September 1st.

Albert R. Shattuck, president of the Automobile Club of America, declared that automobile racing and speed tests should be abolished, and expected that the club would vote to stop them; one of the persons injured at the Staten Island test on Saturday died, making the death list two.

The order for engineers, firemen and pumpmen in the anthracite district to strike went in effect June 1st, and both sides have prepared for the struggle; 3,300 coal and iron police are ready, many of the miners are armed, and violence is expected to ensue when the operators attempt to introduce non-union labor.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs reported favorably the House bill providing for extensive improvements at the United States Military Academy at West Point. The aggregate amount appropriated by the bill is \$2,627,324. The committee increased the final limit of cost of the new building from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000.

An explosion, caused by the collision of two tank oil cars in the Sheridan yards of the Pan Handle Railroad, on Monday afternoon, wrought terrible damage. Late estimates put the dead at twenty-five and the burned and injured at one hundred to one hundred and fifty. The Sheridan yards are about four miles from Pittsburg in the Charters Valley.

Nearly 80 per cent. of the engineers, firemen and pumpmen in the anthracite region obeyed the order to strike; by using non-union men, many of whom are clerks and bosses, the operators, with

their force of more than three thousand special policemen, were able to keep their pumps going; only two small and unimportant riots occurred; both sides claim the advantage in the developments.

James F. Blount, a hanger-on about the Forepaugh & Sells Bros.' circus, at their camp in Brooklyn, sought to amuse himself by teasing, in a most aggravating manner, a big Asiatic elephant called "Tops." Suddenly the elephant shot out her trunk, encircled his body about the waist, lifted him high into the air, held him suspended there an instant, and dashed him to the ground. Then, with the strength that enables her to push a wagon too heavy for eight horses to pull, she rammed her head against the prostrate man and pushed the body away with her foot. Nearly every bone in his body was broken, and he died almost instantly.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

President Palma's salary has been fixed by the Congress of Cuba at \$25,000 a year.

Senor Quesada was confirmed by the Cuban Senate as Minister to the United States.

The British steamship Clan Macgregor went ashore last week on the coast of Cape Colony, and, it is thought, will prove a wreck.

Neely and Rathbone, the convicted American officials in Cuba, have appealed to President-elect Palma to aid them in securing a pardon.

Scientists who have come to Kingston from the British Island of Trinidad predict another volcanic eruption on St. Vincent within a short time.

With the exception of Ireland, practically the whole of the United Kingdom is holiday-making in honor of the conclusion of peace in South Africa.

On the receipt of the news of the conclusion of peace in South Africa, the Pope expressed his joy, adding: "I hope to close my eyes on world-wide peace."

Prof. Robert T. Hill and other Americans, for whose safety fears were entertained because of the renewed activity of Mont Pelée, Martinique, are reported to be safe.

The King's birthday was celebrated in Great Britain in a loyal manner; at the ceremony of trooping the colors in London the King presented a color to the Irish Guards.

Memorial Day was observed in a number of foreign countries; in Paris wreaths were laid on the tomb of Lafayette, and in Havana harbor the wreck of the battleship Maine was decorated.

The Pope, on May 10, received ex-Queen Natalie of Servia, who recently joined the Roman Catholic Church, with royal honors. The interview, which was an affecting one, lasted forty minutes.

A cable message from Deputy Arana, leader of the Biscayan party in Spain, congratulating President Roosevelt on the establishment of a republican government in Cuba, was suppressed by the Spanish censor.

The King has created Lord Kitchener viscount and asked authority from Parliament to make him a money grant of £50,000; Lord Kitchener, who has been promoted to the rank of general, left Pretoria last week for London.

At great personal risk Professor Heilprin ascended Mont Pelée, and for two hours viewed the crater while it was in active eruption; there was a fresh and violent outbreak of the Soufrière volcano, on St. Vincent Island, on Friday.

The decomposition of the corpses of St. Pierre constitutes a grave danger. Precautions are being taken to prevent Précheur from being overwhelmed by a tidal wave, which it is feared may result from a sudden sinking of the coastline.

The Board of Health has decided that in order to avoid a dangerous congestion of population at Fort de France the towns of the northern part of the island which are threatened by the volcano must be emptied of their inhabitants, who are to be distributed among the districts in the south.

An official cable despatch from Lord Kitchener received by the British war office announced that a document containing terms of surrender was signed in Pretoria on Saturday evening, May 31st, by all the Boer representatives, as well as by Lords Milner and Kitchener. The news caused great rejoicing in London, where church bells rang and the scenes of "Mafeking night" were repeated.

Prison Labor and Social Progress.

By Carroll D. Wright, LL.D.,
United States Commissioner of Labor.

Notwithstanding all the facts, the experience, and the observation which go to prove that civilization has made wonderful advances in almost every direction during the last 100 years or more, the assertion is constantly made that it is an appearance of progress, and not real progress, that attracts public attention; and, however much popular education may be stimulated and supported by public funds, and universities may constantly increase, and material prosperity may attend our affairs, and music and art be nearer the common people than ever, nevertheless the pessimist insists that real moral conditions have not changed for the better, that crime increases, that marriages decrease relatively, that vice in great cities is more strongly entrenched than ever, and that in spite of all the wonderful prosperity and other elements which ought to make for progress, progress is only apparent and not real. These assertions can be answered in nearly every particular and in various and convincing ways to any one who is able to see beyond present existing evils. The difficulty lies in the fact that many minds cannot see the past except in perspective—an ever-diminishing view of remote conditions—while the present status is immediately before their eyes.

The purpose of this paper is to answer the charge that progress is apparent and not real by citing one phase only of social science—the condition of prison labor as an index of real moral progress. A little more than 100 years ago prisoners were either kept in idleness, to the destruction of their moral and physical being, or else were employed in what is known as penal labor. Penal labor had no purpose except as it resulted in a supposed discipline of the prisoner. He was kept at work turning a crank, or in a tread-mill, or throwing shot-bags, or doing something else that had no utility whatever as an incentive. It was not productive labor in any sense. It was grinding, tedious, demoralizing. It may have had some advantages over idleness in the way of physical exercise, but the mental and moral consequences were such as quite to overcome the physical benefits. Philanthropists, philosophers, penologists began to see that mere penal labor was not much better than idleness, and some of these men long ago foreshadowed many of the elements of modern methods.

One of the earliest of these was Mabillon, Abbe of Saint Germain in Paris, a Benedictine monk, who made himself famous in his time, and who, during the reign of Louis XIV., had a reputation for great learning. He foreshadowed in some of his dissertations many of the distinctive features of prison discipline and of prison labor as we now know them. Reformation in prison discipline occupied his mind to such an extent that he outlined a plan for the government of prisons. He was of the opinion that penitents ought to be secluded in cells, living after the manner of the Carthusian monks, but be employed in various kinds of labor. He would join to each cell a small garden, giving an opportunity to the penitents to take air and cultivate the ground. His plan was much like that employed in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania. Mabillon was born in 1632, and died in 1707.

Clement XI., when erecting a juvenile prison at St. Michael, Rome, placed the following inscription over the entrance: "Clement XI., Supreme Pontiff, reared this prison for the reformation and education of criminal youths, to the end that those who, when idle had been injurious to the State, might, when better instructed and trained, become useful to it." This prison was erected in 1704.

A prison was built in Ghent in 1775 by Viscount Vilain XIV., Burgomaster of that town. The construction of this prison has had a determining influence upon the form and structure of all prisons in our own time. Dr. F. H. Wines attributes to Vilain the credit of being the father of modern penitentiary science. At his prison there were rules of government and the organization of the labor of the prisoners. The management understood the use of prisoners in productive labor as one of the very prime agents for reformation. The projector appreciated the importance of choosing various industries in which to employ the penitents, but he insisted that only those should be utilized under which there would be the least possible competition with outside labor. Among the industries there were carding, spinning, weaving, shoemaking, tailoring, carpentry and the manufacture of wool

and cotton cards. There were still kept up in this prison some of the old forms of penal labor which were supposed then to have some disciplinary effect. The classification of prisoners received much attention.

The great reformers, Howard and Beccaria, who did their grand work in the latter part of the eighteenth century, were alive not only to the usefulness but to the necessity of employing prisoners in productive labor and of engaging in the education of convicts. These men were sure that purely penal labor had no reformatory elements in it, but that practical, productive labor would undoubtedly secure some reformatory results.

All through the nineteenth century these questions received more or less attention, but during the last quarter of it immense changes were brought about, not only in methods relating to the management of prisoners, but in the employment of prisoners. Economic reasons induced labor reformers everywhere to make an attack upon the methods of employing convicts. When it was thoroughly understood that penal labor was bad in every respect, the State undertook to conduct prisons on what may be called a treasury basis; that is, the utilization of prison labor in such a way as to make that labor pay the expenses of the prisons, and perhaps bring some profit to the public treasury. These results were sought through what was known as the contract system, under which the labor of prisoners was let out to the highest bidder, and then the manager entered the prison and utilized the labor of the prisoners, paying low prices for the work, and thus having a supposed advantage in the sale of his goods. This brought the attention of labor reformers to prison labor, but the greatest result which has come from their attack has been in calling attention to the real condition of prisoners, as well as to the methods under which their labor was employed.

While prison labor affected wages and prices under the contract system to some extent, enough at least to incite the antagonism of organized labor, the real, great question was whether prisoners were being employed in such a way as to work their reformation or otherwise. Political parties then took up the question, and the matter was agitated in many places, labor reformers demanding in some parts of the country that prisoners should not be employed at any productive labor at all. This position was soon abandoned, however, and then the demand came that they should be employed in such a way as to secure the least competition with free labor on the outside of prisons, adopting the very thought of the Burgomaster of Ghent.

Under the reformatory measures various systems were projected with the view of avoiding the contract system, until today we have two groups of systems.

First, those under which the product or profits of prison labor is shared by the State with private individuals, firms or corporations. Under this group three distinct systems are authorized, being known respectively as the contract system, the piece-price system and the lease system. Under all these the State has a financial advantage, but the contractors or lessees have a greater advantage.

Second, systems under which convicts are worked wholly for the benefit of the States, or its political subdivisions or public institutions. Under this group there are three specific systems, known as the public-account system, the State-use system and the public-ways-and-works system. The methods named under this group are those which are attracting more attention than any others. Under them penologists see the greatest advantage to be derived from the employment of prisoners. They abandon in a certain sense the treasury idea, that is, that profit should come to the State, and recognize that the reformation of prisoners is of far more importance than profit to the State.

Under the agitation the idea has grown with legislators, economists and sociologists that the convict or the criminal should be treated from the physician's point of view—as a man morally sick, not to be degraded but to be treated, not to be punished simply for the sake of punishment, but restricted in his liberty for the sake of society; but while being restricted, he is to be given the best possible opportunity for moral development, and also for the development of his working powers, so that when he is freed from his restriction he shall be in a position to take up self-sustaining work as a good citizen of the community.

This state of affairs shows the remarkable changes in prison discipline and the development of the prisoner, and is one of the

strongest answers to the allegation that progress is apparent and not real. Here is a concrete illustration of the real, moral and economic progress, for the prisoner to-day is not only employed but in many of our States is given a training, technical and otherwise, which shall fit him for reasonably decent citizenship. Now, instead of the old degrading conditions, civilized governments are conducting prison industries in such a way as to leave the least impression on prices and wages. They are recognizing the force of the suggestion that it is the interest of labor and capital to reduce the number of prisoners as an initiative to means of greater reform; that they must so deal with criminals as to effect a cure of moral maladies; that prisons should be conducted in the interest of the prisoners and of society primarily, and that the interest of the treasury should be only incidental to the best effect upon the prisoners themselves and upon the community; and they further recognize the great moral principle that the State should always conduct its prisons and employ its prisoners in such a way that the individual shall not be degraded.

WASHINGTON, D. C.



The Way of Growth.

By J. R. Miller, D.D.

The mind grows by exercise, just as the body does. Each lesson learned adds its new fact to the measure of knowledge, but there is, besides, an effect produced upon the mind itself by the effort to learn. It grows by exercise.

Then there is also a subjective moral impression produced by the way the task is performed. If one is faithful and conscientious, truly doing his best, the endeavor leaves a mark of beauty in the life. But if one is unfaithful, indolent, false to one's self, there is left a wound, a trace of marring and blemish, a weakening of the life.

The same is as true of all life's callings as of school work. The farmer is cultivating his soil, tilling his fields, looking after the manifold duties of his occupation; but this is not all that he is doing. At the same time he is making character of some kind, building up the fabric of his own manhood. The carpenter is working in wood, but he is also working on life—his own life. The mason is hewing stones and setting them in the wall, but he is also quarrying out blocks for the temple of character, which he himself is building in himself. Men in all callings and employments are continually producing a double set of results, in that on which they work and in themselves. We are in this world to make character, and every hour we leave some mark, some impression on the life within us, an impression which shall endure when all the work of our hands has perished.

But there is also a growth of character which goes on continually under the influence of life's circumstances and experiences. Fruits are developed and are brought on toward ripeness by the influence of the weather and the climate. It takes all the seasons, with their variety of climatic conditions, to produce a delicious apple, a mellow pear, or a cluster of luscious grapes. Winter does its part as well as spring, summer and autumn. Night and day, cloud and sunshine, cold and heat, wind and calm, all work together to bring the fruit to ripeness.

In like manner all life's varied experiences have their place in the making and the culture of our character. All sunshine would not make good fruit, nor would all gladness and joy yield the richest character. We need the dark as well as the light; cold, rough winter as well as warm, gentle summer. We should not, therefore, be afraid of life, whatever experiences it may bring to us. But we should never forget that nothing in life's experiences ought to be allowed to hurt our spirit. Temptations may make their fierce assaults, may cause us sore troubles, but we need not be harmed by them, need not carry away from them any stain. Earthly want may leave its marks of emaciation on our body, but the inner life may not bear any trace of enfeebling. We ought to be growing continually in beauty and strength of character, however painful our lot in life. Sickness may waste physical strength and blight the beauty of the face, but it need not leave any hurtful trace on the character. Indeed, in the midst of the most exhausting and disfiguring illness, the inner life may continue to grow in strength and beauty. St. Paul gives

us this assurance: "Though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day." That is, if we are living as we may live in relation to Christ, our real life will only become more radiant and beautiful as the external life grows more infirm and feeble.

And what of the hours when, hand and foot,
We are bound and laid aside;
With the fevered vein and the throbbing palm,
And the world at its low ebb-tide?
And what of our day of the broken heart,
When all that our eyes can see
Is the vacant space where the vanished face
Of our darling used to be?

Then, waiting and watching and almost spent,
Comes peace from the Lord's own hand,
In His blessed will, if we rest content,
Though we cannot understand;
And we gather anew our courage and hope,
For the road so rough to climb,
With the trial and peril we well may cope
One single step at a time.

Yet too often this possibility is not realized. Not all Christian people bear loss, sorrow and sickness in this victorious way. Too often do we see men yielding to trouble, not growing more beautiful in soul, but losing their spiritual beauty in life's trials. This is not the way it should be, however. Our character should ripen in life's weather, whatever the weather may be. "Tribulation worketh patience." The object of life is to learn to live. We are at school here, and shall always be at school until we are dismissed from earth's classes to be promoted into heaven. It is a pity if we do not learn our lessons. It is a pity if we grow no gentler, no kindlier, no more thoughtful, no more unselfish, no more unworldly, as the years pass over us.

There are some fruits which remain acrid and bitter until the frosts come. There are lives which never become mellow in love's tenderness until sorrow's frosts have touched them. There are those who come out of every new experience of suffering or pain with a new blessing in their life, cleansed of some earthliness, and made a little more like God. It is God's design for us that this should always be the outcome of affliction, that the points of the spirit in us should be a little ripener and mellow; and we fail and disappoint God when it is not so.

We have much to do with this ripening of our own characters. God gives us His grace, but we must receive it, and we may reject it. It is only when we abide in Christ that our lives grow in Christlikeness. The same sun brings out the beauty of the living branch, and withers the branch that is torn from the tree. Sorrow and pain blight the life that is not hid with Christ in God and make more beautiful and more fruitful the life that is truly in Christ. If we live thus continually under the influence of the divine grace, our character shall grow with the years into mellow ripeness. Even the rough weather, the storm and the rain, and the chill of cold nights, will only bleach out the stains and cleanse our life into whiteness.

The smallest things have their influence upon character, and upon the beauty and the helpfulness of a life. It was related recently of an English oculist that he had given up cricket purely in the interest of his profession. He was very fond of the game, but he found that playing affected the delicacy of his touch, and made him less ready for the work he was required to do every day upon the eyes of his patients.

There are occupations which in like manner affect the life and character injuriously, hinder the growth of spirituality or make one less effective in work upon the life and character of others. We need to deal with ourselves firmly and very heroically. Anything that unfits us for doing our work in the best way possible we should sedulously avoid.

We live but one life, we pass but once through this world. We should seek to gather good and enriching from every experience, making our progress ever from more to more. Wherever we go we should try to leave a blessing, something which will sweeten another life or start a new song or an impulse of cheer

or helpfulness in another heart. Then our very memory when we are gone will be an abiding blessing in the world.

So, when I fall like some old tree,
And subtle change makes mould of me,
There let the earth show a fertile line,
Where perfect wildflowers leap and shine.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.



The Bird-Stomach Man.

How Uncle Sam Plays Providence to the Birds—The Gastrologist and His Court of Inquiry—Diet of the Cuckoo and Other Birds—A Curious and Remarkable Collection—An Indictment of the English Sparrow and the Bobolink.

By Mary Bronson Hartt.

The feud between the bird and the farmer is as ancient as the first cornfield. Perhaps—though it sounds ugly—I ought to say the feud between bird and man. The confederate birds of Aristophanes's comedy sang of men as men, "Enemies, time out mind!" Who doubts had they as frank an interpreter to-day, they would chorus no more flattering refrain? We pay them the subtle compliment of borrowing their plumage; we make capital of them for the writings of polite poetry and ladylike prose, and we give them a short shrift at the end of a gun-barrel.

I have not forgot the humane societies. But they ask for birdkind not justice but mercy, resting their plea not on science but on sentiment. Or if they touch at all upon the intrinsic worth of birds, it is in a feeble, apologetic fashion, almost as damning as calumny.

In these latter days the birds have found a new advocate, all-kind, but all-wise, whom for lack of a better name we call Uncle Sam. He has taken up the cause of the birds in the most practical, least poetic way in the world. He is as slow as Time and as just. And he has accomplished in years, what centuries of cooing sentimentalism have not been able to do. He has established the economic position of the birds, and their well-earned right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

To see the justification of birdkind in progress you have only to prowl, as I did, about the building of the Agricultural Department at Washington until you stumble upon the oddest of laboratories where the bird inquisition is held. The chief-inquisitor is certainly not a botanist, nor is he a chemist, nor yet an entomologist, nor even, strictly speaking, an ornithologist. Yet he is all of these and more. He is, by your leave, an ornithological gastrologist. Washington knows him familiarly as "The Bird-Stomach Man."

In his little, crowded den he holds a perpetual Court of Inquiry for indicted birdkind. The plaintiffs are usually farmers who charge the feathered defendants with having pulled up their sprouting corn, or nipping the ripening fruit. But one sort of testimony is accepted—the damning evidence of stolen goods in the possession of the accused. Now since the silly bird hides all his stealings in his little inside, nothing short of a surgical operation will furnish valid evidence; the prisoner dies in his own defense. Like the unfortunate criminals in Looking-glass Land, he is first punished and then proved guilty; or if innocent, "so much the better."

The gastrologist, in his own person judge, jury and prosecuting attorney, found time to show me the internal workings of his little court. Indicating with a wave of his hand long shelves full of ranked phials, which mounted to the very ceiling of the little laboratory, he said: "These are birds' stomachs." He took down a bottle and put it in my hand. It held something not unlike a sea-cucumber, in alcohol. On the neat label was inscribed the scientific name of the legitimate proprietor of the stomach (peace to his ashes!), the locality where he was captured, and the date of arrest. The specimen in my hand was ten years old. Rallied upon the ungenerosity of raking up scandal about a bird which had been in his grave for a decade or more, the scientist smiled. "We are behind with our work," he admitted. "Some of these cases have been on the calendar for fourteen years; it may be twenty-four before some of them are called."

Specimens come in from every section of the country, sent by irate farmers, or by agents of the Biological Survey, afield, each stomach arriving in alcohol, duly tagged with the scientific or common name of the bird which wore it. In the laboratory it

gets its number, has its date and locality carefully filed in a fat ledger, and then goes to swell the company of phials on the shelves.

How it was possible to make anything definite of the contents of a tiny stomach after several years' sojourn in alcohol, I could not see. I begged for enlightenment. Turning to a low table beside a window, the gastrologist pointed out a crystal saucer holding a few drops of clear water, with a fleet of little brown specks sailing about in it. "There," said he, "is the evidence against one bird—the contents of his poor little stomach."

Inspection satisfied me he could never distinguish that bird's menu; there wasn't a ghost of a clue.

"Let me see," mused the scientist, bending over the saucer. "That bird dined off, let me see-e, four grubs, a little fruit and six eld—" fishing out an infinitesimal speck and thrusting it under a microscope, "Yes, as I thought, *Sambusco Canadensis*, common elderberry seeds."

The seeds were incontrovertible, but my eyes must have shown I thought the rest pure romancing. For, seizing a delicate forceps, he poked about in the saucer, and pointed out a floating rag of what looked to be filmy, brown seaweed. "That," he said, "is the fruit, what kind I would not like to say. Now, look close. Do you see eight little black crescents?" Peering between screwed-up eyelids, I had to confess I did. "Well," said the professor, "what more do you want? There are your grubs, all that's left of them—their little hard mandibles. I shouldn't like to specify the variety of grub," he went on, with a twinkle, "without further examination. But it's a clear case of grubs."

Offering a chair, he then and there let me into the mysteries of his strange calling.

The identification of the individual scraps of a bird's dietary is, it seems, scarcely the simple matter it has just been made to appear. To succeed at it you must know something about everything. The minutest parts of insect anatomy are the A B C of the task, the surest means of identifying species. You must know every living seed, wild and cultivated, from the least unto the greatest. Helps over hard places may be got from specialists in other laboratories, but very learned men are prone to overlook minute details which are all-important in gastrology. For example, the most profound of botanists may be confounded by the smallest of weed seeds. And that is the *pièce de resistance* of bird menus. So the Bird-Stomach Man has founded a great seed catalogue, and depends upon that and his own five wits.

With all this, the work is set thick with pitfalls. You discover an enigmatical trace of something-or-other which baffles you. You call in a botanist, and he squints at it through a microscope and pronounces it officially "not vegetable matter." You send for a geologist and he pishes and pshaws, and declares the substance "not mineral." You appeal to a biologist, and he, too, repudiates it. It is "not animal."

The results of all this curious investigation have been overwhelmingly in favor of the birds. In a great card catalogue is filed away the evidence in the cases of some thirty-two thousand birds whose stomachs have been examined in the laboratory of the Biological Survey. Out of the whole number there are a good number of individual birds with black records against them.

Taking out a big glass jar full of tiny gray skulls and delicate bones, the gastrologist said: "There was once a pair of barn owls which lived in the tower of the Smithsonian Institution. You know, of course—I didn't though—that owls gulp their prey skin and bones and feathers too. Well, skin and bones and feathers and fur being indigestible, the owl's discerning stomach whirls them round and round till the sharp bones are neatly wrapped in skin, and then the owl incontinently spews the parcel out of his mouth. When you want evidence about the owl's dietary, these pellets furnish all that is required. In this jar are the contents of 200 such pellets, collected in the Smithsonian tower. Here is the index: 225 field mice, 20 shrews, 2 pine-mice, 179 house-mice, 20 rats, 6 jumping mice, 1 star-nosed mole and 1 vesper shrew. All rodents, so you see? Not a single bird."

Finding the judge in this lenient mood, I ventured to inquire whether any charitable construction could be put upon the English sparrow. But the Court rose in wrath and condemned him, root and branch, sleeping and waking, going out and coming in. "Wretched immigrant that he is," fumed the gastrologist, "he has no excuse for being. He delights to nip buds and blossoms from fruit trees, and to crunch the tender shoots of vines. As for

noxious worms, he not only will not eat them, but *he cannot*; they don't agree with him. And he has driven away scores of good birds who could and would. He is the ruffianly ally of tent-caterpillars, army worms, and all their loathy kind. To death with the English sparrow!"

It was all very well to have tirades poured out upon that alien disturber of the summer peace, the sparrow. But the unmasking of the sacred bobolink was a much more painful thing. That saint of the vernal calendar is officially pronounced a feathered Jekyll and Hyde. One-half of his deceitful dual existence he spends in the North, brave of plumage, thriftily rearing his family, and flooding the New England meadows with his gurgling song. The other half of the year he puts on a disguise of plain brown feathers, adopts an assumed name, goes South and plunges into marauding more deeply shameful than those of any other member of his not over-scrupulous tribe.

As the "rice-bird," an evil-omened thief, he settles down upon the Southern coasts after a long sea-flight from South America, just as the young rice is sprouting. For a little while he devotes himself to uprooting the crop, working with a thoroughness which would put an end to rice-raising if he kept at it very long. But mating-time draws him North for his Lent of good behavior.

By mid-August, though, he reappears in the rice fields, with his newly raised family, a bold, bad bird—and he comes in thousands. From this time till the latter part of September the distracted planters strain their ingenuity to intimidate the hardy robbers. They post boys with guns every acre or so through the crops, with instructions to cease firing only when the sun goes down. They impale putrid meat on stakes to draw frightful buzzards; they crack whips; they fly terrible kites. But if the rice has been planted to meet the birds—that is, so as to be in the "milk" when they appear, the gluttons, in spite of all the din that can be raised, never rise from the crop until it is not worth harvesting. By planting a first crop unnaturally early, so as to have it under water when the birds pass North, and a second one to ripen after they have gone South, the planters contrive to lose in the aggregate not more than two million dollars a year through the visits of the blessed bobolinks.

In the face of such evidence, but one sentence can be pronounced upon the bobolinks—Death! But who is to execute it? The rice planters are doing already what they can. But you cannot shoot a rice-bird redhanded, so to speak, without damage to the crop. Manifestly the way to get rid of the bobolink would be to attack him off his guard in New England. That you will never persuade New England to do. She will go on protecting her black-and-yellow Jekylls, and the rice planters may look after their own thievish Hydes.

From time to time the Government, by proxy of the Bird-Stomach Man and his assistants, issues detailed reports of the findings of the gastrologist. The arguments for and against one species of bird after another are spread before the public, together with an official summing-up of the case. These reports furnish the raw material for State Legislatures and makers of local bird laws to base their proceedings upon. But they don't stop with the verdict. They go on to suggest remedies for the depredations of birds who are more good than bad. The farmer who is not mollified by being told that the crow, which steals his grain, also devours insects which are worse than he, is urged to tar his corn before he sows it. This simple device makes it quite unpalatable for the most unscrupulous of crows. Orchard owners who grudge the cherry-birds a share of their fruit are advised to plant a few wild trees among the cultivated; for birds of all varieties prefer the bitter and insipid flavors of wild fruit to choicest products of cultivation. Some of the remedies suggested are too remotely efficacious to be very consoling. As when the reports prophesy relief for the Western farmer from grain-filching birds, when civilization shall have so completely subdued the prairie that all the small marshes and ponds—the favorite breeding places of crop-destroyers—shall be drained, and the birds shall decrease until their lessened number make them no more a terror to agriculture.

The burden of the reports is, however, not the sins, but the virtues of birds as birds. They dwell upon the tons of weed-seed gobbled up every winter; upon the immense yearly inroads made on all manner of insect pests. They reiterate the awful warning of Longfellow's poem about the people of Killingworth town, who slew all the birds, and thereafter—

"Hosts of devouring insects crawled and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade."

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Peace in South Africa.

Terms Agreed Upon Between the British and the Boers.

The following are the terms of peace agreed upon between the British and the Boer commanders as announced by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons last week:

First—The burgher forces in the field will forthwith lay down their arms and hand over all guns, rifles and ammunition of war in their possession, or under their control, and desist from further resistance and acknowledge King Edward VII. as their lawful sovereign. The manner and details of this surrender will be arranged between Lord Kitchener and Commandant General Botha, assisted by General Delarey and Chief Commandant De Wet.

Second—All burghers outside the limits of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony and all prisoners of war at present outside South Africa, who are burghers, will on duly declaring their acceptance of the position of subjects of His Majesty, be brought back to their homes so soon as means of transport can be provided and means of subsistence assured.

Third—The burghers so returning will not be deprived of their personal liberty or property.

Fourth—No proceeding, civil or criminal, will be taken against any burghers surrendering or so returning for any acts in connection with the prosecution of the war. The benefits of this clause do not extend to certain acts contrary to the usages of war, which had been notified by the Commander in Chief to the Boer generals, and which shall be tried by court-martial after the close of hostilities.

Fifth—The Dutch language will be taught in the public schools of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony where the parents desire it, and will be allowed in the courts of law for the better and more effectual administration of justice.

Sixth—Possession of rifles will be allowed in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony to persons requiring them for their protection, on taking out a license according to law.

Seventh—The military administration of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony will, at the earliest possible date, be succeeded by a civil government, and, so soon as circumstances permit, representative institutions leading up to self-government will be introduced.

Eighth—The question of granting the franchise to natives will not be decided until after the introduction of self-government.

Ninth—No special tax will be imposed on landed property in the Transvaal or Orange River Colony to defray the expenses of the war.

Tenth—So soon as the conditions permit it, a commission, on which the local inhabitants will be represented, will be appointed in each district of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, under the presidency of a magistrate or other official, for the purpose of assisting in the restoration of the people to their homes, and supplying those who, owing to war losses, are unable to provide for themselves, with food and shelter and the necessary amount of seed, stock and implements, etc., indispensable to the resumption of their normal occupations. His Majesty's Government will place at the disposal of these commissions the sum of £3,000,000 (\$15,000,000), and will allow all the notes issued under the law of 1900 of the South African Republic and all receipts given up to officers in the field of the late republics, or under their orders, to be presented to a judicial commission, which will be appointed by the Government, and if such notes and receipts are found by this commission to have been duly issued in return for valuable considerations they will be received by the first-named commissions as evidence of war losses suffered by the persons to which they were originally given.

In addition to the above-named free grant of £3,000,000, His Majesty's Government will be prepared to make advances, on loan, for the same purposes, free of interest for two years, and afterward repayable over a period of years, with 3 per cent. interest. No foreigner or rebel will be entitled to benefit under this clause.

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for June 22, 1902.

Temperance Lesson.—Rom. xiii, 8-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armor of light." Romans 13, 12.

This week we have a temperance lesson, and we shall be indebted mainly to the *Bible Teacher* and the *Sunday-school Lesson Illustrator* for what we may have to say. The letter from which the lesson is taken was written about A.D. 58; written by Paul from Corinth to the Church in the city of Rome, where he was afterward a prisoner, and where he suffered martyrdom. In this chapter he had just spoken of the Christian's duty to the civil government. Government is not a human compact, but a divinely appointed organism. Nihilism is worse than despotism; a bad government is better than none. Love is the essence of all good law.

WHAT IS MEANT BY THE INJUNCTION.

Owe no man. By a natural, though not a logical, connection the direction of the preceding verse. To pay all that one owes to the government, leads to the direction of this verse to pay all debts save those of love, which never can be fully paid. Anything. Some people press this so as even to forbid the credit system in trade. In the business relations of modern times temporary indebtedness is often a necessity, and is directly conducive to the prosperity of both seller and buyer. Love one another. This is an obligation that cannot be fully discharged. The more we love the greater becomes our capacity, and, consequently, our obligation. He that loveth. In what way is shown in verse 10. We must do him no ill. Love would prompt to no injury. It would seek to do him good, and thus fulfil all the purposes of justice and truth we owe him. The law. The Mosaic law. Paul is dealing with human relations and duties.

DEBT IS A THIEF.

Yes, debt is a thief. It robs others of that which belongs to them. It steals their money; it purloins their comforts; it robs them of the ability to increase that which is their own because it is beyond their reach. The aggregate interest on the debts of the world would amount to millions of dollars.

THE FATAL TENDENCY.

Moreover, debt is disgraceful, inasmuch as it leads the poor to hatred of the rich. Debt brings pastors into disgrace with their parishioners. Debt brings Christ into ill repute with the world. Ruskin, asked to help pay off a debt on a chapel, wrote in response to the request, "Sir: I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all the people in the world the least likely to give you a farthing. My first word to all men and boys is, 'Don't get into debt. Don't borrow. don't buy things you can't pay for.' And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable."

In this connection Dr. Buckley says: "Young men are prone to go in debt. Life is full of promise, the future shines so bright, youth is so richly endowed with hope and confidence that the incurring of financial obligation does not seem a serious matter. Many thinking lightly of debt have mortgaged their whole future and committed themselves to a life-long struggle to meet demands beyond their power to fulfil. Discontented with circumstances, impatient of restrictions, eager for pleasures that are costly, ambitious to display a style of living beyond present means, they borrow money on pledges, easy to make but hard to redeem, and wake up to the fact that they have spent a small fortune before they have earned it! And then they begin the wearisome, painful fight to retrieve their folly, or, disheartened, sink into perpetual discredit among their fellows, or, still worse, are tempted to indulge in enterprises that are evil."

Moreover, debt is disastrous. It is a direct violation of the divine commands. It is contrary to the law of love. It is opposed to the Golden Rule. It is a sin which leads to sin and to suffering. A rich banker was asked to go to the home of a poor shoemaker who had committed suicide and lay at the point of death. He found the family starving. The wife said: "My husband is a sober, hard-working man, but he cannot get the money due for his work. To-day he went to a rich family who owe him, but the man was not at home. We have been without food for days. My husband was weak from fasting and it ended this way." The banker went home and took out a file of bills that

through carelessness were unpaid. Among them was an account of the poor cobbler. The rich man's neglect caused the poor man's sin. And how often is such the case. In short, the meaning of the command is that we should pay every man what is justly his due, and not defraud him. A gentleman was once unfortunate in business and unable to meet his engagements. After a few years of toil he succeeded in paying every creditor in full, with interest, save one, whose residence he could not learn. Some time after he did find him, and discharged his obligation in full. Such a course as this the law of Christ enjoins.

THE LAW CONCERNING OUR NEIGHBOR.

The law concerning our neighbor is that we do him no ill. Love would prompt to no injury. The Mosaic law commands this love to our neighbor. In view of the many questions which arise about minor matters, this principle of love is to be regarded as the simple and controlling one. It is our best guide and as wide in its application as it is simple.

Love worketh no ill. Let men once abandon all those things which tend to work ill, and what a change in appearance! "How many plans of fraud and dishonesty would it at once arrest! How many schemes would it crush! It would silence the voice of the slanderer; it would stay the plans of the seducer and the adulterer; it would put an end to cheating, fraud and all schemes of dishonest gain. It would stop gambling, for this works ill to one's neighbor. It would stop lotteries, for these succeed only at the expense and loss of others.

The end of all duty as enforced by law is the protection of the individual, and when love prevails this is done, for love worketh no ill to his neighbor.

For this. What follows is the sum of the law, and is to regulate our conduct to our neighbor. Any other. Any other duty which does not seem to be specified by these laws named. Comprehended. May all be summed up under this one head. Saying. Command. Thy neighbor. Taken in its broadest sense. This is the Golden Rule, given by the Saviour in his Sermon on the Mount. If fulfilled, it would prevent all fraud, injustice, oppression, falsehood, adultery, murder, theft and covetousness. It is a fundamental principle of the temperance reform. The man who loves his neighbor will abstain from drink for his neighbor's sake; will put himself against all legislation that protects or encourages the saloon; will oppose all license laws and all others allowing saloons to be established to tempt men to drink.

HOW APPLIED TO INTEMPERANCE.

Apply this law to the traffic in strong drink. It does not do the drunken man any good, for the almost uniform result is to deprive him of property, health, reputation, peace and domestic comfort. The man who sells it knows what the result will be, and is not pursuing a business therefore which works no ill. Love to his neighbor would stop his trade. The man who votes in the legislature to license the business is not doing it for the good of his neighbor. The man who votes for a legislator who is in sympathy with such sale is not thinking or caring for his neighbor. A love for our neighbor would stop the whole business.

Paul summons his brethren to put these teachings of his into active operation. The world has been sunk in the night of heathenism. It was to be expected they would sleep the sleep of spiritual death. Now the morning light of gospel dawns. We know our duty. We are sure the God of light is around us and is a witness of all that we do.

We are, therefore, to be diligent, watchful, honest, sober, quiet and active in the Lord's service. Life is short here; no time for idleness. Men should not walk in darkness; this includes reveling and drunkenness, debauchery and sins of lust; not to walk in sins of temper and jealousy that lead to contention; not to plan for a sensual life, as did the Romans. We are to walk in the light. We are to avoid the things already condemned. We are to gird ourselves as soldiers of the light. There are foes we must fight. We are not only to avoid personal drunkenness, but to put ourselves in every way in active hostility to the liquor traffic.

THE TENDENCY OF STRONG DRINK.

The whole tendency of the traffic in strong drink is to work ill to one's neighbor. It cannot do him good, and the almost uniform result is to deprive him of property, health, reputation, peace and domestic comfort. He that sells his neighbor liquid fire, knowing what must be the result of it, is not pursuing a business which works no ill to him; and love to that neighbor would prompt him to abandon the traffic.

Up-to-Date Points of View.¹

About
Gloomy Sermons.

Dear CHRISTIAN WORK—Will you not speak a word to the ministers about the depressing and injurious influence of gloomy sermons? There are so many sad things happening all about us, so many real cares and troubles in every life, that to continually dwell on the mournful side in sermon-time is only adding care to the depressed. I would not needlessly criticize any minister, but I have so often felt my own temperature lowered, and seen the same effect on others, resulting from a sermon full of sad incidents and emphasis laid chiefly on the misfortunes of life, that I have concluded that some preachers think such sermons helpful. Would you not say the things that lift out of gloom, and encouragement tending to practical activity, really make the effective sermons? Otherwise, the young people are driven from the church, and even the old attendants are depressed and disheartened; and they can scarcely tell why. Having seen lately in THE CHRISTIAN WORK, "Joy Commended as a Duty," and even household arrangements, to the tint of a wall, considered worthy of attention, to the end they may cheer, I wondered if THE CHRISTIAN WORK would kindly say the right word in the right way to the ministers on this subject.

Why We Can't Withdraw
from the Philippines.

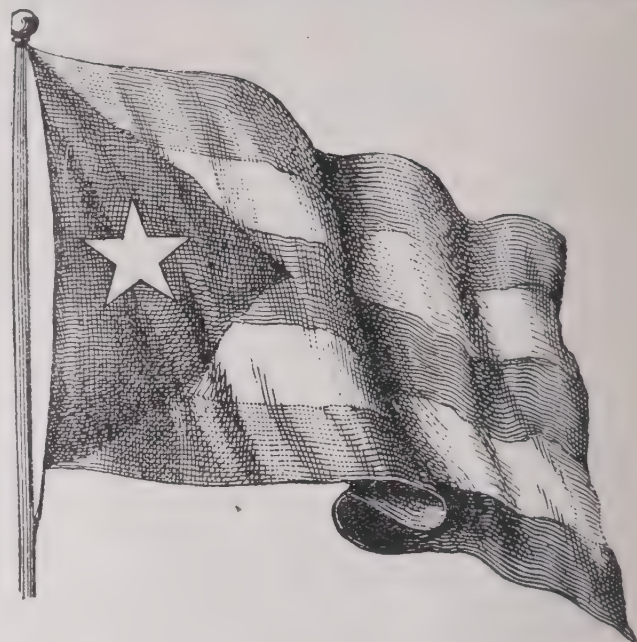
Admiral Remy has added his testimony to that of General MacArthur concerning the inadvisability of granting at this time independence to the Filipinos. The talk of withdrawal of the United States from the Philippines is, he declares, based upon an inaccurate and incomplete knowledge of the conditions existing there. This country, he said, cannot withdraw. Chaos would be the inevitable result. "My observations," he continues, "have convinced me that the natives are not capable of self-government yet. They need a guiding hand, and we cannot, for the sake of humanity, withdraw until the work is completed." This is the opinion of a high-minded, gallant and honorable sailor, who has had a long experience in the Philippines, and who, while in command of our naval forces there, visited all parts of the islands. It is in direct line with that of General MacArthur, who commanded our army in the islands, and who has just reinforced his own opinion with that of Aguinaldo, who, he says, declared to him "that it would be impossible at this stage of their evolution for his own people to establish a stable independent government." In the face of testimony like this the ignorant and ill-posted individuals who hope to make partisan capital by advocating Filipino independence will find but a scant hearing at the hands of the American people.

June 3d Was
"Warm,"
But Not "Hot."

It seems that the man who, about noon last week on Tuesday, suggested that it was expressively hot didn't know what he was talking about—that is, comparatively speaking. It was not the warmest June 3d on record, and, what is more cooling, it wasn't even the hottest day this year. The humidity was 11 points below the 70 per cent. normal. So in this respect the day was unique among hot days. It wasn't superlative in any sense. June 3, 1895, a sizzler according to the oldest inhabitant, beat the same date for this year by making 94, which is 8 points higher than the 86 degrees recorded Tuesday. What is even less complimentary to Tuesday's efforts at calorification is the fact that Forecaster E. H. Emory, as far back as May 23d, baked an 88-degree day.

Still the weather sharps have hopes, and while they will not promise it faithfully, on belief state that they will have it just as hot as May 23d before it stops. Possibly they are waiting for orders from Washington. A general prognostication as to the coming summer might be very warm weather. This is necessary in view of the cooling machine invented by Prof. Willis L. Moore, chief of the Weather Bureau, and, of course, if there is no hot weather, there is no market for coolers.

Comparisons aside, and in spite of 1895, it *did* feel warm. This conclusion, however, is said to be due to sheer human and meteorological ignorance.

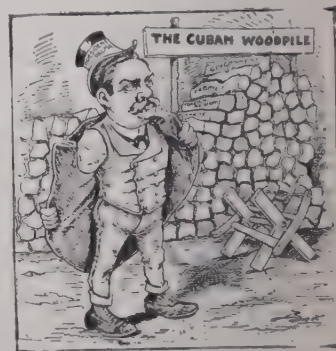


A New Flag
Among the Nations.

As General Wood, on May 20th, hauled down the American flag that was floating above the governor's palace at Havana, and joined General Gomez in running up the flag of the new Republic of Cuba, with its single star and its five stripes, all the foreign shipping in the harbor also hoisted the Cuban flag in acknowledgment of the birth of a new American republic. Meanwhile, the great guns of the fortress of Cabanas, across the bay, had fired forty-five shots in succession, one for each State in the Union, while the Stars and Stripes were slowly but willingly and steadily lowered from Morro Castle and the Santa Clara and Punta fortresses, as well as from the palace that Governor-General Wood was turning over to President Estrada Palma as the seat of executive authority. When the Cuban flags were fairly floated to the breeze, the American troops, gathered in the street, saluted it, while Cabanas fired twenty-one guns in honor of the new nation and its emblem. Then the American cavalrymen wheeled about and marched to the wharf, where they embarked on a transport; and General Wood, with his staff, was soon on board the United States cruiser Brooklyn and under steam for the United States.

Cuba's Aspirations
Fulfilled.

The occasion and the day were memorable in the history of Cuba, for they brought fulfilment of an aspiration that the Cuban people have cherished for almost a century, and to realize which they have laid down thousands of lives in protracted struggles. A little island like Cuba could have no ambition to play a great rôle among the nations. It has been the dream of the Cubans simply that they should own and control their own island, and order their own affairs as a free people. This honorable wish and determined aim are now completely realized. The relations of especial intimacy that will exist between Cuba and the United States do not thwart the purposes or limit the scope of Cuban free-



dom. They must, indeed, have the very opposite tendency, since they make it certain that there will be no outside interference in Cuba's affairs, while they place a high premium upon the demonstration of ability to carry on an orderly and responsible government. Like Mexico, Cuba becomes our ally.

Cause of the Eruptions.

Although the recent eruptions in the West Indies have been disastrous on account of their proximity to thickly inhabited districts, they appear to have been small in intensity in comparison to many other similar occurrences which have taken place. This would hardly be gathered from newspaper accounts, yet it is made clear by Prof. Israel C. Russell in an article written for the *New York Tribune* (May 14th). Says Professor Russell:

There have been times in the history of the earth when out-wellings of molten rock have occurred throughout the extent of many long fissures, and vast inundations of lava have resulted, as, for example, when the lava plains crossed by the Columbia River were formed. These plains, some 200,000 square miles in area, are underlain by sheets of once molten rock, which have an average thickness of something like 4,000 feet. Between outpourings of veritable floods of lava, as in the instance cited, and the eruption of the smallest volcano there is a complete gradation, showing that all volcanoes have essentially the same mode of origin.



—The Brooklyn Eagle.

Local Eruptions.

Local eruptions, or volcanoes, in distinction from "fissure eruptions," present two leading characteristics—in one class the lava is poured out quietly, frequently in vast quantity, but without explosions; and in the other class the matter extruded is generally comparatively small in amount, but accompanied by explosions, frequently of great violence.

During eruptions of the quiet type, the lava comes to the surface in a highly liquid condition—that is, it is thoroughly fused, and flows with almost the freedom of water. * * * There is an absence of fragmental material, such as explosive volcanoes hurl into the air, and a person may stand within a few yards of a rushing stream of molten rock, or examine closely the opening from which it is being poured out, without danger or serious inconvenience.

The quiet volcanic eruptions are attended by the escape of steam and gases from the molten rock, but the lava being in a highly liquid state, the steam and gases dissolved in it escape quietly and without explosions. If, however, the molten rock is less completely fluid, or in a viscous condition, the vapors and gases contained in it find difficulty in escaping, and may be retained until, becoming concentrated in large volume, they break their way to the surface, producing violent explosions. Volcanoes in which the lava extruded is viscous, and the escape of steam and gases is retarded until the pent-up energy bursts all bounds, are of the explosive type. One characteristic example is Vesuvius.

In extreme examples of explosive volcanoes, the summit portion of a crater, perhaps several miles in circumference and several thousand feet high, is blown away. Such an occurrence is recorded in the case of the volcano Casaguina, Nicaragua, in 1835. Or an entire mountain may disappear, being reduced to lapilli and dust and blown into the air, as in the case of Krakatoa, in the Strait of Sunda, 1883.

Essential Features.

The essential feature of a volcano * * is a tube or conduit, leading from the highly heated suberust portion of the earth to the surface, through which molten rock is forced upward to the surface. The most marked variations in the process depend on the quantity of molten rock extruded, and on the freedom of escape of the steam and gases contained in the lava.

The cause of the rise of the molten rock in a volcano is still a matter of discussion. Certain geologists contend that steam is the sole motive power; while others consider that the lava is forced to the surface owing to pressure on the reservoir from which it comes. The view perhaps most favorably entertained at present, in reference to the general nature of volcanic eruptions, is that the rigid outer portion of the earth becomes fractured, owing principally to movements resulting from the shrinking of the cooling inner mass, and that the intensely hot material reached by the fissures, previously solid owing to pressure, becomes liquid when pressure is relieved, and is forced to the surface. As the molten material rises it invades the water-charged rocks near the surface and acquires steam, or the gases resulting from the decomposition of water, and a new force is added which produces the most conspicuous and at times the most terrible phenomena accompanying eruptions.

The recent volcanic outbreaks on Martinique and St. Vincent were eruptions of the explosive type similar to the explosions

that have occurred from time to time in Vesuvius. The volcanoes have been dormant for years, and the lava in the summit portion of their conduits was cold and hard; movements in the earth's crust caused a fresh ascent of lava from deep below the surface; the molten material came in contact with water in the rocks it invaded, and steam explosions resulted.

These explosions were similar to what would happen if water should be poured on a mass of molten slag such as comes from an iron furnace.

Annexation for the Danish Islands.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, there is a growing sentiment for annexation in the Danish West Indies. If a plebiscite were taken at this moment there is no question that it would be decisively for the sale of the islands. It is the official class that opposes the transfer, and the reason for its attitude is obvious enough: it will throw it out of work. But for one official who loses his place there are a hundred of the plain people who are losing the means of livelihood. The Danish islands, like most others in the West Indies, depend on the sugar crop. The fruits and vegetables, woods, the minerals, these things are of trifling value.

Owing to the cheapening of sugar the islands are in dire need. Manufacturers find their market growing ever smaller and smaller, while the cost of living is, if anything, increasing. Flour, bread, potatoes, salt fish, pork and other food products that are exported from this country sell at a marked advance over our home prices, and the wages paid to the natives are a beggar's pittance; even mechanics seldom earn more than half a dollar a day. The annexation of St. Thomas, St. John's and St. Croix will provide a market for the sugar that is growing hopelessly small, especially since Porto Rico, Hawaii and probably Cuba are in opposition to these smaller territories.

Some of the planters believe that Germany is the power which for some reason is delaying the sale of St. Thomas and its adjacent islands. The delay can accomplish no possible good, either to this country, to Denmark, or to Germany. It is accomplishing great harm to the people. It means the ruin of plantations, the loss of work by the populace, and it brings to us no compensation of reduced prices. For reasons of humanity, if not of policy, the United States should urge expedition. The islands are a yearly loss to Denmark; their people are poor to the verge of suffering; all who can are leaving; there are rumors in St. Croix of another rising of the blacks, with bread riots and burnings of mills. To this country there would be a gain, and the prosperity would be shared by the island people.

As a matter of curiosity, we print the following, which is sent to THE CHRISTIAN WORK by Rev. J. B. Finch, D.D. Those of our readers who understand the Latin language will be especially interested in the original, and for the sake of those who do not understand this language, a free translation is given along with it in a parallel column:

LATIN.

Hypotheses vel coniecturæ sunt aut facta aut ficta; si demonstrantur facta, approbentur; si ficta, repudientur.

Primum coniecturam evolutionis quam paucissimis verbis consideremus.

Evolutio de rerum natura est ea prima res quam in mente agitemus atque qua de species quo existunt: altera est eius hominis qui neget Deum esse altera est eius hominis qui aiat Deum esse. Si vis creatrix prima tantum intus naturam rerum esse existimetur, hypothesis evolutionis neget Deum esse; si evolutio et intus et extra naturam rerum esse existimetur, hypothesis declaret Deum esse.

Itaque evolutio quæ habet notionem Dei ad actionem impulsione est verbum commodum; sed hic modus loquendi vel scribendi aliquem inducet ut aut forti aut fato credat.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

Hypotheses or conjectures are either true or false; if they are shown to be true, they are approved; if false, they are rejected.

Let us consider, in the first place, as briefly as possible, evolution as an hypothesis.

Evolution is such a primal cause as we mentally revolve concerning the nature of things; and concerning it, two species exist—one characteristic of the atheist, the other of the theist. If the primal creative force be conceived to be immanent only, the evolutionary hypothesis is atheistic; if immanent and transcendent, it is theistic.

Evolution, accordingly, with a God-concept in it impelling to activity is a convenient word; but this mode of speaking or writing may induce one to believe in chance or fate.

Deinde coniecturas criticorum ampliorum consideremus. Ei qui vocantur critici ampliores Mosen pentateuchi paululum composuisse libros pentateuchi ab editoribus hominibusque qui in ordinem eos redigerent factos esse, pentateuchum ipsum post exilium per Ezram multum immutatum esse a vetere Hebræorum sermone, Mosen pentateuchum non edidisse, Isaian totum librum qui ex se nominaretur non scripsisse dicunt.

Quidam ex his criticis Biblia Sacra lædi negant, has autem Scripturas suis coniecturis vel rationibus clarescere aiunt. Sed tamen facta, non ficta nobis sunt circumspicienda. Facta mathematica, et maxime lex gravitatis demonstrant hypothesin Copernicanam de mundo esse veram.

In Copernici autem opere—De Revolutionibus Orbium—qui solis planetarumque sint motus explicitum est. Sed litteris operibusque Copernici ne ducamur, ut arbitremur hypotheses, quas supra demonstravimus, esse similes hypothesi Copernicano de mundo.

Mathematica—itero quid dixi—demonstrat hanc hypothesin esse veram. Sed hypotheses quas supra dixi non hæc fundamenta habent; rationes sunt illæ quæ sola ex coniectura pendent. Accedit etiam quod Iesus Christus Mosen de eo scripsisse dixit, et quod auctores Novi Testamenti Scriptores Veteris Testamenti Divino Spiritu adflari putaverunt. Num potest ut auctores illi—Moses et David et Isaia et Iesus Christus in numero mendacium habeantur?

Postremo consideremus quantum intersit inter facta et ficta. Dum hæc facimus, Deum precetur, ut nos detereat quo minus coniecturas de evolutione et de Adamo et de miraculis et de iudicandi genere esse certas veritates putemus.

Et maxime Deum precetur, ut nos inter studendum omni ab criticorum iniuria defendat.

Atque Deus etiam officiat ut, consiliis eorum qui in existimando sint viri prudentes, multum proficere possimus.

Moreover, let us consider the conjectures of the higher critics. Those who are thus called say that Moses composed very little of the pentateuch; that the books thereof were made by editors and redactors; that the pentateuch itself was much changed by the agency of Ezra from the ancient speech of the Hebrews; that Moses did not edit the pentateuch, and that Isaiah did not write the entire book bearing his name.

Some of these critics say that the Bible is not injured, but clarified, by their hypotheses or conjectures. But yet we must weigh facts not fancies. The facts of mathematics, and especially the law of gravity, show that the Copernican hypothesis concerning the universe is true.

Moreover, in the work of Copernicus—De Revolutionibus Orbium—the motions of the sun and the planets are explained. But let us not, from the words and works of Copernicus, be led to think that the hypotheses noted above are like the Copernican hypothesis concerning the world.

Mathematics, I repeat, show that the Copernican hypothesis is true. But the hypotheses which I have treated above have no such foundations; they rest on conjecture alone. It is to be added, also, that Jesus Christ said that Moses wrote of Him, and that the authors of the New Testament thought the writers of the Old Testament were inspired. Is it possible that these well-known authorities—Moses, David, Isaiah and Jesus Christ—are to be regarded as falsifiers?

Finally, let us consider how great is the difference between facts and fancies. While doing so, let us pray God to keep us from thinking that guesses concerning evolution, or Adam, or miracles, or a sort of criticism are certain verities.

And especially let us pray God to defend us while pursuing our studies from every error of the critics.

And may God also cause the suggestions of those wise in the critical art to profit us much.

AMAGANSETT, May 26, 1902.

The Most Popular
Creed for America.

A Yale graduate, Mr. Charles W. Merriam, says the Catholic Church in America is un-American and has a false basis of morality. "That Church in this country," says Mr. Merriam, "is un-American because of its unwavering allegiance to the Pope, the abuses connected with its auricular confessional, its attitude on public schools and its false basis of morality. And further, it is a mournful fact that a tenth of our population are pledged to the belief that when the Roman Pontiff gives his occasional *ex cathedra* utterances they are as the voice of God. If the Congress of the United States should decree one thing and the Pope of Rome the opposite, American Catholics, theoretically, at least, could have no choice in the matter. And as to the confessional, the effect on the priest is bad, as it presents the temptation, frequently yielded to, of abusing the confidences received. The effect upon the people is vastly worse, as while in theory a subjective condition is demanded, still in practice this is a distinction that is frequently lost sight of. The tendency of the confessional is to make forgiveness too light and trivial a matter. And as to public schools, children in the Catholic schools are taught medieval ideas upheld by a falsified history."

In referring to the morality of the Catholic Church, Mr. Merriam said: "The reason why the influence of Rome is to be dreaded in this land is the false basis of its morality. The great reason why the Roman Church is out of place in the United States is because it is an aggravated case of paternalism trying to thrive in the midst of republican liberties."

The public school system of this country is certainly one of its most commendable features. The people like it, it is their institution, and it is growing better as the years pass. As to the other matters touched upon by our Yale graduate, the people of the United States are competent to choose for themselves; a vast majority of them seem to prefer some other than the Roman Catholic form of doctrine and worship.

—j—

Our Street Signs
Contrasted with
Those in Pompeii.

A correspondent of the New York Times considers this statement from that paper quite unfair, not to say libelous,

concerning Pompeii, as contrasted with the streets of New York: The Times says:

Unless they are content to stay in their hotels in the evening or to hire guides such as are employed in Pompeii, their experience is likely to be disagreeable, for there is absolutely no means of getting about without guidance. There are miles of prominent streets that may be traversed without meeting a single sign by which any one can tell on what street he is.

As every one knows, every street in Pompeii is plainly marked by a marble slab inserted in the corner house telling the "Regio" (ward) and "Insula" (block) in which it is situated, with the appropriate number. One never needs a guide to go around Pompeii, but they are made compulsory by the Italian Government lest enthusiastic relic hunters might eventually carry the city away piecemeal. Nor will it do to say these marble slabs have been inserted there in quite recent times by precise archeologists, for the city of New York ought to be ashamed to be even forty or fifty years behind a city that has been dead and buried for over a millennium.

Here, the traveling public and strangers would be grateful for the sight of the Pompeian marble block inserted on each corner containing the street names in black letters about four or five inches high, as they did there, and they would, in such event, need no guide and would also be saved fruitless inquiry from other persons no better informed about the streets of New York. Truly, New York is far behind Pompeii in respect to street signs.

—k—

Diseases That Are
Good for the Health.

By a curious natural law of compensation various diseases tend to prolong life and improve the general health. Gouty

and rheumatic persons, it is said, have special cause to be thankful, the sorry causes of their diseases keeping their blood in good condition. Take half a dozen persons over the age of seventy who suffer from rheumatism or gout, and half a dozen others who suffer from neither, and you will find that, except for their rheumatism or gout, they enjoy very much better health than the non-sufferers, and stand a great chance of outliving the others. Gout and rheumatism greatly enhance a sufferer's chances of retaining his mental faculties until the end. A large percentage of centenarians who die with all their wits about them and with excellent memories of the days of their youth, have suffered for many years from rheumatism.

Numbers of elderly persons in more or less feeble health are kept alive by coughs, such, for instance, as bronchitis. Chronic coughs are peculiarly common to old people, and hundreds who complain of the distress caused them by such affections are really indebted to their coughs for their length of life. The reason for this is that most elderly persons suffer from weak hearts and feeble circulation of the blood, and weak hearts become weaker and weaker merely as a result of their growing weakness. A constant cough corrects this, keeps the heart beating more strongly than it otherwise would, and the strong heartbeat keeps the blood circulating more quickly, and the vital organs are thus kept in a state of greater activity. And to this fact no doubt many are indebted for the years they have lived over the allotted span. Perhaps this knowledge will help us to bear more cheerfully the pains which we have been accustomed to regard as evils and to see them as they really are, blessings in disguise.

Nature and Science.

The Flood-gates of the Nile Dams.

The Nile dams at Assiout and at Assouan will be completed during the next year and are designed to impound the water of the freshets so that the whole of the Province of Fayum, now arid, can be irrigated. To permit the passage of the freshet water the dams are pierced with orifices closed by flood-gates whose dimensions are calculated to permit the passage of all the flood water without hindrance. There are in all 180 flood-gates at different altitudes. If all are open all the flood water passes freely. In practice they will be closed gradually so as to impound water sufficient to fill the reservoirs. Each flood-gate has an opening 2 meters high by 7 meters long (except that a few are of half this size). The pressure on the lowest gates is 300 tons, and in spite of the enormous pressure the gates are opened and closed by machinery which works with perfect smoothness and ease.



Window Gardens for Summer.

A writer in *The Sun* remarking that Babylon had its hanging gardens and New York has its roof gardens, notes that Paris alone has always boasted a wealth of window gardens. Americans who visit the French capital never fail to comment upon the artistic beauty of the streets and dwellings. Beside the gay thoroughfares of Paris our city streets and houses seem bare, cold and repellent. One reason for this distinctive effect is that Paris architects, as well as the Parisians themselves, appreciate the fact that the windows of a dwelling are like eyes in which one may read the feelings of those who dwell within. Every Paris house of importance has its balconies, great, small and abundant. Other residences have their windows finished with little grilles suggesting balconies. And in all these little balconies and window railings gardens are cultivated through the spring and summer time that are charming and picturesque additions to the houses, to the streets and the general effect of the city. One carries away from Paris memories of these bright spots of color and of verdure that meet the eye everywhere, even in the poorer quarters, and then as one travels through this city and views the lace and satin-draped windows of our houses, so alike in their effect, he feels the chill of New York atmosphere that strangers sometimes find so unpleasant and that has won for New York the title of the loneliest city in the world.

But how is it in New York? The feeling for Nature and its floral beauties—save at festive occasions, and we may add at funerals—seems quite undeveloped. Even our dwelling exteriors give little hint of esthetic beauty. The great apartment houses and hotels have the chill formality of institutions in their lines, while the familiar stoop houses marshalled in rows need no comment on their aggressive ugliness. And then we see few or no balconies or windows filled with green and with flowers—no bright spot of color and verdure. This ought not to be and need not. The improvement that may be effected by the addition of window gardens is in evidence on Fifth avenue, where a business woman has taken a hint from Paris and has transformed a dingy old residence into a most inviting-looking place. Each one of the ten windows that open from the unprepossessing stone front has been provided with a box of glowing scarlet geraniums set among green vines that overflow the sides and trail their spirals down over the dingy stone. The effect is wonderfully pretty. Window boxes have fallen into disfavor in New York within recent years. They became unfashionable for the reason, perhaps, and a very silly one it is, that the dwellers in the tenement districts have always showed a tendency to convert their fire escapes into miniature conservatories. As for the red geranium, beautiful in its color and fragrance, it has become the flower of the tenements. But flowers have their days of fashionable preference and the geranium gave the first hint of its restoration to favor this spring when it appeared on hats. Whole hats were fashioned of geranium blooms in their natural rose hues. And as window gardens have come into fashion the geranium again takes its place in favor, for this is the window box flower above all others on account of its sturdy and lasting qualities.

Those who live in their town houses and apartments during the summer miss one of the artistic joys of life when they fail to cultivate gardens on the sill. Now, if any one is moved to introduce the window box, as it is to be hoped he may, let him, or more probably *her*, appropriate a few hints given by a florist. "Window boxes," he says, "are not as difficult to manage as palms, but they require considerable attention. They must be well watered, weeded constantly, dry leaves cut off and the blooming plants kept in good condition. Every one who is accustomed to deal with flowers knows that they have their own peculiarities, their stubbornness, their tendency to sudden bloom and their eccentricities.

"It is a fact that flowers will thrive under the care and attention of some people, while others will have no luck with flowers, as they express it, although they may be unremitting in their attention to the wants of the plants.

"Some women are natural florists and they are able to make flowers grow and bloom as though by magic. They make a study of their peculiarities and understand how to humor them as flowers have to be humored."

For the window box the geranium is, of course, the best flower, for the reason that it blooms so constantly and keeps in such good condition irrespective of climatic changes. Indeed, geraniums will stand almost anything. The geranium is a bit stiff in its lines, so there must be other plants about it. The sweet alyssum is graceful and pretty for this purpose. Heliotrope contrasts prettily and there are a quantity of these soft, low, growing plants that group most effectively about the geranium stalks. Some people like to crowd all sorts of flowers together, but the prettiest effect is obtained in a window garden with just green vines and abundant geranium bloom. When the effect of the exterior of a house is considered the boxes should be all alike as to color, the height of the flowers and the regularity of their bloom. The vines are necessary to grow over the edge of the box and give the graceful finish to the picture. Ivy is always desirable, and there are the variegated vines that lend themselves admirably to the scheme. Pretty as these window gardens are, and scanty as they are in New York, they are extremely inexpensive. This may be one of the reasons for the unpopularity they have had. But they are coming into fashion again and if people cultivated the idea our streets would look very much brighter and more attractive. But putting fashion aside—just have your own window box and secure for yourself a pleasure whether others will or not. In these matters the unfashionable often show fashion a path to beauty and enjoyment which it fails to divine for itself.



Notes.

Professor Davis, of Harvard University, has recently discussed the transformation of water waves as they run in toward shore lines of different forms, with especial reference to the refraction of waves on headlands and in bays, and to the formation of surf. Waves break as surf, he concludes, not so much on account of a retardation of the base of the waves by its friction on the bottom, as is often assumed, as on account of the absence of water in front of the advancing mass.



Prof. Hugo Seeliger, of Munich, remarks that the observed fact that "new stars" are nearly all situated in, or very close to, the Milky Way agrees with all that we know of the construction of the heavens. We may admit *à priori* that the frequency of the occurrence of new stars is directly proportional to the stellar density of the different regions, especially if this frequency results from collisions between cosmic masses, as there is good reason to believe. His calculations founded upon such hypotheses show that three-fourths of the new stars ought to appear in the neighborhood of the Milky Way and the observed situations of the fifteen new stars which have appeared during the past three centuries agree with the calculation.



Pearls may contract disease, according to M. S. Jourdain, a French investigator, who thus gives the sanction of science to the popular tales of "sick" pearls. Such diseases, says *Cosmos*, are "modifications that cause the gems to lose the qualities that give them their value. Some consist of a sort of disaggregation of the superficial layers that takes place slowly and ends by destroying the brilliancy and sheen of the pearl. It is possible to remedy this, for a time at least, by removing the altered layers either by a chemical process or by mechanical polishing. Other 'diseases' are due to prolonged or repeated contact of the pearl with the skin, whose acid secretions and sebaceous matters act injuriously. Others are caused by gaseous emanations, particularly by hydro-sulfuric acid."

The Christian Life

Ah, what a life is theirs who live in Christ;
How vast the mystery!
Reaching in height to heaven, and in its depth
The unfathomed sea!



Jesus' Word to the Discouraged and Overmeek.

By Frederick Lynch.

It is this, God values every human soul, no matter how humble, and needs it in His great plans and purposes. We may think God cares only for nations, or great people, or large movements. But Jesus, speaking to the humblest men of his day, said "God cares for each and every one of you. Your individual life is a burden on His heart. Not a sparrow falleth but He knows. How great, then, His love for one lowliest human soul—worth all the birds and flowers. He rejoices over one soul secured to Him as the shepherd over the lost sheep. There is sorrow in His heart over one life lost to Him. The Father wants every one of His children for His great, glad life. He needs every one of you for His kingdom.

This gospel of Jesus carried out to its real conclusion, this gospel that God needs every human soul, is a far-reaching gospel, and ought to make every heart leap with joy and swell with true dignity. For it is this, that God cannot spare one soul—one broken-hearted soul even—in His great work. This world is to be made His kingdom. Here are to be brought to pass paradise, peace, gladness and blessedness. Redemption is the end of God in human society. God cannot bring it about alone. He works through man. The achievement depends on the faithfulness of every man. The king must be faithful, but so must the peasant. The man of ten talents must be true, but so must the man of one. The preacher must preach His truth, but every lowliest man must live it. You see what I mean, the redemption of the world depends upon the faithfulness of all the sons of God, children, strong men and the aged—the least and the greatest. The little, insignificant wheel of the machine must be as true as the great engine. The humblest man must be as faithful as the greatest. Jesus says God has put every man at his post. The world cannot go on toward God's plan for it unless each man be true to his place. The little place must be filled as well as the greatest. Ye are the salt of the earth, ye humblest ones; but if the salt hath lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? You are the light of the world, but if you do not shine, how shall the little bit of the world about you, in your home or shop, be lighted? You are given a certain share in the redemption of the earth, but if you neglect your little part, how shall it be redeemed?

So this is Jesus' word of hope to the most despairing of us. We are not to fall out of the battle, for God's great sake, as well as our own. Be brave, be strong, never despair. You are still of infinite worth in your Father's eyes. He still needs you for His world. He cannot fulfil Himself if you drop by the way.

Bring Children to God.

By Sophie L. Schenck.

And when she had weaned him, she took him up with her, with three bullocks and one ephah of flour and a bottle of wine, and brought him unto the house of the Lord in Shiloh; and the child was young.—I Sam. 1, 24.

The Bible has much to say about children. Back in the days when the Jews were a young nation, our Maker commanded that they should teach the children about God and His ways and His government. One time He said about children: "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." He would have the places of honor in His kingdom go down from parents to children. We can all remember how often our Saviour spoke of children, charging us to become like little children, in purity and faith, and once our Lord said, when mothers were doing something very like Samuel's mother did, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Little children were brought unto Him that He should put His hands on them and pray. Samuel's mother brought him to the house of the Lord, to lend him to the Lord, and, as a consequence, Samuel, while yet young, learned to know God and was His beloved child. Beautiful is home where little children, merry in their infantile sports, love to stop and inquire about God, and where parents take pains to instruct them and to lend them to the Lord early by taking them to His holy temple.



Christian Conversation Corner.

By Mary Elizabeth Sweetser.

We have talked before of the joys of heaven, but it seems unsatisfactory to leave the subject without considering the pleasures of its occupations. This seems more important, as we shall be the same persons in the future world as on this earth, and may now enjoy to a degree the heavenly employments. Indeed, if we now find no pleasure in the kind of employment engaged in there, shall we be likely to enjoy it then?

Do we not believe in God's word of two occupations in which the inhabitants of heaven will be engaged—praise and service? These spring from gratitude and love, and belong to the enduring spirit, not the perishable body. Are we cultivating these virtues?

Whether or not we now have voices with which to give thanks in song, or fingers skilled to sound God's praises upon "stringed instruments" or "organs," there no physical disability will hinder our souls from expressing their rapturous, grateful gladness upon the "harps of God" as we join in the "new song" of those whom "the lamb has redeemed to God by his blood."

If now our spirits are "willing" and we long to do more for God than these "weak," easily wearied hands and feet and brains will permit, is it not blessed to look forward to the state in which we shall be free from bodily limitations?

Here we sometimes hesitate as to the best way to work for God and wait for the guidance of the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer, but there, when "His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face," may we not expect to readily and surely know His will and how to perform it?

Let us realize more and more that "here we have no continuing city" and seek to fit ourselves for the "one to come."

The Home Life

Invitation.

By M. A. Maitland.

The meadows and the brooks are calling "Come!"
In wordless ways, by green blades beckoning,
And flower-lips, parted by the wild bee's wing,
And plashing wavelets, long so still and dumb,
That lure the children's white feet to their foam,
While breezes redolent of wood and hill,
Or strong-breath'd sea, ambrosial odors spill
To woo us from the cloistered bowers of home.

O, blest is he who, hearing, can obey,
And stop his irksome shuttle for a while;
But blessed even more, methinks, are they
Who, hearing, yet are happy as they toil,
Content, cognizant of God's come, to go,
Content to tarry should He will it so!



Heroism of the Past: June 17th.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattl'd farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

—Emerson.

It is true the above lines refer to the brief battle of Lexington, when our minute-men, seven in number, fell. But it soon led up to the conflict of the 17th of June, of historical and ever-abiding importance.

Some one once remarked in our hearing that the 17th of June was a day chiefly made much of and celebrated by Boston or Massachusetts people. But where, we would beg to inquire, do we find Boston, Massachusetts or New England people to-day? Is there a State in the Union that hath them not? Is there scarcely a schoolful of children in all the broad land wherein some of the pupils have not heard of "The midnight ride of Paul Revere"? We feel to-day a kind of amused compassion for the gallant Pitcairn, who cried so valiantly, "Disperse, ye rebels!" He knew not the kind of rebel he faced. And on crying, "Lay down your arms!" he had no suspicion of what was to ensue before ever those arms should be laid down. The military stores at Concord were but a tiny representation of what the minute-men and the men of the country meant to defend. The short, simple details of what took place at Lexington and Concord, and only about two months later at Bunker Hill, are known to every intelligent school-child in the land, and there are doubtless some descendants of the patriots of those days, as has been said before, in every part of the country. The record, like history, repeats itself wherever and whenever Americans enlist in the conflict of war. Patriotism, valor and generalship spring to the fore, and we have an innate sense of conviction that with us the right must and will prevail. And although the actual celebration of the Lexington anniversary, and of June 17th, may be local, yet there is not the slightest danger that any of the details incident to those first shots will ever fail to be recorded in history, or to find lodgment in the brains of our children.

There is a great and mighty lesson for us all in considering the significance of the brief struggle that took place at Lexington, leading up to the more important battle of

Bunker Hill. For, although there was not complete victory for our arms on June 17, 1775, it yet was a decisive day for us, because the spirit of the colonists, the invincible, unconquerable Americanism that manifested itself on that day and on that battlefield was never to be quenched, never to be completely vanquished.

Seven martyrs to the sacred cause of freedom fell at Lexington, and on June 17th the record was 145 killed or missing and 304 wounded on our side, with 226 killed and 828 wounded among the British. It was only a natural and expected sequence that the small beginning should lead up to the more extended and protracted warfare. And the end came only with decided victory, when the death of the first seven martyrs was avenged. Yet it was not in a spirit of vengeance that our great strike for liberty was made. Preeminently, it was for justice and right.

And for the mighty lesson of Lexington? The small conflict led very soon to the larger one. Only the first active resistance through force of arms was begun on that April day, but Bunker Hill brought a sterner experience.

There are evils in our midst to-day that need to be met with the old resistance of the spirit of '75. It makes but small difference that these evils are internal; they are clutching at the interests of the nation, and we are not so impervious to evil that these interests may not be lamentably impaired through indifference and lack of faithfulness on the part of those calling themselves stanch patriots. These enemies are active and aggressive and lurk in more than one perfectly apparent quarter. The minute-man of the past has disappeared, but there are those who are set for the defense of this fair land—self-constituted watchers they are—who do not like the outlook in many directions. The dreadful evil of the saloon has become almost a national evil. And what is becoming of our Christian Sunday? How much farther is Mormonism, with its continued plurality of wives, to extend itself, and into how many more States is it to be permitted, not to creep, but to stalk?

We are always optimistic in viewing the future of America. Founded as it was on principles of religion and stanch morality, we cannot believe that it will ever be given over to the will of her enemies, but will eventually triumph over whatever wrong may strike at her loyal heart. But there is more than one serious menace threatening her. Is it wise to wait until a "war is on" before using effective measures for meeting and subduing these bold-faced foes?

It seems indeed like one crying in the wilderness thus to put forth a plea for renewed or greater faithfulness and watchfulness on the part of Christian patriots. But it is said, and no doubt said with truth, that indifference on voting days among the better, more intelligent, part of the community is a chief reason why vice and wrong continually gain the ascendancy in important matters and decisions. If the minute-men of Lexington and the patriots of Bunker Hill could sound a note of warning in our ears in this June of 1902 would they not call in clarion tones: "Wake up! Wake and arise! Do not force yourselves to fight over again the battles of the past! Do not cry for a little more sleep and a little more folding of the hands in criminal apathy until the foe is upon you and must be desperately fought in order to be vanquished!"

We earnestly wish that teachers, preachers and all in authority would not only think upon these things, but would so teach, preach and govern, that these enemies would be routed by the same spirit of stern resistance that manifested itself on the memorable day in June, 1775.

The Children.

The Secret.

Ted's stint seem—oh, so very hard!
 He wondered if he could,
 Before 'twas time for supper,
 Wheel in his pile of wood.
 But soon as he stopped dreading it,
 With coat thrown off, you see,
 He didn't find it half so hard
 As he thought 'twas going to be!
 I heard him tell the reason,
 His eyes just danced with fun,
 "Soon's your mind's made up to do a thing,
 The hardest part is done!"

—Ex.

✠✠ A "Children's Day" Party.

By Ernest Gilmore.

Miss Stevens, who taught the infant class in Clermont Chapel, gave a "Children's Day" party. It came about in this way: The "Flower Committee" were going to decorate the chapel Saturday evening and Miss Stevens thought there might be a rehearsal.

"I'll have the children come to my house to rehearse," she said, after thinking over the matter.

"You can come at 6.30 and stay until 8," she told the children, who were delighted at the proposition. They thought it would be a party—a "Children's Day" party.

Miss Stevens smiled as she heard the little ones discuss the matter, but she made no promises. The infant class was composed of children of various grades. Most of them belonged to the well-to-do class, a few had wealthy parents, several were poor and two knew—by sorrowful experience—what the pangs of hunger were. Miss Stevens overheard the latter whispering about the rehearsal.

"I'm going to the 'hearsal," said one.

"Oh, I guess Miss Stevens 'll have chicken to eat, don't you?"

"Maybe so," the other answered; "she did on Easter or the day before—when we were here—don't you remember?"

"Yes, I 'member, and maybe she'll have eggs to eat—nice, fresh-boiled ones. She had 'em at the Easter party."

"Won't that be jolly? Oh, dear!"

"I must have something for them," the kind and generous teacher said to herself. "I am sure these two little tots do not get many good things at home.

There had been a rehearsal at her home the Saturday afternoon previous to Easter. At that time she had treated the children to chicken sandwiches and colored eggs and had presented each one with a carnation.

Soon after Easter, having taken a trip to the city; she had purchased a quantity of Easter novelties—"left-overs"—thinking that they would come in good for the children at some future time. This "time" seemed to be the present.

When the Saturday evening previous to "Children's Day" arrived, every child was on hand at 6.30, the two very poor children a quarter of an hour earlier. There was an eager light in their eyes, but their faces were pale and thin. They looked around wistfully. Miss Stevens knew why.

"Have you had your supper?" she questioned gently.

"No, ma'am," one of them replied; "we didn't have supper at our house to-night."

"Neither did we," said the other, trembling a little; "we're going to have three meals a day when pa gets work—he said so," a faint smile flashing over her face and then dying away.

"Suppose you have supper here," Miss Stevens suggested, with a reassuring smile. "Come with me."

She led them into the kitchen, where Ann, the cook, and Rachel, the maid, were eating supper on a little, round table, neatly spread and well supplied with appetizing food.

"Here are some guests," she said in her genial way; "have you room for them?"

Miss Stevens was as kind and loving a mistress as she was a teacher; consequently the servants were always ready to do her bidding. They both arose and, putting a couple of chairs to the table, welcomed the children. The "chicken and fresh-boiled eggs" which they had talked of were not there, but they did not even think of these things in their enjoyment of the spread before them. Poor little girls! They were not accustomed to the good things of life. When the repast was over the world seemed to have changed for them. By the time they were through eating the other children had come and they joined them. Then the rehearsal began, and, after it was over—which was about 7.15—Miss Stevens said, laughingly:

"Now, we'll have a little 'Children's Day' party, lasting until 8 o'clock."

Unless you had been there to see you would hardly have thought so much joy could have been experienced in half an hour. Ice cream and sponge cake were passed, after which the novelties which I have told you about were in evidence. These were received with shouts of delight, as you can well imagine. There were tiny carts and chariots with quaint drivers, small wagons to which rabbits were hitched, pigeons, ducks, birds, rabbits and chickens. Each child was presented with two, and then Miss Stevens made a speech, which was quite short and very sweet.

"I wish all the dear children might be happy to-morrow," she said, "for that is 'Children's Day.' I feel quite sure that all of you will have a happy day. You will be taking part with the birds and flowers in the beautiful service. You will be singing and smiling. But there are other children in town who will know nothing about the glad day unless you tell them about it. Now, I have given each of you two pretty gifts—one for yourself and the other for one of God's little sorrowful and lonely children. Pass along the extra gift 'for Jesus' sake,' and God bless you all!"

The air was sweet with the breath of June roses, the birds were singing and children were flitting about here and there early in the morning of "Children's Day." The latter were "passing on" their gifts. Ah, the angels must have smiled over the sweet scenes that glad day. Some of the children passed on the *two* gifts, adding, perhaps, a bunch of fragrant flowers or some fresh strawberries or a dainty lunch. Even the poorer children passed on their extra gifts to some little "shut-in" friends, and, with the gifts—went *all they had to give*—heartly smiles and cheery words.

It was the most jubilant "Children's Day" Clermont had ever known. Somewhere beyond the blue, God saw the little pale faces flush and become radiant, and was glad.



When Daisies Blow.

By Ella M. Truesdell.

When daisies blow, the world is fair,
The grasses all their gold-white share,
While roses blush pink here and there,
When daisies blow!

When daisies blow, the children twine
Wild butter-cups which near them shine,
And mountain pinks which nod in line,
When daisies blow!

When daisies blow, above them stand
Red meadow-lilies at each hand,
With freckles brown and sun's gold spanned,
When daisies blow!

When daisies blow, the summer bides,
In shadow e'en some flower hides;
Joy's echo ringeth on all sides,
When daisies blow!

When daisies blow, ah! Heaven seems near,
Each white gold-face doth upward peer;
God's love all tells, for June is here,
When daisies blow!



OUR POST-OFFICE.

A LITTLE BROWN VISITOR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 20, 1902.

Dear Grandma—Your children call you so. May I, even if "I am only a little sparrow, a bird of low degree?" I want to whisper to you, grandma. Do you know Kittith? Why, it is in her tree I live and it was her kitty who took care of me when I fell from the tree. She throws bread-crumbs out to me, too. Now, isn't it funny, but my mother told me not to trust cats? They love us; but only to eat, and we don't want to be *et!* When we came from the South, I settled in this tree; because a man goes by every day calling "Bage;" then he tosses buckets of bread-crumbs and lettuce leaves and lots of things to a man in a wagon, and he throws it in the wagon, then tosses the bucket back again, but he drops a great deal. And we love those things. It makes it very convenient for us in winter. Then you ought to see the scrambling and fighting we have to get a share of these droppings. There will be twenty-four or twenty-five of us all screeching, pushing and squeezing, just as the people do on the Bridge. And of course the stronger one gets the prize and flies off triumphant.

But the trouble is there are so many cats in this street, always watching us. I found a long piece of tape, and intended to tie my nest fast, but I dropped it on a lower branch of the tree. Well, I worked so hard, but could not get it loose, and was frightened, because I saw an old cat watching me. Still there are many things to consider about this street. It is all open plumbing for the reason that every day some one of the stoops and sidewalks are washed, which leaves us a number of bathtubs, big and little, all over the sidewalk, and don't you see, grandma, we can get our bath every day. Who could ask more open plumbing? Now, grandma, if you were I what would you do? Look for another tree? And among all your children couldn't some of them advise me? Oh, I wonder if they would, 'cause I'm so little? Will you ask them, grandma, and tell them I am just only a little sparrow?

P.S.—Oh! the 'bageman is coming. I must fly to fight for my share. We all have to work hard. Don't we, grandma?

Are you a little song sparrow, I wonder? If so, you will treat us to many a pleasant song if you come on my chair. But you are welcome, even if you do not sing, as some of your family do. Grandma is very partial to the sparrow, and you know your name is mentioned several times in the Bible—so, if you are small, and not so handsome as some birds, you know you are not overlooked, and are taken care of by the wisest and best person that ever lived. I know who "Kittith" is, and I am glad your home is in her tree. I think you are safer there than anywhere else, as she is your

friend, so I should not think of moving. Just keep a sharp lookout for the cats, and your wings will carry you out of their reach, if they do get too close.

WHO WAKES MYRTLE.

May 20, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I am a little girl 10 years old. I have a bird and he sings lovely. He wakes me up every morning early. I live in St. Paul. It is a big city. Have you ever been here? My Grandma Price lives in Duluth. I go to school every day. I hope you will print this letter.

Your grandchild,
MYRTLE PRICE.

Yes, I've been to St. Paul and to Duluth, too. So, you see, I have been pretty near you and grandma. Who knows but I saw you both? I saw some very nice little girls and some dear old ladies, anyway. You'll get to be an early riser if you keep birdie in the room with you. No fear of your getting a late mark at school with him around.

HER FAVORITE.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

NEW YORK CITY, May 30, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I am going to spend my vacation at Bayonne, N. J. Have you ever been there? It is right on the Kill Von Kull and is sometimes called Bergen Point. The Kill Von Kull is a very nice river, but the beautiful Hudson is my favorite. I have a riddle for your clever grandchildren: "If a goat swallowed a rabbit, what would you call the rabbit?" I have a lovely little fox-terrier named Jack, and a canary.

Your loving grandchild,
BLANCHE JOHNSON.

I have been in the neighborhood of Bayonne; it is very pleasant. It is pretty where you live, too. I think you must be able to get a glimpse of the Hudson from there. And can't you get a view of the Sound, also? Washington Heights was a great vantage point for reconnoiter in Revolutionary times, you know. I believe I could guess the answer to your riddle, but I will leave it for some of my grandchildren to tell you.



A Tempting Morsel.

ARCHIBALD'S HORSE.

PORT HURON, Mich., May 29, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I am a little boy and would like to be your grandchild. My auntie is writing this for me, as I can't write well enough yet. I enjoy coming around your chair, and I hope you will enjoy having me by your side. I have a great, big dog and sometimes I harness him to my buckboard and he rides me all around. Don't you think he is a good doggie? Auntie says she is going to take me to Detroit this summer, if I am a good boy. I would like to see you, grandma. Couldn't you come out here? I guess I've talked about enough for this time, so good-bye. I am your loving grandson.

ARCHIBALD E. STETSON.

Indeed I will enjoy having you by my side, and I wish I could have a picture of you and your good horse, and the buckboard, too, to print with this letter. Maybe you will want to send me one sometime. I would like to come out to Port Huron very much. I passed it once on a steamer; it looked very attractive with its brilliant electric lights reflecting in the water, and I would be pleased to get a nearer view of it and to see you. I am sure you will get to Detroit if it depends on your behavior. You will like that city, I think. Please say "thank you" to auntie for grandma.



THE CRUISE of The CACHALOT

By Frank T. Bullen
First Mate



CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued).

PORT PEGASUS.

All these things, so tedious in the telling, flashed through my mind, while, with my eyes glued to the huge bulk of my antagonist or the hissing vortices above him when he settled, I maneuvered my pretty craft with all the skill I could summon. For what seemed a period of about twenty minutes we dodged him as he made the ugliest rushes at us. I had not yet changed ends with Samuela, as customary, for I felt it imperative to keep the helm while this game was being played. My trusty Kanaka, however, had a lance ready, and I knew, if he only got the ghost of a chance, no man living would or could make better use of it.

The whole affair was growing monotonous as well as extremely wearying. Perhaps I was a little off my guard; at any rate, my heart almost leaped into my mouth when just after an ugly rush past us, which I thought had carried him to a safe distance, he stopped dead, lifted his flukes, and brought them down edgeways with a vicious sweep that only just missed the boat's gunwale, and shore off the two oars on that side as if they had been carrots. This serious disablement would certainly have led to disaster but for Samuela. Prompt and vigorous, he seized the opportune moment when the whale's side was presented just after the blow, sending his lance quivering home all its length into the most vital part of the leviathan's anatomy. Turning his happy face to me, he shouted exultingly, "How's dat fer high?"—a bit of slang he had picked up, and his use of which never failed to make me smile. "High" it was indeed—a master-stroke. It must have pierced the creature's heart, for he immediately began to spout blood in masses, and without another wound went into his flurry and died.

Then came the reaction. I must have exerted myself beyond what I had any idea of, for to Samuela I was obliged to delegate the task of fluke-boring, while I rested a little. The ship was soon alongside, though, and the whale secured. There was more yet to be done before we could rest, in spite of our fatigue. The other boats had been so successful that they had got two big fish, and what we were to do with them was a problem not easily solvable. By dint of great exertion we managed to get another whale alongside, but were fain to come to some arrangement with the *Eliza Adams*, one of the ships that had been unsuccessful, to take over our other whale on an agreement to render us one-third of the product either in Port William or at home, if she should not find us in the former place.

Behold us, then, in the gathering dusk with a whale on either side, every stitch of canvas we could show set and drawing, straining every nerve to get into the little port again, with the pleasant thought that we were bringing with us all that was needed to complete our well-earned cargo. Nobody wanted to go below; all hands felt that it was rest enough to hang over the rail on either side and watch the black masses as they surged through the gleaming sea. They represented so much to us. Very little was said, but all hearts were filled with a deep content, a sense of a long season of toil fitly crowned with complete success; nor was any depression felt at the long, long stretch of stormy ocean between us and our home port far away in the United States. That would doubtless come by-and-by, when within less than a thousand miles of New Bedford; but at present all sense of distance from home was lost in the overmastering thought that soon it would be our only business to get there as quickly as possible, without any avoidable loitering on the road.

We made an amazing disturbance in the darkness of the sea with our double burden, so much so that one of the coasting steamers changed her course a bit to range up by our side in curiosity. We were scarcely going two and a half knots, in spite of the row we made, and there was hardly room for wonder at the steamboat captain's hail, "Want any assistance?" "No, thank you," was promptly returned, although there was little doubt that all hands would have subscribed toward a tow into port, in case

the treacherous weather should, after all, play us a dirty trick. But it looked as if our troubles were over. No hitch occurred in our steady progress, slow though it necessarily was, and as morning lifted the heavy veil from the face of the land, we arrived at our pretty little haven and quietly came to an anchor. The *Chance* was in port wind-bound, looking, like ourselves, pretty low in the water. No sooner did Paddy hear the news of our arrival in such fine trim than he lowered his boat and hurried on board of us, his face beaming with delight. Long and loud were his congratulations, especially when he heard that we should now be full. Moreover, he offered—nor would he take any denial—to come with the whole of his crew and help us finish.

For the next four days and nights, during which the wind prevented the *Chance* from leaving us, our old ship was a scene of wild revelry, that ceased not through the twenty-four hours—revelry entirely unassisted by strong waters, too, the natural ebullient gaiety of men who were free from anxiety on any account whatever, rejoicing over the glad consummation of more than two years' toil, on the one hand; on the other, a splendid sympathy in joy manifested by the satisfied crew under the genial command of Captain Gilroy. With their cheerful help we made wonderful progress; and when at last the wind hauled into a favorable quarter and they were compelled to leave us, the back of our work was broken, only the tedious task of boiling being left to finish.

Never, I am sure, did two ships' companies part with more hearty good-will than ours. As the ungainly old tub surged slowly out of the little harbor, her worn-out and generally used-up appearance would have given a Board of Trade inspector the nightmare; the piratical looks of her crowd were enough to frighten a shipload of passengers into fits; but to us who had seen their performances in all weathers and under all circumstances accidental externals had no weight in biasing our high opinion of them all. Good-bye, old ship; farewell, jolly captain and sturdy crew; you will never be forgotten any more by us while life lasts, and in far other and more conventional scenes we shall regretfully remember the free-and-easy time we shared with you. So she slipped away round the point and out of our lives forever.

By dint of steady hard work we managed to get the last of our greasy work done in four days more, then faced with a will the job of stowing afresh the upper tiers of casks, in view of our long journey home. The oil bought by the skipper on private venture was left on deck, secured to the lash-rail, for discharging at the Bluff, while our stock of water casks were carefully overhauled and reentered prior to being stowed in their places below. Of course, we had plenty of room in the hold, since no ship would carry herself full of casks of oil; but I doubt whether, if we had borne a "Plimsoll's mark," it would not have been totally submerged, so deep did we lie. Wooding and watering came next—a different affair to our casual exercises in those directions before. Provision had to be made now for a possible four or five months' passage, during which we hoped to avoid any further calls, so that the accumulation of firewood alone was no small matter. We cleared the surrounding neighborhood of potatoes at a good price, those useful tubers being all they could supply us with for sea-stock, much to their sorrow.

Then came the most unpleasant part of the whole business—for me. It had been a part of the agreement made with the Kanakas that they were not to be taken home with us, but returned to their island upon the termination of the whaling. Now, the time had arrived when we were to part and I must confess that I felt very sorry to leave them. They had proved docile, useful and cheerful; while as for my harpooner and his mate, Polly, no man could have wished for smarter, better or more faithful helpers than they were. Strong as their desire was to return to their homes, they, too, felt keenly the parting with us; for although they had unavoidably suffered much from the inclemency of the weather—so different from anything they had ever previously experienced—they had been kindly treated, and had moved on precisely the

same footing as the rest of the crew. They wept like little children when the time arrived for them to leave us, declaring that if ever we came to their island again they would use all their endeavors to compel us to remain, assuring us that we should want for nothing during the rest of our lives, if we would but take up our abode with them. The one exception to all this cordiality was Sam. His ideas were running in quite other channels. To regain his lost status as ruler of the island, with all the opportunities for indulging his animal propensities which such a position gave him, was the problem he had set himself, and to the realization of these wishes he had determinedly bent all his efforts.

Thus he firmly declined the offer of a passage back in the *Eliza Adams*, which our captain secured for all the Kanakas; preferring to be landed at the Bluff, with the goodly sum of money to which he was entitled, saying that he had important business to transact in Sydney before he returned. This business, he privately informed me, was the procuring of arms and ammunition wherewith to make war upon his rival. Of course we could not prevent him, although it did seem an abominable thing to let loose the spirit of slaughter among those light-hearted natives just to satisfy the ambition of an unscrupulous negro. But, as I have before noticed, from information received many years after, I learned that he had been successful in his efforts, though at what cost to life I do not know.

So our dusky friends left us, with a good word from every one, and went on board the *Eliza Adams*, whose captain promised to land them at Futuna within six months. How he carried out his promise, I do not know; but, for the poor fellows' sakes, I trust he kept his word.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TO THE BLUFF, AND HOME.

And now the cruise of the good old whaling bark *Cachalot*, as far as whaling is concerned, comes to an end. For all practical purposes she now becomes a humdrum merchantman in haste to reach her final port of discharge, and get rid of her cargo. No more will she loiter and pry around anything and everything, from an island to a balk of driftwood, that comes in her way, knowing not the meaning of "waste of time." The "crow's-nests" are dismantled, taunt topgallant-masts sent up, and royal yards crossed. As soon as we get to sea we shall turn-to and heave that ancient fabric of bricks and mortar—always a queer-looking erection to be cumbering a ship's deck—piecemeal over the side. It has long been shaky and weather-beaten; it will soon obstruct our movements no more. Our rigging has all been set up and tarred down; we have painted hull and spars, and scraped wherever the woodwork is kept bright. All gear belonging to whaling has been taken out of the boats, carefully cleaned, oiled, and stowed away for a "full due." Two of the boats have been taken inboard, and stowed bottom-up upon the gallows aft, as any other merchantmen carries them.

At last, our multifarious preparations completed, we ride ready for sea.

It was quite in accordance with the fitness of things that when all things were now ready for our departure, there should come a change of wind that threatened to hold us prisoners for some days longer. But our "old man" was hard to beat, and he reckoned that, if we could only get out of the "pond," he would work her across to the Bluff somehow or other. So we ran out a kedge with a couple of lines to it, and warped her out of the weather side of the harbor, finding, when at last we got her clear, that she would lay her course across the Straits to clear Ruapukè,—nearly; but the current had to be reckoned with. Before we reached that obstructing island we were down at the eastern end of it, and obliged to anchor promptly to save ourselves from being swept down the coast many miles to leeward of our port.

But the skipper was quite equal to the occasion. Ordering his boat, he sped away into Bluff harbor, only a matter of six or seven miles, returning soon with a tug, who for a pound or two placed us, without further trouble, alongside the wharf, among some magnificent clipper ships of Messrs. Henderson's and the New Zealand Shipping Company's, who seemed to turn up their splendid noses at the squat, dumpy, antiquated old serving-mallet that dared to mingle with so august a crowd. There had been a time, not so very far back, when I should have shared their apparent contempt for our homely old tub; but my voyage had taught me, among other things, that, as far as true comfort went at sea, not a "three-skysail yarder" among them could compare with the *Cachalot*. And I was extremely glad that my passage round the Horn was to be in my own ship, and not in a long, snaky tank that, in the language of the sailor, takes a header when she gets outside the harbor, and only comes up two or three times to blow before she gets home.

Our only reason for visiting this place being to discharge Captain Count's oil, and procure a sea-stock of salt provisions and hard bread, those duties were taken in hand at once. The skipper sold his venture of oil to good advantage, being so pleased with his success that he gave us all a good feed on the strength of it.

As soon as the stores were embarked and everything ready for sea, leave was given to all hands for twenty-four hours, upon the distinct understanding that the privilege was not to be abused, to the detriment of everybody, who, as might be supposed, were anxious to start for home. In order that there might be less temptation to go on the spree generally, a grand picnic was organized to a beautiful valley some distance from the town. Carriages were chartered, an enormous quantity of eatables and drinkables provided, and away we went, a regular wayzgoose or bean-feast party. It was such a huge success that I have ever since wondered why such outings cannot become usual among sailors on liberty abroad, instead of the senseless, vicious waste of health, time and hard-earned wages which is general. But I must not let myself loose upon this

theme again, or we shall never get to sea.

Liberty over without any trouble arising, and all hands comfortably on board again, the news ran round that we were to sail in the morning. So, after a good night's rest, we cast loose from the wharf, and, with a little assistance from the same useful tug that brought us in, got us fairly out to sea. All sail was set to a strong, steady north-wester, and with yards canted the least bit in the world on the port tack, so that every stitch was drawing, we began our long easterly stretch to the Horn, homeward bound at last.

Favored by wind and weather, we made an average run of one hundred and eighty miles per day for many days, paying no attention to "great circle sailing," since in such a slow ship the net gain to be secured by going to a high latitude was very small, but dodging comfortably along on about the parallel of 48 degrees S., until it became necessary to draw toward "Cape Stiff," as that dreaded extremity of South America, Cape Horn, is familiarly called by seamen. As we did so, icebergs became numerous, at one time over seventy being in sight at once. Some of them were of immense size—one, indeed, that could hardly be fitly described as an iceberg, but more properly an ice-field, with many bergs rising out of it, being over

(Continued on page 919.)

BODY HEAT

Reduced 20 Degrees in Summer.

Never eat heavy, carbonaceous foods for the morning meal, for these foods should follow and not precede hard work.

The best morning foundation is Grape-Nuts and cream, a little fruit, a cup of Postum Food Coffee and possibly a couple of eggs prepared to suit the taste—this breakfast is sufficient to satisfy the hardest worker, either of brain or muscle, until the noonday meal.

Particularly is this true at the present season of the year, when meat and other fatty foods increase the internal heat of the body and make the summer day still more disagreeable.

Grape-Nuts come to you from the grocer ready to serve, having been fully cooked at the factory by food experts, and this saving in time and exertion is appreciated by the housewife as well as the economy, for, being a concentrated food, four teaspoonfuls are sufficient for the cereal part of a meal for one person and cost only one cent.

A booklet of excellent recipes is found in each package of Grape-Nuts, from which many easy and delicious warm-weather dishes can be made for luncheon and supper that are not only nutritious, but pleasing to the palate.

A trial of the above selection of food for ten days will prove to any one that health and vigor, an active mind and a keen enjoyment of the pleasures of summer will take the place of poor digestion, a dull brain and that heavy, draggy feeling caused by improper food during the hot weather.

The Housekeeper.

Practical Housekeeping.

By Rachel Rogers.

Many articles have appeared in the various home journals concerning housekeepers and the management of domestic affairs. It is quite evident to those who are initiated, from the tone of some of these articles; that the writer has no intimate acquaintance with her own kitchen, neither has she an adequate idea of the numberless demands on a housekeeper's time and patience.

In an article which I recently read the housewife was supposed to do her own work, being at the same time laundress, cook, seamstress and general manager as well, and yet have ample leisure to rest, read and keep herself well in touch with the topics of the day, besides being prepared for the thousand and one things that happen unexpectedly in the most orderly of lives. Such a statement is simply absurd. Why, it would be an utter impossibility to live such a life, unless, indeed, one required no hours for sleep. There is not time in all the twenty-four hours to accomplish the work which some of the writers have planned, even for an exceptionally small family.

There is no poetry in housework; on the contrary, it is hard, unadulterated prose. Theoretical housekeeping may be very well until one attempts to put her theories into practice, when many discrepancies will appear. A person may be very enthusiastic over the work and accomplish unheard-of miracles for a short time; but it is the daily routine of drudgery, unenlivened by change, the regularity and promptness of three meals to be prepared three hundred and sixty-five days in every year, together with the ever-recurring problem of what to provide in the way of food changes, that vex one's soul and send so many women, worn and prematurely aged, to fill our asylums and sanitariums. The ceaseless monotony of environment is the cause of many of these physical wrecks.

I read recently that even animals were better for frequent changes of scene; that horses often became dull and jaded when constantly driven over the same roads, whereas when driven in an unaccustomed direction they evinced more life and spirit. Does not this apply to the human animal as well?

My idea of housekeeping is that the work should be so arranged and systematized that the best possible results can be accomplished with a minimum of time and strength. It is not necessary to say that there should be a time for different branches of work and that everything should be kept in its proper place. Then each member of the family should have his or her especial duties, however trivial they may be, which should be performed promptly, thereby requiring no personal supervision, and relieving the mother from much care. Methodical labor becomes after a time almost mechanical. Anything that tends to lighten laborious work

should be sought after, thus leaving one time for recreation and self-improvement. Life means more to us than the mere eating and sleeping, and one must broaden one's horizon if for no other reason than to keep pace with the growing intellects and modern education of one's children.

There are many ways of labor-saving, some of which are eminently practicable. For a single instance, the kitchen range has capacities which are not generally known or utilized. In a family of my acquaintance the oven is not only used for baking or roasting meat, but for boiling as well. Confined in a closely covered vessel, the steam is condensed, thereby saving the evaporation of the meat juices, which renders it more tender and far more palatable. All malodorous vegetables, such as cabbage, onions and turnips, are cooked in the oven in like manner. Indeed, they often appear on the table to the surprise of the family, who had not been notified in advance by escaping odors. Care must be taken, however, when these vegetables are removed from the oven, to open doors and windows until the water in which they are boiled is removed. Then ground cloves sifted on a warm (not hot) stove destroy every lingering trace, if such there be, and render the air fragrant, as if from carnations.

One need not spend long hours over a stove in a heated kitchen if the oven is utilized in this manner. But one must make the experiment for one's self to be thoroughly convinced of its efficacy.

A word to the wise is sufficient.



Mandy's Woman's Club.

By Nixon Waterman.

Since Mandy joined the Woman's Club, land sakes, how she has changed! And everything about the house has all been rearranged. And all that Mandy says and does now means a whole lot more Than simple commonplace affairs have ever meant before.

She talks of science, politics, of chemistry and art;
Each ology and ism, O, she has 'em all by heart;
For lecturers on every theme address her club, you see,
And straightway Mandy hurries home to try their talk on me.

Yes, Mandy's taught me how to breathe;
I never knew before,
Although I've tried it day and night for forty years and more:
And now she's learning how to think, and says that maybe I
Could sometime learn to do as much if I would only try.

She's also learning how to eat, and what and when and where;
Our foods are tried and tested, weighed and measured out with care.
It frightens me to think that once we ate just common stuff,
Yes, ate it and kept eating till we thought we had enough.

And Mandy says that harmony is what the spirit craves—
Health, beauty, wisdom, all are brought on vibratory waves.
When these are as they ought to be, the cares of life are gone,
And all a mortal has to do is just live on and on.

It saddens my poor heart to know my great-grandparents died
When they were only ninety odd; it cannot be denied
That, if those poor old simple souls had found a way to get
The worlds of wisdom Mandy has, they'd all be living yet.

—*The Christian Endeavor World.*



All the world's a stage upon which each actor plays his part—after which he occupies a private box.

The mornings seem to be getting up earlier of late.

"A" should be dropped from the alphabet; it makes men mean.

WHY DON'T THEY GO?

A Way to Push off the "hang ons."

Perhaps some day you will wake up to the fact that coffee is quickly and surely doing the business for you. You wonder why the symptoms of disease, which grow more and more pronounced, do not disappear, but hang on in spite of all the medicines you can take.

Fixed organic disease may result if you keep up your present course, and yet it is an easy thing to give up coffee and get well. Have your cook make Postum Food Coffee strictly according to directions, and that is easy. Use enough of it and boil long enough to bring out the taste, then you will find that the famous food drink will satisfy your coffee taste and the old troubles gradually disappear.

There are hundreds of thousands of cases in America that prove the truth of this statement.

A gentleman from Columbus, Ga., says: "My wife had been an invalid for some time and did not seem to yield to any sort of medicines. She could not eat anything without distress, and naturally was badly run down in every way.

"Finally we concluded that perhaps it was the coffee that hurt her, so she quit it and went on to Postum; also began using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food. She immediately began to improve and kept gaining strength and health; now she can eat heartily of anything she wants—vegetables and anything else—without hurting her. She has gained nearly thirty pounds since she made the change.

"I saw such an improvement in her health that I decided to quit coffee myself, and you would be surprised to see the change. I have gained in flesh about twenty-five pounds, and have entirely lost the old, dull headaches that I used to have so much.

"Our two children are very fond of Postum. You can use my name if you like." T. M. Coggin, 1220 Tenth avenue, Columbus, Ga.

Christian Endeavor.

Sunday, June 22d.—Matt. xxiii, 1-11; Isa. lvii, 15.

Practical Humility.

By Lina Jeanette Walk.

"Humility, that low, sweet root
From which all heavenly graces shoot."

The teaching of a wise man declares that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." This warning ought to influence the Christian against fostering a boastful or vainglorious spirit, or of esteeming himself better or of more consequence than his neighbor. "Pride is not the heritage of man," says Sydney Smith; "humility should dwell with frailty and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection."

The greatest man who ever lived was the humblest. He thought no act, however menial, beneath Him, and by His example we should learn that true greatness has its home only in the heart of him who is ready to perform the lowliest service, whether in material or spiritual things. As a writer truly says, "it is a mark of nobleness to volunteer the lowliest service, the greatest spirit only attaining to humility. Nay, God is God because He is the servant of all."

Humility, however, as much as it is to be commended and praised theoretically, seems to be a "lost chord" when it comes to practice in the Christian life. We do not like to see others meeting with success and good fortune while we are left behind, and we are not content with filling a lower place if our neighbor is promoted to a higher one. Elevation, instead of humility, is our motto mostly, and in our own esteem we are worthy of much larger opportunities. Most of our crosses, in a worldly sense, spring from an overexalted idea of our own importance and a selfish consideration of the welfare of our friends. It is hard to cultivate the grace of humility as the Saviour exhibited it, but, notwithstanding, it is the basis of Christianity, for He Himself established it.

The reason, perhaps, why more Christians do not try to cultivate the grace of humility is that they have a wrong understanding of the word. They confound it with those objectionable terms, obsequious, servile and cringing, any of which characteristic the high-minded and honorable person would justly shun; but in reality these obnoxious phrases have no affinity whatever with the attribute so approved of by the Saviour; instead, humility is the essence of modesty and pure-mindedness. To get right down to the very root of its meaning we have only to consider that little flower, the violet, to find its complete revelation. We all admire this blossom, and although it cannot compare with many other flowers in point of beauty, its perfume pervades the atmosphere, and the humble, unassuming flower sends its sweet fragrance just the same from the lowliest and most obscure nook.

In the Sermon on the Mount we read

that Christ particularly blessed those who were "meek" and "poor in spirit." To these He gave the promise of the kingdom of heaven and the inheritance of the earth. What greater glory could He have bestowed upon any human being than this? And who would wish to persevere in pride and self-seeking in the presence of such grand possibilities? A high look and a proud heart are an offense to God; His eyes are upon the haughty, that He may bring them down. Let us be willing to be servants, then, if so the Lord wills, and freely yield the "chief seats" to others. Oh, may we all feel and rejoice with Faber, that—

"Thy home is with the humblest, Lord!

The simple are the best;

Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;

Thou makest there Thy rest."

VERY EMPHATIC

are the claims made concerning the remarkable results obtained from the use of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine for quick and complete cure of all stomach troubles, such as dyspepsia, indigestion, flatulence and catarrh of stomach, with only one small dose a day.

These positive claims are made by thousands who are cured, as well as by the compounders of this wonderful medicine. No statement can be too positive concerning what this great remedy has done and is now doing for sufferers.

A trial bottle is sent free and prepaid to any reader of THE CHRISTIAN WORK who writes to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine will cure any case of constipation, to stay cured. The most stubborn case will yield in less than a week, so the sufferer is free from all trouble and a perfect and permanent cure is well begun with only one small dose a day.

Every sufferer from catarrh, stomach troubles, constipation, torpid or congested liver and kidney troubles should write to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial bottle.

Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine is a specific for the cure of inflammation of bladder and prostate gland. A trial bottle is sent free and prepaid if you write for it.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

Now Being Tested with Wonderful Results in
Catarrh, Weak and Diseased Lungs.

Dr. M. Beaty, the Throat and Lung Specialist, of Cincinnati, has recently completed a series of trial treatments of his Antiseptic Medicated Air on 100 patients; some were Consumptives in the lowest emaciated stages, others of a Catarrh and Bronchial nature.

The record of each patient, kept by the doctor, was very interesting, as the treatment progressed, rapid improvement was noticed in each case; one of the most interesting features in connection with treatment was the great and rapid increase in weight of the patient, some of them gaining as much as 40 pounds of flesh in four weeks' time. In his account of it the doctor says: "No germ of Catarrh, Bronchitis, or Consumption can live under the action of this antiseptic. When breathed into the air passages, bronchial tubes and cells of the lungs it arrests the disease by destroying its cause. The doctor has decided to make another and more extended free offer of medicines for three months' treatment to others who are sufferers and desire a cure from these dreadful maladies."

Write the doctor at once, 369 W. 9th street, Cincinnati, O., and tell him the nature of your throat and lung trouble and how long the disease has had a hold on you.

While the weather is warm and settled the best results of this antiseptic treatment are quickly obtained.



In Your Room.

Wash delicate things—handkerchiefs, laces, dollies, etc. (things which one cannot send to the ordinary wash) in Pearlina's way, viz: Soak, rinse, squeeze—directions on each packet. Spread smoothly while wet, on a mirror or window pane. This is better—safer—than ironing. Grand advice for bachelors, maidens, boarders and hotel guests. Saves fabrics too delicate and valuable to risk to others' hands.

Pearline is Trustworthy.

A NEW INDUSTRY

(PULP FOR PAPER)

That will create enormous wealth.

NATIONAL FIBER & CELLULOSE CO.
OF CHICAGO,

owns and controls machinery, patents and processes for manufacturing all grades of paper, feed and by-products from the wasted corn stalks. This waste in the corn belt of the U. S. amounted to over 58 million tons in 1900. This enterprise will create more wealth than the utilization of the once wasted cotton seed. It will add \$3.00 per ton to all this waste corn field tonnage, giving millions to the farmer, furnishing new avenues of labor and new freight to railroads. Every pound of paper pulp is made from vegetable fiber. The timber for pulp in the U. S. is nearly exhausted. Paper manufacturers are now forced into Canada for their supply. Every paper mill in this country will use this pulp. Every city in this and foreign countries will use and deal in this feed. Manufacturers of celluloid, leather and rubber substitutes, insulating material, linoleum and pipe covering will be users of this cellulose.

Contracts for machinery for the first plants have been let with Torris Wold & Co., Chicago.

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One thousand three hundred feet above the sea the "Ontio" stands on the side of the Blue Mountain, two hundred and fifty feet above the valley of the Susquehanna, overlooking it for many miles, as well as the village of Unadilla, which lies directly across the river. Accommodations have been provided for about one hundred guests. The drawing-room, reception hall and dining-room have open fireplaces. The sleeping-rooms are large and have ample closets. Our aim has been to make the house as comfortable as possible in a quiet, modest way.

There are many miles of fine drives stretching up and down the valleys of the Susquehanna, Unadilla and Ouleout, as well as over the hills in every direction. A good livery will be attached to the house, the charges for which will be made so moderate that all may enjoy it.

RATES OF BOARD—Single rooms, \$10 to \$18 per week; Double rooms, \$20 to \$35 per week. Transient rates, \$2.50 and \$3 per day.

The house will open on Thursday, May 29, 1902, and close October 1st to 10th. It is kept as a quiet, strictly temperance resting-place, where each guest will receive a most cordial welcome. Visitors are not expected to arrive or depart on the Sabbath. It will give great pleasure to send any further information wished.

Albert A. LeRoy, Unadilla, N. Y.

Among the Churches.

On June 24th and 26th Robert E. Speer, of New York, will be heard in evening addresses in the Moody Church. Mr. Speer is widely known as a Bible teacher, author and preacher, while his position as secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions brings him into wide touch with churches throughout the country. Mr. Moody esteemed him highly and sought his help at Northfield every year. These will be the first public addresses Mr. Speer has ever delivered in Chicago, so that peculiar interest attaches to his visit.

Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer died at his home in New Orleans May 28th at the age of 84. The venerable clergyman was run down on May 5th by a street car and dragged for fully a block. One of his toes was cut off, and injuries were inflicted on the forehead and his right leg was broken in two places just above the ankle. He was the son of Rev. Edward Palmer and a descendant of William Palmer, who came to this country from England in 1629 and settled in what is now Salem, Mass. He was graduated from the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C., and in 1841 was licensed to preach, and became pastor of the first Presbyterian Church in Savannah. Two years later he was called to the First Presbyterian Church in Columbia and was its pastor for fourteen years. From 1853 to 1856 he was also professor of church history and government in the Theological Seminary. In 1856 he accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church in New Orleans, which he held up to the time of his death.

Miss Mary Rhineland King has given to All Saints' Episcopal Church, at Great Neck, L. I., a beautiful carved pulpit with reredos and choir stalls, etc. The whole church, of which the Rev. Kirkland Huske is rector, is being redecorated. The whole cost of the improvements instituted by Miss King is estimated at \$150,000.

After having been in session at Pittsburgh, Pa., for a week, during which time many important measures have been discussed and acted upon, the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of the United States adjourned to meet on the third Wednesday in May, 1903, in South Ryegate, Vt. Two invitations were received by the Synod, one from the Ryegate congregation, of which Rev. James H. MacArthur is pastor, and one from Marissa, Ill., and it was only after a spirited discussion that Ryegate was decided upon as the place for the next meeting of the Synod.

During the early morning the following resolution, presented by Rev. Dr. David McKinney, of Cleveland, O., was adopted: "Believing it to be in accord with our Master's intercessory prayer for the unity of His disciples, and believing it our duty at the opening of the twentieth century to strive in every laudable way for at least Presbyterian unity,

"Resolved, That this General Synod appoint a Committee of Five to confer with any similar Committee appointed by bodies represented in the Alliance of Evangelical Churches, touching the important matter of close cooperation or unity of organization among Presbyterian churches in the United States."

The following Committee was appointed: Rev. James D. Steele, Ph.D., New York; Rev. Prof. Matthew Gailey, Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Thomas Waters, Pittsburg; Rev. Dr. David McKinney, Cleveland, O., and Rev. Robert W. Chesnut, Marissa, Ill. The Commit-

tee is to report at the next meeting of the General Synod.

Rev. Dr. J. A. Liggett, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Rahway, N. J., died suddenly May 30th from heart disease, aged 70 years. Dr. Liggett had been to Spring Lake, where he had a cottage, for the last week for his health, and came to Rahway expecting to fill his pulpit on Sunday. Arriving home, he complained of not feeling well, and died before medical aid reached him. He has been the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church for thirty-seven years, and was president of the Elizabeth Presbytery of America, which met at Syracuse, N. Y., about 1896. He was well known throughout that section of the State.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church South, which has just closed its sessions at Jackson, Miss., adopted the following declaration:

"This assembly is fully persuaded that the language employed in Chapter X, Section 3, of our 'Confession of Faith,' touching infants dying in infancy, does not teach that there are any infants dying in infancy who are damned, but is only meant to show that those who die in infancy are saved in a different manner from adult persons who are capable of being outwardly called by the ministry of the word. Furthermore, we are persuaded that the Holy Scriptures, when fairly interpreted, amply warrant us in believing that all infants who die in infancy are included in the election of grace, and are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit."

Rev. Dr. William A. McAtee, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Danville, Pa., died on Saturday, May 31st, in this city from the effects of a severe surgical operation. Dr. McAtee was a graduate of Princeton College and Seminary. His pastorates had been at Chicago, at Madison, Wis., and at Danville, Pa.

In the Church of the Strangers, West 57th street, near Eighth avenue, this city, on Sunday last, J. O. Inouye, a Japanese, was consecrated to preach the Christian religion among the people of his own land. Mr. Inouye is of middle age and wears a long, black beard. Rev. D. Asa Blackburn, the pastor of the church, officiated at the consecration service.

The new Old First Church, in Passaic, N. J., was dedicated last week. The building cost \$60,000. At the service Rev. Ame Vennema announced that all the money necessary to pay for the new

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building had been subscribed, and the congregation would enter it free from debt. The Old First is more than 150 years old.

The General Synod of the Reformed Church in America convened on June 4th in the First Reformed Church at Asbury Park, N. J. In the evening the retiring president, Rev. Dr. Denis Wortman, preached the annual sermon. On Thursday the newly elected president assumed office and the committees were appointed.

This session, which will last for about ten days, promises to be of much interest, because of the revision of the liturgy, which was undertaken at the session a year ago, and also because of the good condition of the church. All its missionary boards are now out of debt for the first time in many years.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society, which began its seventy-sixth annual meeting at Syracuse, N. Y., June 2d, is free from debt. At the close of the fiscal year, March 31st, there was a debt of slightly less than \$10,000, but receipts since then have obliterated it and all current obligations have been met, so that on the first of the present month the society was free from a debt which three years ago amounted to almost \$134,000.

President John Henry Barrows, D.D., of Oberlin College, died at Oberlin, O., June 3d. Death was caused by pleuropneumonia, contracted on a sleeping car while returning from New York eleven days ago.

Dr. Barrows came to Oberlin College as its president in 1899. At that time he was living in Chicago, where for fourteen years he had been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. He was born in Medina, Mich., in 1847, was educated at Olivet College and subsequently studied at Yale, Union and Andover seminaries and at Gottingen, Germany. Dr. Barrows was the organizer of the world's parliament of religions in 1893, and was an authority on comparative religion.

Rev. R. J. C. Roehm, for fifty-one years pastor of the First Evangelical Lutheran Church of Galveston, is dead there from a stroke of paralysis. He was a pioneer of Galveston.

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Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**

It quiets and strengthens the nerves and brain, restores the appetite and induces refreshing sleep. Strengthens permanently.

In the Library.

"The Hinderers," by Edna Lyall, probably enjoys the honor of being one of the first novels in which the Boer War is discussed. The story, which is one of interest (although it is by no means as deep as many of this talented authoress' former works) is principally about a young girl, an orphan, who, while making her home with some distant cousins, exerts such an influence for good that it is felt by nearly every member of the household. As a tale it is sweet, pure and wholesome, but to simply send forth a sweet and pure story was evidently not the only object of this clever writer. Through "The Hinderers" Miss Lyall proclaims to the world her love of peace and her abhorrence of war. She also clearly shows that to be an advocate of peace does not mean disloyalty to one's country. The book should be read and will be enjoyed by the many admirers of this well-known writer of fiction. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, London and Bombay, publishers.

"Bylow Hill," by George W. Cable, is a story located in New England during the late '70's and is a sort of history of four people, with two or three other characters thrown in as balance wheels. The heroine starts out by being weak, for she marries a man, thinking to steady his character, while, almost unknown to herself, her best love is given to another. But if she is weak at the start she nobly redeems herself by her loyalty to her insanely jealous husband. A more ignoble man than this husband it would be hard to fancy, and when death stepped in and claimed him, every one (not only the relatives and friends, but the reader as well) felt relieved. Mr. Cable evidently had no motif when he wrote "Bylow Hill" other than to write a readable story, and as such it will be enjoyed. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, publishers.

Seldom has a more charming story for children (both young and old) been written than "What Gladys Saw," by Frances Margaret Fox. This authoress has the rare gift of imparting valuable information in a manner so interesting as to be fascinating, and the reader sees through Gladys' eyes all she saw of nature on farm and in the forest; not only sees, but learns much about birds, animals and insects of all kinds. It is a book which grown folks as well as children will enjoy and profit by. Its title is the least fetching thing about the story, which is otherwise flawless. Now that summer is here, and the children, many of them at least, being in places where the study of nature will be an easy task, let all parents who can, purchase a copy of this admirable study and take with them to the country, to be read aloud in some shady nook on a hot day, or around the evening lamp. The children, growing interested in Nature, will become more intelligent and less fretful through seeing "What Gladys Saw." W. A. Wilde Company, Boston and Chicago.

One of the most interesting remarks inspired by Mr. Howells' new novel, "The

Kentons," is that of an English reviewer, who after calling Ellen Kenton "a singularly winning creature," says of her more beguiling sister, Lottie: "Lottie is the matter-of-fact American girl, vivacious rather than clever, who belongs to that innocent society in which chaperons are unknown and flirtations lead to nothing. They destroyed Daisy Miller, but then Daisy Miller was a little fool, and Lottie Kenton was very shrewd."

A VALUABLE PUBLICATION.

The Pennsylvania Railroad 1902 Summer Excursion Route Book.

On June 1st the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company published the 1902 edition of the Summer Excursion Route Book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal Summer resorts of Eastern America, with the best routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal seashore and mountain resorts of the East, and over seventeen hundred different routes or combinations of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of Summer travel ever offered to the public.

The cover is handsome and striking, printed in colors, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the various resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

On and after June 1st this very interesting book may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of 10 cents, or, upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, by mail for 20 cents.

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Ninety-seventh Semi-Annual Statement.

JANUARY, 1902.

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks,	\$ 749,517 01
Real Estate	1,638,892 06
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate,	128,750 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents,	771,087 82
Interest due and accrued on 1st Jan., 1902,	53,668 04
Bonds and Stocks,	11,924,960 00
	\$15,255,869 73

LIABILITIES.

CASH CAPITAL,	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	5,060,677 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims,	1,288,849 85
Net Surplus,	5,906,342 88
	\$15,255,869 73
Surplus as regards Policy-holders,	\$5,906,342 88

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LIKE A MIRACLE

**Blind and Helpless from Paralysis,
This Man Now Sees, Walks
and Works.**

John Hunter, of Orient street, Chico, Butte Co., Calif., was a blind and helpless paralytic, who had lost even the power of speech. In the spring of last year he was pronounced incurable, but now he can see, talk, walk and work. To the San Francisco Examiner representative he said:

"About four years ago I was suddenly stricken with paralysis. I lost all sense of feeling and all power of movement in my right side, from head to foot. I also partly lost the power of speech. I soon became totally blind and was so perfectly helpless that for three years I was confined to my bed.

"Doctors diagnosed my case as locomotor ataxia and my family physician gave me every care and attention possible, but all his prescriptions during two years were powerless to alleviate my sufferings or in any way afford the slightest relief.

"After being virtually given up as a dead man by friends and physicians, and resigning myself to my apparent fate, I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I mentioned it to my doctor and he not only gave his consent to my trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills but strongly advised my doing so.

"From a blind, helpless paralytic, unable to move and so broken down and hopeless that life was a burden, I can now walk, do any odd jobs about the place, go down town, and—most wonderful of all—can see. And I owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Improvement began while I was taking the second box. I continued taking the pills and from that time on it was gradual but sure. My awful stomach troubles have disappeared, my eyesight has been restored, my brain is clear and active, and if ever a man should be grateful and anxious that others should know the wonderful properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that man is myself."

The fact of Mr. Hunter's cure is widely known and is vouched for by all who know him, including Mayor O. L. Clark, the Rev. W. G. White, Cashier A. H. Crew and Postmaster W. W. Wilson, all of Chico, Calif.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold at fifty cents a box or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



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The 76th Annual Meeting of the Congregational Home Mis- sionary Society.

There were three important features of the seventy-sixth annual meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, held last week in Plymouth Church, Syracuse. One of these was the annual sermon of the Rev. Dr. A. H. Bradford, of Montclair. Another was the wiping out of the debt of the Society, just concluded within the fortnight preceding the meeting. And the third and most important of all was the provision for a new constituent membership of the Society, which will be representative of the churches. There was an excellent general program, as there always is, and there were large evening congregations.

The sermon had for its central thought the brotherhood of man. Dr. Bradford recounted the many interests which are throwing themselves into our national life, viz., peoples and tongues from every clime, labor and capital with their different ambitions, a territory and jurisdiction that covers more parallels of latitude than tradition says can last, and so on. He pictured the situation darkly as it unquestionably is, and concluded that only Christ and His love, the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, and a realization of these things by all, will bring happiness and prosperity.

The Society has 2,000 workers in forty-five States and Territories, and with them holds 2,500 points. Three years ago the debt of the Society was \$133,469; two years ago, \$108,545; one year ago, \$63,698, and when the present fiscal year closed there was \$9,912. During the past fortnight this last small item was paid off, so that at the annual meeting it was possible to report a Society wholly free from debt. All this has been accomplished, not by a spasmodic effort, or by cutting down expenses to the bleeding point, but by increased gifts on the part of people and churches, and efficient management of legacies and vested income. The receipts of the Society last year amounted to \$343,849, and the expenses \$293,063. The auxiliaries received and expended \$255,612. Here was a total for home mission effort of \$602,462, while there was expended \$548,676, the difference going toward liquidation of debt.

The new constituent membership plan was suggested by a committee of fifteen, and having been recommended also by the Society's Executive Committee, it became operative. In the committee were all elements of national and State interests, but the recommendations were unanimous, and were adopted by unanimous vote. So great was the triumph that the casting of the vote was followed by the singing of the Doxology. The plan follows closely the recommendations of the last National Council, and provides that the churches shall be represented in the voting membership of the Society thus: Each State Association may elect three members, and in addition one member for every 5,000 church members; offi-

THE FIRSTBORN.

Why is it that the firstborn child is so often the healthiest of a family of children? The reason seems to suggest itself. As child follows child the mother has less and less vitality; often not enough for herself and none, therefore, for her child.

Expectant mothers who use Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription find that it keeps them in vigorous health. They eat well, sleep well and are not nervous. When baby comes its advent is practically painless, and the mother is made happy by the birth of a healthy child. If you would be a healthy mother of healthy children use "Favorite Prescription."

"I will be very glad to say a few words for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. P. S. Douglas, of Mansonville, Brome Co., Quebec. "During the first four months, when I looked forward to becoming a mother, I suffered very much from nausea and vomiting, and I felt so terribly sick I could scarcely eat or drink anything. I hated all kinds of food. At this time I wrote to Dr. Pierce, and he told me to get his 'Favorite Prescription' and a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I got a bottle of each, and when I had taken them a few days, I felt much better, and when I had taken hardly three parts of each bottle I felt well and could eat as well as any one, and could do my work without any trouble (I could not do anything before). I feel very thankful to Dr. Pierce for his medicine, and I tell all who tell me they are sick, to get these medicines, or write to Dr. Pierce."

Those who suffer from chronic diseases are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.



cers are voting members during their terms, and life members retain their rights, as a matter of course. The plan will provide a constituent convention of about 280 members, so chosen, it is believed, as to make their attendance upon annual meetings probable, and provide direct and vital connection between the Society and those who give it funds. It is also recommended that representatives of the Society and of the auxiliaries meet in advance of each annual meeting and confer upon conditions and problems of home mission effort in all parts of the land.

The debt of the Society being paid, and its constituent membership being now representative of the churches, the outlook is considered more hopeful than for many years past. The Rev. Dr. D. F. Bradley, of Michigan, a member of the

Man's Mission on Earth

Medical Book Free.

"Know Thyself," a book for men only, regular price 50 cents, will be sent free (sealed postpaid) to any male reader of this paper, 8 cents for postage. Address the **Peabody Medical Institute**, 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass., established in 1860, the oldest and best in America. Write to-day for free book, "The Key to Health and Happiness."

EDITOR'S NOTE For 40 years the Peabody Medical Institute has been a fixed fact, and it will remain so. It is as standard as American Gold.

The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

committee which brought in the membership plan, gave an address upon Congregational conditions. His subject was: "Shall the Congregational Churches Again Become Aggressive?" He presented some discouraging figures of growth, or the lack of it, and concluded that laymen must be drafted into work as they have not been, and that there must be readjustment of the benevolent societies. His address sounded the key for what followed, and the meeting, as a whole, decided that as far as the Society is concerned, Congregationalism must become aggressive, as it has not been in a decade at least. Fields mentioned were the Northwest, the Southwest, the cities, the New South and Cuba. The last named elicited most enthusiasm, and it is counted likely that money will soon be forthcoming for a church building in Havana. While smaller in attendance than some, due probably to the large jubilee meeting last year, the meeting was counted among the best the Society ever held.

E. M. C.



Odds and Ends.

It frequently happens that the self-made man has a son who is tailor-made.

A man has to make a name for himself. All a woman has to do is to get married.

If a man is wise one angry word doesn't lead to another.

Take care of the children in summer; in winter, "let 'em slide."

A word to the wise is often sufficient to get a fool into trouble.

A man has no more right to feel blue than he has to paint things red.

Any father is an authority on the management of other people's children.

The wise wife, instead of wasting her tears, reserves them for great occasions.

Dogs can't talk, but you always know what they mean. With some men it is different.

Courtship is apt to make a young couple so light-headed that they can dispense with gas.

A blonde is not necessarily frivolous because she is light-headed.

Slander is a moth that eats holes in a good name.

A tombstone marks the dividing line between here and there.

Woman never allows her opinions to spoil for want of being aired.

Occasionally a woman's face is her fortune—and her husband's misfortune.

Nearly every man actually believes that other men are interested in his troubles.

It isn't what a man is, but rather what he pretends to be, that makes him ridiculous.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CACHALOT.

(Continued from page 913.)

sixty miles long, while some of its towering peaks were estimated at from five hundred to one thousand feet high. Happily, the weather kept clear; for icebergs and fog make a combination truly appalling to the sailor, especially if there be much wind blowing.

Needless, perhaps, to say, our look-out was of the best, for all hands had a double interest in the safety of the ship. Perhaps it may be thought that any man would have so much regard for the safety of his life that he would not think of sleeping on his look-out; but I can assure my readers that, strange as it may seem, such is not the case. I have known men who could never be trusted not to go to sleep, no matter how great the danger. This is so well recognized in merchant ships that nearly every officer acts as if there was no look-out at all forward, in case his supposed watchman should be having a surreptitious doze.

Stronger and stronger blew the brave west wind; dirtier, gloomier, and colder grew the weather, until, reduced to two topsails and a reefed foresail, we were scudding dead before the gale for all we were worth. This was a novel experience for us in the *Cachalot*, and I was curious to see how she would behave. To my mind, the supreme test of a ship's sea-kindliness is the length of time she will scud before a gale without "pooping" a sea or taking such heavy water on board over her sides as to do serious damage. Some ships are very dangerous to run at all. Endeavoring to make the best use of the gale which is blowing in the right direction, the captain "hangs on" to all the sail he can carry, until she ships a mighty mass of water over all, so that the decks are filled with wreckage, or, worse still, "poops" a sea. The latter experience is a terrible one, even to a trained seaman. You are running before the wind and waves, sometimes deep in the valley between two liquid mountains, sometimes high on the rolling ridge of one. You watch anxiously the speed of the sea, trying to decide whether it or you are going the faster, when suddenly there seems to be a hush, almost a lull, in the uproar. You look astern, and see a wall of water rising majestically higher and higher, at the same time drawing nearer and nearer. Instinctively you clutch at something firm, and hold your breath. Then that mighty green barrier leans forward, the ship's stern seems to settle at the same time, and, with a thundering noise as of an avalanche descending, it overwhelms you. Of course the ship's way is deadened; she seems like a living thing overburdened, yet struggling to be free; and well it is for all hands if the helmsman be able to keep his post and his wits about him. For if he be hurt, or have fled from the terrible wave, it is an even chance that she "broaches to;" that is to say, swings round broadside on to the next great wave that follows relentlessly its predecessor. Then, helpless and vulnerable, she will most probably be smashed up and foundered. Many a good ship has gone with all hands to the bottom just as simply as that.

(To be continued.)

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PACIFIC

Theological Seminary

Volume 72.

JUNE 21, 1902.

Number 1844

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LOVE is life, and lovelessness is death. As the grace of God changes a man's heart and cleanses and sanctifies him, this is the great evidence of the change, this is the great difference which it makes: that he begins to grow in love, to lay aside self-seeking, and to live for others—and so he may know that he has passed from death unto life. He may know it even here and now—yes, that great discovery of love, that learning to live for others and finding the grace and gentleness that God is keeping up all over the world—even now it is the way from death to life. Even now it changes homes, it lightens every burden, it brings peace and gladness into the hardest days; it alters even the tone of a man's voice and the very look of his face. But all this, blessed and surpassing as it is, far above all else in the world, still is but the beginning. For that life into which we pass, as God's dear grace of love comes in us and about us, is the very life of heaven.

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The Company was organized March 8th this year. It owns two first-class wells on Spindletop Heights, Beaumont, Texas, and is drilling a third. We are delivering from one well 5,000 barrels of oil per day and at this rate of delivery will make 60 per cent. dividends in 12 months. We expect to deliver twice this amount of oil, which would make its dividend earnings in 12 months 120 per cent. A dividend of 5 per cent. has already been declared and will be paid June 20th. It is expected that within a short time the directors will be able to declare another dividend of 5 per cent.

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THE CHRISTIAN WORK

Weekly---Continuing The Christian at Work.

Volume 72

New York, Saturday, June 21, 1902

Number 1844

For Terms See Prospectus on Page 951.

The Coal Strike
to Go Right On.

It is matter for deep regret that all attempts at negotiation having failed, the coal strike is to go on—for how long no one knows. The miners declare they will not yield until their demands are complied with or they are starved into submission. The ultimatum of the operators is "no concession, no compromise, no arbitration." If this were a conflict between employer and employee in an industry or business not seriously affecting the people at large it would concern only the immediate parties. But this strike is not one of that kind. It involves the production and price of a prime necessary of life. Decrease of supply, with corresponding increase of cost, may entail a tax of millions on the people and seriously interfere with manufacturing, trade and transportation. Obviously the public has a most vital stake in such a conflict. Its interests are paramount to those of the parties themselves, and its losses and suffering must be infinitely greater. Whatever the legal rights or liabilities of either side to the controversy, the public has rights and interests which both must consider. Public opinion, based upon public necessities, will sooner or later compel a settlement, not by making men work against their will—this cannot be done—but by allowing others to step in and take their places. On the other hand, nothing justifies the operators in taking the position they now hold—that there is nothing in the relations between the mine owners and the miners which admits of adjustment through negotiation. In brief, as a first step toward the solution of the problem there must be a universal recognition of the fact that the public interest in this and similar struggles is paramount to that of either employers or workmen, and that the community—which in the long run must foot the bill—has a right to protect itself against either or both parties to the controversy.

✦

The President Appeals
for the Relief of Cuba.

On Friday of last week the President sent a special message to Congress urging prompt relief for Cuba. The message is a clear and persuasive presentation of the case. Mr. Roosevelt begins by quoting from his message at the opening of Congress the passage referring to the vital need of a reduction of duties on Cuban imports, our national obligation to grant this, and the fact that Mr. McKinley had in two successive messages urged reciprocity with Cuba as the fulfilment of a national trust. He next refers to the latest appeal from General Palma for relief before it shall be too late, and proceeds to demolish the pretended objections raised by the "Boxers." He reminds Congress that the granting of reciprocity with Cuba stands alone, does not touch any other nation, calls for no revision of special schedules and involves no general revision of the tariff—that, in fact, the present tariff law was designed to

promote the adoption of just such reciprocity treaties. Touching the assertion that a reduction of duties would benefit the Sugar Trust rather than the Cuban planters, the President asserts his conviction that provision can be made to prevent such a result without recourse to the suggested payment of a rebate, which he flatly characterizes as a bounty. He reminds Congress that the same baseless outcry of danger to American interests was raised anent the admission of the products of Hawaii and Porto Rico, and declares his judgment that "no American industry will be hurt and many American industries will be helped by the proposed action." Dwelling briefly upon the political and financial restrictions we have imposed upon the Cubans and the need of the reciprocal tariff concessions—which would benefit us as well as them—President Roosevelt makes a finely eloquent plea for aid from this strong and wealthy nation to the young and weak Republic as she struggles upward along the painful and difficult road of self-governing independence. He touches national pride in reminding Congress of the glorious record made thus far in our dealings with Cuba, pleads the importance of continuity of policy in our new rôle as a world power and urges that the islanders be permitted and assisted to achieve the result for which we have made such sacrifices. In short, the President's message crystallizes the views, the sentiments, the demands of the American people, and it is incredible that the sordid interests should continue to defy the popular will and tarnish the national honor.

✦

Policy of the
French Cabinet.

The announcement of the policy of the new French Cabinet by its premier has yet to be tested by time. That he will unite the Republican factions, enforce the provisions of the law of the associations compelling religious orders to make returns to the Government, that he will practice economy in public expenditure, produce a general income tax, which will give great relief to the democracy; support the Senate bill providing a reduction in the term of military service to two years; that he will endeavor to carry out reforms in the procedure of courts-martial, and "will study" the question of the State purchase of railroads, workmen's pensions and other economic reforms in the interest of labor—these are among the premier's promises. But how far he will make them good is the question of the time. The new Ministry is now definitely formed, and is a solid, homogeneous impersonation of the radical Republican majority of the new Chamber. The presence in the Cabinet of M. Delcassé insures the continuation of the sound, practical foreign policy pursued by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who has held office since November 1, 1898, when he succeeded Gabriel Hanotaux. The retention of General André shows that the new Government means to make the army an out-and-out Democratic-Republican institution, free from the privileges of caste or religion. The new

Cabinet is probably the most radical and most anti-clerical one since the radical ministry of Bourgeois, which caused such loud commotion during its brief existence in 1895, and in which M. Combes occupied the post of Minister of Public Instruction, but the experience during the Third Republic shows that the theory that a radical ministry is a dangerous one must be abandoned.



Ambassador Choate
Dines Royalty.

A great State function took place last week in the British metropolis, involving a dinner by Ambassador and Mrs. Choate to King Edward and Queen Alexandra. There were about fifty guests. In a land governed by precedent, this dinner was, we believe, unprecedented, for never in its history has a foreign Ambassador entertained royalty, though Queen Elizabeth received the hospitality of Leicester and courtiers before had entertained their Sovereign. Whether this event may be considered an offset to the visit of Prince Henry and the giving by the Emperor of a statue to this country, it marks, all the same, a very graceful and friendly act on the part of the King, which the people of this country will fully appreciate, as the event will have more interest for them than the fanfare, the glories and magnificence of the coming coronation, with its chief significance as a symbolism of royal power and authority, long vanished and never to return.



Law Can Be
Enforced.

The sweeping changes effected in the police force by the transfer of captains and the placing of efficient officers in precincts flooded with crime have already illustrated forcibly the fact that all one has to do to secure the enforcement of the law is—to enforce it. Take one precinct—that of Oak street—infested by gambling hells; these have been in constant operation. But one day last week a transfer was made and one of the most efficient officers of the force, Captain Miles O'Reilly, was placed in charge. But no sooner did Captain O'Reilly take charge than on that very afternoon every poolroom and gambling house in the precinct closed its doors tight and took a holiday. So much was accomplished merely by the potent spell of the new commander's reputation as an uncompromising foe of law breakers. The gamblers and poolroom men decided that his new broom probably would sweep clean, and for the present, at least, it would be wise to give no provocation to him to use it. And so it happened that when the man from Brooklyn sallied forth to inspect his new precinct he found it cleaner, in a legal and moral sense, than it had been for many months, if not years. Yes, the laws can be enforced—the anti-gambling law and the excise law. All that is wanted is the right kind of officers with high officials behind them.



As to Cuban
Reciprocity.

However the question of a reciprocal tariff for Cuba, in order to enable her to market her sugar, may be regarded, it is a fact that four of the most important State conventions—those of Ohio, Illinois, Kansas and Indiana—have declared for reciprocity in unequivocal terms, and a great number of the Congressional district conventions in the West and Middle West have also indorsed it. Evidence of this kind may not affect the immediate political prospects of Senators, as it would that of House Republicans who have opposed the Administration's Cuban policy, but it is convincing enough to show that the President has the Re-

publican party behind him, and that the factious opposition to beet sugar interests will be condemned at the next election. It is noted that several prominent Republicans in Ohio and Kansas, who a short time ago were opposed to extending help to Cuba, have joined the Administration forces since the State conventions declared for reciprocity. The prospects of the bill for Cuban relief are now greatly improved.



The President on
the Philippines.

Those who have been looking to President Roosevelt for utterances upon the Philippines may find his last declaration in a letter to the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, written in answer to the Secretary's letter sending to the President the resolutions adopted at the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association. This is what the President writes:

I am happy to be able to say that the bill which has just passed the Senate will, if enacted into law, enable us to proceed even more rapidly and efficiently than hitherto along the lines of securing peace, prosperity and personal liberty to the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands. There is now almost no "policy of coercion" in the islands, because the insurrection has been so entirely overcome that except in a very few places peace, and with peace the "policy of conciliation and good will," obtain throughout the Philippines. There has never been any coercion save such as was absolutely inevitable in putting a stop to an armed attack upon the sovereignty of the United States, which in its last phases became mere brigandage.

I am, very truly yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



American Naval
Target Practice.

It was our splendid naval practice that prepared the navy for the victories of Manila and Santiago. We expended in one year \$900,000, about eight times the amount expended by any other power; and we are still at it, as is shown by the remarkable record established one day last week by the gunners of the battleship Kearsarge at the gun practice on the Southern drill grounds off the Virginia Capes. Out of eleven shots from her 13-inch guns the target was struck seven times. This is believed to be the best record ever made by any ship, American or foreign. The targets were rafts, 45 feet long, with a sail stretched from mast to mast, and the distance was about one mile. The Kearsarge and the other vessels of the North Atlantic squadron filed past the target at half speed, firing as they went by. The records made by the other vessels were also admirable. May war be far distant from us, but if it comes look out for the American guns and the men behind them.



Governor Taft
Sees the Pope.

According to despatches from Rome, the Pope on Thursday of last week received Judge Taft, Governor of the Philippine Islands, together with Bishop Thomas O'Gorman, of Sioux Falls, S. D.; Judge Smith and Major Porter, of the Judge Advocate's Department at Washington. These additional facts of general interest are supplied: The Americans were met at the entrance of the Vatican by Mgr. Bisleti, the papal chamberlain, and were conducted to the Pope's private library. Governor Taft there presented his holiness a letter from President Roosevelt, in which the President said that although not belonging to the Catholic Church he could not help expressing his sentiments of profound veneration and esteem of the Pope's wisdom in the administration of the Church. Then, referring to the Philippines, the President asked for the Pope's influence in the great question between the civil government of the islands and the religious orders. Governor Taft presented

the pontiff with a box containing President Roosevelt's literary works, and the Pope expressed his thanks for Mr. Roosevelt's friendly greetings, promised to study the difficult question, and said he hoped for good results. The pontiff also asked Governor Taft to thank President Roosevelt for his gift. Bishop O'Gorman acted as interpreter, and Major Porter read the President's letter. The audience lasted forty minutes. Governor Taft subsequently met Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State, and opened the discussions of Philippine matters.



The Isthmian Canal
in the U. S. Senate.

Last week the discussion of the Isthmian Canal question was begun by Senator Morgan, and will doubtless continue until disposed of. Both sides are in deadly earnest, and have prepared as far as possible to argue the commercial and engineering, as well as the political, aspects of the question. Latterly, because of Mont Pelée, the possibility of volcanic disturbance has been introduced as an element in the discussion, but it is doubtful if it will become an appreciable factor. A canvass of the Senate seems to disclose plurality for the Nicaraguan route, but a majority for neither that nor the Panama Canal. It is futile to prophecy what the result would be on a direct vote on the two propositions. But the outlook seems to favor an avoidance of this issue and a majority vote for the Spooner amendment, which empowers the President to proceed with the building of a Panama canal if the title is good, and, in default of that, to build a Nicaragua canal. As to which the one incontrovertible fact is, that the country wants a canal. It is impatient of the delay, and especially is it impatient over the railway interests which are avowedly seeking to prevent the passage of any canal bill. The country wants its Isthmian canal, and it wants it dug as quickly as possible, and it would like above all to see the President empowered to go ahead with construction under the terms of the Spooner amendment.



Bishop
William Taylor.

No death has of late attracted more widespread attention than that of the Methodist Episcopal Bishop, William Taylor, who had been engaged in missionary work in four continents for more than half a century. He died on May 18th at Palo Alto, Cal. Bishop Taylor was known in his Church as the "Nestor of American Methodism." It was said of him that he had done important work in a greater variety of missionary fields than any man of his generation, and he was the first missionary bishop of the American Methodists. A Virginian by birth, and of distinguished Revolutionary ancestry, he began to preach when he was 21, was regularly ordained the next year, 1843, spent the next six years as a circuit rider, and then followed the gold-seekers to California as a missionary. He remained there until 1856 and passed the next five years as an evangelist in Canada. Returning to the North at the outbreak of the Civil War, he went in 1862 to England, and after conducting successful revivals there, passed from the continent to Egypt, Palestine, Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand. The year 1866 found him among the Kaffirs in South Africa establishing missions in Natal, Cape Colony, the Transvaal, and what was then the Orange Free State. In 1867 he was in England again, and in 1870 in the West Indies, then we find him preaching in Australia and in Ceylon, and for six most successful years in

India; then he took charge of Methodist work in Central and South America, and after another six years was made missionary bishop and sent to Central Africa. He remained there, chiefly on the Congo, for twelve years, and when he was retired in 1896, at the age of 75, it was to protest that he had still strength to work for missions, which indeed he continued to aid with tongue and pen almost to the day of his death.



The last census of London discloses over 4,500,000 inhabitants in the administrative city, with suburbs containing as many more, which, however, London may not claim any more than New York may claim the vast population living there but doing business in New York. London is the largest city in the world, but the young man will not have to live long to see New York catch up and pass her.



Princeton's New President.

That Dr. Patton's resignation of the presidency of Princeton University came as a great surprise everywhere goes without saying. But the explanation offered is the simple fact in a nutshell—and no other significance may be looked for—that he retires from the presidency of Princeton to secure for himself greater freedom for the completion of literary work in which he is deeply interested; it may be added, perhaps, that back of this is the desire to be relieved, at his time of life, from the exacting duties of administering the affairs of a great university. And one word right here: The retirement has nothing to do with Dr. Patton's Calvinism one way or the other. Dr. Patton is a Calvinist, but he is not a stationary one; therefore, we dissent from the statement in a very appreciative article in the *New York Times*—appreciative of Dr. Patton and Dr. Wilson—that Dr. Patton "is quite uninfluenced by the liberal movement that is now tardily but effectively at work in his own church." This negative goes too far; in his recent sermons—and we know whereof we affirm—Dr. Patton has shown a liberality of view in marked contrast to his attitude when he was pastor of that little Nyack church, and, indeed, a marked contrast to his attitude of ten years ago. Then Dr. Patton would have stoutly resisted the adoption of any such Declaratory Statement as the late General Assembly adopted; but now!—the change is evident.

But passing this matter of Dr. Patton's theological views, the election of Dr. Woodrow Wilson marks a new departure for Princeton which for the first time in her history of over a century and a half elects a layman as president. It is not so very many years ago that the learned professions were limited to three—the law, medicine and the clergy. Now they are nearer thirty. Then ministers alone were chosen for presidents of colleges, which were also theological institutions. Of secular scholarship there was little; it was regarded as a negligible quantity and as unavailable in quality for imparting college instruction. But now all this is changed, and the universities get the best men they can, wherever they can; some are ministers, but the great majority of our college faculties are not.

In selecting Dr. Woodrow Wilson as successor to Dr. Patton, Princeton accepts the latest idea which has been adopted by the governing boards of most of our universities and colleges. That is to say, not theology, but first-class capacity for promoting educational work, and for suc-

cessfully administering the affairs of the institution, must be the qualifications for the head of such an institution as Princeton, Yale and Harvard; and the same idea is accepted by our smaller colleges. We have spoken of Princeton's departure from its old-time policy of selecting a minister for president. A glance at the list of her presidents will show how strenuously heretofore Princeton has conferred her selections for the presidency to the ministry. The list of Princeton presidents is as follows:

The Rev. Jonathan Dickinson	1747
The Rev. Aaron Burr	1748-1757
The Rev. Jonathan Edwards	1758
The Rev. Samuel Davies	1759-1761
The Rev. Samuel Finley	1761-1766
The Rev. John Witherspoon	1768-1794
The Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith	1795-1812
The Rev. Ashbel Green	1812-1822
The Rev. James Carnahan	1823-1854
The Rev. John Maclean	1854-1868
The Rev. James McCosh	1868-1888
The Rev. Francis Landey Patton	1888-1902

This is a list of famous and great men. And now Dr. Woodrow Wilson's selection breaks the precedent; and this simply because, while the theological seminaries have now become things set apart by themselves, and therefore a theologian should be at their head, the secular college no longer requires a theologian for its president, but wants the best man. On the recommendation of President Patton, the trustees think to have discovered him in Dr. Wilson, as no doubt they have. Certain it is Dr. Wilson is a man of intellectual force, of proved ability; he is popular with the students, and we cannot conceive that a better choice could have been made. Closely associated with public affairs as he has been, Dr. Wilson should inculcate that spirit upon the undergraduates, as he doubtless will. Princeton has great available resources; great opportunities confront it; high ideals are before it. We have no doubt these will all be realized under the administration of President Woodrow Wilson.



The Reformed Church.

The General Synod of the Reformed, whose sessions at Asbury Park have just ended, was marked by unusual activity in the discussion of topics of interest to the Church. The theological seminaries were well cared for; collections for the Board of Education for the year, it was shown, aggregated \$7,375.72, and there are sixty-eight students under its care. One of the most important matters coming before the body was liturgical revision. A strong feeling exists within the Church against certain forbidding expressions in the form for administering the Lord's Supper and in that for administering the baptism of infants; indeed, scores of ministers omit passages from both liturgies as repellent, and liable to complete misinterpretation. No fewer than twenty-five classes petitioned for revision of the liturgies, and a committee of eight ministers and five laymen was appointed to consider the matter, the committee being Rev. Messrs. M. H. Hutton, Joseph R. Duryee, Edward A. Collier, J. W. Beardslee, W. S. Cranmer, E. P. Johnson and I. S. Schenck; laymen, David Muray, J. S. Bussing, F. J. Collier, D. J. Diekema and Samuel Roland, with power to fill vacancies.

The interesting subject of providing for disabled ministers came up, and revealed the fact that only \$4,119 was secured for this fund during the year. It was decided to designate the second Sunday in December in each year for the delivery of sermons and the taking of collections for

this fund. It is to be hoped the conscience of the Church will be aroused over the matter.

The report of the Committee on the State of Religions, prepared and read by the Rev. Dr. Denis Wortman, of East Orange, showed that in the four particular synods and thirty-five classes connected with the General Synod there were 108,329 communicants. In the last year there was contributed for denominational objects, \$276,027.18; other objects, \$115,412.35; congregational expenses, \$1,231,472.44. "We have not only met the current expenses of our foreign and domestic missions," the report continues, "but have canceled their indebtedness, bringing them into a state of financial, as well as moral, credit such as they have not been able to rejoice in for a quarter of a century." This is certainly a most gratifying announcement. The missionary work of the Church is being most effectively carried on. The Foreign Missionary Board sustains twenty-four missions—four in China, eight in India, five in North Japan, four in South Japan and three in Arabia.

The Synod did not attempt an immediate union with the Southern Presbyterian Church, but it appointed a special committee of five clergymen—Drs. J. Preston Searle, of New Brunswick; J. W. Beardslee and John H. Karsten, of Holland, Mich., and Henry N. Cobb and Joachim Elmendorf, of New York—to consider the scheme looking to a federation of the various church organizations, some twelve in number, holding to the Presbyterian form of government and faith. The initiative in the plan was taken a month ago by the Reformed Presbyterian Church—the Covenanters. That movement, born of the suggestion first made by the late Dr. James McCosh, is one of the most promising of the time, and it is to the credit of the Reformed Church that it has taken the matter in hand. The outlook for the Church as a whole was never brighter, and is every way worthy its honorable and noble past.



A Century of West Point.

A century of the West Point Military Academy confronts us as the memories of the war with Spain are still fresh in the public mind, and in this way its value to the country is strongly accentuated. There is no question that its curriculum of study and its perfect discipline are admirably adapted to make soldiers of young men. And it is also true that an efficient army—in our case made more efficient by the work at West Point—is an efficient guarantor of peace, as it is also true that any view, supposedly in the interests of peace, which ignores the service rendered the country by its army and navy is misleading, academic and visionary. Yes, West Point has made great generals; it has extended its spirit throughout the army—that army, however, being more a nucleus around which the greater armies have been organized and centered. Admirable is the discipline at West Point, never more so than now, when brutal hazing has been abolished. Religious influences govern the Academy, witnessed in the chaplains and the religious services which the cadets are obliged to attend, and which, as we are advised, almost all of them prefer to attend.

At such a time as this praise for the Academy and its work is natural, as it is proper. And yet the case may be overstated. And we think the President unwittingly fell into this error, when, in his otherwise admirable address to the cadets, he expressed his conviction that the Academy had "not only graduated a greater number of men who

stand highest on the nation's honor roll, but I think beyond question that, taken as a whole, the average graduate of West Point during this hundred years has given a greater amount of service to the country through his life than has the average graduate of any other institution in this broad land." We have only to say that where West Point has graduated a thousand Yale and Harvard and Princeton alone have graduated each its ten thousand; and these men, sitting on the Bench, ministers, lawyers, teachers, publicists, great statesmen—these are scarcely to be eclipsed by the roll of successful military men—and not all were or are such—of West Point's Alma Mater. We notice, in this relation, that the opinion of a distinguished soldier is quoted "that but for our graduated cadets the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted for more than four or five years, and at the first more defeats than victories would have fallen to our share; whereas, in less than two campaigns we conquered a great country and obtained peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish." And yet it is a fact that, leaving out General Scott, the two great generals of the Mexican War were Zachary Taylor and William J. Worth, neither of whom was a West Point graduate, while during the war of 1812 the only general to achieve distinction—Andrew Jackson—was self-educated; and to-day the names of Nelson, A. Miles and Alfred H. Terry suggest that all the military ability of the country does not start from the academic groves of West Point.

In saying this, however, we cast no reflection upon that illustrious institution, nor detract one whit from its deserved fame. We only reiterate a truth that cannot be too often repeated, that it is innate character that makes the successful soldier, sailor or civilian—not a particular curriculum and discipline; Paul Jones and Decatur and Bainbridge were before Annapolis. But passing this phase of the matter, we have only to say that the country may well and proudly congratulate itself upon its military academy at West Point. Its record is a noble one, and never will the country forget the great services which have been rendered by those who have gone forth from its academic walls, some of them to lay down their lives for their country. To-day the country rejoices and delights to honor the Academy and the men to whom it owes a debt which it never can repay, but which only now it has begun to appreciate to the full. It honors the living and it will never forget the dead:

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead! Dear as the blood you gave,
No impious footsteps ere shall tread the herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot while Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot where Valor proudly sleeps.



Things of To-Day.

Elsewhere we print from the *Herald* Dr. Hepworth's last sermon, contributed to that journal just before his death. The subject, the "Foundations of Faith," is treated with remarkable lucidity, and yet this was a noted excellence of Dr. Hepworth's style both as writer and preacher. Some may not be able to assent to all the dead preacher says; and yet a little thought will, we think, enable most to see the injury that has come to the great mass of those composing the Church—the membership—in introducing philosophical speculation into creeds and putting their statements forth as standards of belief. The closer the churches get to fundamentals and the wider the horizon lines of the non-essentials, as to which so many differ, the better. Dr. Hepworth's sermons, printed in the *Herald*, "have served to warn, to comfort and command," and must have had an inspiring influence upon

many who seldom became acquainted with a sermon save through the columns of their daily journal. The sermon published in this issue is an exceedingly good type of Dr. Hepworth's efforts in this direction and will well repay careful reading.



While we honor brave men in war, let us not fail to honor deeds of heroism in peace—and such Professor Heilprin's ascent of Mont Pelée seems to have been. Certainly for our Philadelphia professor to ascend the top of the crater of Mont Pelée required a degree of courage that is given only to men who lead forlorn hopes, to fanatics, and to men of science. An eruption would have blotted him out of existence and burned him to a crisp. As it was, the crater threw out ugly hints; it spouted mud at him, and the coating of mud covered it with cinders. Thirty thousand people had been destroyed in a blast, and here was one puny man looking down into the jaws of the inferno and calmly taking notes. If any other man had done this we should put him down as a fool, but no one understood the risk of such an undertaking better than Professor Heilprin. As a hero of science the Professor deserves the fullest recognition, and will hardly fail to receive it.



It is occasion for hearty gratulation to Presbyterians everywhere, and especially in this city, that the influential Brick Church, this city, which has been dignified and exalted by the ministrations of Henry van Dyke and the lamented and beloved Maltbie Babcock, has chosen for its pastor now, nearly a year after Dr. Babcock's death in Italy, one every way qualified to take up the work. The choice has fallen upon Rev. William R. Richards, D.D., pastor for the last twelve years of the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church at Plainfield. He belongs to the liberal wing of the Presbyterian denomination—although all are liberals and conservatives now—and his church at Plainfield, with its membership of 1,500 and three affiliated chapels, has been one of the most inspiring organizations within the Presbyterian denomination. The choice illustrates the fact that great and strong preachers are not wanting, and that, as a rule, the city churches have to have their losses supplemented by drawing upon the country or the small cities.



The death of Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans, La., removes from the Southern Church one of its brightest lights and oldest ministers. No man had a wider and more commanding influence during a long career than he in a region where strong personality counts for so much. He was a pulpit-power of the first magnitude. For over fifty years he preached the purest gospel. He was in his 84th year when he died, yet he was vigorous and powerful as a preacher until the last.



The types seemingly enjoy their antics at times as well as people and kittens. Commenting upon the singular action of Governor Davis, of Missouri, the other day, in pardoning a criminal on condition that he become, in thirty days, a citizen of Massachusetts, we wrote: "Here is something to make the judicious grieve." But the types marshaled themselves and expressed the thought that the "Indians" would grieve. Well, the Indians in Missouri, knowing the Governor's action, will assuredly grieve if they are "judicious."



They are trying to get Rev. Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, this city, back to Tremont Temple, whence he was called. Dr. Lorimer exactly filled that pastorate—we do not say he does not as well fill his present one—and if he returns will doubtless remain there till he goes where there is no preaching, nor any quartet choirs.



We cannot congratulate *The Universalist Leader* on the manner in which it comments upon the action of the General Assembly in the matter of revision. We hope it will ultimately come to a better spirit.

General Synod of the Reformed Church.

Review of Its Acts—An Auspicious Meeting.

The General Synod of the Reformed Church, which convened at Asbury Park, adjourned on Monday of last week. There were assembled 175 ministers and elders. The Rev. A. E. Kittredge, D.D., was chosen president, and Rev. James M. Farrar, D.D., vice-president. On Wednesday evening the retiring president, the Rev. Denis Wortman, D.D., of East Orange, N. J., preached the opening sermon. Having been lately called to build up the Fund for Disabled Ministers of the Reformed Church, he naturally took that opportunity to advocate that cause. And after congratulating the Synod upon the blessings of the year, and especially on the fact that the Foreign and Domestic Missionary Societies had, this past year not only met all current expenses, but had paid off every cent of debt, he urgently called their attention to the aged and suffering ministers and their needs. The delegates received his exposition of the whole matter and his fervent appeal with especial favor; and their subsequent action places it so favorably before the church that they will feel impressed with the duty and privilege of attending to it.

The Synod got at its work in capital spirit on Thursday. The reports came in fast and were speedily put into the hands of the appropriate committees. President Kittredge had shown good judgment in this, and their subsequent reports on them were to the point. Dr. Kittredge, by the way, has presided admirably, being quick in opinion, fair to every one, apt in abundant witicisms, vigorous in pushing work.

The Foreign and Domestic missions, as already stated, reported fine progress. They have not only regular secretaries in their New York offices, but field secretaries to visit the churches, and Rev. Drs. Conklin and Clark wake up the churches all round. The intention this year is to raise the contributions still higher. The Domestic Board has spent a great deal for many years, not only in the East, but especially in the West. It is remarkable how the latter in particular are making up for all they received. The Western classes of Dakota, Grand River, Holland, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Pleasant Prairie and Wisconsin, with 181 churches and 164 ministers, have this past year given \$48,629 to denominational charities, \$13,518 to other charities and \$218,637 to their own congregational purposes. The Foreign Missions are a special feature and delight of the Reformed Church. She gives more per member for this cause than any other; not excepting the Moravian—so famous for its mission work. As Dr. H. N. Cobb remarked, the Moravians put more money per member into their work, but it is in part from large endowment funds; the contributions of individual members in the Reformed Church are much larger even than theirs, or those of any church in the land. They put the figure high for the coming year—\$150,000 to be raised for Foreign Missions, the membership being 108,328. This is the highest ever attempted, but the signs of its accomplishment are good. Dr. Cobb, by the way, made the noblest plea for it this year that has ever been heard from his fervent eloquence in all his years of strenuous service. Dr. Cobb will be remembered as the secretary of the late World's Missionary Conference in New York, and its large and inspiring success was very largely owing to his enthusiasm and wisdom.

The Board of Education and the two theological seminaries lament a great falling off in students for the ministry. As was clearly shown, this is not so much the fault of the seminaries, but the effect of the spirit of the times. It is so in all denominations in this country and just as much so, if not more, in Europe. The causes: Intensity of interest and zeal in securing large wealth, a widespread worldiness, the demands for bright, active, enterprising young men in the industrial and mechanical pursuits and that general unsettledness of real earnest religious belief which is not unnatural in an age full of question, invention and progress beyond the old in almost every direction. By and by, this last will return to its proper balance, but at present the pendulum swings hard and almost angrily. This decrease in students of theology, and especially students of the right metal—daring, strong, ambitious of achievement—is undoubtedly owing also to the present unsteadiness of the pastoral relation. As Dr. Wortman in his sermon argued, the splendid fellows who want a calling which they can count on keeping at for life naturally shrink from one where usefulness may be suddenly stopped at 55 or 50, by some little foibles

in a church, and thenceforth they are out of work and out of support; a wrong, indeed, for which some remedy should be applied.

Concerning changes in Liturgical Forms and Church Union, there is simply a *status quo*. The Liturgy reforms were naturally and almost at once referred to a new committee. Informed by the suggestions of the past year, they will probably make a report next year in which present infelicities will be omitted and a slightly modified rescension prove satisfactory to all.

In regard to Church Union, a great many would like a union of all the churches; most would favor, at present at least, a Federal Union, because there is such orthodoxy and yet is such liberty, and we all sort of understand and love each other. Some would hesitate to unite with the Presbyterian Church South, lest they might come under other bonds; some would hesitate to unite with the Presbyterian Church North, lest they might be invaded by new questions and embarrassments; while yet in all real Christian issues they are at one with both. Federal Union would be accepted by almost all, Unity would not—at least not now. But the Church does long and pray, and will work with all other Christian churches to help convert the land and world; by ceasing condemnations on trifles, by stopping the frictions and leaks, and the weakness and deaths that come of planting church trees so close together in communities as to kill each other in their miasmatic shades; by placing truth above dogma, and salvation above partisanship, and glory to God above glory to religio-philosophico-speculative wranglers, a "Go-ye-into-all-the-world" sort of Christianity above a home-nesting, church-fire-worshipping, look-out-for-yourself Churchianity. It's a small church, but it's a large one! It means Christ's business. And its heart and its hand are given to every lover of Christ and of Man.



Notes by the Way.

The Army and Navy need chaplains and they should be properly uniformed. They are not properly uniformed and the fact is telling against them. The half clerical coat with a patch of gilt on it is an absurdity. Last summer, during the review at the opening of the Kiel Canal, when the Emperor passed along the line of warships and all the other officers were drawn up on the quarterdeck, the chaplain on the American ship was ordered below decks because his appearance was too grotesque to be borne. Similar slights have been put upon other chaplains in foreign ports, not because their captains wished to be insulting, but because they wished to avoid unfavorable attention. The present uniform is distasteful alike to Protestants and Catholics. There was not a single naval chaplain in the great parade in honor of Dewey, and this was due to their appearance. This ought to be corrected. Now that the Schley Court of Inquiry is over why should not our naval ministry concentrate a little attention upon the matter?



We have already noted the conclusion of the sub-committee having in charge a revision of the Methodist Hymnal to omit the hymn "Sweet Hour of Prayer," as to which we have thought the hymn scarcely adapted to public worship. But it seems other omissions are contemplated of a very different character. Among these are Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," also "He Leadeth Me." Nor is this all. It is intimated that Bishop Heber's two great hymns, "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning" and "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," are also marked for condemnation, the first because it is an ode of praise to the Star of Bethlehem and the other because it instructs people only in geography! We judge it is time for our Methodist friends to ascertain if these reports are true—we do not announce they are—and if so to rise up in the defense of these beautiful, noble hymns. To apply the test of rigid logic to hymns is as fatal to the poetic feeling as it is destructive to the religious nature. Besides if these hymns are to be given up why shall we not cease to sing "Come Ye Disconsolate," "By Cool Siloam's shady rill" (for the lily doesn't grow there), "Joy to the World! the Lord Is Come," etc., etc.? It will be a sad day for the church, for the cause of sacred hymnody and for the hymn writers themselves when the hymns of the church are placed under the dissecting knife of a hymn surgeon having about as much imagination as a middle-aged cow. In saying this we do not refer specifically to Professor Driggs.

Tenth International Sunday-School Convention.

Assembling at Denver, Col., from June 26 to 30, 1902.

The approach of the Tenth International Sunday-school Convention, to be held in Denver, June 26th to 30th, brings afresh to religious teachers the world over the entire matter of Bible school instruction. The time is specially ripe for the consideration of many topics relating to this chief branch of the church's work. The Denver Convention will attract a thousand or more prominent workers and Sunday-school specialists.

THE FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION.

In 1832 there were fifteen States represented at the first National Convention in New York. Between the conventions of Philadelphia and Newark, the associations greatly multiplied, and twenty-eight States and one Territory sent delegates in 1869. At Atlanta, in 1899, thirty-six States and Territories and four British Provinces were represented. One interpretation of the change in the title from National to International is indicated by the admission of Canadian delegates. In 1896, Mexico, Central America and the West Indies became a part of the International work. In North America, 150,000 Sunday-schools are included in the field, with an enrolment of thirteen and one-half million scholars.

Some of the ablest Christian men and women have represented the Convention in its field work. William Reynolds, of precious memory, was Field Superintendent from 1887 to 1897. After his death he was succeeded by Prof. H. M. Hamill. Mr. Lawrance was elected General Secretary in 1899. Rev. L. B. Maxwell became a field worker in the South in 1895, and did most efficient service among the colored people until his recently lamented decease. Of great benefit in instituting and extending organized Sunday-school work have been the Sunday-school tours, the first of which was made in 1882. A company of prominent specialists have in six of these itineraries visited most of the States of the Union and many Provinces.

THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE.

The Committee came into existence at Indianapolis in 1872. It is composed of leaders: clergymen and laymen, Biblical students, and practical Sunday-school workers. There are fifteen American members, and a British section of eight correspondents. These are all elected by the International Convention, itself a delegated body. The present Committee was unanimously chosen in Boston in 1896, upon the unanimous recommendation of a nominating committee of representatives of sections of the country, and many denominations. A sub-committee of seven previously considered each nominee in private session, where the utmost frankness prevailed.

The Committee is, first and last, only a Committee for selection. It does not provide expositions of the lesson. These are left entirely to publishing houses and their writers. The spirit of the Committee has always regarded opinion and advice from outside. Counsel and suggestion have been invited; Biblical experts and Sunday-school teachers have been asked to cooperate in producing what will best meet the need of the entire constituency. It is to be remembered, in this connection, that at the last International Convention, held in Atlanta, it was reported that 13,034,728 pupils in North America were studying these selections from Sunday to Sunday. The plan of the Committee is to meet frequently for consultation and conference. Its work is then forwarded to members of the British section, with a request for judgment and advice.

It should be remembered that none of the Committee has ever received a salary, nor has any member a pecuniary interest in the work of the Committee as a whole. The traveling expenses of the Committee are met through an assessment levied by the treasurer of the International Convention upon the publishers of the Lesson Helps.

HOW MANY STATES REPRESENTED.

All but six States and Provinces are now organized auxiliaries of the Convention. Many of these associations, as Ohio, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, have reached a high degree of efficiency. In twenty-nine States and six Provinces paid workers

devote their time to Sunday-school interests, so that fifty field specialists in various departments are constantly employed in an effort to better methods and secure larger results. Since 1892 the field workers have met in annual conference for the consideration of their special problems. This department now numbers about two hundred and twenty-five members.

The earliest conventions held in germ the development of modern Sunday-school methods and appliances. But now no gathering of workers is complete unless it provides for a full consideration of all closely related Sunday-school plans and departments. House-to-house visitation, grading, rally and decision days are becoming more and more important as they demonstrate their values. But the expressions of the modern Sunday-school idea, which have evidently met with the greatest enthusiasm, are in normal or teacher training, and in the home department.

THE CHAUTAUQUA.

The first Normal Institute was held by Bishop J. H. Vincent in his own church in Illinois. Definite endorsement of teacher training came from the convention of 1872. The organization of Chautauqua in 1874 was itself a result of this impulse. Its object was to educate teachers, and Sunday-school work was conspicuous upon the earlier Assembly programs. The first State Normal Department came in 1889, in Illinois. Similar departments have been instituted in thirty other States. The courses pursued have included outline Bible studies and lessons in practical Sunday-school work. State committees issue diplomas and public graduations are held. Classes are easily organized, and the expense attending membership is slight.

The Home Department, or the Sunday-school in the home, was first introduced in 1881. It provides for the enrolment of scholars among the shut-ins, and others who cannot attend the public session. The same lesson helps are studied, and full membership in the school is secured. The total of scholars and visitors is now about 250,000. One of the direct and choice results of the department is in the large number of additions to church-school and to the church itself, brought about through the canvass of the parish incident to organization.

Considering the great field traversed by the secretaries, the multitudinous and varied interests considered and promoted, the \$12,000 or less annually expended by the Convention is not excessive. Few business enterprises of such magnitude could succeed so economically.

Prominent business men are behind this movement in notable numbers, but their willingness to give liberally should be supplemented by contributions from the host of schools throughout the country, which are benefited by the organized endeavor and agencies of the National Convention.

EVERYTHING PROMISES WELL FOR THE CONVENTION.

The interests involved and the bearing of the Convention discussions upon the entire question of Biblical instruction indicate the importance of the gathering. To the appeal of the program is added the invitation of Denver's natural surroundings and the hearty and cordial Christian hospitality of the religious forces of the city.

The Convention is an agent for Christian unity, most effective in emphasizing Bible study and in extending the influence of such instruction. As a factor in increasing the value of one's own personal contribution to the local school, and as an inspiration to a deeper and more devoted interest in the Kingdom of God, this Convention will not be surpassed in 1902.

Transportation at reduced rates has been arranged, and ample opportunity is afforded to go West or East in the extended time limit of the tickets. Further detailed information can be obtained at any State Sunday-school headquarters. Delegates duly accredited will be entertained upon the "Harvard plan"; that is, lodging and breakfast. Hotel accommodations are ample and the prices obtainable for the Convention are most reasonable.



It certainly begins to appear as if nothing is entirely new. On the occasion of the seventy-second annual festival of the school children of Boston, held in Music Hall of that city on July 28, 1865, Wendell Phillips was the orator. Among other things he said: "I expect, if I live forty years, to see a telegraph that will send messages without wires both ways at the same time." The orator did not live the forty years, but wireless telegraphy has yet three years more in which to fulfill completely his prophecy and expectation.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

The seventh international Red Cross Convention was recently opened at St. Petersburg.

The Health Board of this city has taken steps to prosecute violators of the soft-coal ordinance.

Twenty persons were injured in a panic in an elevated car caused by the blowing out of a fuse.

The United States Supreme Court handed down a number of decisions and adjourned until October 1st.

Sir Thomas Lipton will, it is reported, have a new yacht built, and challenge for the America's Cup next year.

A short but severe fire in Saratoga, N. Y., resulted in the death of five persons and a property loss of \$300,000.

The historic Liberty bell is back again in Philadelphia from its visit to the Exposition grounds at Charleston, S. C.

The degree of Master of Letters was conferred on Miss Helen M. Gould at the New York University commencement.

Leading coal dealers say that soft coal will have to be used for a long time or factories will have to shut down.

The hospital of St. Luke's Society, in Chicago, was burned on Monday, and thirteen patients and one doctor were killed.

The Green Mountains and Mount Greylock, in the Hoosick Valley, were visited by a heavy snowfall last Sunday night.

President Roosevelt decided that there was no legal authority under which he could intervene for a settlement of the coal strike.

Mrs. Nettie O. Craven, who claimed to be the widow of Senator James G. Fair, has withdrawn her suits against the estate.

One of the largest illicit whisky distilleries ever unearthed in this district was discovered in Yonkers, N. Y., last week, by a fire.

Two prisoners in an Oregon jail, in a successful effort to escape, killed three guards and wounded another prisoner who tried to stop them.

The Bethlehem (Pa.) Steel Company has received the contract for building the steel tubes for the Pennsylvania tunnel under the North River.

Out of 310 graduates from the different departments of the New York University who received their degrees at the commencement exercises, fifty were women.

The President has nominated John J. Jewell, of Galena, Ill., to be consul at Martinique, W. I., to succeed Thomas T. Prentiss, who was killed in the volcanic disturbances.

The Hon. Michael Henry Herbert, secretary of the British Embassy at Paris, has been appointed Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, to succeed the late Lord Pauncefoot.

Monday, September 22d, has been fixed as the day for the beginning of the new trial of Roland B. Molineux, on the indictment charging him with the murder of Mrs. Katherine G. Adams.

The seventy-third anniversary parade of the Sunday-school Union in Brooklyn numbered more than 90,000, and represented the 225 schools in the western district connected with the union.

The President, it is reported, stands ready at all times to be of any service possible to aid in effecting a settlement of the differences between the operators and the miners, if this be possible.

The House passed the bill to protect the President, Vice-President, members of the Cabinet and foreign ministers and ambassadors, and to suppress the teaching of anarchy, by a vote of 175 to 38.

Complete returns from the Oregon election show the election of Chamberlain (Dem.) for Governor by a majority of 341, and the election of both Republican candidates for Congress by large majorities.

Frederick D. Fagg, secretary of the Eastern District Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, Brooklyn, announces that he has succeeded in raising the \$150,000 necessary for a new building.

The Yaqui Indians are again on the warpath. A band of Yaquis visited La Carmen, a hacienda near Hermosillo, killed the governor of the ranch and a servant, carried off the provisions and the best stock of the place.

Kasim, a famous polo stallion owned by Theodore Cuyler Patterson, and four other thoroughbred horses were burned during a fire which destroyed the stables at the Erdenheim Stock Farm, near Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

Reports have been received from the Island of Hawaii indicating that the volcanoes are showing more than usual activity. The captain of the schooner Eclipse reports that he saw a column of flame from the crater of Mokuaweouei, which is near the summit of Mauna Loa, 13,000 feet above the sea, and has long been quiescent.

Minister Corea, of Nicaragua, has been empowered by his Government to convey assurances to the Government of the United States of Nicaragua's disposition to make any change in the base lines of the projected treaty providing for the construction of a Nicaragua canal to meet the wishes of the United States Government.

Death and destruction followed in the wake of the worst tornado, Tuesday night of last week, that has ever occurred in Central Illinois. The wind wrought ruin, and the property loss will be very heavy, several towns being partly wrecked. Many persons were killed or injured. Three young girls met death at a country dance in a village.

A band of gypsies traveling in an automobile arrived in Mount Vernon, N. Y., this week, and went into camp at Sherwood Park. The vehicle, which is a gasoline affair, is large, and appears at a distance like a trolley car. It was specially built for the band. The inside is divided into three apartments, one a bedroom, another a dining-room, and in the front the kitchen.

The board of trustees of Princeton University, at a special session, raised by individual subscription \$30,000 for President Patton's salary, in addition to the \$4,000 a year which he will receive as professor of ethics. The money was subscribed in less than ten minutes, and it was decided that it should be paid in instalments of \$6,000 a year for five years. This will make President Patton's salary \$10,000 a year, the same amount that he is receiving now as president of the university.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

Mr. Kruger declares that he will end his days in Holland.

Several persons have been drowned and much damage done to sugar planters in Porto Rico.

President Palma is expected to appoint Gen. Maximo Gomez commander-in-chief of the Cuban army.

President Palma signed the Amnesty bill giving Americans in Cuban prisons or under trial in that country their liberty.

A boat containing eight Spanish artillery officers was run down by a steamer at Gijon, Spain, on Friday, and five of the officers were drowned.

President Loubet of France, on his return voyage from St. Petersburg, landed at Copenhagen, and was welcomed by King Christian. His reception was most cordial.

A statement of the losses of the British troops shows that nearly one hundred thousand men were killed, captured, wounded and invalided home in the South African war.

At a fire in the heart of London nine girls were burned to death and fifteen persons were injured; fatal results were largely due to the inefficiency of the Fire Department.

Whitelaw Reid, Special Ambassador from the United States to the coronation of King Edward, has received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Cambridge.

The American scientists in St. Vincent last Saturday made a second ascent of the Soufrière volcano, but were unable to see within the crater on account of the steam and smoke.

On the eve of the peace meeting of Boers at Vereeniging, South Africa, sixty arrests were made in Pretoria of persons engaged in an extensive plot to blow up government buildings and General Kitchener's residence.

The British Government has decided that, owing to his age and infirmities, Mr. Kruger would not be required to acknowledge British sovereignty, and that all the Boer delegates in Europe could return to South Africa.

The Pope, at a consistory, bestowed the red hat on three prelates, one of them being Cardinal Martinelli; Governor Taft and the members of his party witnessed the ceremony in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. The Pope will send President Roosevelt mosaics from the Vatican as a present.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the Prince and Princess of Wales and many other distinguished persons attended the peace thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral, London; their majesties were enthusiastically cheered by thousands who lined the route from Buckingham Palace to the Cathedral.

Dr. Hepworth's Last "Herald" Sermon.

The Foundation of Faith.

A great many honest minds have been disturbed and driven to the verge of doubt by their inability to form any conception of God.

He is the uncreated Creator, but the words convey no meaning whatever to our minds. If you look through the Lick telescope at Arcturus you see very little more than with the naked eye, and if the profoundest philosopher looks at the Almighty he sees very little more than the unlettered peasant. Still Arcturus is in the sky, whether you can peer into his secret or not, and God is in your life, though your most searching thought returns to you empty handed. The very words omnipotent and omnipresent have an unthinkable signification, and when the man of science tells us that space is absolutely limitless, that it consists of horizons which are simply endless in number, we accept the fact, but have no more conception of it than the microbe in a watch has of the delicate machinery whose ticks are a continuous roll of thunder in its ears.

What, then, you ask, is the basis of a religion which demands such self-control and self-sacrifice? If these problems will always remain insoluble and if you can know so little of the Being who demands your soul's allegiance, why may not religion itself be a mistake? Many a heart has been engloomed by these thoughts and many a mind befogged by them.

The Church, I fear, has done us an injury by putting into a creed its speculations and making that creed a standard of excellence. If the creed were offered to hungry minds as merely a theological hypothesis to be accepted or rejected by the thinking folk in the religious community, valuable in so far as it is spiritually helpful and satisfactory to the individual, then we could see its importance. But when you are told that it is the absolute truth on the subject and that assent is the condition of receiving the Christian sympathy of your fellow pilgrims through the darkness you are balked in your efforts to lead a holy life and perhaps fall from the high level of your natural faith to the fateful lowlands of doubt as to whether the whole scheme of salvation is not mythical.

True religion is independent of any purely intellectual theory of the universe and is founded on facts proved true by the universal experience of mankind. This statement is easily illustrated by childhood. The little one does not understand its mother, has no comprehension whatever of a mother's love or of the significance of a mother's discipline. If the baby were gifted with speech and could describe its relations to that mother it would make as many misstatements as we do in describing our relations to God. The mother's providence is wholly misunderstood; even her watchful care looks like interference with the child's rights, and the child might say as Calvin did of the Almighty that "of her own good pleasure" she pets at one moment and punishes at another. The knowledge that punishment and love are entirely consistent with each other or that mother is still mother even when the child's prayer is sternly denied is beyond the reach of that narrow intellect and will be for many a year to come. Mothers and children sometimes get at odds for this reason, and in like manner we get at odds with the Almighty.

But when we come to be men our minds are large enough to settle certain matters of practical importance. It is needless to theorize, for harsh experience tells us truths which cannot be gainsaid. The microbe in the watch has learned his lesson and knows that some journeys are dangerous, while others are safe, and from that moment he has a plan of life. He constructs a decalogue for himself, and the "Thou shalt not" is the voice of imperial law, not forbidding him through caprice, but because an infraction of the law is followed by loss and remorse. Every man knows that there is a right and a wrong; has been taught this by many tears and failures; that love brings sunshine, and hatred the tempest; that filial relations with the Infinite result in serenity of soul, a resignation to harsh events which changes them from a curse to a blessing by some necromancy whose secret he cannot fathom, while hostile relations end in loneliness and desperation; that integrity of character is worth all it costs to acquire and defend it. Add to all this the prophetic longing for another life, which no argument can suppress, a longing that, like the spring

on the mountain side, will have its way, and a curious conviction, which seems to be a component part of his nature, that in ways unexplained the dear ones in heaven can find a path to earth, drawn by a love which was sacred and strong before the funeral bells tolled, and is equally strong and sacred now, and you have an array of facts, corroborated by every human life in every clime and every age. That is the basis of the kind of religion which Christ taught. He gave us no explanation of mysterious problems, but simple truth instead—truth most needful and altogether practical. Build your faith on that foundation and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Earth will become the primary school for God's University, and God himself the Teacher, whose love is no more loving than is His discipline.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

New York Herald, June 8th.



Failure Through Incompetence.

By L. A. Maynard.

The risks of ocean travel are reduced in an appreciable degree year by year as the work of surveying and locating the reefs, shoals and other dangerous places is carried on by maritime nations, the unknown danger points being not infrequently indicated by a shipwreck or some other disaster with a consequent loss of life and property. Somewhat analogous to this is the service rendered to the business world by such reports as that recently issued by "Bradstreet's," giving an analysis of the causes of business failure in 1901. It supplies a chart valuable alike to business men who have not failed and to young men proposing to engage in a mercantile career. It may help some of the former to avoid the rocks toward which they are drifting, and it will certainly give the latter excellent points for warning and guidance at the outset of their voyage on the wide, perilous and uncertain sea of modern business enterprise.

According to this authority the total number of business failures in the United States last year was 10,648. The causes of these are divided into two classes, those due to the man himself and those due to others, the former, of course, being the largest and most significant. Of failures under this first heading, 3,223, the largest number, are attributed to lack of capital; incompetence comes next with 2,023 failures to its credit, and other causes follow in this order: "Specific conditions," 1,755; fraud, 1,154; inexperience, 828; competition, 466, and unwise credits, 376. Contrary to what many might have been led to expect, speculation is set down as a cause of business disaster in only 141 cases, and extravagance accounts for only 101. Nothing in this showing, it seems to us, calls for more serious consideration than the statement that nearly 20 per cent. of the failures of the year were due to incompetence. It is especially worthy of consideration just now when so many young men are closing their years of study at college preparatory to an active career in the world. The term incompetence spelled out more largely means not a lack of education of a kind, but a lack of a right kind; not necessarily an absence of the ability to do business successfully, but an absence of the training by which that ability is developed. It has been often complained, and justly, that our systems both of parental and school training are wanting in practical and definite aims. This is the fault found with our educational methods by Prof. Hugo Munsterberg in his recent book on "American Traits." And these figures from "Bradstreet's" furnish positive proof of the argument and give it concrete and tangible form.

We allow our young men to drift out of our homes and schools into the open sea of life without definite aims and purposes and without the equipment for any distinct sphere of usefulness suited to their tastes, capacities and aptitudes. Neither parents nor teachers have ever made any special effort to find out what these capacities and aptitudes are with a view of developing them and setting the young feet in the right paths for success in life, but have left them to find out for themselves, if happily they are ever found, often after years of aimless drifting, of wasted and misspent effort, of pitiful disappointment and sore disaster. The man who might have been happy and successful in the career of an artist or a civil engineer, had his face been turned that way, blunders into a mercantile career, while another, with an inborn tendency calling him to the marts of trade, tries his hand instead at the medical profession, with the result that both lead lives

fraught with discontent and misery for themselves, and too often also with misery for their fellow-men.

One clear and obvious remedy for this state of things is an extension of manual training in our public schools and enlarged opportunities for technical education. These are the imperative needs of the hour in our educational system, needs emphasized recently by practical men of affairs like Andrew Carnegie, who has also supplemented his advice by giving a large sum of money to one of our best-known technical schools. We cannot forbear from here expressing the belief that the most valuable and effective service which the proposed national fund for education, especially in the South, or the new-founded Carnegie Institution at Washington, with its magnificent endowment, could render to the American people would be in promoting the cause of technical education in the United States. With such a force working for reform in our educational system we might hope to see in the near future a larger body of young men guided into business careers which would not end up in the column of failure through incompetence in a Bradstreet report.

MONTICELLO, N. Y., June 1, 1902.



The Danish Islands.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

The several months past have been an anxious time to the Danish West Indies, and it was especially so from the time that the treaty was signed to its ratification. There were not a few who feared on the part of the United States Senate a repetition of its action of 1867, so one may imagine the relief that was experienced when it became known that the Senate had unanimously accepted the treaty. The eagerness with which the news bulletins used to be looked for and read was astonishing. Rich and poor; high and low; white and black; all, gamin and all, manifested an interest which Uncle Sam little believes; and their interest was by no means a passing one—it was deep.

THE GOVERNMENT.

Those who never knew that the legislative power of the United States is vested in a Senate of ninety and a House of Representatives of three hundred and thirty-seven men know it now; and they know, too, other things of the ins and outs of lobbying, which may please or astonish Mr. Senator. Yes, things concerning the Senate and its working which were but a short while ago as completely unknown to most of the people who plod along here as is Marconi's secret are now common knowledge to the boy on Bay or Company street in St. Croix, or the chap who will take your gripsack on the King's Wharf in St. Thomas. That same fellow, munching his stick of sugar cane behind his team in St. Croix, knows and feels that for his island annexation means prosperity, great prosperity; non-annexation stagnation and ruin to his beautiful home—the "Garden of the West Indies."

To give your readers an idea of business in the colony of St. Croix I may give the following figures, official, which will convey a better idea than any number of words. The figures are for the fiscal period April 1, 1900, to March 31, 1901, and are the latest that can be got hold of, as such reports are not given quarterly or semi-annually. The imports for this period gave a total value of \$814,411 divided as follows: From Denmark, \$36,000; from St. Thomas, \$67,496; from the United States of America, \$513,934, and from other foreign places, \$196,921; provisions from the Dominion of Canada and goods from Great Britain and Germany would be included under the head of "other foreign places." These figures must be striking to the average American business man. But now we come to exports of the colony, and if the figures under imports have a lesson for him at all then those given under exports must have a greater. For the same fiscal period the exports were: Sugar, to Denmark, 312,203 pounds, value \$7,493; to St. Thomas, 200,350 pounds, value \$4,514; to the United States of America, 18,272,183 pounds, value \$402,974; other foreign places, 600 pounds, value \$15. It will by this be seen that the total number of pounds of sugar shipped amounted to 18,785,396, with a value of \$414,996, the United States taking over eighteen millions of pounds—nearly the entire crop—and paying into the colony 97 per cent. of its income from its sugar crop. Is it, then, any longer strange that 98 per cent. of the planters desire annexation to the United States? These figures tell us on which side of the Atlantic the colony's interest lies, and that it has practically no market in

the mother country for its produce, and the beet industry there denies any such prospect in the future.

Doubtless Denmark has seen the impossibility of raising the islands to anything like a position where there could be a proper balance between income and expenditure, and the Radical party, now in charge of the Government in Copenhagen, have long been the agitators for cutting down the expenditure to within the islands' income—which is an impossibility under the Danish system of government—or, as they have considered better still, cede them to the United States. In the latter consideration there has never been the thought, as expressed by some of your newspapers, of "unloading" poor islands upon the United States. No, the idea, as it has been again and again expressed, is that for modern times the colonies were too far away for convenient control by Denmark; too small for a Federation or Commonwealth, and that contiguity made the United States their natural guardian; and it has also been expressed over and over that in parting with the islands Denmark would not feel that she parted with an integral part of the kingdom as in the case of Schleswig, and often cited in support of this the matter of race and language.

THE ISLANDERS FAVORABLE.

With regard to the opposition of the islanders which has been written about so much by a section of the American press, I would say that there was not half as much in it as was made believe. There were opponents, naturally, but the principal among them were interested men, men enjoying in some way a monopoly which they do not wish disturbed. And this has been clearly seen through and exposed by the Copenhagen press, especially by the powerful ministerial journal, *Politiken*, which raked some of them pretty well recently for trying to throw themselves in the way of the accomplishment of the sale. It is a good thing that the Ministry was strong enough to defy their efforts, for by paths that were devious they did succeed in working up an opposition in Copenhagen which looked threatening enough at one time; and, in fact, there are still a few among us, in spite of developments, who think that the Landsting will refuse ratification of the treaty. But the Dane who loves the reputation which his countrymen enjoy for uprightness neither thinks so nor wishes it, for he feels that it would not be a very nice thing to do after having enticed the United States into negotiations. The majority of the people of all classes are largely in favor of the transfer and are looking forward to it as an event bearing much promise of prosperity to the colonies. This is without doubt as far as St. Croix is concerned, and greatly hoped for by the people of St. Thomas, who feel that Congress will readily grasp the situation of affairs here and for the furtherance of our prosperity leave our port free.

It would be quite impossible to govern this island by the same laws which obtain in Porto Rico or even St. Croix, this not being an exporting island, and in connection with this matter, it is the hope of thinking men in the community that a commission will be sent out from Washington for the purpose of establishing a proper examination. We are desirous of an autonomy that will secure to us our wants in this direction, and the Washington Government need not fear of granting us too much, for the people are intelligent and will know well enough how to use their opportunity. It is a boast, and no empty one either, of the inhabitants of St. Thomas that there is not a single native of the age of 25 years who cannot read and write, though he may be barefoot.

Yesterday an "Extra" was issued from the office of "Lightbourn's Mail Notes," announcing that Denmark had asked that the transfer be hurried up and ten days was referred to as the time possession could be had. It has been many a day since there was so much excitement in the town. The office was beset for two hours for "Extras" by all classes of people, and it must be admitted that most people if they wore an excited countenance it was at the same time a joyful one. Not a syllable of opposition is uttered now, and one sees that it was pretty hollow from the first. Washington's birthday was much observed here, and if a stranger were to approach the harbor now he would believe that the possession was already American, so much in evidence is the Stars and Stripes.

The Americans are sure to find in this population loyal citizens, capable of appreciating the institutions and system of government obtaining in the great Republic, and nearly every one rejoices at the thought of soon calling himself "citizen."

CARIB.

ST. THOMAS, Danish West Indies, May 15, 1902.

Nature and Science.

The Length of the Terrestrial Day.

Professor Woodward in the *Popular Science Monthly* has lately given an account of his researches on the progressive cooling of the earth, and its relation to the length of the day. Laplace concluded from the data at his disposition that there had been no sensible change in the length of the day for 2,000 years. Woodward has repeated Laplace's calculation with new data and concludes that the duration of the day has not changed as much as half a second during the first 10,000,000 years after the beginning of solidification of the earth's material, and that the length of the day will not be sensibly affected after the expiration of 1,000,000 of millions of years.



Currents in the Arctic Ocean.

Admiral Melville, U. S. N., and Mr. Bryant devised a scheme in 1897 for the study of the currents of the Arctic Ocean by means of casks allowed to drift from the north of Alaska till picked up. Fifty casks of special shape designed to resist the ice pressure were made in San Francisco and covered with black waterproof material. They contained messages printed on linoleum paper by a process that resists the action of salt water, each message being printed in English, Danish, German and French, and asking for particulars regarding the locality in which the cask was picked up, etc. The casks were distributed by whalers and by revenue cutters during 1899 and subsequent years. It is expected that few of the floating casks will be heard from before 1903.



Prehistoric Man in Egypt.

Human remains recently unearthed at Girga in Egypt consist of a continuous series extending backward over at least 8,000 years. The bodies are so well preserved, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere in the region and the perfection of interment, that not only can the hair, the nails, the ligaments be made out, but also the muscles and the nerves. In almost every case the brain also is preserved, and the climax has been reached in two cases where the eyes, with the lens in good condition, are present, and in others which show the limb flexures and great splanchnic nerve. There are now unearthed a series of later prehistoric graves ranging throughout the first fifteen dynasties, others of the eighteenth and yet others of the Ptolemaic and early and recent Coptic periods.



Strange Diseases.

Lombardy is the one place where pellagra is always prevalent—that mysterious modern ailment, due to eating damaged maize, which since 1833, when it was first noticed, is computed to have been responsible for the death of more than 500,000 peasants. Mandelay ringworm, again, is known and dreaded throughout Burma; but even the most ignorant Burmese is aware that it cannot be contracted outside the ancient capital. Similarly, "Rock" fever is confined to Gibraltar; although it is probable that the ailment known as Maltese fever, which can be contracted only in Malta, and there only in the spring and autumn, is closely allied to it. Aleppo evil, too, is unknown in any of the other cities of Asia Minor; just as the Delhi boil, so dreaded of our soldiery, is confined to Delhi.—*Chambers's Journal*.



Dust Rains.

Just a year before the dust rains which occurred last month in Massachusetts, New Jersey and elsewhere there were similar occurrences over a large part of central Europe, and in a lesser degree over most of the Continent. In fact, the phenomenon was very remarkable for its extent, it having been observed from Sicily in the south to the Danish Islands of Falster and Laaland in the north. The largest amount of muddy rain, however, fell in northern Italy, Austria and Germany. The fact is very well understood now that dust rains are caused by the driving of clouds of dust raised by a hurricane or strong wind into a rain storm, the dust thus being changed to mud by the time it reaches

the earth. Such storms are called blood rains in Sicily and some other regions, where superstitious people hold them in much dread. Scientific men of Europe made a careful study of the dust rains which occurred there a year ago, and the facts they ascertained are interesting. Stanislaus Meuniers analyzed a sample of the dust collected at Palermo which he found to consist of sand (59.14 per cent.) and carbonate of lime (23.91 per cent.), together with black particles of the nature of charcoal.



Lachnanthes.

In the light of the row which has been kicked up in the medical profession in England over the attempt of Dr. Allabone to exploit "spirit weed" (*Lachnanthes tinctoria*) as a consumption cure at the recent tuberculosis congress, and the rather summary way in which he was sat upon by Sir W. Broadbent and Dr. Pollock, it is interesting to find that the plant has long been considered a specific for various lung affections by the Canadian Indians and by several semi-civilized peoples in other parts of the world. It has been used by the Florida Indians for its stimulant properties. It is said to be useful in treating the cough of consumptive patients. Large doses produce dilation of the pupils, impaired vision and dizziness. The plant is placed by Benham and Hooker under the *monocotyledones*, near the natural order *Iridaceæ*.



The Luminous Sea.

The very beautiful phenomenon of the phosphorescence of the sea is caused by photobacteria in part as well as by a variety of low forms of animal life. The eerie light is in no way connected with the element phosphorus, as is very commonly supposed. The cause of the phenomenon is respiratory exchange or oxidation. Sea "phosphorescence" is never witnessed in perfectly smooth water, while the brilliancy of the light when it is observed is always greatest upon the crests of the waves or where the water is in a violent state of agitation, as in the wake of a steamer. Its occurrence, therefore, is evidence of active oxidation. Could, again, the sea be sterilized phosphorescence would cease. The presence of highly combustible matter increases the light. A very simple experiment proves this. If the flesh of a fresh haddock or herring be placed in a 3 per cent. salt solution and kept at a low temperature (from 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit) the liquid will rapidly develop phosphorescence, which becomes quite brilliant on adding a little glycerine or sugar, or what, in other words, is respirable material. It is curious that in marine life disease and death should be associated with luminous phenomena.



Recent Gifts to Science and Education.

Within the last few weeks the following gifts of money to the cause of science and higher education in the United States have been announced. Mr. Rockefeller has given \$1,250,000 to the University of Chicago, and has promised \$1,000,000 to the Harvard Medical School on condition that \$765,000 should be otherwise subscribed. In fact, \$821,225 was quickly raised, so that Mr. Rockefeller's gift becomes available. Mrs. C. P. Huntington gave \$250,000 to the same school for a special laboratory of pathology. James Stillman gave \$100,000 to the school to endow a chair of anatomy. Washington and Lee University has just completed the collection of a fund of \$100,000 as an endowment for a memorial professorship in honor of its late president. Barnard College, New York, has added \$500,000 to its endowment, one-half the amount being given by Mr. Rockefeller. Harvard has just received three large bequests; one of \$450,000 from the late George Smith, one of \$100,000 from the late Robert Billings, and one of \$100,000 from the late Jacob Wheelock. Mr. Wheelock's will also gave \$100,000 to Clark University at Worcester, and that of Mr. Billings gave \$100,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and \$100,000 to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The University of Wooster, Ohio, by raising \$140,000 secured conditional gifts of \$100,000 from Mr. Carnegie and \$50,000 from L. H. Severance, of Cleveland. Yale University will receive \$150,000 from the estates of Mr. and Mrs. Currier. It is expected that Congress will appropriate \$5,500,000 for the construction of the buildings of the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Up-to-Date Points of View.¹

Three Full Meals
for Three Cents.

Some weeks ago we spoke of a unique 1-cent restaurant which was opened here in New York under the charge of Mr.

Macfadden, who believes that Americans, rich and poor alike, owing to lack of education in such matters, consume vast quantities of food, high-priced, hard of preparation and having but little nutritive value. Mr. Macfadden declares that he can demonstrate the cheapness, healthfulness and economic advantages of simple foods. He will even attempt to make sufficient profit to pay expenses.

This is the bill of fare for the 1-cent dishes:

Large bowl of pea soup	1c.
Large bowl of steamed hominy	1c.
Large bowl of steamed oats	1c.
Large bowl of steamed barley	1c.
Whole wheat bread	1c.

Any of the 1-cent portions contain food elements said to be sufficient to supply the nourishment required in a full meal. Two or three of these 1-cent portions per day, if varied according to appetite, Mr. Macfadden declares, "should maintain the weight, strength and health of an ordinary individual for an indefinite time, if such extreme economy is necessary."

In accordance with our promise to "report hereafter" upon this interesting experiment, we called last week at the restaurant at 487 Pearl street, corner of City Hall place, and found that the above so-called "meals" were actually being served downstairs for 1 cent. The same bill of fare served upstairs with the addition of cream for the coffee and sugar for the cereals, was 5 cents, and we were told that the establishment was paying expenses. Nearly one thousand people took their meals each day downstairs and probably twice that number upstairs. It almost seems as if the city could afford to pay a man like Mr. Macfadden to start other places like this. We cannot believe there is any profit, but the bare fact that such an institution can be run as a business proposition is something which a great city like New York, with its tens of thousands of poverty-stricken men and women, who would be glad to satisfy the cravings of hunger at such a moderate cost, is a fact worth knowing, and if acted upon at large would leave no ground for the hundreds of beggars parading the streets, asking for money with which to buy food. Mr. Macfadden is at least entitled to the thanks of the public for starting and putting into practical operation the idea. Armed with half a dozen of these "1-cent meal tickets," no man need fear to walk the streets of New York or to respond to every call for charity on the usual plea—"I'm hungry."

"Economy, Efficiency and
Magnanimity" in Cuba.

Dear CHRISTIAN WORK—You richly deserve to be congratulated on the ability as well as the appearance of your paper.

I have read it for many years and it was never better than at present. It is a real pleasure to contribute to such a journal, a pleasure surpassed only by the appropriation of such appetizing viands.

The situation with us here in Cuba just now is full of interest and eager expectation, tinged also with a more just appreciation of the generosity of American intervention and almost a hesitation to change the man at the wheel. As I looked in at the Quartermaster's headquarters the other day and saw the great trunks and boxes of documents, all packed and labeled and ready for removal, and also noted the busy painters and ornamentors preparing the building for occupancy by the Cuban Congress, I felt a natural twinge of pain and somewhat of anxiety, but more of genuine pride and thankfulness for such an example of international philanthropy as has been presented to the world during these three years of American occupation. It is certainly unique in the history of the world. American intelligence, thrift, econ-

omy, enterprise and progress have created an environment for the nascent Republic which must challenge the admiration and wonder of all who knew Cuba ten years ago and can note the present contrast.

Our noble officials who have served in their various departments with such veritable enthusiasm and without extra compensation have displayed a magnanimity which can be appreciated only by those of us who know of what misunderstandings and abuse they have been made the victims by the pro-Spanish and Autonomist parties and papers.

But "blessings brighten as they take their flight," and a changed tone is already quite apparent in the opposition organs and on the street. If I were to suggest a trinity of words to express my judgment of the features which have characterized our intervention, they would be: Economy, Efficiency and Magnanimity.

Cordially yours,

J. M. G.

Shall Women Retain
Their Own Names
After Marriage?

Advanced women in Paris are demanding, and have expressed the demand in a resolution adopted at one of the

sittings of the Woman's Suffrage Society in the Eleventh District of Paris, that women should be allowed to retain their own names after marriage. The principal mover for the change affirms that by the present order the wife is constrained to forget her ancestors. Though the meeting was nearly unanimous in favor of the married woman continuing to bear her own family name after marriage, the supporters of the reform could not agree as to the name to be borne by the children. Some held that to give the name of both father and mother to the offspring would be the true way; others replied that that would do for the first generation, but at the second a person would have four names, and at the fifth thirty-two surnames, not to speak of the Christian names the parents might give. That solution was regarded as too embarrassing, so the choice seemed to be limited to the name of either the father or the mother. The French correspondent of *The London Standard* says that it is perhaps only natural that the members of the society should have shown marked preference for that of the mother.

"Drifting."

Dear CHRISTIAN WORK—I have been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN WORK under its present and former name for thirty years and have been a constant reader since the beginning of its publication. To the readers of this paper and others who may think there is anything especially new in the so-called religious thought of to-day, allow me to respectfully suggest the reading of a sermon written nearly a generation ago by Dr. Wm. M. Taylor when he was an editor of this paper and also pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. The subject of the sermon is "Drifting," and may be found in "Contrary Winds and Other Sermons," published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.

J. C. S.

"Fiat Justitia
Cælum Ruat."

We thank our correspondent above for calling attention to this sermon of our former editor, as it expresses both the past and the present position of THE CHRISTIAN WORK on this most important subject. There is really nothing new in religious thought and belief, and the so-called modern criticism, so far as it is of any value, does not touch the fundamentals, as it only relates to modes of interpretation. This should be thoroughly understood, especially by every parent and teacher of Biblical truth. The course of THE CHRISTIAN WORK has ever been, and so long as we have anything to do with it, it will ever aim to be consistent upon this, as upon all other subjects. In its editorials and in all that it has had to say in this relation it has ever taken this view, and while we are perfectly willing to give the views of earnest

¹ This department is an open court in which, numbered alphabetically for convenience, will be found original "Up-to-Date" items, short articles, news, facts and opinions of our own and other people. We especially welcome letters, comments and opinions from any source, and upon any subject of real interest. The responsible source of information for each "Point" other than our own will be given in every case. In the above these authorities are as follows: b, Rev. J. Milton Greene, D.D., Calle de Industria, No. 10, Havana, Cuba; d, J. C. Sherburne, North Pomfret, Vt.; f, Rev. E. F. Burr, D.D., Lynn, Conn.; g, J. C. Aldrich, St. Louis, Mo.; i, Literary Digest.

Christian men upon both sides of any open question (and by an "open question" we mean one upon which good Christian men and scholars have divergent and sometimes opposing views), we cannot better express our convictions than by quoting the following extract from so eminent an authority and Christian leader as Neander, who, in his preface to the "Life of Jesus Christ," gives utterance to the following candid and charitable Christian words:

Whatever appears to me to be true, or most probable, after candid and earnest inquiry, with all reverence for the sacredness of the subject, I utter, without looking at consequences. Whoever has a good work to do must, as Luther says, let the devil's tongue run as it pleases. There are two opposite parties whom I cannot hope to please, viz., those who will forcibly make all things *new* and fancy, in their folly, that they can shake the rock which ages could not undermine; and those who would retain and forcibly reintroduce, even at the expense of all genuine love of truth, everything that is *old*; nay, even the wornout and the obsolete. I shall not please those hypercritics who subject the sacred writings to an arbitrary subtilty, at once superrational and sophistical; nor those, on the other hand, who believe that here all criticism—or at least all criticism on internal grounds—cometh of evil. Both these tendencies are alike at variance with a healthful sense for truth and conscientious devotion to it; both are alike inimical to genuine culture. There is need of criticism where anything is communicated to us in the form of a historical tradition in written records; and I am sure that an impartial criticism, applied to the Scriptures, is not only consistent with that childlike faith without which there can be no Christianity or Christian theology, but is necessary to a just acuteness and profoundness of thought, as well as to that true consecration of mind which is so essential to theology.

—f—

Why I Object
to Higher Criticism.

It comes to us from a country notorious for the extravagance and mutability of its speculations.

It contradicts immemorial Tradition.

It defies Archeology.

It defies the Christian Instinct.

It postulates in all its reasonings natural evolution and the non-miraculous.

It uses methods of dealing with the Bible that would discredit the authorship and age of every ancient book.

The alleged consensus of scholarship in its favor is rapidly disintegrating abroad.

It is only a new specimen of the many fads which, under the name of science and scholarship, have flourished and withered.

E. F. B.

—g—

How Far I believe
in Higher Criticism.

Dear CHRISTIAN WORK—I believe in modern, so-called criticism of the Bible only so far as truth compels an intelligent and devout mind to apply it to methods of interpretation. So far as I can judge, George Adam Smith was right when he contended that the modern methods are "not only not subversive of the essential elements of our creed, but rather form stronger evidence and a more stable foundation." He held that new methods of interpretation were natural, timely and necessary, in view of the widespread divergencies of belief in some of the so-called historical parts of the Old Testament under the traditional interpretation. He considered "the new method of interpretation exceedingly helpful to the formation of a sound and reasonable faith." This has been true in my own experience, and it is the testimony of many ministers and laymen, who have found "relief, with new joy and new experience of divine power in the study and in the preaching of the Old Testament."

For instance, must we believe that the history of Babel is to be treated as real history? Whether Babel be dated, as in the Hebrew, at 2564 B. C., or, as in the Greek version, at 3166 B. C., the fact that the whole earth could not then be of one language appears evident from the known fact that inscriptions of much earlier date in several languages are in evidence and are now in hand.

Why should we be compelled to let our children ask us how this can be and refuse to give them the same reasonable answer that Dr. Smith says entirely satisfies himself, namely, that "the myths and legends of primitive folk-lore are the intellectual equivalents of later philosophies and theories of the universe, and that at no time has revelation refused to employ such human conceptions for the investment and conveyance of the higher spiritual truths?"

I am a Presbyterian and a firm believer in the doctrines of that

Church, and while I admit that in many respects modern criticism may have erred, or gone to excess, still, if so, it must be dealt with by reasonable means, and one of these consists in "the process of discussion." As a writer has well observed: "The Church meanwhile may take an attitude of observation and reserve, neither hindering free discussion nor committing herself to theories not adequately tested."

Such was the result at the last General Assembly, and I, for one, can sound a hearty "amen" to their wise conclusions.

—h—

Discrediting
Their Country.

We confess to little or no sympathy with those officers of the Cruiser Chicago who were in prison at Venice for having placed themselves in a position where the police of that city felt warranted in arresting them. While they may not deserve all the contempt associated with their conduct, certain it is their acts have been such as to increase the growing unpopularity and dislike of Americans felt abroad. The story is told of an American tourist who visited some shrine where he saw a lamp which he was told had not gone out for three hundred years. He instantly blew upon it and exclaimed, "Well, it's out now." The incident, whether true or not, fairly exemplifies the spirit of contemptuous intolerance exhibited by too many American tourists of the present day, and who, having more money than breeding, are disposed to make loud and disparaging comparisons between the methods and customs of foreign people and those with whom they have been familiar at home. The lack of respect for local sentiment and ancient usages, which a certain class of ignorant Americans regard as silly superstitions, is especially exasperating and ever intolerable. The traveler who does not show respect and consideration for the people he goes among not only makes himself detested but brings opprobrium upon his country. Such people had better stay at home, not alone for their own sake but, also, the sake of others.

—i—

The Chances
of Long Life.

We should be afraid of the fear of death—not of death itself. If we follow this rule there is no reason why we should not all become centenarians—so we are told in the *Revue d' Economie Politique* by M. Jean Finot. This author begins an article on the limitations of life by mentioning some traditional long lives. Among these cases are those of a resident of Goa, who is said to have reached his 400th year in the enjoyment of all his intellectual faculties, a Scotchman who lived to be over two hundred years old, and various monks of Mont Athos who have reached 150 years. He asserts that Servian statistics for 1897 show three persons between 135 and 140 years old, 18 from 126 to 135, 123 from 115 to 125, and 290 from 105 to 115. In 1890 there were, he says, in the United States, 3,981 persons over 100 years old and 21 in London. M. Finot cites a mathematical formula, which he credits to Dr. Richardson, by which any one may get an idea of his probable length of life. It is only necessary to add the ages of one's father and mother to those of one's two grandfathers and two grandmothers, and the total divided by six indicates the exact number of years one should live. M. Finot does not believe that the average length of human life has been reduced. On the contrary, he believes that it is constantly increasing, owing to the progress of hygiene. Why do we grow old at all? The writer answers:

For three reasons: 1st, want of physical exercise in the open air; 2d, poisoning by microbes which the phagocytes have not succeeded in destroying; 3d, fear of death. It is hard to imagine the importance of this last element. If a man fears death it will carry him away. And yet it is quite pleasant to die; no sensation could be compared to it.

To prove this assertion, M. Finot quotes Heim, who related the sensations he experienced while falling with his companions from the summit of one of the Alps to a death which he miraculously escaped:

At first a sense of beatitude, then complete insensibility to touch and pain; finally an extreme rapidity of thought and of imagination which in a few seconds enabled him to recollect the events of his whole life. Therefore, it is not death we should fear, but the fear it inspires in us. "We are wrong," says Socrates, "to fear death, as it is our greatest possession on earth," and Seneca adds that it is the best of the inventions of life, while Montesquieu concludes that we should shed tears for men when they are born and not when they die.

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for June 29, 1902.

Second Quarterly Review.

GOLDEN TEXT—"A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people, Israel." Luke ii. 32.

I. SAUL OF TARSUS CONVERTED.

The lessons of this quarter have not only been intensely interesting from their incidents, but also most rich in gospel truths. The revelation of Jesus to Saul was certainly a most wonderful thing. And yet Jesus is daily revealing himself spiritually to the soul. He can, when it is his good pleasure, do this to the sinner. He does do this to the saint. The heart which holds Jesus is never in darkness. It always sees a light. Paul, armed with letters to the synagogues for the arrest and destruction of Christians, immediately upon his miraculous conversion goes into the synagogues and preaches Christ. Every soul brought to Christ will at once become a preacher of Christ. There is a light that is far brighter than the light of the sun at noonday. "I am the light," said Christ, and it is in this light the Christian will ever walk.

II. PETER, ENEAS AND DORCAS.

Two stirring incidents are brought before us in this lesson, the healing of the palsied Eneas and the restoration to life of the dead Dorcas. And yet wonderful as were these performances, there was a still greater miracle in the fact that Peter had never been put in the way of doing such things before! It was his relationship to Jesus which thus enabled him to help others. But for this he could have done no more for his fellows than any other man. But for this we should never have heard of his name. Apart from Christ we can do nothing. But through the grace and in the strength of Christ we can do all things.

III. PETER AND CORNELIUS.

This lesson shows us how Christianity first emerged from the narrow Jewish limits within which it originated, to become a religion for all the world. The first disciples were Jews, and they regarded Christianity as only a development of Judaism, a fulfilment of the hopes and promises given by God to his chosen people, Israel. God's method of converting Peter to the broader view is described in the early part of this chapter. And it is a most remarkable fact that Peter, so prominent in the early church as the apostle to the circumcised, was thus chosen of God to lead the way into the broader view of the purpose of Christianity. The descent of the Holy Ghost on the company of Gentiles while Peter was speaking was God's visible seal to the truth of Peter's words, "God is no respecter of persons." Of a truth, "everyone that believeth on him shall receive remission of sins."

IV. GENTILES RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH.

The opening of the door of faith to the Gentile world into the new church of Jesus Christ is here described. It was opened a little by Philip, after whose preaching there was great joy in Samaria, and the apostles went down to complete what had been so well begun. It was opened by many obscure and humble disciples who were scattered abroad by persecution, and went everywhere preaching the gospel. To Paul comes the distinct call to make known unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

V. THE CHURCH AT ANTIOCH IN SYRIA.

We have in this lesson an account of a great revival in the church at Antioch. It was a hard lesson, and it took long to learn that the gospel of the grace of God was to be universal and to embrace the people of every nation. The progressive steps were all in due order under the leading of God; first, Jesus, then Samaritans, then Jewish proselytes, but at last genuine Gentiles. We must observe the signs of the times and follow the leadings of God. Where he leads, we need not hesitate or fear to follow. The Lord abundantly blessed the word as preached by the apostles.

VI. PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

The conditions of the church at Jerusalem were most tragic. One of the twelve had just been beheaded. And now Peter was seized and cast into prison to await a similar fate. Sixteen soldiers were detailed in four watches, and at the peril of their lives, to guard him from escape. He was waiting his time, sleeping calmly to all appearance, chained and guarded, and yet untroubled in his innocence. But God's deliverances to his people from their

troubles are often in his own time and way. What did the church do—what else could it do, but betake itself to prayer? They could hardly have prayed for Peter's deliverance, for under the circumstances that seemed to be an impossibility. And yet nothing is impossible with God. He is better to us than all our fears, or even highest expectations. Even while they prayed Peter stood without, knocking at the door.

VII. THE EARLY CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

The church at Antioch, made up of Jewish and Gentile Christians, had grown compact and Christian in temper, and earnest in their wish to give the gospel to the Greeks about them. They gathered often to pray over their problem of duty and privilege; when, at last, the Holy One spoke to their hearts, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." And this new and untried obediences to the final command of Christ was to be made with fasting and prayer; and thus they were sent out to the winning of the world to Christ. Prayer is the great preparation, and prayer is the great weapon with which we are to enter upon every great and good work. We are to seek God, who alone can give us success in all undertakings. Thus was the foreign missionary work of Christendom begun.

VIII. PAUL AT ANTIOCH IN PISIDIA.

The most important thing in the story of Paul's brief ministry at Antioch in Pisidia relates to the character of his preaching. What was the word of God which he proclaimed in that city? It was the gospel which proclaims the divine man, Christ Jesus, by whom is remission of sins and the justification which evidences life eternal. This is the unchanging gospel, the only sufficient gospel. It alone meets the deep need of sinful souls. To accept this gospel and enthrone the personal Christ in one's heart and life is to know the peace which passeth understanding, and to grow in the grace which makes one Christlike. We need to appreciate more strongly the vital character of this gospel. It is fundamental. It is universally applicable. It is sufficient. If we reject this there is no other to take its place. This preaching of the gospel stirred up the evil passions, and aroused the bitter persecution of its foes, and it will continue to do so to the end of the world. They who would live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. But the gospel cannot be loved by those who reject it. It will have free course, and we have only to be faithful and courageous to ensure its full triumph.

IX. PAUL AT LYSTRIA.

There is much that is tragic, but there is also much that is comforting in this lesson. Out of the worst of sins blessings often blossom. Stephen was stoned, and Saul of Tarsus stood by consenting unto his death. But no man suffers for God in vain. No doubt the shining glory of a dying Christian's face awakened compunctions in the heart of Saul. Years later Saul himself was stoned, and it was in all probability the marred and bleeding face of the half-dead preacher lying outside the city gate which knit the soul of Timothy to the soul of Paul in bonds that were never broken. Paul gained a son that day: It is as a father that he always writes to Timothy: "Thou, therefore, my child, be strengthened in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. The Lystrian mob that struck down Paul raised up a man to carry on Paul's work when he had passed out of these shadows into peace. It is the purpose of God that the gospel should be carried to the ends of the earth. The commission of men is not an accident or an uncertainty. It is in prescience of God's eternal purpose which embraced it and all the events leading to it. To us it is disclosed only by their own act of coming to Christ.

X. THE COUNCIL AT JERUSALEM.

The epistle, or letter, sent by the assembled Council at Jerusalem to Paul and Barnabas and the church at Antioch was the beginning of New Testament scripture. It was the first of all the epistles, and was addressed to Christians in Antioch, in Syria, and in Cilicia, just as later epistles were addressed to the Galatians, the Romans, the Ephesians, etc. It was not only an important historic event, but a momentous decision for both Jewish and Gentile Christians. It came from the highest authority in the church, "the apostles and elders," and its authority was therefore incontrovertible. The Council at Jerusalem was invested with all authority as an Appellate Court. There is, therefore, no foundation for the notion that Peter was the head of the Church or possessed any more authority in forming its decisions than any other. In a word, it was the Council that was of supreme authority.

Rev. John Dudley's Vacation.

By the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.

[This article, by the author of "In His Steps," etc., is not an example of the ordinary fictitious story, written for entertainment alone. We leave to our readers the pleasure of detecting its thinly disguised purpose.—EDITOR.]

I

"I didn't know I was so tired," said the Rev. John Dudley to his wife.

"I have known it for some time," replied his wife. "The winter's work has been unusually trying for you. Any one could see last Sunday that you were not fit to preach."

The minister lay down on a couch in the sitting room and said with a feeble smile, "Better send me to a sanitarium for a month and let me diet on maltose and peanut butter."

"What you need," said his wife energetically, "is a complete change, with a good generous diet of roast beef and pie. And

it's not a sanitarium that can help you. You need to get away from the cares and burdens of life for a while, meet entirely different people and enjoy yourself. If it were not for the expense—" The minister's wife sighed and picked up a basket of sewing. The minister had closed his eyes and seemed too tired to talk. After a silence he said briefly:

"It's out of the question. Let's not talk about it. I'll manage to get along somehow. When summer comes I'll take a vacation."

"You need one now before summer comes. You will break down if you don't take a rest."

"Maybe I will," was all the minister ventured to reply. His wife looked at him earnestly as he lay on the couch with his eyes shut, and a tear fell on the sewing in her lap.

THE TRUSTEES' VISIT.

The door bell rang and the minister started up.

"Lie still, John. I'll go to the door," his wife said, and he lay down again.

He heard several voices out in the hall and very soon his wife came back into the room, followed by six men. The minister sat on the couch and stared at his visitors in some astonishment. They were his church trustees, including the clerk. They had never before called upon him in a body.

He rose, shook hands all around, and when the trustees were seated, he looked inquiringly at the chairman.

"This is not the advance guard of a donation party, Mr. Dudley," said the Chairman, with a smile. "There are no more coming that we know of, so don't be alarmed. The errand of the board is a pleasant one and it gives me great pleasure to state it. We want you to go away."

"Go away!"

"We have decided to dispense with your services for six weeks or two months, if you like. Some of us have noticed lately that you are worn out. Your continuous service for twenty years has told on you. We called a quiet meeting of the church last Monday night and it was unanimously voted to give you a six weeks' leave of absence, or two months if you wish to extend it."

"You are very kind," said the minister feebly, "but—I—"

"There was also one other part of the business which it is my duty to state," interrupted the Treasurer. "The church wished you to accept, with our best wishes for a restful vacation, the little token I have the pleasure to give you."



REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

The Treasurer got up and handed the minister a small package. The minister opened it and found a neat purse. He opened that and counted thirty crisp ten-dollar bills.

"Can you make a speech, Sarah?" said the Rev. John Dudley, in a voice that trembled unusually.

"I don't think I'm equal to it," she said, laughing to conceal something else.

"I'm not prepared," the minister began. "This is so unexpected, so—"

"Oh, never mind about that," said the Chairman, good-naturedly. "We shall feel just as good if you don't try."

"I don't know whether that is a compliment or not," said the minister doubtfully.

"Never mind about that," said the Treasurer cheerfully. "You are expected to understand it in the same way as the remark of Mr. Bruce about our being glad to send you away."

"You are very kind," murmured the minister. He was really overwhelmed by the unexpected event, and even after his visitors had gone away he said very little for a long time.

After a while the minister's wife began to ask him what he would do with his vacation.

"Let us all go off to some quiet little nook down South, Sarah, and—"

MRS. DUDLEY PUTS HER FOOT DOWN.

"All of us? Let me tell you, John. You are going off on this vacation alone! The children are in school. You forget it is not summer, but winter. It would be very foolish to take the children out of school just now. I am in no need of a vacation myself. Besides, the money would simply melt away on railroad fare if the five of us went along. No, you are going to get all the rest you can out of this opportunity. The only question is, where and how?"

When the minister's wife spoke in that tone of voice it settled some things. The minister was silent again.

"What do you think would give you the most pleasure, the largest and best use of the time and money, John?"

"I have been thinking," said the minister slowly, "of something like this. I have not been back to my Academy, my College and my Seminary since I graduated from each. I believe I would enjoy visiting each in turn and living over the old days when I was a student, noting the changes that have taken place and going over the old grounds once more."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed the minister's wife with enthusiasm. "There will be a pleasing variety about such a plan that will be very enjoyable to you. I believe you could not hit upon anything better."

"There have been a good many changes in thirty years," said the minister, thoughtfully. "Perhaps some of those changes will not strike me favorably. It might possibly take away from the enjoyment of my visit to find certain things—"

"Oh, well, of course, John, you cannot expect to find everything the same as thirty years ago. It is an age of rapid progress and improvement."

"Some of the changes may not represent progress," began the minister cautiously.

"Well, don't think too much," said the minister's wife, cheerfully. "Just go along and enjoy the visit to the old places, and don't let the changes disturb you. Probably the scenery will be about the same anyway."

So the minister wisely took his wife's advice, cheerfully prepared for the vacation, anticipating great enjoyment from it, and before the end of the week he was on his way to his old Academy, having planned to go over the ground of his student life in the order of academy, college and seminary.

THE MINISTER'S VISIT.

He reached the Academy town in the evening and went to a hotel. In the morning he climbed the hill, and when he reached the top he paused at a spot where, as he remembered it, there was a fine view of the Academy grounds.

He stood for some time in silent amazement. In his day there had been one main building and a few dormitory buildings for the boys. But he now saw spread out before him, at least a dozen prominent structures of brick and stone built in modern fashion, and speaking imposingly of fine equipment and luxurious interiors. The old campus, which had been a free expanse of meadow, was now surrounded with a high board fence, and he could see on

either side an immense grand stand to accommodate the crowds that evidently thronged in to see the foot-ball and base-ball matches.

The minister shook his head. "The outside is altogether different. Wonder how it is inside. Does all this change mean progress, or is it simply a case of more *things*?"

He stayed quietly in town for two weeks and during that time he went through all the buildings, attended classes and chapel exercises, talked with the teachers, and on the last day of his visit had a very interesting talk with the Principal. His old master was gone, but the new man had greeted him kindly, had welcomed him to the Academy, and on the day of his departure had invited him to dinner. It was during this meal that the minister ventured to ask certain questions that his visit had crowded into his mind.

"How many students have you now?" he asked the Principal.

"Three hundred and sixty-five."

"And there were only one hundred and eighty in my time. How do you account for the increase in numbers?"

"More people want their boys to have an education, and more are able to pay for it than in your time."

SOME PLAIN QUESTIONS.

The minister was thoughtfully silent a moment; then he said:

"You will not be hurt if I ask some very plain questions? I am honestly puzzled over some things and I want honest enlightenment."

"Go on," replied the Principal. "I shall be glad to be of service to you."

"I must be very old-fashioned, or something—" the minister began, with a little hesitation, "but I have been wondering how much of the outward growth of the Academy represented real progress. Take, for example, your beautiful dormitories. I notice the boys have every possible modern physical luxury in the buildings, and very few, if any of them, do anything in the way of work. Their rooms are cared for entirely by servants. Now in my time nearly every boy in the Academy took care of his own room, did chores for his board and worked with his hands. I remember one winter I paid for my tuition, clothes, fuel, books and board by sweeping out the Academy building, making two furnace fires in professors' houses, mending broken glass in the dormitories and shoveling out paths. As I say, nearly every other boy in school was doing similar work to pay his way. Now my question is this: Do you consider the luxurious physical surroundings of your Academy boys a mark of progress and power in the development of useful men? Will the type of educated man that grows out of an atmosphere like that which pervades the physical life of these boys be stronger or weaker for the absence of that physical struggle which so many of us had to know? Please do not count me as the representative type of Academy product thirty years ago," the minister added with a smile; "that would be great egotism on my part. But, as I have followed the careers of the boys who worked through the Academy in my day, I find that as a rule they have all developed into good, sturdy, useful men, with a knowledge of and sympathy for honest labor. Will the boys who are going through the school now make any better manhood because of all these modern luxuries and the fact that they do not add physical labor to their mental exercises? In other words is it a case of more power, or only a case of more *things*?"

The Principal looked at the minister in some astonishment.

"Then do you think it is an advantage to a boy to be poor and obliged to work his way through school?"

"Not necessarily, but in what particulars do the luxurious surroundings of your boys surpass the plainer, simpler equipment in my time, so far as turning out useful product is concerned?"

"The boys in your time turned out well in spite of their surroundings, not because of them," said the Principal, a little sharply.

"Are you sure of that? Perhaps we had better not argue it. Will your boys in their turn become useful, strong men in spite of their luxurious surroundings and not because of them, or will the tendency be to develop a type of educated man who has grown accustomed to have too much done for him?"

The Principal did not answer, and after a moment the minister said:

"There is another very marked difference between the Academy in my time and now, and that is along the line of athletic development. I am not finding fault with it, any more than I am finding

fault with your luxurious dormitories. You have a great gymnasium, two athletic training fields maintained at great expense, a campus that has been transformed into a regular exhibition ground in the season of foot-ball and base-ball. I learn that last year the Athletic Association handled \$15,000, \$13,000 of which was paid out for the services of professional trainers, traveling expenses for the ball teams, uniforms, equipments, etc. Now, I am not criticizing or finding fault or condemning, only raising a question about a feature of modern education for boys. In what particulars will the athletic features of the Academy life help to turn out better product than the methods employed in my time? Of course, I found all the physical exercise I needed during my Academy life in working my way through. So did nearly every other boy. We had our ball games besides, but there was no grand stand, no paid admissions, no betting on games, no expenses to speak of, connected with the athletic life. Were we worse off than the boys to-day? Have your boys a real advantage over us and what is it? Does the modern athletic atmosphere of school life turn out better product, or does it emphasize muscle at the expense of brain?"

The Principal looked at the minister thoughtfully.

"I will be frank with you, Mr. Dudley. I am personally in some doubt over the modern athletic development as it has grown up in our schools. To tell the truth, I am not at present prepared to express a decided opinion. I see both the advantages and disadvantages of the present tendency. The type of product that will grow out of it is yet to be determined. Meanwhile we go on encouraging what we feel to be honest, healthy physical development, and try to hold the students to a strict account for mental achievement. I am, however, I am frank to state, much in doubt myself concerning some features of the athletic side of the school which are not altogether satisfactory."

"That is plain and honest, I am sure," said the minister, after a thoughtful silence. "There is one other question I want to ask and I hope you will not consider it impertinent or unnecessary."

"I hope not," replied the Principal, in some curiosity. "What is it?"

A QUESTION OF MORALS AND MORAL EFFECT.

"It is this: I understand that six of the new buildings that have been erected during the last five years were given to the Academy by Gordon Roscoe?"

"Yes," replied the Principal.

"These buildings represent a gift of several thousand dollars to the school. Do you regard Mr. Roscoe as a benefactor to the school?"

"We certainly do!" said the Principal, in astonishment. "How else should we regard him?"

"Yet Mr. Roscoe, by the consent of all Christian people who know the facts in the case, has made his money by the most unchristian business methods. He has not hesitated to kill other men commercially. He has resorted to the methods of the highwayman to get rid of troublesome competitors. His company has had proved against it time and again conspiracy with railroads whereby competing firms were compelled to pay such high freights on their goods that in the end they were obliged to sell out to Mr. Roscoe's company. Other serious charges have been made and proved against the company of which Mr. Roscoe is the head. It is monstrous to suppose for one minute that this company through which Mr. Roscoe has made his millions is a Christian business conducted in ways that Christ would at all approve. Now my point is this: If you accept Mr. Roscoe's money, do you thereby accept or indorse the methods by which he makes it? If so, what will be the result on the Academy in course of time? Will it not tend inevitably to destroy the ethical standard in business? If you praise Mr. Roscoe as a great Christian philanthropist because he gives your Academy money, what becomes of the standard of Christ's rule in business? In other words, will not the result be disastrous to the boys in the Academy? There will, as a matter of course, be no ethical teaching in the school against Mr. Roscoe's business methods. There cannot be, since you take his money and set him before the school as a type of benevolent Christian business man. So my question amounts to this: What will be the moral effect on the Academy in the next quarter of a century? Will you not lose in moral power more than you gain in physical equipment?"

The Principal of the Academy had been looking at the minister in astonishment. There had also grown a look of anger on his

face as the minister proceeded. When the minister stopped, the Principal exclaimed:

"Mr. Roscoe is a Christian gentleman without reproach! His money is being spent to assist needy educational institutions. Your attack on him is entirely without excuse!"

"I have not attacked Mr. Roscoe except as he is the head of a most unchristian system of money making. Do you claim that he makes his money in Christian ways?"

"Large interests like those in which Mr. Roscoe is engaged cannot be judged altogether by the simple rules of ethical conduct that govern individuals. The immense field of his operations demands what may seem at times to us to be harsh methods or even unchristian practices. But the end he has in view is the public good, and there is no question as to his own Christian sincerity. What would the Academy be without such gifts as he is able to make? What would your own College be, Mr. Dudley, without Mr. Roscoe's endowment?"

THE RESULT.

"You have answered my question about the result on the moral tone of the Academy," said the minister sadly. "The result is already seen in your acceptance of Mr. Roscoe's money and the acceptance of a sophistry which you stated when you said that the large interests in which Mr. Roscoe was engaged could not be judged by the simple ethical rules that govern individuals. Is it, then, wrong to make one dollar by resorting to conspiracy and greed and selfishness, and right to make one million dollars by resorting to the same unchristian practices? No man who knows anything of Mr. Roscoe's company dare say that its methods are Christian. That he himself lives a quiet, unostentatious, outwardly Christian life does not redeem the methods by which his millions are made. The size of the pile is what makes his gifts acceptable to academies, colleges and seminaries. And to my mind there is no more dangerous prospect before the institutions that have accepted Mr. Roscoe's money than this very fact, that in accepting the money they virtually close their lips forever concerning the business methods by which the money is made. What the effect of such silence will be on the character of our boys you ought to be able to reckon as well as I or any one. I have no hesitation in saying that I regard the present situation in many of our great educational institutions as exceedingly critical."

"It is a matter of difference of opinion, Mr. Dudley," said the Principal, stiffly. "I question the expediency of debating the matter. We should never agree on the main fact!"

"I am sure we should not," answered the minister quietly.

The subject was dropped, and early in the evening the minister took his leave. As he went down the hill past the Academy building, which loomed up grandly by the side of the main street, he was unable to drive out of his heart a feeling of foreboding for the future of the old school. Were the buildings, the equipment, the things, of so much value that the Principal should value them at the expense of that high sensitive moral life that once characterized the place? The buildings made a fine showing; the trustees at their annual meeting had exultantly brought in their report showing the Academy to be out of debt, thanks to Mr. Roscoe's gift that year of fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Roscoe had been present at the Alumni banquet, and after rounds of cheering and handkerchief waving, he had risen and modestly made a little speech, hinting at the possibility of larger gifts to enlarge the scientific department, which was in need of a new chemistry building; the local paper had mentioned all this and referred with a glow of pride to the growth of the school, contrasting the present with the past, and so forth.

But the minister went away the next day to visit his old College, and as he caught his last glimpse of the Academy building from the train as he looked up the hill he was only confirmed in his judgment of the matter and could not help asking himself: "Is it only progress in things? Is it really a loss in moral forces?"

II

But if the minister was astonished at the changes which he found at his old Academy, he was fairly bewildered by the appearance of the College, which he had not visited since his graduation.

In his day there had been a main building with a little cluster of modest dormitories and recitation halls grouped about the campus. But as he stepped out on the quadrangle which now marked the former campus he was astonished at the view. Beautiful solid stone structures had taken the place of the former buildings and the grounds had been laid out with reference to the general effect

from the quadrangle. It was imposing and to the last degree scholastic.

"Wonder how it is inside," the minister murmured, just as he had thought after first seeing the new Academy buildings.

He spent two weeks at the College, quietly noting the life of the institution. There were some features of the College life that pleased him; there were others that caused him very great doubt. Toward the end of the week he met, for the first time, the new President. He was a comparatively young man and impressed the minister as being a person of great energy and enthusiasm.

The President invited him into his private study, and it was there that the minister had a talk with the head of the College that settled some opinions, that had slowly been forming into convictions, as he compared the present College life with that of a quarter century ago.

"I have just come back from a very successful business trip," said the President frankly. His manner expressed great satisfaction. "I have been to see Mr. Gordon Roscoe about our endowment. It is no secret; it will be in all the papers to-morrow. I am sure, as one of our honored alumni, you will rejoice to know that I have succeeded in persuading Mr. Roscoe to add \$500,000 to our endowment fund. This will place us on our feet for some time to come. I had a long, hard struggle to persuade him, but he finally yielded, and we are ready now for congratulations."

The minister was silent and the President seemed surprised at his lack of demonstration.

At last the minister asked: "How much has Mr. Roscoe given the College in all?"

"This gift of \$500,000 brings the total given by Mr. Roscoe up to one million and a half. The new science building, which is Mr. Roscoe's last gift in the shape of a building, cost, including the apparatus, nearly four hundred thousand. Of course, you have been through the buildings. I believe you said you had been here nearly two weeks. You must note some marked changes in the College since your time."

STUDENTS VS. BUILDINGS.

"The College consisted mostly of *students* in my time; now it seems to consist mainly of buildings," replied the minister simply.

"Still I believe the attendance of students has increased some since your day," said the President, laughing. He turned to a file of College catalogues.

"What was your class, Mr. Dudley?"

"Class of '83."

"'83. Yes. Well, the catalogue gives your class at graduation a membership of fifty-nine, and the membership of the entire College three hundred and twenty-six. The present senior class this year numbers two hundred and twelve and the entire number of students in the College is nine hundred and seventy-four. So you see we have some students as well as buildings."

"Yes. Have you any *better* students?"

"Better students?"

"Are the students that are the product of your present system of education better equipped for usefulness and power in the world than the students of twenty-five years ago?"

"Of course they are," replied the President, promptly. "How can they help being better when they have all these superior advantages? Can a student do good work with cheap or poor or insufficient tools?"

"And yet if you will look up the names of the students who came out of this College twenty-five, thirty, forty or fifty years ago, long before Mr. Roscoe endowed it with his millions, you will find a list of men who have served the world in honest, useful ways. Will the next quarter century have any better men from the product the College is turning out now? In my time there were scores of College boys working their way through College. In proportion to the present number of students there are not half as many doing anything to earn their way. I have been through the new dormitories. I was simply amazed at the luxury with which they are furnished. I find it costs a student twice as much to get through college now as it did when I was here."

"The price of living has gone up in every particular within the last twenty years," interrupted the President.

"I know that," answered the minister slowly. "But where are the boys who once thought it worth while to struggle for an education? Have they dropped out of the student class? There are a few left, but very few compared with the number in my time. And in what way do the luxurious surroundings of your students

in these magnificent buildings fit them for a life of sympathy with the working classes or with the suffering, sinning world? My question is this. You have wonderfully enlarged the College curriculum. You have doubled and trebled the faculty. You have enormously increased the equipment, the physical equipment of the College; but have you gained or lost in real product? That is the question. Is it simply more *things* and less moral fiber, less moral earnestness, less real sympathy with the world of struggle? In what terms do you reckon your gain over twenty-five years ago?"

The President looked at the minister in astonishment. Inwardly he thought, "Here is an old foggy, and my time is being wasted on him." Outwardly (for the President was a cultured Christian gentleman) he said: "My dear sir, the gain over twenty and twenty-five years ago is immeasurable. We have gained in equipment, in knowledge of right educational processes, in teaching force, and in everything that makes a well-rounded, well-equipped manhood. The men in your time turned out well in spite of their narrow, cramped and insufficient surroundings. They succeeded not because of, but in spite of, their disadvantages."

"Will your students succeed equally well in spite of their magnificent advantages?" the minister asked, as he had asked the Principal of the Academy.

"I do not regard it as you evidently do," replied the President, a little coldly; "the times have changed. It is not necessary for students to undergo the hardships you experienced in order to become good students and useful citizens. I do not myself regard it at all necessary that a student should work his way through College."

"We need not discuss that," replied the minister. "I have such decided views on the subject, I am frank to say I know I should plainly disagree with you. I do not believe, as a general thing, in the luxurious style of physical living that characterizes the students in this College to-day. I believe the effect is demoralizing on the future usefulness of the man in a world that needs, as much as any one thing, a warm, intelligent love and sympathy from the educated man. This love and sympathy that the working world needs will not, and cannot, grow out of the atmosphere that surrounds your students. But let that pass. We should simply misunderstand each other if we tried to discuss it. Just one question and then I will go. It is with reference to Mr. Roscoe and his gifts to the College. Do you consider the methods used by the business in which Mr. Roscoe has made his money are Christian methods? If not, what effect on the teaching of the College will the acceptance of his money have? In accepting his money do you accept also his money-making methods, or do you simply take the money because you think the College needs it, and keep still about the money making, even though you know it is wrong?"

IS IT RIGHT?

"I don't acknowledge it to be wrong!" exclaimed the President sharply. "Who made you a judge of Mr. Roscoe's business methods?"

"The *facts* in the case. You say you do not regard his methods as wrong? Then I do not know what wrong is. The company of which he is the head has been proved guilty of conspiracy with railroads, of lying, of intimidation, of repeated acts of commercial killing of business rivals, of deception in courts, and of the most enormous acts of commercial selfishness. If the business methods of the company of which Mr. Roscoe is the head are not wrong and unchristian, then I do not know the meaning of those terms."

"I do not agree with you, sir," replied the President, after a little silence. "Every successful business man is apt to have his detractors and enemies. A great many charges made against Mr. Roscoe have been made in a spirit of envy and hatred. I consider him a Christian gentleman who has greatly benefited the educational world by his princely gifts. On that account he is worthy of high praise. This College owes him a great debt of gratitude."

The minister was silent. Then he rose to go.

"Mr. President, I will not bother you with argument. The charges in the case of Mr. Roscoe's company are not charges that have been made by envious rivals. They are simply facts that any intelligent schoolboy knows have been made by the company doing certain things which no one can deny are so far removed from the rule of Christian conduct as darkness is from light, or as right is from wrong. And I, as one of the graduates of this honored college, cannot help asking myself what the result

is going to be on the moral tone of the institution. To take Mr. Roscoe's money and accept him as a type of Christian business man and Christian benevolence is, it seems to me, to accept a falsehood, the effect of which cannot but be disastrous to the moral and ethical standards of the students. I may be an old foggy to you, but I cannot see any other result to the College than inevitable moral degradation growing out of the acceptance and use of Mr. Roscoe's money, coupled as it is with a silence, at least, on the subject of the ethical conduct of Mr. Roscoe himself."

"I do not feel disturbed over the matter, Mr. Dudley, I assure you," said the President, who had recovered his usual calm, courteous manner. "I am very sorry that you look at the matter in the light you do. None of the College trustees or faculty look at it in your way."

"I am very sorry," replied the minister, and with the words, which were somewhat ambiguous as to the exact cause of his sorrow, he turned and left.

III

A VISIT TO THE SEMINARY.

He had now spent four weeks of his vacation, and with some reluctance he made his way to his old Seminary. News had reached him regarding some facts about the old place that made him hesitate about going there, but he finally decided to carry out his vacation plan and spend the last two weeks at the Seminary and enjoy all of it that he possibly could.

He was somewhat prepared for the fact of a small attendance of men studying for the ministry, but when he reached the Seminary town, and noted the small classes, the straggling groups of men in the wide dormitories, the general melancholy lack of vital enthusiasm over the work of the ministry, his heart sank within him.

It was therefore a great surprise to find in the Dean of the Seminary faculty a gentleman whose whole bearing was radiant with some sort of self-congratulation, that transformed his whole person. The minister introduced himself after the first chapel exercise, to which he had gone the day after his arrival.

"Very glad to see you, Brother Dudley," exclaimed the Dean. "You are a Seminary graduate? Class of '86? Glad to see you. You must note a good many changes. We have been passing through some trying experiences. The falling off in students has grieved us greatly, for one thing."

"How do you account for it?"

"A number of reasons. It is a commercial age. The demands for educated men in business are growing more urgent. The inducements offered by large enterprises are such that many students who once would have thought favorably of the ministry are swept into commercial life. The present upheaval in theology and in definitions of the church and even of Christianity is a disturbing factor to make many young men hesitate about going into the ministry. But we are beginning to see the light of a larger day for the Seminary. I suppose you have heard the latest news about our plans?"

"I have heard rumors of certain radical changes, but nothing definite."

"Well," continued the Dean, with a smile of satisfaction, "arrangements have practically been completed for a transfer of the Seminary to the University. I have just returned from a visit to Mr. Gordon Roscoe. On certain conditions, which I am confident we can accept, Mr. Roscoe promises to give us an endowment in connection with our University affiliation that will handsomely equip us for several years."

"Mr. Roscoe's trail seems to be over it all," said the minister in a low tone.

"What is that? I didn't understand," inquired the Dean.

"I was talking to myself—excuse me," said the minister. "What is the amount of Mr. Roscoe's gift?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Seminary has been losing students for several years. Our physical equipment is altogether inadequate to modern demands. This munificent gift will enable us to equip ourselves for larger, better work in every way. The transfer of the Seminary to the University will be an advantage. We shall be in touch with more life and feel the tide of it. Our students are isolated here. They do not have the impetus that city and university surroundings can give them. The University itself having been founded by Mr. Roscoe, it is only natural that he should wish to see it enlarged by the addi-

tion of a department of theology, and as we shall still retain our own distinctive name, I cannot but regard the whole affair with the greatest pleasure. I believe a new era has begun in the history of the Seminary."

The minister did not say anything, and the Dean, in some wonder, looked at him, and finally asked:

"What do you think, Brother Dudley?"

"I think it is a very serious crisis for the Seminary."

"Serious, yes—but exceedingly hopeful, don't you think? Of course, the affiliation with the University is a radical step; but it is in keeping with the movement of the times and will be a great thing for the Seminary. Do you see any serious thing to criticize about it?"

The minister was silent so long that the Dean almost lost patience. At last the minister said:

"I want to ask a question that may seem to you to be impertinent. It really is not so, but it will probably seem so."

"Oh, I am sure, Brother Dudley, that I shall not so regard it. Go on. I am interested to know what it is."

The minister rapidly gave a condensed account of his vacation experiences at his old Academy and College. He recounted in brief his talk with the Principal and the President concerning Mr. Roscoe's money-making methods, and the probable effect on the schools of accepting such money and making no protests against the process by which it was made.

AN UNEXPECTED QUESTION.

"The question that I want to ask you is the same as that which I put to the Principal and the President. What will be the effect on the life of the Seminary and on the product it turns out if you take Mr. Roscoe's money and keep silent about the unchristian practices that are true of his business operations? In other words, what sort of preachers will grow up out of a seminary that is supported in its physical equipment by a man who, though outwardly a Christian and a devout man, really breaks the Golden Rule in pieces and tramples on Christ's teachings as given in the Sermon on the Mount? How can the Seminary escape the irresistible degradation of its high moral and spiritual purpose? How can the students in the Seminary escape the influence of a teaching that must, after accepting such money, ignore all rebuke of such money-making methods?"

The Dean was so agitated by this unexpected question that he rose from his seat and paced up and down the room several times before he made any reply. Then he said:

"Brother Dudley, do you suppose for one minute that I would accept the money of Mr. Roscoe if I believed the terms of acceptance meant the closing of my lips against unrighteous or unchristian business methods?"

"No, I do not like to believe you would knowingly do that. But what puzzles me is the fact that you and the Seminary do accept Mr. Roscoe's gift and regard him as a Christian benefactor, knowing as you do the character of the methods he or his company pursue. Knowing all this, can the Seminary, or will it, go on to teach the ethics of Jesus in business which necessarily will convict Mr. Roscoe and his company?"

The Dean paced up and down with many signs of agitation in his face and manner.

"I do not believe it is as serious as you think, Mr. Dudley," he finally said with a faint smile. "Just look at the number of colleges that have accepted Mr. Roscoe's money. Only last week the President of X University wrote me that Mr. Roscoe had come to their relief with a splendid gift of \$300,000. The President of X is one of our finest types of earnest Christian men. He certainly has no compunctions about taking this money. Clearville Seminary is making an effort to get Mr. Roscoe's help in raising the long-standing indebtedness on the institution, and the prospect is that Mr. Roscoe will come to its assistance. If we are guilty of any unchristian conduct in taking Mr. Roscoe's money, we are certainly in good company, for, as you know, there are scores of institutions that have been financially helped by him."

"But does that fact make his business methods any less worthy of censure?"

"But, Brother Dudley!" exclaimed the Dean, eagerly, "are you not exaggerating unduly this matter? Is it possible for you to sift out the honest from the dishonest dollars that the business men in your own congregation pay into the church toward your own salary? Is it not a fact that in all probability some of the money

that comes into your own hands is made in very unchristian ways?"

"I have no doubt that is so," replied the minister. "And it would be an absolute impossibility for me to separate the good money from the bad. But I do not keep silent in my pulpit concerning the unchristian or selfish money-making of my business men. And if I knew of any case as clearly wrong as that of Mr. Roscoe's company, I should consider it my duty to denounce it rather than encourage it by holding up the donor to the public view of my congregation as a type of Christian benevolence. This is the point I cannot understand in connection with Mr. Roscoe's gifts to academy, college and seminary. You not only do not reserve the right to criticize his methods in particular as bad, but you actually set him before the students as a type of modern Christian rich man who is illustrating the noble habit of giving. It is the *giving* you emphasize as a great exhibition of benevolence; the *making* of the money does not enter into your consideration. So the question comes right back to where we began, and I see no escape from it; what will be the moral effect on the Seminary if Mr. Roscoe is accepted either tacitly or openly as the type of Christian benevolence?"

"I am sure you must be misinformed concerning Mr. Roscoe's business methods," murmured the Dean. "All business is more or less involved in transactions that meet with opposition, especially from unsuccessful rivals. I have no doubt Mr. Roscoe has been assailed and misrepresented by his business enemies."

HOW ABOUT THIS?

"Mr. Roscoe's company," said the minister, "has been guilty, according to well-established records in the courts, of crimes against the laws of the State. There are scores of individuals who have been financially ruined by him. He has, through his company, been guilty of the most unchristian practices in his business relations that I have no doubt he would be horrified to practice in his private life. These things are facts. They have been proved many times. Not to know them is to declare one's self as ignorant of one of the commonest facts in the commercial world. And I for one cannot but look with the gravest concern upon the elevation of this man to a place where educational institutions have put him on a pedestal of honor because he has made enormous sums of money and is giving a small portion of it to schools and seminaries and churches. The effect on our students in academy, college and seminary will, I believe, be disastrous to their ethical life. It will lower the whole tone of spiritual definitions of conduct. It will greatly emphasize the already distorted valuation placed upon physical equipment in our schools. To have magnificent physical equipment in the shape of buildings, apparatus and endowment, and at the same time to lose the ethical standard or substitute for it a false conception of Christian benevolence, is to drag our educational institutions down into a material prosperity that is nothing more or less than cultured paganism. The old idea of a college that consists of 'Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other end' is a million times to be preferred to Mr. Roscoe's endowed institutions with their imposing buildings, long array of faculty and immense crowds of students."

The minister paused as some one came into the office to confer with the Dean. He rose and looked at the Dean earnestly. The Dean returned his look with painful intentness, but in silence, and after gravely shaking hands, the minister went out.

A SUBJECT FOR EARNEST THOUGHT.

When the Rev. John Dudley's vacation was at an end he went home thoughtfully and sadly, pondering on the way the question he had raised with the heads of the three schools. When his wife saw his face she exclaimed:

"Why, John! What is the matter? I am afraid you have not enjoyed your vacation! You look as if you had been to three funerals, instead of visiting your old Academy, College and Seminary!"

"I don't know but that is what I have been to," he said. "I feel as if the old places were dead in more senses than one."

He related his experience, and when he was through she was silent.

"Am I an old fogey, Sarah?" he asked.

"No, I do not believe you are," she answered vigorously. "But the world will think you are if you say anything about it. The age in which we live is magnifying material prosperity."

"I wonder," he spoke slowly, "if we have gained in real power,"

(Concluded on page 947.)

The Christian Life

The Joy of Forgiveness.

By Rev. W. J. Mosier.

"What beautiful cups!" a friend exclaimed to the great Italian painter, upon first viewing the picture he had just finished—"The Last Supper." The painter drew his brush over the canvas, and his heart sank, and his brow clouded. He had failed; he had painted cups, but not the Saviour. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from sin." "The law came by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." "For the transgression of His people He was stricken." A beautiful woman in Hawaii became inconsolable because her husband had developed leprosy and had been banished to the Island of Molokai, where the lepers are required to live, and where she could never see him again. She consulted a witch doctor, and was treated until her skin was made a silvery white, as though she were in the early stages of leprosy. She then applied to the Health Board, feigning leprosy, that she might live and die with her companion. Though the doctors detected her deception, they so admired her devotion that they permitted her to join her husband. With great joy she took the steamer for the Island prison from which she can never return. Such devotion touches our hearts, but it is meager and ineffective compared to the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. A busy judge was about to rebuff a poorly clad and trembling soldier who had entered his office, when he caught the handwriting of his own son in the missive he extended. It read like this:

"Dear Father—The bearer of this is a soldier friend, discharged from the hospital, going home to die. Assist him in any way you can for Charlie's sake."

All the tender feelings of the father's heart gushed out. He took the soldier to his home and heart for Charlie's sake. He let him sleep in Charlie's bed and clothed and supplied him with every comfort, for the sake of his own dear boy.

When Mr. Lincoln became a lawyer, Hannah Armstrong, who had helped him when he was a poor boy, appealed to him to save her son, who was accused of murder. The great and good man promised to do his best. After the examination of the witnesses, he told the jury about the dead father of the accused boy, the cabin where he had lived, how it had been a home for himself when he was a poor boy; how, without the restraint of a father, William had fallen into bad company; how the chief witness had perjured himself; that there was no real evidence against the son, except that he had been in bad company. Tears drenched the faces of the jury. Even the judge could not help crying. "Not guilty!" was the verdict of the jury, and the mother and the son were clasped in each other's arms. Blessed privilege for Mr. Lincoln! Greater by far is the privilege of presenting the merits of Jesus Christ and advocating the perfect forgiveness to the discouraged, heartbroken and despairing but penitent child of God. What will not God, the loving heavenly Father, do for His dear Son when He presents His pierced hands, and pierced feet, and pierced side, and precious blood, and says, "Father, they confess their sins, for My sake forgive them?"

Oh, the blessedness of such forgiveness! Penitent be-

lievers need not suffer long when they reach the spirit of the 51st Psalm—the Penitential Psalm. Soon after breathing out the wail of a broken heart David is able to write the 32d Psalm, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." He tells us how God's hand was heavily laid upon him, and then, that we might take this sad condition into consideration, we read "Selah"—Pause! He then tells us how he acknowledged his sin and confessed his transgression unto the Lord, and says, "Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah." Another cause for holy meditation. He then glorifies his God, and says, "Thou art my hiding-place; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah." Let all the earth be silent before Him. Then he closes with the joyful exhortation, "Be glad in the Lord and rejoice; and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart."



Christian Conversation Corner.

By Mary Elizabeth Sweetser.

Not long since a person made an arrangement to meet a friend at 7 o'clock on one of the back seats of the audience room where an entertainment was to be given at 7.30. At 7.15 the person had not appeared. Then the friend went forward and tried to retain a seat for the expected companion. For fifteen minutes or more another friend rose time and again (until too tired to enjoy the entertainment), that the tardy one might see where they were located and be able to join them. At last the person watched for came. There had been no accident. Apparently, before making the appointment it might have been known that all which was attempted could not be accomplished and the building reached at 7 o'clock.

If we look at the failure to keep an appointment as a blemish, it is one which should be eradicated simply for the uncomfortableness which each of us knows it causes. Is it more than this—an unchristian characteristic? Is not making an engagement to meet a person in the nature of a promise, and is not a promise broken equivalent to a lie? Is one keeping the "Golden Rule" when he or she causes another annoyance? It is always more or less unpleasant to have one fail to keep an agreement, and aggravatingly unpleasant when unnecessary.

Perhaps you think this is too small a matter to take so seriously. Many instances could be cited where the results have been far from slight. But results are not of so much consequence as causes. Any state of mind, of conscience, which allows us to be regardless, or careless, of the comfort of others in any way, is to be deplored for our own sakes, fully as much as for the sufferer's.

The roots of the trouble—for this weed, I think, has two roots—are selfishness and want of exactness, and one great reason for giving attention to these is that, if not checked, what is at first scarcely noticed soon grows into a very evident habit of sin.

There is also the other side. Be sure the one who has failed to keep an agreement was to blame before you allow "righteous indignation" a place in your mind. Even then it is so nearly impossible for us mortals to exhibit righteous indignation *righteously* that it would be best, would it not, to be extremely cautious how, if at all, it is shown? And I do not recall any such virtue as righteous impatience or crossness.

(Address all letters for this department to Miss Mary E. Sweetser, Christian Conversation Corner, THE CHRISTIAN WORK, 86-90 Bible House, New York City.)

The Home Life

When I Get Rich.

The Rev. P. H. McCauley in *Freeman's Journal*.

When I get rich, oh, many things I'll do;
For all poor folks whose lives are full of care,
Their days, now drear, I'll make so sweet and fair,
They'll know no grief, no sorrow, no despair
When I get rich!

When I get rich the friends I love so dear
Shall know no more those weary, toilsome hours;
I'll light their skies with sunshine, and the showers
Will scatter on their pathway fairest flowers,
When I get rich!

When you get rich! Those friends you loved so well
May not be here, but far beyond the skies,
And never know the hidden love that lies
Within your heart—ah! foolish, vain surmise—
When you get rich!

Wait not till rich, but haste to do it now!
Yes, scatter sunshine—dry the falling tear—
Light up with hope the darkened heart and drear,
That may be near you—Oh, ne'er mind the year
When you get rich!



St. John's Day, or Midsummer's Day.

"Now to relieve her growing fear,
That feels the haunted moment near
When ghosts in chains the churchyard walk,
She tries to steal the time by talk.
But hark! the church clock swings around,
With a dead pause, each sullen sound,
And tells the midnight hour is come
That wraps the groves in spectred gloom!"

—Richard Niccolls: 1616.

St. John's Day, or St. John's Eve, June 24th, was once a time of mingled superstitious dread and merry-making. As long ago as the year 1330 a strong superstition attached to the weird time, and all kinds of bonfires, sports and crude, queer celebrations were in order on European shores. We read that in the year spoken of the women of Cologne, in Prussia, used at sunset on the eve of St. John's to repair to the banks of the Rhine, plunging their arms and feet into the water to ward off for another year such ills as might possibly be around and about them. St. Augustine made an effort to forbid this sunset bathing, regarding it as a pagan custom, which it doubtless was. Our forefathers, in breaking away from their parent land, fortunately left many local superstitions behind them, a fact for which we should be devoutly thankful. For of all evils which it is hard to rid oneself of, we count superstition to be one of the hardest. It becomes bred in the bone, and with many persons, especially the nervous and imaginative ones, it is nearly ineradicable.

One learned writer, in treating of St. John's Eve, tells of the midsummer bonfires around which the young people would dance merrily, would leap through, and on starting away from the scene of the evening's festivities would take with them a firebrand, allowing the ashes to go to the winds of heaven, so driving away evil and disaster. The moon, the stars, gaslight, everything in the way of light or fire, were gladly hailed as proving influential for good on this important anniversary.

It would seem as if the wild desire to burn away all evil or harmful influences had in it a lingering tendency toward sacrificial fire and burnings. Thus one phase of

this ancient day tends toward exorcising the spirit of all untoward things. Another phase is full of half-felt, half-expressed dread, a dread of the churchyard, of ghosts—whatever they may be—and an undefined, unintelligent and mixed dread and longing concerning the spirits of the "loved and lost." We always rebel against that word "lost," in speaking or thinking of those who have entered the higher life; we thankfully accept the comforting rendering of Cardinal Newman: "lost awhile." In this second phase of the subject before us dwells all the deep pathos of superstition in general.

Let us be very patient with "superstitious persons"; perhaps in a great measure they cannot help yielding to the peace-destroying trait. We remember how appealingly a very intelligent lady said: "Had you been brought up under the influences to which I was left largely during my earlier"—and, of course, most impressive—"years, you would not wonder that I cannot overcome a kind of nervous thrill at certain happenings." A Southern mammy, who tenderly cares for her "little honey," will yet vividly impress the imagination, not only with her solemn way of telling the baneful "sign," but her tragic gestures and ominously rolling eyes will add weird suggestiveness to other things she may not exactly say.

And it not infrequently is the case that some event taking place during one's childhood, and said to have been connected with an omen of unfortunate significance, will so burn itself into the memory, that no amount of grown-up wisdom and common sense will serve to entirely drive away the nervous dread that once came of a nervous shock.

Then there is the stubborn, undeniable influence of heredity. Scoff at it as some may, look with pitying scorn at it as some will, we believe that certain tendencies are as clearly reproduced in the mind and intellect as are the mother's eyes, or features, or the father's deft hand or hasty temper.

Oh, the pitiful sum and substance of it all is clear enough! If water could not drown, if fire could not burn, if disease could not smite and slay, all superstition could soon be exorcised without the need of a scattering or destroying firebrand.

Let us rejoice that the hard old roots of superstition have been torn up and destroyed to the extent that they have. At the same time, however, that we are optimistic as to the vanishing away of the grosser superstitions of the past, we yet cannot help feeling that heaven or the millennium only will entirely rid human nature of this part of its inherited belongings. Nor need we feel too great repulsion at the kindly meant admission. Not by any means is it only the ignorant and the uninformed who sometimes droop under an uncanny thrill. Some of the finest and hence the most sensitive natures have to own up now and then to having wished that "that hadn't happened just as it did!"

Ah, well; human nature is weak and will shrink betimes, but God is strong! By shrinking our weakness in the strength of the Eternal, we *can* cast out all fear. And "fear hath torment," and superstition is one form of fear.

"I know not what will befall me!
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes.

"Oh restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know;
It keeps me quiet in those arms
That will not let me go.

"I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than walk alone by sight."



There was a great flutter across the big bridge over in Brooklyn, the other day. The air was full of music, bands playing and the sweet voices of children singing. It was "Anniversary Day," and an army of girls and boys, big and little, dressed in their prettiest, marched through the streets with bright banners flying, and Old Glory, and red, white and blue emblems swinging in the breeze from most of the houses along the line of march. It was the seventy-third anniversary of the Brooklyn Sunday-school Union, and in the opinion of those who witnessed it, it was the finest parade in the history of the organization. Besides your old grandma, there were some distinguished visitors invited to see the parade from the Reviewing Stand: among them the Mayor of the City, Governor Odell and our President, Mr. Roosevelt. The President was unable to attend, but he sent a letter to the Grand Marshall, Mr. Alfred Tilly. The letter read as follows:

I am glad to have a chance to express to the children of the Sunday-school Union how glad I am to know that they are fitting themselves to become in the future Christian citizens of this great Republic.

Sturdy, self-respecting morality, a readiness to do the rough work of the world without flinching, and at the same time an instant response to every call on the spirit of brotherly love and neighborly kindness—these qualities must rest at the foundation of good citizenship here in this Republic if it is to achieve the greatness we hope for it among the nations of mankind.

Therefore, I send greetings to the children, and I send greetings especially to those who are training them in these difficult duties. Sincerely,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Besides, the children were further honored by this letter received from Princess Henry of Prussia, in reply to one from Mr. Tilly to Prince Henry (who was so lately a visitor to America, you remember) informing him of the parade:

SCHLOSS, Kiel, May 20, 1902.

The Prince being absent at sea, let me wish the Brooklyn Sunday-school Union, in his name, every success on its seventy-third anniversary.

IRENE, Princess Henry of Prussia.

Now don't you think the Brooklyn Sunday-school children had cause to feel proud at all this distinguished attention? I am sure they were glad to give three hearty cheers when the greetings were read to them at the beginning of the exercises.



OUR POST-OFFICE.

GROWING.

SARATOGA, N. Y., May 30, 1902.

My Dear Grandma—I have written to you once before, but I hope you will make room for me again. Have you ever been to Saratoga, I wonder? If you haven't when you do come I should like to show you around. I think it is just beautiful here. In a few weeks there will be a big crowd here. When I wrote before I had a pet kitten. He has grown to be a big cat now and doesn't care so much for play, but I don't care, as I have grown bigger, too, and have lots else to do besides play. I have a great many lessons, and I take music lessons and drawing lessons. We have a tennis court near us and I do like to play that sometimes. I guess I am crowding, so I will not write any more just now.

Your grandchild,

LUCIA E. RUTAN.

Welcome one again, Lucia. I am glad to see that you haven't forgotten me. Yes, I have been to Saratoga several times and feel quite at home there. But thank you all the same for your kind offer to show me around. I have no doubt there are places I haven't seen in your city which are of interest, and I would like nothing better than to have you show them to me. If I come again I will be happy to see you. I was sorry to read an account in one of our New York papers of the destructive fire on Broadway, yesterday, and saddest of all was the information of the lives lost. I trust some of the missing ones may be accounted for. How providential that it was controlled before it went any further!

BLUE AND GRAY.

HALIFAX, N. S., May 29, 1902.

Dear Grandma—Please take me for your grandchild. I am only four, but mama reads me the nice letters. I have the cutest little kitten; his name is Rex. He wears a gray coat and he has such pretty blue eyes. I am tired now, so good-bye for this time.

Your loving little grandchild,

ADA FLORENCE MOORE.

Rex is a beauty, I am sure. I will be glad to take you both as pets. You can just lay your tired little head on my shoulder whenever you want to and there is a comfortable cushion for little gray-coat, too.

WHAT IS COMING.

ELIZABETH, N. J., June 1, 1902.

Dear Grandma—We take your paper, and I would like to be your grandchild and have a letter in your chair. I go to school and we are going to have vacation soon. I am going in the country, up in the Catskill Mountains. I am seven years old. If I see this in the paper, maybe I will write again.

From your loving grandson,

ARTHUR D. NOYES.

Here you are, Arthur, and now you have the opportunity to come again, and I hope you will want to do so. Yes, vacation is drawing near, soon the books will be put away, the class-rooms will be empty and the school-house as quiet as the grave. How lonely, and strange it will seem. If the walls could speak I am sure they would say, "Hurry back, hurry back, we miss you, we miss you." But diligent boys and girls have earned a right to play-time and Grandma wishes the little scholars everywhere a happy vacation. The Catskills will give you lots of enjoyment.



Happy Little Mothers.

DECORATING THE GRAVE.

BIDWELL, O., June 4, 1902.

Dear Grandma—I want to be one of your grandchildren. My papa is a minister and takes THE CHRISTIAN WORK. I went to Sunday-school, last Sunday, and I learned about the poor cripple who was healed. I have a baby sister named Enid Wilmer. She has two teeth and laughs aloud. I had a pet cat, named Tez, who was killed by another cat. He was very smart in doing little tricks. I planted flowers on his grave. I am going visiting to my Aunt Eva's to-morrow. I have two grandpas living, but both of my grandmas are dead, but if you don't care I am going to call you grandma from now on.

Good-bye,

GLYDE LUCILE DENNEY.

Those pretty little teeth look just like two white pearls, I know. I'd like to kiss that dear laughing mouth. Please, will you do it for Grandma? That was too bad about "Tez." I presume it nearly broke your tender little heart to have to bury him. The cat who killed him must have been very vicious; you must look out for him if you ever have another pet. I am glad to be your grandma, and you must come soon again and see me. You and aunty had a happy time together, I trust.

Wise and Enterprising Men

by insuring their lives for the benefit of their wives and children prevent the possibility of their having to rely upon the charity of others.

The Prudential

Insurance Company
of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN,
PRESIDENT.

HOME OFFICE,
NEWARK, N.J.

Fill out this slip and send to us.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of Policies.

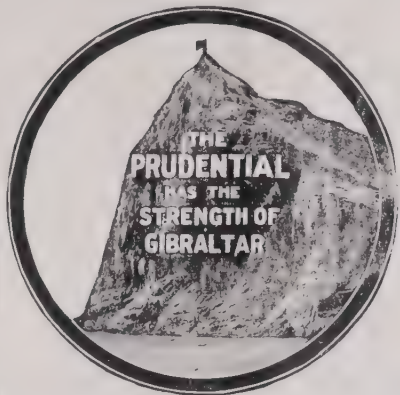
For \$..... Age.....

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

DEPT. 72



A HUGE SUCCESS.

The hourly trains between New York and Philadelphia via the New Jersey Central have not only proved a great success, but have met the demands of the traveling public in every instance. Hourly trains were indeed an up-to-date move, and when the schedule is fast, the stops few and time so convenient to remember (a train every hour and on the hour), there is no wonder at the hit they made. The New Jersey Central is trap-rock ballasted, the rails are new and heavy, the trains are the latest models, lighted by gas, the aisles carpeted, the attendants courteous, hard coal is used exclusively, hence no dust, cinders or smoke. Every Philadelphia train has a modern Pullman attached, and such conveniences serve to make the New Jersey Central the model railroad of the world. If you want time tables or other information, write to C. M. Burt, General Passenger Agent, New York.

For several years the advertisements of the Mead Cycle Company have appeared in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN WORK. Every year the business of this company has grown until now it exceeds 50,000 bicycles sold through mail orders all over the world each year. The Mead Cycle Company keeps its factories running all winter storing up wheels of the finest quality, and is always ready in the spring and summer to fill orders promptly at prices which are lower than any manufacturer selling on the old plan, through local dealers, can deliver a wheel of even inferior quality. The Mead Cycle Company can ship any wheel at any price the same day the order is received. Readers of this paper can be assured of prompt and honorable treatment. When writing for catalogues and prices mention THE CHRISTIAN WORK and address Mead Cycle Company, Department R 116, Chicago.

The close of the Boer War has by no means settled the question of which race, Boer or British, is ultimately to rule in South Africa. After winning the territory the English have the still greater task before them of winning the hearts of the African Dutchmen. As John Williamson Palmer says in his stirring poem, "Oranjé Boven" (from "For Charlie's Sake and Other Lyrics and Ballads," Funk & Wagnalls Company):

"And a man shall a freeman's foothold know where the arm of a man is free.
"For the lord of the Dutchman's land, the lord of the Dutchman's love shall be."

D. Appleton & Co. have added another to their series of odd posters issued this spring. The latest is to exploit "The Way of Escape," a new novel by Graham Travers (Dr. Margaret Todd), author of "Mona Maclean, Medical Student." It represents an angel with outspread wings leaning upon a tablet. The face is that of a young girl whose hair falls in luxuriant folds over her shoulders; but instead of a wrapt and holy expression, such as one would ordinarily expect to find on the face of an angel, there appears a haunted, worried look, as if the angel were carrying an enormous load on her mind. There is reason for this, however, as the heroine in the book is a young woman who is weighted down by a guilty conscience—a victim of circumstances, but otherwise a heroic character. It is from this burden that she seeks "a way of escape." The book is a study in evolution, a problem novel, and strong in dramatic incident. It surpasses anything Dr. Todd has yet produced.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for immediate publication, "The Founder of Mormonism," a work by I. Woodbridge

Riley, dealing more especially with Joseph Smith, and his share in establishing the Mormon faith in America. Other authorities have treated, more or less successfully, the results of Mormonism and their visible aspects as seen to-day; but it has remained for Mr. Riley to treat philosophically and historically the origins of this extraordinary phenomenon.

It is difficult to imagine a better balanced selection of domestic matter than is found in the July *Delineator*, adapted as it is to the trying needs of hot weather. Housewives will appreciate especially the suggestions contained in summer salads and cheese dishes, the chapter on mayonnaise, the recipes for preparing cherries, and the directions for hot-weather beverages. In addition is an article useful at any season on braising, frying and sautéing meats.

A short love story by Marguerite Tracy, in the July *Scribner's*, has for its hero a Yale athlete of the class of '98, who, while under the displeasure of his millionaire father, goes to Paris and becomes one of the guards in the Exposition.



"Did you ask the old man for his daughter?"

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

"I am going to wait until he begins to feel the benefit of his fall advertising."

Daughter—There will be literary people there.

Mother—Yes, and be on your guard with them.

"But how shall I know them, mother?"

"By their hair: long in the men, and short in the women."

COOL FOOD

For Hot Days.

Better health comes with less meat and fat during the warm weather.

By proper and pleasant diet you can prepare the body for summer and feel from 10 to 20 degrees cooler than your neighbor.

Grape-Nuts and cream, a little fruit and possibly a couple of soft-boiled eggs, are sufficient for the breakfast. An ordinary portion of Grape-Nuts contains sufficient nourishment to fully sustain the body until the noonday meal; being a predigested food, it does not overtax the stomach and contains none of the heat supplied by the heavy, carbonaceous foods.

Fully cooked at the factory by food experts, brings it to you ready to serve, and does away with the heat of cooking and the time necessary to prepare ordinary food, and its crisp daintiness is pleasing to the palate of young and old.

Many delicious recipes are found in each Grape-Nuts package, so that the form of eating this wholesome food can be changed to suit the user.

These suggestions, if followed for ten days, will convince the most skeptical that a cool body, an active brain and an energy hitherto unknown will prevail and the general lassitude peculiar to warm weather will disappear.

The Housekeeper.

Planning for the Vacation.

To plan wisely for the vacation season requires as much wits and wisdom on the part of the housekeeper as almost any consideration that confronts her during the year. Physicians say, now, that complete change in everything is a great essential in spending vacation days to the best advantage. They advise people to avoid sojourning in company with those with whom they spend much of the time when at home. This probably does not include the children, either young or old, but friends and general acquaintances; it is thought better to have new faces, advance fresh ideas and furnish the ripple of diversion always incident upon meeting "new people." There really is no unkindness in considering this as good advice. It naturally has a brightening effect to meet strangers when there is no sense of responsibility resting upon the shoulders regarding their entertainment. And there are very delightful people to be met almost everywhere—at the seaside, the mountains or the country resort. Of course, there are all sorts. It oftentimes affords entertainment not only for oneself, but also for friends, long after vacation days are over, recounting the pleasant or the "queer" experiences of the summer boarding house, or perhaps even of the brief excursion. We grow good-natured and light-hearted, as, slipping the leash of constant care and the wearying exactions of housekeeping, off we hie for a few weeks, or it may be months, of respite and needed rest. Not only the physician, but the skilled writer, will sometimes hint at the wholesomeness of living at least for a part of the time with "old folks." Marion Crawford asks in one of his popular books: "Does not every-day experience show that the people we admire, and even love, the most are not necessarily those with whom we are most in sympathy, or with whom it is best for us to live?" We would revise the last sentence in the connection under consideration and say, "live without occasional exchange of companionship?" And then, if, as was hinted a moment ago, we are amused by other people, there is just under our eye as we write a wholesome and timely reminder that we may possibly prove diverting in turn to others; this is the line and a half from another well-known writer: "Many people amuse us who are themselves amused in their sleeve." Oh, no doubt! But never mind, we are good-natured enough in very truth to bear with considerable equanimity the usually nerve-upsetting idea that some one is amused with us in his or her unworthy sleeve. And, after all, the pleasure derived from an interchange of opinions and experiences, especially from kindred spirits, solid, Christian people always coming to the fore in the estimation of other Christians, is a great treat, something to be lived over again when the dearest spot of earth again claims our willing presence. Still another gifted writer, speaking

of the delight of friendly intercourse in some lovely spot, says with graceful impressiveness: "The days seemed to flash by. No one could account for them, no one wished to. Human accord hovering over a garden spot of Nature is an indication of what Heaven might be."

The language is strong, but none too much so. Have we not sometimes found ourselves, generally with personal friends, in such a case, and also with delightful, congenial, new acquaintances, in a sweet, restful spot, where it has seemed as if we did indeed get a foretaste of the beautiful harmony, restfulness and congeniality that will go toward making up the loveliness and accord of Heaven? We want to linger until the last moment in such an atmosphere, and only hope when the time of parting comes that kind Heaven will vouchsafe us a return some time, or somewhere, of such revivifying hours. This constitutes one great charm attendant upon the anniversaries that in varying organizations bring together each year old friends and new. And the busy housekeeper would find great diversion and help in so ordering affairs as to avail herself of the opportunity of running off for a day to present herself at the "Reunion" of no matter what guild or particular fraternity—making "fraternity" apply to a sisterhood instead of brotherhood just here—and so breathing for a little the fresh, wholesome air of social refreshment and pleasant greetings.

We have heard more than one busy, enterprising housewife say of late years that her duties in the family being such that she absolutely could not go from home for any length of time, it was her habit to go on a number of day excursions during the summer, and the assurance has been added that they usually prove very delightful outings, notwithstanding the preparation they sometimes demand. Oh, by all means, dear housekeeper, go somewhere! Which, of course, means somewhere away from home. Plan to have all the change you conveniently can. We know all about the consideration that must be accorded purse-wise or purse-ward. But a little money can go a great way in these days of almost limitless trolley accommodations and quick-lunch preparations. It is not a wise home matron who neglects the summer opportunities and facilities for outdoor change and recreation. That last word, we often think, admits of two distinct definitions just as it stands: "Recreation—amusement, relief from toil." Re-creation—made over anew. If there is any one in the world who now and then, say annually, needs a kind of making-over, in view of the service continually required of her, it is you, yourself, dear Housekeeper, wherever you may be.



Lost in the Wilderness.

By Mrs. C. F. Wilder.

One day last fall a woman from the country came with her two children, a boy about three years of age and a baby, to our "City Restroom." The boy was not an obedient child and while the mother was caring for her baby the boy

opened the outer door and went on the street. When the mother was ready to finish her errands she could not find her boy. Our city is a little city, but the boy for a time was lost to that mother as much as though he had been in London or New York.

A child can be lost in a small or large city as entirely as in a wilderness. He can be lost in college studies or in the swirl of temptation in the slums just as a minister can be lost in good works or in the whirlpool of modern thought when the floodgates have been opened in the race-way and the rush of mud and water have been let loose on "religious literature."

But the person oftenest lost in the wilderness is the House Mother.

To keep up with the times the modern house mother must either have unlimited means or unlimited strength and ingenuity.

About 96 per cent. of the American women do their own housework. A large number are their own dressmakers, nurse-girls, cooks and washerwomen. A large per cent. of these same women belong to clubs, "write papers," attend club meetings, club receptions, read the last "best selling book" and chase all the men and women who start down the road with a whoop about a new religion, the latest fad in a "philanthropic" scheme or some new "thought" for the "emancipation of woman."

Another large per cent. are members of some church, are faithful as members of the choir, officers in the Dorcas Society, Social Union, Missionary Band, Mercy and Help Sisters and sew carpet rags every week at the Church Aid Society.

Another per cent. are society women,
(Continued on page 947.)

CATCHING.

The Coffee Habit Breeds Trouble.

It is quite commonly the case that both husband and wife are somewhat similarly troubled with coffee drinking.

A lady writes and, after giving description of her husband's relief from coffee dyspepsia and general nervous trouble, says: "I was almost as bad as he, having the headache nearly every day and was nervous and weak, did not sleep well, was pale and thin and had a bad complexion.

"When I found how much good Postum Coffee was doing husband I concluded to use it, and I tell you life is altogether a different thing. I eat and sleep well and look like a different woman. My usual weight for years was from 98 to 100 pounds; I now weigh 108 pounds and every one tells me how much better I am looking.

"I had some friends who did not like Postum, but knowing it was because they did not boil it long enough I made some at their house one day, and they agree with me that Postum is a delicious beverage, and while, of course, the flavor and taste are pleasing and we are glad Postum does suit us that way, the great advantage is in the wonderful, bounding health that we have recovered." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

(Continued from page 946.)

and, beside the care of the home seek amusement and rest in a dozen card parties each week, beside two or three social dances, several "swell receptions," a concert, the theater, opera and one or two other entertainments.

"Lost in the Wilderness!" Not only "lost," but so bewildered, so worn out, that not even sense enough is left to know which way to turn to find the path that leads into the blessed light of a really happy home life.

The woman whose life is too complex for comfort, for sane living, instead of asking: "What next?" "Then what next?" ought to resolve to get rid of the seeming duties of following the round of so-called "pleasures," lose the tension in which she lives and know what actual rest, real peace, genuine joy means.

I know a woman who belongs to eight clubs! I know another, who, beside her homework last week, attended ten whist or euchre parties to say nothing of several other entertainments.

There is no need of enumerating the "duties" and "pleasures" of women. We all know for ourselves, and we all now and then get lost in the wilderness. Needlessly lost; foolishly, wickedly lost.

A few years ago when women from England and from the East came to Kansas to "help" the Kansas women, who thought they wanted—with all the other things our laws have given to women—suffrage, I was visiting in an adjoining city. One day in the electric car I heard a little woman enumerating her "duties." "You see," she said to her companion, "that I was the local secretary and had to make plans for the suffrage meetings in our district. I got so worn out with working night and day, attending committee meetings, writing letters and all that, I could hardly keep up. Jim was as cross as a bear, but I really could not do my housework and things had to look like sixes and sevens. And, what do you think, right in the midst of it the baby took sick! The poor little fellow was teething and he worried night and day. I had a doctor and he said there was danger of his not pulling through, for you see I had to feed him all sorts of stuff. But what could I do? You see it was just before election and I just had to go on with my work."

The author of "In His Steps" has been a guest in our home lately and we talked about the strenuous life of the Twentieth Century house mother. This author is pastor of a wide-awake church that is doing more Christian work in a week than many another church in a year. "If a church member has one office in the church it is all that member ought to have unless the person is a man or woman of leisure," said Mr. Sheldon. The thought of belonging to such a church seems to bring an atmosphere of restfulness.

To belong to only one club, to one missionary society and have time for "rest," have time to visit with the husband and live with the children, would seem like making home that one bit of paradise that was left after the fall; would tend to keep the American woman from being lost in the wilderness.

MANHATTAN, Kan.



Rev. John Dudley's Vacation.

(Concluded from page 941.)

or only in things? Are we at a crisis in our educational life? At any rate the ethical standard is confused in the case of Mr. Roscoe. I am *not* an old fogy. What will be the product of the educational sys-

tem that asks no questions concerning the making of money so long as it gets money?"

"It is easy enough to prophesy what the product will be," his wife replied, "It will be an educated paganism, a cultured heathenism that will restore the worship of things instead of demanding the worship of ideals."

"Then," said the minister, as he went into his study to prepare his sermon, "the sooner we get back to the Mark Hopkins kind of a college the better for the Republic. For I fear the present tendency means more serious consequences to our boys and girls than we dare to imagine. God save us from progress in things at the cost of the ideals of life!"—*The Independent*.

TOPEKA, Kansas.

Greatest of All Tonics.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Nourishes, strengthens and imparts new life and vigor. Cures indigestion, too.

CARPETS and Summer Furnishings.

GREAT SPECIAL SALE OF FINE FANCY MATTINGS.

1,000 Pieces, Various Patterns (extra quality).
Regular 7.50 Rolls (40 yards), at 4.89
Regular 12.00 Rolls (40 yards), at 8.94
Regular 16.00 Rolls (40 yards), at 9.84

INLAID LINOLEUM

at a great reduction.

Odd pieces of OIL CLOTHS and PRINTED LINOLEUMS

AT REMNANT PRICES.

Special Sale of

Reed, Rattan, Willow, Grass and Fibre-Rush
ARMCHAIRS, ROCKERS, LAWN and PORCH
PIECES.

We invite inspection of our novelties in Colonial Mission, Weathered and Green Oak Furniture; also to our extensive lines of Bedroom Suits in White Enamel Bird's-Eye Maple, Birch, Oak and Mahogany.

BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS

in exclusive patterns, all sizes.

ALL AT CONVINCINGLY LOW PRICES

for high-grade goods.

SHEPPARD KNAPP & CO.

Sixth Ave., 13th and 14th Sts., N. Y.

N. B. PARLOR FURNITURE REUPHOLSTERED during the SUMMER at very moderate charges.

"Church Hymns and Gospel Songs"

ONE OF MANY TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED:

"We have used 'Church Hymns and Gospel Songs' exclusively in all our services, Church, Sabbath School, Prayer and C. E. Meetings, for the last three years, and have not yet 'sung it out.' Our congregational singing during this time has increased fully 100 per cent."

DANIEL H. OVERTON, Pastor.

Greene Ave. Presb. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

\$25.00 per 100. Sample, postage free, 20 cents.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York and Chicago.

THE INN AT HIGH POINT,

Port Jervis, N. Y.

—A Summer resort with all the conveniences of city life. Grandly located upon the highest point in the State of New Jersey. Always cool.

—A beautiful spring water lake upon the mountain top. All the advantages of the Adirondacks within three hours of New York.

—A wide veranda, encircling all sides of the house, affords a fine opportunity for promenading, the veranda being 600 feet in length.

—Good livery, tennis, croquet grounds, billiards, boating, etc. An orchestra during season.

CHARLES ST. JOHN, Mgr., Port Jervis, N. Y.

"Well Done Outlives
Death." Your Memory
Will Shine if You Use

SAPOLIO

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Among the Churches.

Mrs. Clarissa M. Bishop, the oldest Moravian missionary, died at Bethlehem, Pa., June 6th, aged 81 years. In the 40's she served with her husband at St. Croix, Danish West Indies, and later in the Cherokee Nation for fifteen years, enduring hardships consequent on the Civil War. Her husband, Rev. Gilbert Bishop, retired, aged 88, survives her.

After an illness of less than two weeks, Rev. William B. Frisby, S.T.D., rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston, died at his home on June 6th. He was 48 years old. Mr. Frisby was prominent in the Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts, and was considered one of the leaders of the Ritualist party in the State.

The corner-stone of the new First Methodist Episcopal Church, Montclair, N. J., was laid June 7th by Bishop Andrews, of New York. Many persons were present from all parts of the country. Rev. Dr. Warren L. Hoagland, presiding elder of the Newark district, presided. Addresses were made by Bishop Andrews, Rev. Dr. Amory H. Bradford and John D. Slayback, the latter, with Joseph Van Vleck, taking a prominent part in the work of starting the new church. The building, which, it is expected, will be completed by November, will cost \$70,000. It will have a seating capacity in the main auditorium for 800 and a Sunday-school for 500.

Rev. Dr. George H. Hepworth died on Saturday, June 7th, from heart failure, at his home, 222 West 23d street, this city. Dr. Hepworth was born in Boston on February 4, 1833. He was educated in the Latin School, of Boston, and the Cambridge Theological School. His first charge was a Unitarian Church in Nantucket, where he remained for two years, till 1857. In December, 1858, he organized a Unitarian society in South Boston. In the Civil War he served throughout the Louisiana campaign as regimental chaplain on the staff of Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks. Later he was pastor of the Church of the Messiah and then of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. In the Irish famine of 1880 he distributed a relief fund to the sufferers from the New York *Herald*, whose staff he joined on his return. His sermons have for many years been a weekly feature of the paper.

At a special meeting at the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, the resignation of Rev. Dr. Robert R. Meredith, pastor of the church for fifteen years, was formally accepted. Resolutions were also adopted regretting that Dr. Meredith's resignation had been made necessary by his illness, and arrangements were made to hold a joint meeting of the congregation and church society to give the doctor a substantial tribute, which will probably take the form of a pension. Dr. Meredith is now staying at a sanatorium at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

At the Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue and 48th street, of which Rev. Dr. Donald Sage Mackay is minister, New York-

ers will have an opportunity in August of hearing one of the popular preachers in Scotland, Rev. Dr. William S. Swanson, of the United Free Church, Glasgow. Dr. Swanson will occupy the pulpit morning and evening throughout the month. In September it is expected that Rev. Dr. Alexander Connell, of Regent Square Church, London, will preach for Dr. Mackay. Dr. Connell received a call to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church three years ago.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society in national convention at Syracuse, N. Y., elected the following officers: President, Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, Brooklyn; vice-presidents, E. Clark Ford, of Ohio; Rev. Charles R. Brown, of California; Harry J. Hollister, of Michigan; Rev. Michael Burnham, of Missouri; William D. Hyde, president of Bowdoin College; Rev. Edward D. Eaton, of Wisconsin; Rev. George E. Hale, of New Hampshire; Rev. Edward M. Chapman, of Vermont; Rev. Ruen Thomas, of Massachusetts; Justice David J. Brewer, of Washington, and Rev. Colvin McClelland, of Rhode Island; auditor, George S. Edgell, of New York; Executive Committee (to serve until 1907), Rev. E. N. Packard, of Syracuse; Rev. W. B. Holman, of Connecticut, and Rev. W. H. Wanamaker, of Pennsylvania.

Stanford White, of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, has been engaged by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt to design a new front for St. Bartholomew's Church, Madison avenue and 44th street, as a memorial to her husband. The design will be made with especial attention to framing adequately two sets of bronze doors for the entrances. It was Mrs. Vanderbilt's original intention to give the doors only, but on consultation she came to feel that they could not be set off properly by the present frames and arches, so the whole front will be remodeled. The work, both on the doors and the church, will begin soon. The total cost will be about \$20,000.

The First Presbyterian Church, of Catauqua, Pa., at its recent congregational meeting unanimously voted an increase of

\$200 per annum to the salary of the pastor, Rev. C. H. Miller.

President Francis L. Patton has resigned the presidency of Princeton University, and Prof. Woodrow Wilson, head of the department of jurisprudence and politics, has been elected his successor. At the commencement meeting of the Board of Trustees on June 9th President Patton presented his resignation and strongly urged that it be accepted immediately, at the same time suggesting that Professor Wilson should succeed him. When the Board found that President Patton would not reconsider his action it promptly acted upon his suggestion, and on the first ballot unanimously elected Professor Wilson president.

American and English Congregationalists fraternized in Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, at the celebration on June 11th of the tercentenary of the formation of the original church in the old hall so closely association with the Pilgrim Fathers. Among the incidents of the celebration was the gift of £1,000 from the American churches to free the John Robinson Memorial Church from debt and the unveiling of a bronze tablet commemorative of the cooperation of American and English people in the erection of the church.

The Broad Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, was damaged \$400 by fire on June 8th.

Rev. C. Rudolph Kuebler, of Hackensack, N. J., preached his eleventh anniversary sermon Sunday, June 2d. During these many years the church has made steady progress and has become an important factor in the life of this suburban town and county. Mr. Kuebler came to this church direct from Union Seminary in 1891.

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Christian Endeavor.

Sunday, June 29th.—Prov. xiv, 34; Deut. vi, 10-13.

National Prosperity.

By Lina Jeanette Walk.

He only serves his country who
Most truly serves the Lord;
He to his country is a foe
Who scoffs the sacred word.
The patriot true will keep the law,
He's loyal in his heart;
In all his conduct not a flaw
Doth into being start.

When the bomb was fired which blew up the Maine our whole nation was stunned. For the moment there was thought but for the poor souls who had perished. But directly there came the feeling of suspicion followed by intense indignation and resentment at the insult and outrage which had been aimed at our country by the diabolical and cowardly act. Hot-headed, impetuous men advocated declaring war immediately, and all eyes were turned upon the President, who was the one to say whether the wrong should be thus avenged. It is not so long past but we can well remember the suppressed excitement which existed in the breasts of many of our citizens while the question was at issue, nor how our noble President was criticized for his reluctance to engage in a conflict with Spain, nor how he was denounced for the calm and cool judgment which gave the opportunity for apology and an amicable settlement of the affair. But Mr. McKinley was subject to a higher power than man; he was a Christian and a Christian to whom God's will was above all other wills. As the head of the nation he hesitated to do anything which should bring it into reproach. The real welfare and prosperity of our country, he thought, depended not so much on extensive manufactures, increasing wealth in material things or the greatness of its population as upon its obedience to God's laws and Christian civilization. War was in direct opposition to the teaching of the gospel he honored and loved.

And thus it is with any true patriot. Loyalty to God comes first. He cares too much for his country to uphold her in anything wrong, and he knows that no human government can prosper which is not established upon righteousness; he knows, as Washington did, "that of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert those pillars of human happiness, those finest props of the duties of men and citizens. In the study of this subject it is well to remember that history is marked with the destruction of nations and empires which have been founded in injustice or perpetuated in wrong. "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord," and in spite of advanced thought; in spite of Godless theories concerning the creation; in spite of all the marvelous inventions and discoveries of science; in spite of everything which would rule the Redeemer and re-

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"Bravo to the inventors!
(Signed) PIETRO MASCAGNI."
Warschau, Russia, April 4th, 1902.

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ligion out of our lives, the kingdom of God lives, and the same God who censured Sodom will denounce and destroy the nation who scoffs at Him as being still the Supreme Ruler of all governments.

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Brown—Well, what makes so many other people crazy to keep them out?

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FOILED DEATH.

Doctors Told Mrs. Wake That She Was Doomed to Quick Consumption—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

To lie at the point of death for months, to be told by the physician that there is no hope of recovery and then to be restored to health and strength by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, was the experience of Mrs. W. H. Wake, of 84 Broad street, Rahway, N. J. To look at her now one would think it hardly possible that she had ever had a serious illness. Speaking of it, she says:

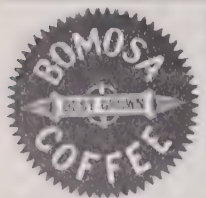
"About three years ago I was in a condition generally known as run-down. I was miserable indeed: lifeless and languid. I had no strength at all; all desire for food had left me; I was terribly nervous and could not sleep. What was worse, I did not improve, and my weight went down from 135 pounds to 96. I was under the care of a physician for thirteen months, but still I grew worse. He said my blood had almost turned to water. I was so weak that I was obliged to lie down all the time; if I tried to stand or even to sit up I would faint away.

"Finally the doctor told me that unless I began to get better within two weeks I was doomed to quick consumption. Then I gave up all hope.

"But about this time a friend, who knew something of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, advised me to try them. I did so, and after taking the third box, I began to feel better. I continued using them faithfully until I was cured. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a wonderful remedy for persons afflicted as I was, and I shall always recommend them."

The disease from which Mrs. Wake suffered was anæmia. It is characterized by a pallid complexion, pale lips, dull eyes, tongue and gums bloodless; shortened breath on slight exertion—such as going upstairs; palpitation of the heart, feeling of impending death, weakness, loss of appetite and ambition; irregularity and pain in the natural functions of women.

The one remedy that has proved itself a specific for anæmia is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are sold at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



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Just for Fun.

"Ping-pong."

The shades of night were falling fast
As to the dining-room there passed
A youthful pair, who gaily bore
A box, on which was this—no more—
"Ping-pong."

They cleared the table with a swish,
From doily down to butter-dish;
Then through the center stretched a net
And soon the ball the racket met
"Ping-pong."

"Try not the game!" the housemaid cried.
"The dinner is ready now," she sighed,
"And I must put it on the board."
The young man turned and fiercely roared,
"Ping-pong."

The cook strode to the open door,
And cautioned them to cease once more.
"The roast," she urged, "is sure to burn."
The maiden gasped: "I'm bound to learn
Ping-pong."

The family lurked in the hall,
And moaned: "Are we to eat at all?"
But still they heard the ping and pong
That made the cadence of a song
Ping-pong.

And back and forth they smote the sphere
Until the dawn of morning clear.
The father, mother, sister, too,
Wailed hungrily: "Alas! we rue
Ping-pong!"

One day the searchers, out of breath,
Found all these people starved to death;
The cook, the housemaid, beau and belle,
The family—and, sad to tell,
Above them pinged the pongful knell:
"Ping-pong!"

—Baltimore American.



Newlywed—My wife and I were both very nervous when we were being married.

Wigwag—Ah, I see. Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat like 60.

"Did you notice what a pleasant odor there was in that book department?"

"Yes. I presume it came from the spicy literature."

"Nowadays all monarchs learn a trade," remarked Mr. Darley.

"What is the King of England's trade?" Mrs. Darley asked.

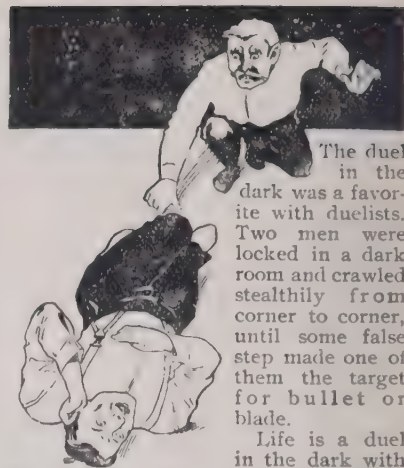
"Judging from the large number of orders he has conferred, I should say he is a decorator."

Doctor—I am slightly in doubt as to whether yours is a constitutional disease or not.

Patient—For Heaven's sake, doctor, have I got to go to the expense of appealing to the United States Supreme Court to find out whether it is or not?

Mrs. Muggins—Her husband is the laziest man that ever lived, and yet she fairly adores him.

Mrs. Buggins—Worships her idle, eh?



The duel in the dark was a favorite with duellists. Two men were locked in a dark room and crawled stealthily from corner to corner, until some false step made one of them the target for bullet or blade.

Life is a duel in the dark with disease. One false step, one mistake, and the attack comes swift and sudden. The mistake which commonly opens the way for an attack by disease is neglect of the symptoms of stomach trouble. When eating is followed by undue fullness, belchings, sour or bitter risings, etc., disease is attacking the stomach.

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"I was suffering very much with my head and stomach," writes Mrs. W. C. Gill, of Weldon, Shelby Co., Ala., "head was so dizzy when I would raise up in bed would fall right back. Could eat but very little, in fact scarcely anything, there seemed to be a heavy weight in my stomach so I could not rest; I had to belch very often and would vomit up nearly everything I ate. I was in a bad condition. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and five of his 'Favorite Prescription' and am now well and hearty. I feel like a new woman and give Dr. Pierce's medicines credit for it all. I had taken medicine from physicians without any benefit as I could see."

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A man may be every inch a gentleman and not very tall at that.

The man who loves his wife's relations is as blessed as he is scarce.

Some men seem to think the milk of human kindness flows only from bottles.

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It is folly to kick against the inevitable.

It takes two drunkards to make one pair of tights.

The woman who is a good talker is apt to be a poor quitter.

Some men play the races and some others work the players.

As a woman's beauty fades her brains come to the front.

It sometimes happens that a man's house is his mother-in-law's castle.

Perhaps a pretty girl is called a "peach" because she has a heart of stone.

When a woman is unable to go shopping she calls on a neighbor and they talk shop.

She (threatening breach of promise suit)—Do you intend to deny, sir, that you proposed to me?

He—No; I intend to plead insanity.

"It seems strange to hear you speak so bitterly of him. You used to say you admired him for the enemies he had made."

"Yes, but I'm one of them now."

Blobbs—Kicking about your ice bills, eh? Just think of next winter and the bills for coal.

Slobbs—Well, coal doesn't melt before it has a chance to get into the cellar.

Yerringer—This life is full of uncertainties. One can never tell what is going to happen.

Towle—Yes, I guess that's so. What's the matter just at present?

Yerringer—Oh, nothing much. Only I called on old Gruffam for his daughter's hand, and I got the old man's foot instead.

Lady—There is water in the milk you bring me, sir!

Milkman—Can't help it, madam; my cows will stand in the crick this hot weather for all I kin do.

"I suppose you set a good table?" remarked the man who was looking for board.

"Well," replied the landlady, "three of my regular boarders are laid up with the gout."

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JUNE 28, 1902.

Number 1845

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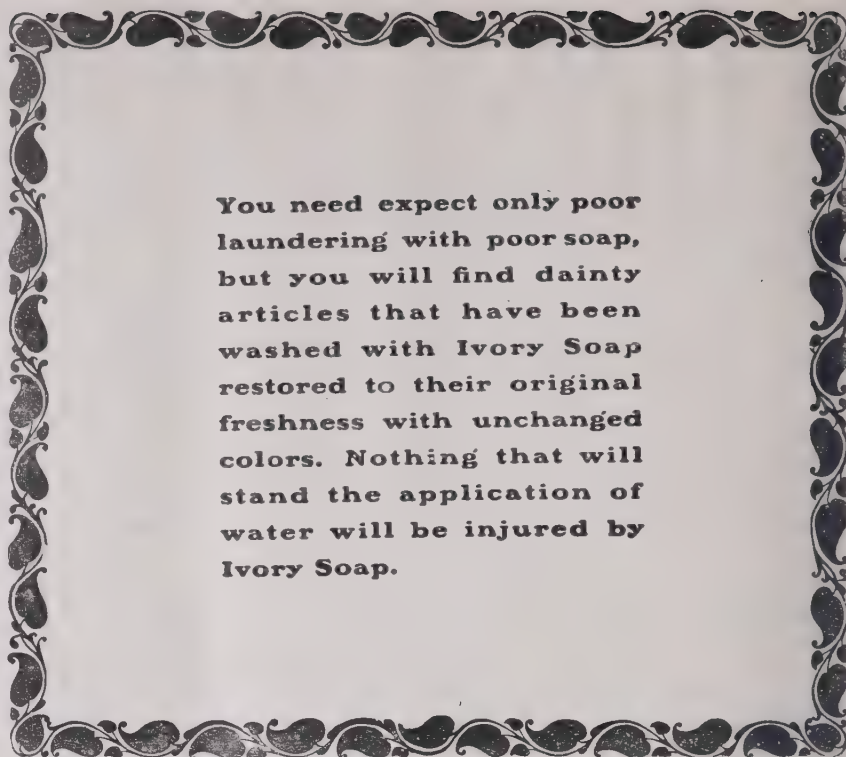
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Volume 72

New York, Saturday, June 28, 1902

Number 1845

Terms \$3 Per Annum.

Cuban Reciprocity
and the President.

The Senate Republican canvass having failed to act on the President's message urging reciprocity and relief for Cuba, the President is driven to the exercise of other prerogatives if he would see his policy prevail—resort to the framing of a treaty providing the necessary legislation. Indeed, according to Washington despatches, the President has negotiated a treaty with Cuba providing for a 20 per cent. reciprocal reduction of duties, which may be changed to 25 per cent., and intends submitting it for ratification to the Senate either before Congress adjourns or to a special session of the Senate called immediately afterward. The President is said to expect not only that many of the beet-sugar Senators will vote for such a treaty, but that Democratic Senators will help to ratify it, which should be an entirely reasonable expectation. While this strategic move by the President is decidedly skilful its success is problematical. And it is to be noted that such a treaty will have to be discussed and voted upon in secret executive session, which will enable the beet-sugar advocates to speak and vote without that great check on all forms of misdoing—publicity. Still further, while a Cuban reciprocity bill requires only a bare majority vote to pass it, a treaty requires a two-thirds majority to ratify it. Obviously, therefore, Democratic Senators must support the President in order to save the treaty, unless the beet-sugar cabal surrenders, of which there is no present sign. Should the emergency arise, the Democratic Senators cannot better exhibit their patriotism than by going to the simultaneous relief of the President and of Cuba without a moment's hesitation.

The Senate Declares
for a Panama Canal.

On Friday of last week the Senate adopted, by a vote of 42 to 34, Senator Spooner's bill providing for the construction of a Panama instead of a Nicaraguan canal. The bill was subsequently amended so as to provide that the President shall authorize the construction of a canal via Panama if he can get a clear title and can acquire the Panama property for \$40,000,000. If he cannot acquire the Panama property and get clear title, then he is to authorize the construction of a canal via Lake Nicaragua. This modified proposition, presenting the conditional alternative of a Nicaraguan canal, came in the shape of an amendment offered by Senator Bacon, of Georgia, and went far to reconciling the advocates of a Nicaraguan canal to the situation. Upon the measure thus amended the vote was 67 to 6, Senators Bate, Cockrell, Daniel, Dubois, McEnery and Pettus voting in the negative. Mr. Morgan, who for twenty-five years has labored for a Nicaraguan canal, accepted the situation and voted for the bill. The measure,

by consent, was sent to a joint Committee of Conference, which takes all preliminary debate out of the House, and hastens the determination of the whole question. The present outlook favors the adoption of the Senate bill. Even Chairman Hepburn, who favored the Nicaragua bill, virtually admits that he prefers action at this session to further delay in behalf of the Nicaragua route. But of far greater importance will be the necessity for those who voted for the Hepburn bill to convince the country that they are justified in throwing over canal legislation to the next Congress. They will find it impossible to do that. Doubtless the supporters of a Nicaragua canal will show that they want a great national waterway in preference to their particular choice, and will accept the senate bill. The arguments have been all thoroughly threshed out and the time has come for action. The general expectation and desire is that talk shall stop and digging begin. The people want the canal.

The Last Move
in the Strike.

The striking coal miners have called a general convention and conference to meet on July 17. This act seems to be susceptible of one interpretation, and that is that it is a confession on the part of the strike leaders that their campaign so far has been a failure. Mr. Mitchell and others of his associates are known to have been opposed to dragging the bituminous men into the contest, and the very fact that they have set the date of the convention so far ahead as July 17 shows that they are hoping for something to happen which will make this action unnecessary. Nearly three weeks remain for the miners to consider the enormous responsibilities which rest upon their decision. The present situation cannot exist very long, and for these miners an early adjustment has become necessary. And certainly any organization which insists upon placing itself above the welfare of the whole community will go down to a defeat so crushing as to be beyond all hope of ever rising again.

Coronation of
King Edward VII.

On Friday of this week occurs the coronation in Westminster Abbey of King Edward VII., and it is unnecessary to say that all London, and for that matter all England, is agog over the event. And yet it is probably true, as the correspondent of the *New York Times* says, that "despite the feeling of exhilaration which possesses the multitude and the signs of holiday making on every hand, one may safely assert that the present generation will never have another coronation like unto this." It certainly exceeds in its magnificence of preparation anything that has gone before. Nearly 60,000 regular and auxiliary troops and 17,000 men of the Metropolitan and City police forces will be on duty in London during the coronation ceremonies. A half million of London's poor will eat the dinner the King will provide for them, and for two days the country will be

in holiday trim. But passing all this, to an American the simple ceremonies attending a Presidential inauguration are more impressive, as they are far more significant; they at least stand for what is real, while the coronation fanfare and magnificence are symbolic only of authority long vanished and of a "royal sacramentarianism" which has become effete and unreal. In this country the coronation festivities attract little interest; but every right-minded American wishes well for Edward, and, sovereign as he is, exclaims devoutly with his English subjects—"God save the King!"



Paterson and
Its Anarchists.

A courageous Mayor, backed by a determined police—except the chief, whom he removed—and 700 of the New Jersey National Guard—these have checked riotous strikers and revolutionary Anarchists. The attitude and acts of these fellows constitute a timely revelation of the Paterson anarchists that should be utilized to good advantage in the public interest. So shamelessly violent a gang should be stamped out. Paterson is rapidly becoming recognized as the anarchist headquarters for America with international connections to facilitate plotting for murders abroad. The flaunting of red flags by the rioters yesterday and their open justification of such conduct by the well-known cries against law and property prove the constant craze which justifies crime on principle, and which is ready to be let loose in every dispute between employer and employed. Any crushing severity visited upon lawless anarchists will teach these disturbers a lesson never to be forgotten. Public opinion from Maine to California would applaud such action.



The Beef Trust
and the State.

The enjoinder of the Beef Trust by Justice Alden Chester, of the Supreme Court at Albany, is the outcome of the movement of the State, through Attorney-General Davies, against that Trust. The injunction is most comprehensive and sweeping in character. It enjoins the trust from fixing prices by combining together, for regulating the supply, or from combining to regulate wages, or from using a "blacklist" or from preventing competition in any way; nor can any agent, officer or clerk be dismissed by any company upon the request or demand of another. This takes the whole issue into the courts, where the Beef Trust officials must answer the charges brought against them of having violated the laws of the State.



The Washington
of Mexico.

Before General Porfirio Diaz became her President Mexico belonged to a barbaric past. Under the circumstances, the President's request of Congress that he may have an indefinite leave of absence for the restoration of his health, with permission to travel abroad, means nothing less than that one of the most remarkable tasks of remarkable men is well done and the newer Mexico firmly established as a civilized and progressive nation. Don Jose Limantour, who is what we would call the Secretary of the Treasury, and who will probably be the chief executive in Diaz's absence, fairly represents the economic prosperity that has resulted from the latter's powerful influence since his first accession to the Presidency in 1876. After firmly restoring order and preserving peace both at home and abroad, Diaz has developed for his country such a degree of prosperity as was unknown in the old days,

during which the liberal constitution of 1857 was twice suspended—indeed such as Mexico never enjoyed before. As for President Diaz, he is entitled to be called the father of his country in something like the Washingtonian sense, for, if he found a Republic instead of founding one, he nevertheless had a different and in some respects a more difficult task than Washington's. He had to deal with a turbulent mixture of Spanish and Indian elements. Probably he came as near being the ideal man for the time and place as any man ever came to supplying a nation's demand for a maker. He has acted on the principle that nothing was too good for Mexico to borrow as soon as she was ripe for it. The world will not withhold its approval of such selective and constructive talent as that of Porfirio Diaz.



Popular Education in
the Southern States.

It is encouraging to know that a better day is dawning for the cause of public education in the Southern States. A comprehensive plan has been formulated which deserves to be ranked with the truly great undertakings of the new century. What the Federal Government cannot do in the matter of fostering common education will be done by the "General Educational Board" recently organized, which will operate throughout the United States under authority of a Federal charter. Its purpose is to develop the district school and help the higher institutions wherever there may be need. It will not confine its benefactions to any one locality or race. The South is receiving first attention. Whites as well as blacks will be helped. Great care is being taken not to develop pauperism. To avoid this evil the Southern communities will be called upon to levy school taxes, collect and distribute the same impartially, and then for every dollar given by private parties the board will give another dollar. The movement has been inaugurated with a fund of \$1,000,000 in cash, which was given outright by John D. Rockefeller, to be spent as the board thinks best. Further donations are expected from the same source and from other wealthy men. They should give millions, because this board, with its careful management, will do much to solve the great problems of race and ignorance in the South. The General Educational Board was projected by William H. Baldwin, Jr., president of the Long Island Railroad, who has enlisted a number of far-seeing students of social conditions, among them being Dr. Albert Shaw, Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, Morris K. Jesup, Robert C. Ogden, Walter H. Page and Dr. J. L. M. Curry. Rev. Dr. Wallace Buttrick is executive secretary, with headquarters in this city.



The Chinese Empire.
Joined by a Thread.

How loosely the Chinese Empire is joined together is being made apparent as revelations are coming forth from various parts of the great Asiatic Empire. One of the more significant of these is afforded by the fact that Sven Hedin, whose dangerous trip into Thibet we have already recorded, in pursuing his explorations in the western part of the vast possessions over which Kwangsu is nominally ruler, did not even hear rumors of the events which were taking place in the eastern part when the court fled and Peking fell. China was engaged in struggle with all the world, a struggle which threatened her very existence as a nation, and only a limited number of Chinese knew anything about it. Sungaria, Eastern

Turkestan and Thibet were as little affected by the war in Chi-li and Manchuria as if it had been taking place in Honduras. It would seem to be only a matter of tradition which keeps these dependencies part of the Chinese Empire, anyway; the Chinese authority is only nominal over them, they furnish no troops for its defense, and their trade with China proper is limited and uncertain. If the western part of the Empire had arisen to drive back the invaders; if the southern viceroys had not sat supinely by watching the struggle go on with indifferent eyes, there might have been another tale to tell of the allied expedition which dictated terms in the Forbidden City. If China ever becomes a nation so solidified that it will be as hard to dismember her as it is now to keep her together she will indeed be a Power to reckon with. But a nation in which the taking of the capital city and the driving out of the ruler is only a local affair, not even known in nor heard of in three great provinces of the empire, presents an astonishing spectacle of impotency, and it is no wonder the Russian bear regards it as appointed by Providence to be gobbled up by him piecemeal.



Flood-tide of
Immigration.

There is no saying what the immigration returns for the year will be, but if the present average is kept up the year will show a full million of foreigners added to our population. Nearly 93,000 immigrants landed in this city during the month of May alone, the majority of whom have since found a temporary abiding place among relatives or friends in widely separated sections of the country. This is the largest number admitted in any one month in the past twenty years. In 1893 73,000 immigrants entered the United States, and since that year there has been a decline until within the last year or two. The recent increase is attributed to the persecution of the Jews in Europe, and the reports of the opportunities for the laboring man here which are extensively circulated in the Old World. Most of the new arrivals are from Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia, and they represent all classes and conditions. A large percentage crossed the ocean on money provided by friends or relatives who have already made homes here.



Russia and Her
Liquor Monopoly.

It is unquestioned that Russia has failed in her efforts to restrain the liquor traffic in her dominion. The restraints attempted appear to have induced an increased desire to do that which the paternal influence has aimed to prevent. So the experts report that the experiment begun in four Oriental departments of the Russian Empire on January 1, 1898 have, three years later, proved a failure—not financially, however, for the scheme has brought a great increase of profit to the Government, because it has increased consumption of spirits. Among the late revelations it is almost discouraging to read that “the higher classes of society in Russia drink still more than the working people,” for while class for class this is true in other countries than Russia, in Russia the peasant drinks, “until he is nearly dead”; so that to drink the more the higher classes must go about like raving lunatics. The dispensary feature of the Russian liquor monopoly, it is seen, makes it compulsory for the consumer to take his bottle away, into his home or to some out-of-the-way corner; this at the outset of his spree, perhaps, before he reaches the “dead drunk” stage Dr. Marcou describes. There is little publicity about

his drinking, and, we should be justified in assuming, very little “treating.” But the very secrecy induces the drink habit with the result already stated. Those who favor relegating the bottle “to the home, where the wife will take care of it,” will find their theory disproved by the outcome of the experiment in Russia. The reason for the failure in Russia is clear—there is hope for the man who gets publicly and notoriously drunk; but one despairs of the man who drains the bottle apart from his fellows, in solitude. And Russian paternalism encourages the solitary tippler.



Alsace and
Lorraine.

The Emperor William is credited with being the most strenuous advocate of autocracy among the European rulers, and this in spite of the fact that he is a constitutional monarch. But one of the most remarkable events of the current year in Europe is his recent announcement of a willingness to abolish the military rule of Alsace and Lorraine. This is all the more creditable to the Emperor because a widespread doubt exists among keen observers whether the feelings of the people of these provinces have undergone any material change. For the present sovereign personally, they have, on more than one occasion, shown admiration and sympathy; but they do not like Prussian bureaucrats, and it is the conviction of foreigners qualified by long residence among them to judge that, if they could decide the matter by a plébiscite to-morrow, they would vote by an overwhelming majority for reincorporation with France. That is not the Emperor's opinion, however, and he is pursuing the right course to translate his opinion into fact by taking the loyalty of the Alsace-Lorrainers for granted, and by refusing to subject them any longer to an absolutist régime. That these people should be unreconciled to German rule is most natural, for the German official is not easy-going and genial, but stiff-necked, arrogant and repellent. It is therefore very questionable whether the anti-Prussian prejudices of the Alsace-Lorrainers will be permanently allayed, although during the lifetime of the present Kaiser they may refrain from dangerous agitation, out of gratitude for their release from the threat of arbitrary government which hitherto has hung over them like the sword of Damocles.



What has been denominated “the split P's” of Scotch Presbyterianism is suggestive of the fact that the more the Scotch unite the more there is of them. The recent union of the United Presbyterian Church and the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland has had this result. The Isle of Lewis is one of the Hebrides islands that lie off the northwest coast of Scotland and are beaten upon by the surf of the Atlantic. On this island is a large Presbyterian church that has divided over the union and produced a state of affairs bordering on civil war. The minister and a portion of the congregation adhered to the United Free Church, but a majority of the congregation refused to recognize the union, and proceeded to drive out the minister and his adherents and to hold the church. “We are the men of '43,” they say. “We want to keep the religion of our forefathers unchanged. If we agree to this we shall have organs and hymns and pianos and other abominations soon.” And so they hustled the old minister and his supporters out of the church and barricaded it against them for more than a year. Mutual bitterness and boycotting have run riot. The seceders are even accused of burning the old pastor's peatstack, but this they loudly deny.

The minister appealed to the law, and some officers arrived and a small gunboat dropped its anchor in the harbor of Ness, where the divided church is located. War was threatened, but finally a compromise was reached by which both factions worship in turn in the church until the affair can be settled by the court. All this is true to Scotch pertinacity and pugnacity. It is the spirit that has split Presbyterianism into so many fragments, but it is also the spirit that has stood for liberty of conscience and has built republics and established righteousness.



The Vatican Accepts
the American Terms.

We doubt the despatches from Rome that the Vatican has accepted the proposition of Judge Taft, Governor of the Philippine Islands, regarding the disposition of the friars' lands, on all the main points, but dissents on minor points. One of these latter probably relates to the withdrawal of the objectionable friars which the Vatican wishes to be gradual, in order to "save its fare." Governor Taft's proposals include the payment of about \$5,000,000 for the friars' agricultural lands, another smaller sum for the rental of the friars' lands used by the army and the deportation of the friars to Spain. The actual sums will be fixed by arbitration. The sooner the settlement is effected, the money paid and the friars leave the country the better for all concerned.



According to London despatches, a new gigantic steamship combination is planned in British interests and in opposition to the Morgan combination. It is stated that strenuous efforts are being made to induce the Cunard company to break off negotiations with Mr. Morgan, and to assume the leadership of the national shipping interests. But neither are the elements for a powerful combination yet in sight, nor has an organizer of sufficient force been discovered for a determined fight in defense of British maritime interests. In this matter events can alone declare themselves.



By the terms of the final agreement made with the city authorities the Pennsylvania Railroad is to pay a total of \$1,383,000 during the twenty-five years' life of the franchise for the privilege of tunneling under the North River and certain of the streets of the city. Undoubtedly the franchise may be worth more; but in yielding so great a sum while scarcely maiming the surface of any street, it affords a strong contrast to perpetual franchises granted in the past without cost to corporations which use, disfigure and obstruct the streets in the enjoyment of free privileges of vast value.



In notifying Bolivia that diplomatic relations between Brazil and that country will be immediately suspended unless Bolivia cancels the lease of disputed territory to a British-American syndicate Brazil presumably checks further action by Bolivia if war is to be avoided. The territory leased is claimed by Peru as well as Brazil, and, according to reports, negotiations concerning it are still pending between Brazil and Bolivia.



The Cuban amnesty bill signed by President Palma recently, by which all Americans convicted of crimes in Cuba during the term of our occupation and also those awaiting trial will be freed, is generally regarded as an act of grace

which will be generally appreciated. It certainly was intended as such; at the same time there is another side—that of freeing a lot of criminals to come here and begin their work anew. At coronations and fêtes of victory in the older nations it was customary to release political prisoners; the criminals in Cuba are not such, however, but common thieves, robbers, and even murderers. Still we will accept the act in its best aspect, trusting that those now freed will turn from their past and walk in the ways of honesty and peace.



The Churches and Divorce.

The action taken by the late General Assembly on the subject of divorce will be a source of satisfaction to all right-minded people who desire to preserve the integrity of the family relation. The Protestant Episcopal Church, if we mistake not, was the first to inaugurate reform by proposing the substitution of joint action for separate action in the promotion of an object which they all profess to have at heart. The late General Assembly, it will be recalled, appointed a committee to confer with a like committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church to secure, if possible, uniformity of action as to divorce. We know no reason why the Reformed General Synod, now in session at North Asbury Park, should not take like action, and why not also the Baptists, Congregationalists and Unitarians? Certainly, that all the Protestant churches together is likelier to effect its object and certain to have a wider and deeper moral effect than the same action taken by each independently is almost too obvious to require argument. And then even more desirable and valuable than the specific effect of such common action, upon any subject, even upon one so important as the maintenance of the family, is the effect of such a demonstration upon that Christian brotherliness of which we hear so much, but do not always see as much as we could wish.

With reference to the Presbyterian position, as stated in the Westminster Conference, the law is that, "in the case of adultery after marriage, it is lawful for the innocent party to sue out a divorce, and after divorce to marry another, as if the offending party were dead." And it is added: "Nothing but adultery or such wilful desertion as can in no way be remedied by the Church or civil magistrate is cause sufficient of dissolving the bond of marriage." This, too, has been the position of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which has allowed divorce for one cause only and remarriage to the innocent party only. That Church, or, rather we should say, a party within it, advocates an acceptance of the rule of the Roman Catholic Church, which does not allow divorce for any cause. Protestants, as a whole, however, hold that this was not the position of Christ, who allowed divorce for the one cause (Matt. xix, 9), and it is doubtful if society or the Christian churches will go beyond this; that is to say, the conviction prevails that an innocent party to a divorce should not be prevented from securing a faithful father or mother for the little ones, as the case may be; and there is not the slightest probability that this position will be given up. On the other hand, it would seem that the remarriage of a guilty party to a divorce ought not to be recognized; and this was the position taken by the Reformed Church in its General Synod that met in Catskill in 1899.

We have said that the dissolubility of the marriage tie

for cause will be insisted upon. We are sure it will. This has been a doctrine of Protestantism, sustained by Scriptural interpretation, ever since the Reformation. It is one of the distinguishing features of Protestantism, as compared with the sacramental doctrine of the Roman Church. It is supported, also, by the Greek Church. Consequently, any suggestion that Presbyterians or Congregationalists or Baptists or Methodists or the Episcopal Church shall abandon the Protestant position and proclaim the absolute indissolubility of marriage is sure to provoke violent opposition.

We have no occasion at this time to prescribe just what conditions should be prescribed for allowing divorce. But it may be said that danger lies in too restrictive as in too loose divorce laws. We hail with satisfaction the fact that the Christian churches are getting together on this question. The efforts to secure uniform national or concurrent State action are dim at best. If, though, the Protestant churches throughout the country can be brought to uniformity of action, such a result may be secured as shall render the task of securing uniform legislation—which is most difficult—unnecessary. Certain it is that in uniting upon a common platform, laying down the Christian view, reduced to its lowest terms and simplest expression, limiting the grounds of divorce and denouncing the facility of remarriage, the churches will be performing the enormous public service of putting a stigma upon conduct of which no Christian body can approve, nor even any considerate secular philosopher. And the dread of this stigma will be likely to deter very many from courses which they now find courage to pursue, under the permission of statutes less strict than the moral sentiment of the sober and thinking part of the community, simply because that sentiment has found no expression from a general and authoritative source.



Provision for Gentle Old Age.

Two forms of public beneficence appeal more strongly to the hearts of generous and compassionate persons than any others. One of these is the beneficence which aims to reach and help innocent, needy and helpless children; and the other, that which seeks to perform equally kind offices for unfortunate people at the other extreme of life, the aged and helpless poor. Both of these classes, the friendless and suffering little ones, and those who are left without resources in feeble and decrepit old age, are deserving of special consideration and the most thoughtful and tender care.

In Germany and some other European countries the claims of the latter class have been recognized in a demand for old-age pensions. In this country a similar end is sought by several prominent railroad corporations which have already established, or purpose to establish, a system whereby their faithful employees shall be provided for in their old age. Mr. Carnegie's splendid gift of \$5,000,000 to the employees of the Carnegie Steel Works is designed as a pension fund for those incapacitated for work by age, illness or accident. Generally speaking, however, philanthropy has done far more for the children in America than it has for the aged, though it may be questioned whether the necessities in the latter case are not as great as they are in the other.

Homes, asylums, refuges, fresh-air funds, children's

aid societies, day nurseries and a score of other institutions and enterprises are in evidence and doing a great and noble work for children. Many thousands of deserted and neglected little ones are reached and saved by these agencies. But institutions and enterprises designed specially to lighten and brighten the declining days of the refined aged and friendless are comparatively few. Homes for this class of dependents, erected and maintained by private generosity, exist here and there, and nearly all the large religious denominations have established institutions of a similar character for their members; but taken altogether the total number of these institutions in the country are few and painfully inadequate to meet the demands. The homes in existence for the aged are invariably crowded to their utmost limit and their waiting lists are always long. Every charity organization in the country has felt and recognized the need here discussed for years past, and many suggestions and appeals have been made in behalf of better provision for aged dependents.

It will not answer to say that the State makes provision for such people in its almshouses. These offer no fitting abode for refined gentlewomen and superannuated men of gentility with whom gentleness and innate refinement of association are necessary conditions to right living. The difficulty is that refuges of this character where self-respecting and respectable aged men and women may have the comforts of home at a nominal expense are so scarce that only a few of the many needing such help in their declining years can obtain entrance.

Something certainly ought to be done to change this condition. No less ought to be given for the benefit of the young than is now being given, but better and more generous provision should be made for gentle women and men of refined feeling and tastes, who, through some misfortune, are left without adequate support in their old age. It would be well, perhaps, if our philanthropic and charitable givers generally would give this subject their special consideration.



Religion in Germany.

No well-wisher of Germany can look on the present state of religion in that country with feelings of unmixed satisfaction. It is difficult to generalize about the whole Empire, for in some states and provinces the condition of affairs is much better than in others. But speaking in general terms and taking rough averages, we are driven to the conclusion that at no time since the French war has the outlook been so serious; that at no time within the past thirty years have the friends of religion more cause for uneasiness. A lukewarmness resembling in too many cases indifference is spreading over the land, and taking the place of the warm religious life which characterized so much of Protestant Germany in the seventies and eighties. In the schools where the young are instructed in religion, matters are not as they should be. In far too large a proportion of cases the teachers give instruction in the Scriptures much as they teach geography and arithmetic. The scheme of lessons is dictated to them; the number of verses out of the New Testament and the number of verses of hymns which the pupils have to learn by heart are prescribed; and the teacher adheres to his instructions with an iron rigidity. In too few cases does he put himself into his work; and the result is that in most German schools

the hours devoted to religious instruction are those which teacher and pupil alike most dislike.



S. Parkes Cadman, D.D.

It is now sixteen months ago since the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., was called to the pastorate of the Central Congregational Church, of Brooklyn, to succeed the Rev. Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, who was acknowledged at the time of his death to be perhaps the leader of the Brooklyn pulpit.

Dr. Cadman's advent to the Congregational Church from the Methodist, where he held a very conspicuous place, caused great interest at the time, and the progress in his new sphere has been nothing short of remarkable. During these sixteen months 290 members have been added to the church, and the contributions have been wonderfully increased on all sides. The congregations have been maintained steadily and have grown, so that at the present time, for the first time in its history, Central Church leads all the Protestant churches in this famous Brooklyn Borough in the strength and influence of its resources.

The Sunday-school under his charge has grown rapidly; the attendance at the prayer-meeting is steadily increasing, and is the largest ever known in the history of the church, and the attendance Sunday nights is perhaps anywhere from 1,500 to 2,000. The last two communions in the church have been said to be the largest ever known in its history, and at the Easter service they turned people away for lack of room.

Dr. Cadman goes to Europe this coming week for a well-earned rest. He will not be idle, however, and the readers of THE CHRISTIAN WORK are promised an occasional letter from him.



Things of To-Day.

If a heresy case in the Presbyterian Church abroad does not equally affect Presbyterians on this side, at least it cannot be regarded with indifference. The suggestion is made in view of the fact that freedom of thought on non-essentials has just been most strongly emphasized by the General Assembly of the United Free Church of Scotland in Glasgow. That body the other day dismissed the charges of heresy against Professor George Adam Smith by a vote of 534 to 263. Professor Smith is one of the most conspicuous exponents of the modern critical views of the Bible in Scotland, and in his recent course of lectures at Yale, published in book form, he declared that some of the statements in the Bible are not historically true, and that some characters were unhistorical. It was charged that these views were contrary to the teachings of Presbyterianism, and the Assembly was asked to put the professor on trial. But Principal Rainy, who favored the trial of Professor Robertson Smith in 1880, offered a resolution that no action in regard to Professor George Adam Smith be taken, with the understanding that the Assembly must not be held as accepting his views. After a stirring debate this resolution was adopted, with the result that there is to be no proscription of honest and reverent Biblical scholarship in the United Free Church, even if it does run counter to some traditional beliefs concerning that book. Principal Rainy's course has already aroused criticism, though he is not on trial. He has been declared to be an opportunist; but opinions change, and the charge should not be lightly made. But be this as it may, the simple fact is, while the United Free Church refuses to indorse the conclusions of Professor Smith, it equally refuses to condemn his views, but simply asserts that he shall have the right to declare to the world the conclusions which he has reached from the study of the Bible. This does not involve, we scarcely need say, any relinquishing of the fundamentals, but simply shows that the horizon line of the non-essentials is widening and that the world of mind moves no less than the world of matter.

This week Bowdoin College appropriately celebrated its centennial—and no college can make a better showing along its distinctive lines as an American college than Bowdoin. It is one of the largest and best equipped of the small colleges, and under the able direction of President William De Witt Hyde promises an increasingly efficient educational service to the country. An interesting article in the current *Review of Reviews* shows an enviable record for this admirable institution. In its initial year, 1802, the faculty consisted of a president and one professor, and there were eight students. Yet even in those early days the educational standard was exceptionally high, and the writer of the article tells us that to-day Bowdoin's doors are essentially as difficult of entrance as those of Harvard or Yale. Among Bowdoin's graduates, as we learn from the *Review of Reviews* article, may be mentioned—in literature, Longfellow and Hawthorne, together with John S. C. Abbott and Arlo Bates; in theology, Charles C. Everett, Henry B. Smith, Cyrus Bartol, Samuel Harris, George Harris, Calvin E. Stowe, Egbert C. and Newman Smyth; in law and politics, Franklin Pierce, a classmate of Longfellow and Hawthorne; James W. Bradbury, United States Senator, who was a member of the same class; Melville W. Fuller, the Chief Justice of the United States; Thomas B. Reed, a speaker of the House of Representatives; William P. Frye, president of the United States Senate; in the army, Oliver O. Howard, Thomas H. Hubbard and Joshua L. Chamberlain, and in science and exploration, Cyrus W. Brackett, Robert E. Peary and Edwin H. Hall, professor of physics at Harvard. The presidents and the professional corps here comprised men of signal ability and exceptional scholastic reputation. And we quite agree with the writer of the *Review* article that the prosperous condition of Bowdoin at the end of its century of service has a special significance—a continuance of belief in the small college. The latter's true place and influence have not been belittled, but discovered. Bowdoin will stand prominently as typical of a class, and we trust will long honor its brilliant past by achieving a still more brilliant and useful future.



It is noted by *The Congregationalist* that at the recent installation of the pastor of a Universalist Church in one of the New England cities a Methodist delivered the prayer, a Congregationalist preached the sermon, the "right hand of fellowship" was extended by a Baptist with well-chosen and appropriate remarks, short addresses were delivered by another Congregationalist and by a Unitarian, and a graceful letter of welcome and congratulation was read from the rector of an Episcopal Church. No special significance is attached to the fact that the Catholic Church was not represented, and that no rabbi took part in the exercises. In noting the occurrence the *New York Times* thinks that "perhaps some significance may be discovered in the fact that no Presbyterian considered it in keeping with his clerical duty to attend and say pleasant things." So there may be, and it may be found in the fact that Presbyterians are not over plentiful in New England, and the probabilities are that there was no Presbyterian minister in that city.



Amidst the current discussion over airships which has been stimulated by the nearly simultaneous arrival in this country of Lord Kelvin and M. Santos Dumont it is pertinent to quote the last utterance on the subject by Lord Kelvin, whose voice is *vox omnipotens*, if any one's is: "A gas balloon paddled around with oars," says Lord Kelvin, "is an old idea, and can never be of any practical use," and he adds: "I have not seen or heard, so far, of any airship that could be used for commercial purposes. Some day, no doubt, some one will invent a flying-machine that one will be able to navigate without having to have a balloon attachment. But the day is a long way off when we will see human beings sailing around like the birds."



The dictionary makers must be kept busy these days recording the new vocables that creep into the English speech and stay there. The last word is *Morganize*. What is it to *morganize*? Something like this:

Morganize—ed, ing: *v. t.*—to combine, to absorb, to unite under one control—as, "eleven steamship lines have just been *morganized* with a capital of \$17,000,000." To engulf or concentrate. [From J. P. Morgan, a noted capitalist and banker, of New York—1902.]

Here is a later thought upon the Brief Statement adopted by the General Assembly, by *The Herald and Presbyterian*. We quote:

This Brief Statement has many decided excellencies. It also has faults and defects. It strikes clear on some vital points, both in the Calvinistic and the Evangelical faith, and at the same time it has some uncertain sounds. What the report itself confesses concerning the document, "It probably pleases no member of the committee exactly," can likely be said of the thousands who read it. The obvious criticism to which it is exposed is the manifest evidence, here and there, of strained efforts at balancing and adjustment and "setting over against," according to the different conceptions and viewpoints.

In another part of the same issue *The Herald and Presbyterian* remarks: "Naturally the action of the Assembly is very satisfactory to us."



It is worth while now and then to recall the old cobbler in one of George MacDonald's stories. He could not reconcile the loose ends of unfinished purposes, unfilled promises, unrequited hopes which exist in the world, until his little girl suggested, "Perhaps, father, God thought best to leave some things for us to do."



Our old friend, Rev. D. Joel Swartz, contributes a poem "on the mission and meaning of snow" in *The Lutheran Observer*, the last verse of which reads as follows:

With diamond-tipt fingers the snow-crystal points
The faith of earth's pilgrim to cities of light,
Where freed from earth-taints the Lord's glorified saints
Walk with his tall angels in garments of white.

Are we to infer from this that all God's angels are tall, or that only the tall ones are favored with the company of the glorified saints?



A New England statistician who has been figuring on industries "Down East" finds that building and engineering enterprises in Massachusetts and the neighboring States are declining. The total value of contracts awarded on new building and engineering enterprises to the end of April has been only \$19,079,000, as against \$25,175,000 in the same period last year. The decline for the first week in April was more than \$150,000. Only 11 per cent. of the contracts were for the construction of factories and manufacturing buildings.



In a recent speech Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, declared that the time had come for the Jews to adopt the Christian Sunday. The Association for the Stricter Observance of the Sabbath, an organization of Hebrews, has held a meeting, and adopted resolutions declaring that "such speeches are harmful and pernicious to the Jew and to Judaism in their relation to the outside world, and that we, the Hebrews of New York, as a body, condemn his speech and the speeches of the three rabbis at the central conference of rabbis at New Orleans who advocated the transference of the Sabbath to the Christian Sunday."



A contemporary thinks that the Presbyterian minister should do two things—"he should co-ordinate every sentence of the Brief Statement with the Standards of our Church, studying them anew for the purpose and ranging passages from them, or at least references to the passages, opposite the Scripture in his blank book." You might as well tell the minister what gestures he shall make in preaching and whether he shall use a chest voice or a head tone. Every minister should preach in his own way, and this he assuredly will do.



A quarter century ago—in 1877—Robert Ingersoll declared in a public lecture that the Bible was an exploded book, that its sales were bound to fall off rapidly and that within ten years it would be little read. The ten years have passed and fifteen more, and yet the Bible is not only still being sold, but is being sold in enormously increased numbers. It is the one book that is always at the front of record book sales.



We have known two ministers to be devoted to invention. In each case they and their church suffered. Psychologists tell us you cannot excite two nerve centers at the same time. No more can one pursue two such different callings as preaching and inventing.

Current Comment.

The record of the past shows that "the gentle sentimentalists of Lake Mohonk," as they have been derisively called, have not simply gone up on the mountain to dream dreams and see visions. They have been engaged in practical efforts to substitute arbitration for war, peaceful conference for the clash of arms, and an appeal to reason in the settlement of disputes rather than to brute force. Arbitration is no new doctrine, but in the tribunal of The Hague it finds its latest and most hopeful expression.—*The Observer*.

It is said that the incidental remark of a preacher in the course of a sermon on Rom. 12:1 that it was not open to any Christian to evade the payment of the tax on his dog led to twenty taxes being paid the next week. That reference was much more effective than a discourse on the history and habits of dogs and their relationship to man.—*The Watchman*.

The *Yale Review* points out that if we deny Cuba tariff concessions which her industries imperatively demand we shall be "less generous to her than Great Britain was to us, even though we were but recently revolted colonies. She gave us special privileges in her jealously guarded West Indian trade, by the Jay treaty of 1794, which were essential to the prosperity of our seaport trade. We shall be less generous than France was in permitting us to trade with her West Indian colonies, though the doctrine of protection and exclusive trade was far narrower and more rigid than it is to-day."

The influence of our Women's Boards, Foreign and Home, is a potent factor in our Church work, the Women's Home Board alone contributing nearly \$350,000 for missions in our own country, and the Foreign equally active, one section alone contributing \$188,788.06. This stands for more than figures can represent. They speak of a spirit and consecration that transcend estimate.—*Presbyterian Journal*.

The *Christian Advocate* prints "three errors of a prince" (Henry) from the *London Express*—which we do not care to reproduce—and says: "These were certainly errors, but they will be overlooked in the general desire for fraternal terms between the United States and Germany." They will not be not only "overlooked"—they will not so much as occasion a passing thought. The fraternal relations of the two countries are not in the Prince's keeping.

Let the world's attention be turned not to mere talk about peace, but to the kind of work which makes for peace. Even commercialism is better than war, and better still is the healthy activity of the manhood of the world contending with the brute forces of nature. Gradually the minds of men are moving toward the mighty problems involved in the reduction of disease to make the swamp habitable, the increase of fertility to make the desert a garden, the opening of mines, the preservation of forests, and all the healthy, difficult tasks of subduing the earth and making it fit for the homes of happy people.—*Christian Reporter*.



About People.

The Rev. J. Harry Dorsey, a negro, will be ordained a Catholic priest by Cardinal Gibbons in Baltimore on June 21st. He will be the second colored man to enter the Roman Catholic priesthood in this country. The Rev. C. R. Uncles was the first. He was ordained in 1891.

Baron Euchi Shibusawa, who is regarded as the richest man in Japan, is in San Francisco, on a tour of the United States and Europe. While in this country the baron will make a study of steel plates and shipyards. Baron Shibusawa is 63 years old. His wealth is estimated at \$100,000,000.

Bishop Turner, of the African Methodist Church, is the leading spirit of the chimerical movement for the exodus of the negroes to Africa as a solution of the race troubles in this country. At the recent colored emigration and commercial convention, held in Chattanooga, Tenn., a long memorial was adopted unanimously praying Congress to appropriate the sum of \$500,000,000 to deport such negroes as desired to leave the United States to Africa or some other country—which Congress assuredly will not do.

Erwin Pfihl, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has petitioned the courts there to be allowed to change his name, because, he says, he is tired of being inflicted with jokes about it. In his petition he says that every new acquaintance calls him "fool" or says something about a "pull," or about being "full." The Court sympathized with him and allowed him to change his name.

The Story of the Week.

GENERAL DOMESTIC NEWS.

The House passed the Irrigation bill by a vote of 146 to 55.

Harry Elkes has broken all bicycle records by riding 41 miles 250 yards in an hour.

Japanese is the latest language to be added to the list taught at the University of Chicago.

There is apprehension lest home-coming troops from the Philippines bring cholera to the United States.

At the close of the first month the loss to miners, operators and others by the strike amounted to \$25,000,000.

Ex-Mayor Washburne, of Chicago, has asked permission to tunnel the streets of that city for railroad purposes.

A special message from President Roosevelt warmly urges the passage of a Cuban reciprocity bill at the present session.

While excavating for the new Ives block at Syracuse, N. Y., workmen found the petrified bones of an extinct species of mammoth elk.

Manheim Brown, a Molineux juror, whose health suffered from his service in the case, has made a demand for \$50,000 damages from the city.

An address by General Miles and the presentation of fifty-four diplomas were features of the closing day of West Point's centennial celebration.

The Court of Appeals of New York has unanimously affirmed the conviction of John Most for publishing an anarchistic and dangerous article in his paper.

The official immigration figures for the port of New York for May show that 82,054 immigrants were landed during the month, as against 73,667 for April.

The New York Board of Estimate authorized the issue of bonds for \$325,000 to pay for public baths in Manhattan and \$125,000 for baths in Brooklyn.

The white people of Saline County, Ill., have driven 100 negroes out of the county, broken up a colored normal institute founded there and wrecked their church.

The Supreme Court of New Jersey has affirmed the conviction of Thomas Barker, who was sentenced to five years for the shooting of Rev. John Keller, of Arlington.

Led by anarchists, five thousand silk dyers mobbed Paterson, N. J., mills on the 18th, and fought a battle with the police, during which a score of persons were hit by bullets.

The New York Board of Improvement has recommended the purchase of the historic Fraunce's Tavern and its preservation as a public museum. The cost will be \$370,000.

An automobile containing two men dashed off the Palisades near Edgewater, N. J., and fell twenty-five feet; the occupants were badly cut and bruised and the vehicle was wrecked.

Rioting in the trolley strike at Pawtucket, R. I., grew so violent that the Governor ordered 1,000 militia to the city. In a clash with sheriff's deputies a boy in the crowd was fatally shot.

A small army of men under an ex-United States officer is guarding the mines in the anthracite region; there has been so far no indication of a riotous spirit on the part of the striking miners.

Prof. Friedrich Hirth, holder of the chair of Chinese philology at the University of Munich, has accepted the offer of the Chinese chair at Columbia University, New York, and will begin his lectures there next October.

Preparations are being made by the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society for the formal dedication of the Stony Point Battlefield State Reservation on July 16th, which will be the anniversary of the storming of Stony Point by "Mad" Anthony Wayne.

Oscar P. Ostergren, a Swede, inventor of liquid air, has been taken to Bellevue Hospital and placed in the insane pavilion. Next to Tripler, he is the best-known authority on liquid air. He invented the Ellihide naphtha launch, and a gas engine, which is in general use.

Commissioner Dougherty of the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity has notified all corporations and companies having overhead electric wires in Brooklyn within two miles of the bridge that they must prepare immediately to put the wires under the ground.

The third case of Addison's disease which Bellevue Hospital, this city, has had was taken there on Saturday. The patient is Mrs. Catharine Blossi, 44 years old, of 333 East 115th street. The disease affects the kidneys, and the sufferer turns first yellow and then as black as a negro. Mrs. Blossi's body is black now.

Are our Methodist friends tired of the itineracy? We cannot answer that question and we should be glad to assume that they already were done with a change which seems to have been inaugurated by a slow process of development. Anyway, we are told that "bishops, presiding elders, pastors and churches are not getting along well under the new system. It is found difficult to make the proper adjustments. Pastors prefer a change, but no church calls them; they remain and block the way for others." But inasmuch as the power of the presiding elder and the bishops remain unchanged, we do not see how the question of employment for the minister is affected by the survival of the time limit. *Zion's Herald* notes that one writer speaking for the Baltimore conference, a stronghold of Methodism, says: "What are we coming to? If a vote were taken in the Baltimore Conference to-day, I believe that ninety per cent. of the clergy and laity would vote to return to the time limit." The same paper adds:

The action taken at the last General Conference was a blunder which, we trust, the church will rectify at the next Conference. It is amusing to recall that the one minister who was especially exploited as an illustration of the necessity for removing the limit, is no longer a member of our denomination. One of the wisest of the Bishops, who called at this office last week, after an extended observation, predicts that the next General Conference will surely restore the time limit.

GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.

At Manila it is expected that a general amnesty for Filipinos will be proclaimed July 4th.

Violent earthquakes have been felt during the last fortnight at Tulcan, a town near the Colombian frontier.

It is announced from Madrid that the Spanish Government has decided to appoint a minister to the Cuban Republic.

During some trials of the submarine boat *Silure* at Cherbourg, France, three of the crew suffered from asphyxia, and the boat had to be raised with all speed to the surface.

Famine is spreading throughout Siberia, and the stricken people are flocking to Irkutsk, the capital, for relief; conditions are bad, also, in the Transcaspian territories, owing to drouth.

Cold and rainy weather is reported from all parts of Central Europe. There have been heavy storms in France, Germany, Austria and Belgium, with great damage to property and crops.

Several agricultural societies, cooperating with the Prussian Ministry of Agriculture, have offered a prize of \$7,500 for a process of drying potatoes, the cost not to exceed five cents per hundred-weight.

A review of 31,000 British troops was held at Aldershot; all branches of the service were represented. The King, though in better health, was unable to be present, and the Prince of Wales reviewed the forces.

Revised figures of the British budget placed the total expenditure at about \$882,000,000 and the revenues at \$762,000,000, a consols loan of about \$150,000,000 being proposed to meet the deficit and for a contingent fund.

Extreme cold, accompanied by storms of unprecedented severity, continues to prevail in Cape Colony, South Africa. Thousands of sheep have perished, and the telegraph wires are down and buried in snowdrifts.

The village of Cambulata, in a mountain pass of the Uruch range, North Caucasia, Russia, has been destroyed by a landslide. A large rent suddenly appeared in the mountain, which, shortly afterward, toppled over on the village and the neighboring farms.

A disaster occurred in No. 2 and No. 3 tunnels of the Coal Creek mines of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, at Fermi, British Columbia, on May 23d. An explosion of gas occurred soon after the shift went on, and but twenty-four of the 133 miners who were at work escaped.

A lifeboat of the missing steamship, *Camorta*, has been picked up by a vessel searching for her off Krishna lightship on the Madras coast. Another boat has been picked up in the Bay of Bengal. The *Camorta* had 650 native passengers and a crew of eighty-nine. She is supposed to have foundered in a cyclone on May 12th.

My Father's Will.

By William G. Haeselbarth.

My friends account me as quite poor,
But I say "not,"
Though of this world's wealth I am sure
I've nothing got.
I have no money, house, or lands,
Nor aught mine own.
Poor? Yes, as this world understands,
Poor as a stone.

Yet I am rich in things more worth,
That will abide,
Than if I owned the whole wide earth
And all beside.
The world's wealth taketh to it wings
And flies away;
Not so eternal, heavenly things,
They come to stay.



The Commercial Development of the Pacific Coast.

A Land Rich in Natural Resources—Favorable Climatic Conditions
—A Glance at Past Conditions—Events of Recent
Years—New and Splendid Opportunities.

By William R. Lighton,

Author of "The Sons of Strength," etc.

A land which is surpassingly rich in natural resources is very likely to perplex and confuse the student of economics who comes to the subject with a mind long used to the consideration of conditions in less favored regions, where life and work are a perpetual struggle against adversity. At first view he will be apt to mistake riches for wealth, the apparent for the real, Nature's charity for man's deserts. In the past, many men who have written of the Pacific Coast have been led into this very natural error. There is no part of our national domain which has been so unsparingly furnished with what may be called the raw materials of commercial and economic greatness. From the first it has been rich.

CLIMATIC CONDITIONS.

Climatic conditions have made the Western slope of the continent into a very paradise. To call California "the land of sunshine" is not a mere figure of speech, but a literal truth; and Washington and Oregon are almost equal sharers in this happy estate. Physical existence in those States is all the year round free from those trials which have beset home-makers on the Atlantic Coast and in the great valleys of the interior, where July is torrid and January Arctic. Along the Pacific summer is a time of genial moods, while winter is no more than a name. January, no less than July, is a time of abundant fruitage; the whole year is green and sweet-scented. That comes almost as near as any part of the earth to being a happy home for the indolent.

Another circumstance which contributed to this deceptive aspect of things was the discovery of free gold in California's soil. That gave the first strong impetus to white settlement, and for a long time was its chief if not its only incentive. Fabulous riches lay just underfoot in the sands of the fertile valleys, and the mountain chains held no man knew what other stores. Men went there to hunt for gold; every other activity was then merely incidental.

This did not induce what could properly be called a commercial development. To be sure, there was an appearance of industrial growth attendant upon the mines; the gold-seekers had wants, which must be supplied, in the way of clothing, food and implements, and there grew up a rude system of merchandizing. But the little groups of stores clustered about the mining camps were not to be called towns, they were merely set up to serve a present need. There is no company of men so erratic in its humors as a placer gold-camp. It lives in a state of morbid excitement; its work is not a true industry; it does not tend to anything like solidity of permanence. If there come rumors of greater discoveries at some place ten or twenty miles away, this colony will pick up its effects and move away over night. That happened countless times in the early days of California. The supply stores followed the camps, of course. The spot that one day held a lively

settlement of a thousand souls might on the next day have lapsed into a voiceless solitude. No one could say—no one tried to say—what might happen on the morrow. Every day sufficed unto itself.

Even after the first passionate excitement had passed, that instability of life was characteristic of California and of all parts of the Pacific Coast to which white settlement had penetrated. It was in the air. The men who were attracted there by the gold craze had no trait so strong as an instant readiness for any change, an instant adaptability to new conditions. They were not minded to settle down and build cities and found permanent institutions, after the manner of old places. Only on the very water-line of the Pacific were there real towns, whose citizens were largely overwrought with the prevailing excitement. There was nothing to give them firmness and sound health; their commerce depended at last upon the mines. In the days before the completion of the transcontinental railroads there was comparatively little overland traffic with the Pacific Coast; the bulk of California's supplies went around by boat. It was remote from the world—dependent upon it, yet out of touch with it, and having no certain and independent existence of its own.

THE GOLD-HUNTERS.

By and by there was an overpopulation of gold-hunters, and a sharp realization of the necessity for finding other means of livelihood. There was plenty of opportunity—a confusing abundance of opportunities in every direction. A little effort brought astonishingly rich reward. Soon the Pacific Coast was self-supporting, in the narrower sense; that is, it was supplying its own physical wants; there were houses to live in, the new fields gave enough to eat, the new flocks yielded plenty of wool. Still the region suffered from its isolation. It was congested with its own plenty—smothered in riches, while having no true wealth. The measure of the economic health of a community lies not alone in its productive power, but also, and in an even greater degree, in the intimacy of its relations with other communities which will use its products. The building of the railroads brought no great relief, for freight rates were prohibitive of an extensive traffic in what the Coast States had to sell.

But there is a new and sound life in those Coast States today, an unmistakable stability and poise in their commercial and industrial attitude. The change that has occurred within the last decade is very marked; what was an almost formless and fluid mass has all at once taken on an almost granitic solidity. More than any other part of the West, the Pacific slope now appears to be the master of its own future. The old feverishness has died away, and a cool sanity has taken its place. This is true not only of particular industries, but of the whole industrial organism. Neither is it applicable only to particular regions, but to the entire extent of territory, from the southernmost part of California to the Canadian line. It is not a boom—a mere flaccid swelling of the body corporate—but a healthy, normal growth. A comparison with the conditions which prevailed ten years ago must excite unbounded admiration.

In those ten years there has been no remarkable increase in population, nor any great influx of new capital and outside ideas. Those States have suffered enough in the past from ill-considered attempts to gather to themselves a big population of which there was no need, and otherwise to force a rapid growth at the expense of security. This new aspect of things appears to be quite independent of any special effort of "promotion." It has come naturally, logically, as the result of the establishment of direct contact with the commercial world.

FAVORABLE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS.

The events of recent years have forced home the conclusion that the Pacific Coast is to prosper through commercial relations with the Far East. The field is peculiarly its own, and admits of no strong rivalry. Western Europe, the only possible competitor, will be at great disadvantage because of comparative remoteness and increased cost of transportation. The Western States have become converted to and very sympathetic with the argument for an American merchant marine, realizing its vital significance. The building of large, modern steel ships for trans-pacific service will unquestionably give large odds to our own Western coast as against the Suez route from Europe. This is the one important desideratum, the one condition upon which later development largely depends. It is to be presumed that with the realization of the necessity will come accomplishment. Then

Western America will dictate the commercial policy of the Pacific.

It will be an admirable solution of what until very recently seemed a grave problem. These States of the slope are capable of producing enormously in wheat, lumber, coal, iron and steel, not to mention countless other commodities of hardly less importance in the business of the world. That very capacity has heretofore entailed embarrassment, inasmuch as there was no fit disposition to be made of the products. They could not be sent to the markets of our own Eastern States, in competition with Eastern and Middle Western fields, mines and forests; for a time it appeared that broad development would have to wait until local population became great enough to bring about local demand. That would have meant a delay of probably fifty years at least before these industries would reach a mature growth. Now that result is to be achieved almost forthwith.

It is difficult to appreciate the extent of these new markets. In recent letters to the writer, His Excellency Wu Ting Fang, has insisted that our past understanding of the situation has been very imperfect, else we should have risen to it long ago. China, says Mr. Wu, is ready in all normal times to welcome American wheat and corn, and also those materials which are required for railway building and other engineering enterprises. As to the foodstuffs, he is particularly explicit, saying that while it will be necessary for Americans to study the peculiar conditions of the foreign market, there will be no difficulty in securing the adoption of the products to be offered.

This, in brief, is the secret of the commercial development of the Pacific Coast. It is true that the real work has hardly begun; but the business of preparation has given to those States a wonderful impetus. That present hopes will be fulfilled no one can doubt who will give the matter painstaking and impartial study.

BOSTON, Mass.



The Religious Decline—Two Causes.

By Rev. E. F. Blanchard,
Author of "The Readjusted Church."

It is generally admitted that the Christian church, especially that represented by Protestantism, is passing through a critical period.

Within the church there is discontent; without, there is lack of confidence toward the church. Many professing Christians do not consider church membership to be particularly helpful, and hence do not become members; and many in the church are indifferent to the prosperity of the institution. There is a drifting away from the church. President William J. Tucker, of Dartmouth, says, "It is doubtful if the church of any generation has allowed so large a section of the various Christianized communities to fall out of its grasp, and away from its influence, as the church of this generation has allowed." There is a loss of spiritual power. Special evangelistic efforts, such as would have awakened deep interest two generations ago, are often fruitless to-day. Hundreds of churches do not average a conversion a year, and are making scarcely any gains in membership. Indeed, it is no wonder that church members are appalled at the situation, and that frantic efforts are made to restore the prosperity of former days.

The law of cause and effect applies to the church as to other matters; and unhealthy tendencies in the church are the legitimate result of causes. It cannot be otherwise. Also, the trouble is with man; for God doeth all things well, and is ever ready to bless and prosper His cause. When Heaven's blessings are withheld, it is because the Holy Spirit is grieved, and His quickening power is quenched. Something is wrong. There are two causes, each of which is sufficient to close the windows of heaven against blessings. First, is the out-of-date church methods and practices, or, in the words of Bishop Potter, "time-outlawed" methods; second, the presence of unrighteous people in the church.

OUT-OF-DATE METHODS.

At first thought it may seem that church methods are perfectly satisfactory, and are meeting present-day conditions. But a little study of primitive Christianity shows that many present-day methods do not reflect the ethical and the practical spirit of the New Testament teachings, as did the methods centuries ago. This is seen in the method of church charities. Two thousand years ago poor people begged alms about public places. This was as humiliating as it is to-day to receive charitable assistance. The early church said

that its needy should not suffer such humiliation, and provided for them in a way that was not humiliating. The creation of the diaconate (Acts 6) made the church the most advanced and elaborately organized charitable institution of the age. And this was for the better care of the needy of the church. In fact, the church took the place of modern insurance companies.

The world has advanced, and the method that was so ideal centuries ago is outgrown. But the church continues the primitive methods, and when a saint of her fold is assisted he feels himself humiliated—he is an "object" of charity. Surely, the method of compassion and relief that wounds the sensibilities of the poor of the household of faith does not reflect the brotherly spirit of the charitable efforts of the early church.

The decline of the practical spirit is also seen in the low fraternal life in the church. The early church was the light of the world as a brotherhood. The fraternity spirit was great, and members showed a real interest in one another's welfare. But to-day the brotherhood spirit is not great in the church; it is greater in the lodge. In fact, the lodge is outdoing the church as a brotherhood institution. Fathers, realizing the practical helpfulness of fraternities, often advise their sons, before leaving home, to become fraternity men. There is doubtless more real Christian love among church people than among lodge members; but the lodge has developed the principle of brotherhood into a tangible and effective system, while there is no such development in the church.

Thus the early church with its charitable work organized on advanced methods and with its large brotherhood spirit was a practical institution, and was especially helpful to the "household of faith." But this practical spirit is lacking to-day, and no such practical helpfulness is associated with church membership.

Insurance is better than church charity, and the brotherhood of the lodge is more helpful than that of the church. This is one reason why men forsake the church for the lodge and benefit orders. This decline of the practical spirit of the church is easily accounted for—church methods have not kept pace with the progress of the world, and hence do not reflect in this age of the world the practical spirit reflected by primitive Christianity.

Furthermore, with the decline of the practical spirit, sentiment has arisen, which to-day in a large degree dominates the sacred institution. The early church was worldly—a practical worldliness. Present-day churches are worldly—sentimental worldliness; and sentimental worldliness is many times as degenerating as practical worldliness.

The voluntary method of support fails to-day to reflect the spirit of primitive Christianity. The method was about the only method the early church could adopt; and it served its purpose well in the infant days of the church. But methods of infancy are not applicable to maturity. This is a general law. The child creeps—the man walks. This principle applies to all organized institutions—even including the church. Perpetuating infant methods in maturity gives impotency.

It is reasonable to believe that the large majority of members were intensely interested in the early church, and contributed generously. It was business with them. To-day it is *sentiment* not the *business spirit* that regulates the finances. When people feel like giving to their church they give, and when they do not feel so disposed they do not give. Recently a church, which has found it hard to raise a salary of \$400 for a faithful and good minister, has, under the excitement of doing something new, raised \$700. One year a church may raise \$1,000, and the next only \$700. The future is always uncertain. The voluntary method of support would wreck the financial stability and dignity of the Government in less than twelve months.

The method gives the control of the churches to the few wealthy in a community. Usually a few (often one or two) control affairs by the influence of their money, even thwarting the will of the majority. And many ministers put forth great effort to please these influential few—that they may be sure of both the salary and the pulpit.

The method permits injustices to be done toward the ministry. One minister has a large salary because there are a few rich and liberal-minded people in his parish. Another minister ekes out an existence on a pittance because there are no rich people in his parish. Is this Christian? Is this managing church affairs as Jesus would?

In short a large proportion of the evils, injustices, worldliness

and corruption in the church are directly due to the voluntary method of support. There can be but one conclusion—and that is, that the voluntary method of support to-day does not reflect the ethical spirit that the method reflected centuries ago; and it does not reflect the Christian honor and justice taught in the New Testament. The method fosters sentiment, not dignified and sound business principles such as would give stability, honor, dignity and Christian character to an institution.

When sentiment dominates the church instead of the practical spirit, and when church methods do not reflect the ethical of the New Testament, the Holy Spirit is grieved, his quickening power is quenched, and Heaven's blessing is withheld.

UNRIGHTEOUS PEOPLE IN THE CHURCH.

The necessary condition for receiving great spiritual power is the "one-accord" spirit among the brethren. Ungodly people in the church, and, especially, if they are prominent in church affairs, make this "one-accord" spirit impossible. Imagine the situation where a church is putting forth special effort for a revival, and where a dozen people feel like stopping their ears and shouting Hypocrite! Hypocrite! when one whom they know to be dishonest is praying for God to bless their efforts. There is no "one-accord" spirit. Instead there is a feeling of repulsion. To make the situation lifelike, imagine a coal dealer, who sells 1,800 pounds for a ton; a meat dealer who sells diseased meat; a man who makes false returns in regard to his taxable property, so to evade paying his just taxes; a person who will not speak to neighbors; a man who does not speak to his wife for weeks at a time; a person whose most intimate friends are rough, swearing and drinking men; and a man who is a violator of the law, to be prominent lights in their churches. The "one-accord" spirit is impossible. This explains why special efforts of churches are so often fruitless.

It is true there was a Judas among the twelve. But it is reasonable to believe that the eleven suddenly lost confidence in him at the last supper. Had he remained with the disciples after that, and had he been among the number in the Jerusalem chamber, the baptism of the spirit would have been less powerful. The tragic deaths of Ananias and Sapphira had a most healthy effect upon the church. Had Ananias and Sapphira succeeded in their intended deception, some of the brethren would doubtless have learned of their hypocrisy. The "one-accord" spirit of the brethren would have been destroyed. The decline in spiritual power would have begun at once, and the Book of the Acts would have been a different book from what it is. But the purity, and, hence, the spiritual power of the church was greatly preserved by the awful judgment.

Therefore, it is evident that one cause of the lack of spiritual power and of the unprosperous condition of the church is the unfaithful and unchristian people in the church.

From the foregoing the great need of the times is evident. That need is, first, a restoration of the practical and ethical spirit, so that church methods shall reflect, in this age of the world, the spirit of the New Testament teachings, as did the methods of primitive Christianity centuries ago; and, second, a purging of church rolls. This would require a *reconstruction of ecclesiastical machinery, on strictly ethical and practical bases to the demand of the age*. Such a reconstructed church would be the tangible exponent, as an organized institution, of WHAT WOULD JESUS DO? Rev. C. M. Sheldon's failure is that he has not given the world such an object lesson. The church thus reconstructed would receive the confidence and support of the masses, and the blessing of Heaven in a far greater degree than do present-day churches. The world's need is such a church.

POULTNEY, Vt.



One thing about Bermuda which is not written in our histories, and which we might care to know, is the way she helped us in the Revolution. One hundred barrels of good British gunpowder went from Bermuda to Boston in 1776. If you go to Bermuda you will have pointed out to you the quaint old town of St. George, the exact spot from which that very useful powder was taken by the colonists, with the connivance of the local Government at Bermuda. The powder was supplied in response to a letter from General Washington, who emphasized the advantages which might accrue from commercial relations between Bermuda and the Colonies, and suggested that these relations could be further strengthened by timely assistance in the way of ammunition. Great Britain kept then, as now, large military stores at Bermuda. It was whispered at the time that Bermuda thought of casting her fortunes with the Colonies. However that may have been, she is loyal enough now to the British flag. It is an agreeable thought that she sends Easter lilies where once she sent us gunpowder.

President Roosevelt on the Bible.

A letter from President Roosevelt upon "The Bible," furnished an interesting feature of an Epworth League anniversary in Baltimore recently. The letter is as follows:

"My Dear Friends—Every thinking man, when he thinks, realizes what a very large number of people tend to forget that the teachings of the Bible are so interwoven and entwined with our whole civic and social life that it would be literally—I do not mean figuratively. I mean literally—impossible for us to figure to ourselves what that life would be if these teachings were removed. We would lose almost all the standards by which we now judge both public and private morals; all the standards toward which we, with more or less resolution, strive to raise ourselves. Almost every man who has, by his life work, added to the sum of human achievement of which the race is proud, of which our people are proud, almost every such man has based his life work largely upon the teachings of the Bible. Sometimes it has been done unconsciously, more often consciously, and among the very greatest men a disproportionately large number have been diligent and close students of the Bible at first hand.

"Lincoln—sad, patient, kindly Lincoln, who, after bearing upon his weary shoulders for four years a greater burden than that borne by any other man of the nineteenth century, laid down his life for the people whom, living, he had served so well—built up his entire reading upon his early study of the Bible. He had mastered it absolutely; mastered it as, later, he mastered only one or two other books, notably Shakespeare; mastered it so that he became almost 'a man of one book,' who knew that book and who instinctively put into practice what he had been taught therein; and he left his life as part of the crowning work of the century that has just closed.

"You may look through the Bible, from cover to cover, and nowhere will you find a line that can be constructed into an apology for the man of brains who sins against the light. On the contrary, in the Bible, taking that as a guide, you will find that because much has been given to you much will be expected of you, and a heavier condemnation is to be visited upon the able man who goes wrong than upon his weaker brother who cannot do the harm that the other does, because it is not in him to do it.

"I plead not merely for training of the mind, but for the moral and spiritual training of the home and the church; the moral and spiritual training that have always been found in, and that have ever accompanied the study of this book; this book, which, in almost every civilized tongue, can be described as 'The Book,' with the certainty of all understanding you when you so describe it.

"The immense moral influence of the Bible, though, of course, infinitely the most important, is not the only power it has for good. In addition there is the unceasing influence it exerts on the side of good taste, of good literature, of proper sense of proportion, of simple and straightforward writing and thinking.

"This is not a small matter in an age when there is a tendency to read much that even, if not actually harmful on moral grounds, is yet injurious, because it represents slipshod, slovenly thought and work; not the kind of serious thought, of serious expression, which we like to see in anything that goes into the fiber of our character.

"The Bible does not teach us to shirk difficulties, but to overcome them. That is a lesson that each one of us who has children is bound to honor to teach these children, if he or she expects to see them become fitted to play the part of men and women in our world.

"If we read the Bible aright we read a book which teaches us to go forth and do the work of the Lord; to do the work of the Lord in the world as we find it; to try to make things better in this world, even if only a little better, because we have lived in it. That kind of work can be done only by the man who is neither a weakling nor a coward, by the man who, in the fullest sense of the word, is a true Christian—like Great Heart, Bunyan's hero. We plead for a closer and wider and deeper study of the Bible, so that our people may be in fact as well as in theory 'doers of the word and not hearers only.'

"Yours sincerely,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Up-to-Date Points of View.¹

—a—
 Whose Business Is It? One effect of the smoke and the higher prices of coal is to set everybody thinking about the strike, and the more they think about it the more clearly they perceive the suffering and loss it imposes upon the entire community and the more absurd it seems that the community should permit the immediate parties to the struggle to conduct it in their own way, regardless of the effect upon the country. Suppose both sides should hold out until the supply of anthracite were quite exhausted and a similar strike of bituminous miners should occur, resulting in an absolute dearth of fuel, involving the stoppage of every railway and every factory in the land, with universal bankruptcy.

Pushed thus to its extreme of possibilities, how absurd appears the privilege which the parties to one of these struggles claim to "settle it between themselves without interference from outsiders." The community has more at stake in the contest than either the employers or the employed, and in the long run must foot the bill for the enormous losses, direct and indirect, that are incurred. Before the advance of civilization individuals were permitted to settle their differences by appeal to brute strength, and the combatant who could strike the harder blow or had the greater endurance was assumed to be in the right. To-day, however, if two men are found fighting on the sidewalk it is recognized that the community has an interest in the matter, and its representative, locust in hand, interferes. Both fighters may cry: "Go away! We'll settle this between ourselves. There's nothing to arbitrate!"

But the community has provided for compulsory arbitration of such cases before a magistrate, and they are arrested and arraigned. It does seem that in the twentieth century the community should find means to insist upon compulsory arbitration between employer and employed, instead of standing outraged and helpless while the contending parties settle the question by the primeval test of brute strength and endurance.

—b—
 Unheeded Warnings. As the full details of the late horror that fell upon St. Pierre comes to us, it is clear that the doomed city had at least two weeks warning of the terrible fate that awaited them, or at least of the fearful risk they ran by remaining in the town. The apathy prevailing in the town after the mountain began to show unmistakable signs of returning activity seems incredible, but it is by no means unusual. More than half a million people have been living contentedly and confidently in constant peril of their lives in the Caribbean islands, but tens of thousands make their dwelling places on the slopes of volcanic mountains in other parts of the world, where warnings of danger are more frequent and startling than in the region of the West Indies. Fully eighty thousand people are now huddled together just below the crater of Mount Vesuvius, heedless, but not ignorant, of the risk they are constantly running. Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried, as was St. Pierre, by a deluge of cinders and ashes, and subsequent to the historic eruption which destroyed those two cities there have been so many violent eruptions of the volcano that at least half a dozen layers of lava have covered all traces of them. In the case of St. Pierre the people evidently realized their imminent peril, but, as is usually the case, all warnings were suffered to pass unheeded.

—c—
 The Lesson to Be Learned. Such occurrences teach us how insecure are the most stable earthly things. The everlasting hills shall be removed. The earth itself shall perish, but the word of the Lord endureth forever. They remind us of the approaching end. And they may suggest how the final conflagration may originate. True, we do not positively know how. Yet it is our conviction that the fire for

which the heavens and the earth which are now kept in store, and by which the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up, is of natural, and not supernatural, origin. For there are allusions to volcanic fires as a mode of final destruction in certain very striking expressions in Revelation, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and even in Luke. And even the very nature of the soil of Italy, and of some of the groups of islands south of the Philippines and the Lesser Antilles has forced on many a mind in different ages the thought of physical preparedness almost for such a catastrophe. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." These events are not any less of God because between him and them are natural causes of whose existence the divine will is the cause.

—d—
 The Martinique Disaster. This problem baffles the author of the Book of Job, and all the discoveries of science and the light of the Christian revelation do not resolve the thick darkness that settles about it. When trouble comes for which we can see no moral antecedent and no good result, the irrepressible cry bursts from every human heart, Why? And there is no answer but the answer of Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

From our point of view the events of life are often wholly irreconcilable with our faith in the divine goodness. And yet we do not lose our faith. We believe that God is working out for us and for the race purposes of goodness that we cannot understand. That, it seems to us, is the Christian attitude toward this problem. Christianity does not resolve it, while it makes many other solutions of it untenable. But Christianity, in its revelation of the Father, inspires a confidence in Him that is not shaken by our inability to understand His way.

—e—
 A Reply to Rev. E. W. Cook. Dear CHRISTIAN WORK—In your "Points of View," issue of May 31st, Rev. E. W. Cook asks why we should doubt the historicity of the Adamic record, when Jesus, James and Paul refer to it as a record of actual events, and you do not reply either way. Allow me to suggest that in this question Rev. Mr. Cook brings to the surface a fact which comparatively few recognize, but than which there is nothing more certain, namely, that the superior knowledge of each succeeding age compels a change of view as to many subjects thought to have been settled once and for all. Why do we doubt the hitherto usually accepted biblical chronology? Because the testimony of the quite modern science of archæology teaches us to recognize the existence of a civilization antedating the supposed date of Adam's creation. Why do we reject the literal "days" of Genesis? Because geology establishes a record of time employed in world-making beside which the period of time known as a "day" shrinks into infinitesimal insignificance. How, then, were the New Testament writers, and our Lord himself, mistaken as to the facts? Did they speak deceitfully, or carelessly? Not so, but they spoke according to the belief of their time concerning these matters. This is all that any one can do. Doubtless the men of 1950, under the providence of God, will speak differently than we concerning many matters of current knowledge and belief at the present time. What, then, does the truth change? Not at all; but men's comprehension of truth and attitude toward truth must necessarily change with the coming and going of the years, the marvels and wonders of to-day becoming the commonplaces of to-morrow. Jesus gave men a new and more excellent point of view as to their attitude toward the Father and toward each other, and so perfect was his teaching upon these subjects that no one presumes to criticize or to suggest improvement of his words; he is the Master of moral teaching, giving the world an ideal toward which it must ever strive

¹ This department is an open court in which, numbered alphabetically for convenience, will be found original "Up-to-Date" items, short articles, news, facts and opinions of our own and other people. We especially welcome letters, comments and opinions from any source, and upon any subject of real interest. The responsible source of information for each "Point" other than our own will be given in every case. In the above these authorities are as follows: b, Boston Watchman; c, W. M. Crane, New York City; f, Civil Engineer, Hopewell, N. J.

if it would not go backward. This is the quality in the Bible which must ever make it precious to men of character and purpose, be they learned or unlearned in the scholastic sense of those terms—in this is the Book a revelation and an inspiration to men, a mentor and a friend. Besides this preeminence of the Scriptures as a revelation of the mind of God, how insignificant become questions of fact or allegory concerning certain portions of the divine record! Jesus is still the friend of little children and of sinners, Paul is still the valiant defender of the faith and James the trenchant preacher of homely but needed truths, whether the Adamic record is fact or allegory, or whether the world was six or six billion days in the making, *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*; but the human soul remains the same in its need of God, and his Word stands fast as a comfort and help and guide to those who seek his face.

W. M. C.

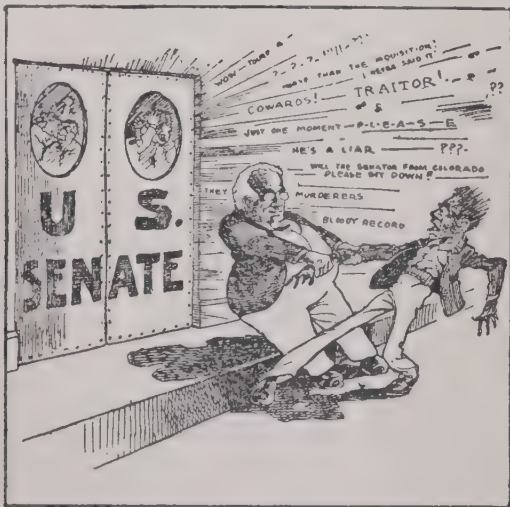
The Inch
Decimal System.

Since it is "hard to change," it would be well to adopt the best system that can be devised, and all will admit that the decimal system is desirable. There are very good reasons why the metric system should not be adopted by the United States and Great Britain, one of which is that the metric as a unit of measures is too long for engineering and mechanical purposes.

The 100-meter chain is so long that it cannot be used even over level ground, and so in countries where the metric system has been adopted the twenty-meter chain is used. The tenth of a meter, nearly four inches, is also too great for a minimum of measurements in earth and rock work, and the tenth of that is too small to be practical. If a change is to be made it has been suggested that the inch be used as the unit of measure. For the field work of civil engineers the inch would be suitable for the smaller measurements, and the chain would be 1,000 inches, or 83 feet 4 inches, which would be of a very convenient length for all field work, and could readily be adopted by land surveyors.

In the machine shops all patterns are made with the inch as the unit, and the change would be a source of loss and annoyance to owners and workmen; the same holds true in the lumber business.

The best that can be done under the circumstances is for this country and Great Britain to adopt a decimal system with the inch as the unit of measurement as being the best and easiest solution of the question.



WORSE THAN THE WATER CURE.

Senator Hoar would have the Filipino come to America and testify before the Senate Committee of Inquiry.

—The Denver Republican.

Worse than War.

Senator Hoar wants the Filipino to be compelled to come here and testify. Under the cross-fire of our lawyers he would find it a hotter time for him than at home. Only those who have lived in such countries as the Philippines, and who have been familiar with them, and perhaps have actually taken part in hostile operations against the Black Flags in Southern China, against the Soudanese in Central Africa, against the Malays in the Dutch East Indies and in the Philippines, against the tribes of Western Africa, and against the red Indians of this Western Hemisphere, can form any true opinion of the devilry which these savage warriors prac-

tice upon those of their foes who are unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. Most of the barbarities in question are altogether beyond description, and the consequence is that when one hears that American, English, French and German soldiers have given no quarter, have put every one to the sword, have resorted to means such as the so-called "water cure" to extort from natives who have taken part in torturing white soldiers the names of their confederates, we are seldom if ever informed of the circumstances that have goaded the white troops to resort to such extremities and to abandon temporarily the strict observance of the rules of civilized warfare.



ANGEL OF PEACE: "Come, Uncle Sam, stop chasing that Filipino boy, and join the choir!"

—The New York American and Journal.

A Good Time
to Join the Choir.

It looks as if we were going to have a good time ahead and that the "date" of which the old Hutchinson family used to

be so uncertain of in their well-known refrain:

There's a good time a-coming,
Though we cannot tell the date;
But yet 'tis surely on the way
At telegraphic rate,

was about at hand. Brother John has "made up" with his South African Boers and Uncle Sam is just closing in with the little Filipino boy, and he won't hurt him half as hard as he looks as if he was going to as soon as the little chap comes to his senses. If there has been any harsh dealing on our side it does not meet with any encouragement from the American people.

As Harper's Weekly reminds us:

There is a certain analogy between our Philippine war difficulty and that of the Englishmen in South Africa. Only a short time ago certain Australian officers were under court-martial charged with shooting Boers in cold blood. Public opinion and the press of England are strongly against the Colonial officers.

The London Times discusses the situation, and in comparing their difficulty with ours says:

We may recognize, as the President does, that the provocation is often great in dealing with foes who resort to treachery and to the robbery and maltreatment of the wounded or the dead. But the temptation to retaliate in kind must be resisted, however great it be. Neither in the British nor in the American army can anything be held to justify subordinates in taking the law into their own hands or in giving way to the passion of revenge. In every considerable collection of human beings some are sure to be found in whom the elemental impulses are unusually strong. It is one of the functions and purposes of military discipline to keep these impulses under control.

Unquestionably it is one of the functions of military discipline to keep such impulses as those which suggest the water cure under control, but, as we have said, the essential point is that to-day the American public wants to know, and the old days of the secrets of diplomacy and administration are gone.

The Sunday School.

International Lesson for July 6, 1902.

The Giving of Manna.—Ex. xvi., 4-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Give us this day our daily bread."—Matt. vi., 11.

We have here an account of the provision which God made for the bodily sustenance of his people, Israel. He made them a feast at night of delicate meat; not the meat of locusts, as some think, but of quails or pheasants, or some wild fowl, which came up and around the camp in immense numbers, and so tame that they had no difficulty in taking up as many of them as they pleased. The next morning he rained manna upon them. This was continued daily as long as any necessity for it existed, and was their daily bread. So does our Heavenly Father provide for all our needs. There is no good thing that we have in this life that does not come from his hand. He provides not only for our necessities, but also for our comforts and delights, that we may not only be prompted to serve him, but with cheerfulness and thanksgiving. Who is a God like unto him?

THE MURMURING MULTITUDE.

Cut off now from all the ordinary and natural modes of sustenance, the hearts of the people failed them. And is it not quite as wonderful that paltry disturbances should mar for us the life divine when once that life has become a realized experience, as that men who moved under the shadow of the marvelous cloud could be agitated by fear for their supplies? And of this one experience what befell Israel is not a mere type, but a parallel example. For it means the breaking in of the flesh upon the spirit, the refusal of fallen nature to rise above earthly wants and cravings, even in the light of trust and acceptance, the self-assertion of the lower instincts and the sacrifice to them of the higher life. We must remember that the seed of immortal heroism and prophetic insight was yet to ripen in their poor desire. Most people we fear would choose to live enslaved rather than to die free men. To-day among those who scorn these ancient people, how many are far less ambitious of dying holy and pure than rich, famous or powerful, having glutted their vanity if not their appetite? In the sight of angels this is not a much loftier aim.

A DAILY PORTION.

They were to gather it every morning, "the portion of a day in his day." Thus they must live on daily providence, as the fowls of the air; not to-day for to-morrow, let the morrow take thought for the things of itself. To this daily raining and gathering of manna our Saviour seems to allude when he teaches us to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." We are thus taught prudence and diligence in providing food convenient for ourselves and households. God's bounty leaves room for man's duty. It was so in the case of the manna; they must not eat until after they had gathered. They that have most really have little more than necessary food and raiment and ordinary comforts and conveniences for themselves; and they who have least most generally have these. He who gathered much had nothing over, and he who gathered little had no task. There is after all no very great disproportion between one and another in the comforts and enjoyment of life. The manna that was laid up by some, who thought themselves wiser than their neighbors, putrified and so became worthless. That which is constantly hoarded is really the most completely wasted.

THE RICHES OF GOD'S BOUNTY.

Let your thoughts for a moment dwell on that great power of God which fed Israel in the wilderness and made miracles their daily bread and meat. There is nothing that God cannot do. It is this very thought that emboldens us to go to him in all our times of deep necessity, for we know that he can supply all our needs, however numerous or great. Think of this mighty host in the wilderness, without provisions of any kind, and that could only be supplied out of the abundant storehouse of God's greatness. Will he, indeed, set a table for them in the desert? Yes, and he will furnish it with the best. None are so well supplied as those whom God supplies as his guests. And it shall be entertainment, too, without money and without price!

Everything that comes to us from God comes as his free gift. We have but to receive it with thankful hearts. Day by day there was an unfailing supply of meat and bread, and that same Providence is still no less bountiful. In the regular round of the seasons the earth is made to yield its fruits for the sustenance of man, and for his pleasure and enjoyment as well.

HOW FAITH OFTEN FAILS IN ITS WORK.

We are not to suppose that but for their complaining God would have suffered them to hunger, although Moses declared that the reason why this supply was made was "that the Lord heareth your murmurings." But, no doubt, there would have been some difference in the time of the grant, that their faith might have been more fully developed, and, perhaps, some more direct manifestation of his grace to reward their patience, if unbelief had not precipitated his design. Israel receives what is best in the circumstances, rather than the ideal best, now made unsuitable through their impatient murmurings and infidelity. Their testing is therefore changed from that of need, as being too severe a discipline, to the test of fulness. For we read that the removal of their suspense and anxiety by the gift of manna from heaven was "to prove them whether they will walk in my laws or no." And the lesson is hardly taught us, that worldly and unthankful natures are not to be satisfied; that the disloyal at heart will complain, however favored. For the children of Israel wept again and said: "Who will give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt for nought, the cucumbers and the melons and the leeks and the onions and the garlic, but now our soul is dried away; there is nothing at all; we have nought save this manna to look to."

PROSPERITY NOT ALWAYS BEST.

Prosperity is not always the best thing for us. It may, in fact, be the result of spiritual failure. God may sometimes abstain from strong measures with a soul because what ought to be a molding power would, on the contrary, only crush it. He may grant them their hearts' lust, yet send leanness into their souls. Perhaps some are allowed to be comfortable because they have not the strength and fitness to be heroic. It is also well for us to bear in mind that when prosperous we should remember that plenty, equally with want, has its moral aspect, and brings with it its own pressing duties. There is a testing that surely comes to all. The Lord tries fortunate men, whether they will be grateful and obedient, trusting in him rather than in uncertain riches, or whether they will forget him who has done so much for them and so wither from before in the very calm and sunshine they enjoy from his hands. There is a continual testing of us, slow and unsuspected by us, but none the less so, in the giving to us of our daily bread. What we need in our every day life, and in all that we do, is a larger faith, a greater measure of the spirit and a more entire of ourselves to Christ. With the spirit of Christ in our hearts we shall be rich and prosperous indeed; without that, though we have the wealth of the world, we shall be poor indeed.

RESPECT DUE THE SABBATH.

In promising the asked-for relief, God required of them two things especially—obedience and self-control. They were called upon to properly respect the Sabbath, and to make the needful provision in advance for its requirements. A proper regard for the Sabbath is the basic foundation of religion. How different is our attitude to-day toward the Sabbath. Those who pose before the public as reformers would obliterate the Christian Sabbath and transform it from a holy day to a holiday, and make it a mere bacchanalia. They would fling wide open on that day the dens of iniquity in which drunkards are made, and thus every form of vice and wretchedness promoted. And prominent among them are men, too, from whom we naturally would expect better things. They may mean well, but that is not always a guarantee against mistaken judgment and wrong doing. Desecrate and destroy our Sabbath as a day of God, and how long would it be before the very semblance of religion would be effaced from our midst? What God thought of his Sabbath is found in the fact that the usual supply of food was not given on that day, but a double portion was given on the day preceding. For that the Lord hath given you the Sabbath, therefore he giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days.

Nature and Science.

Pennsylvania Bituminous Coal Fields.

The bituminous coal field of Pennsylvania embraces the north-eastern end of the great Appalachian series of the coal measures. It includes an area of about 12,200 square miles, lying chiefly in the western part of the State and spreading from Ohio, West Virginia and Maryland northeastward to New York. The production has increased from an estimated output of about 1,000,000 tons in 1847 to over 42,000,000 tons in 1890, and to the immense total of over 79,000,000 tons in 1900. The production of coke in 1900 was, according to the State records, over 12,000,000 tons. Somewhat more than one-half or nearly three-fifths of the bituminous production of the State in 1900 was derived from the Pittsburg coal, the remainder, about 40 per cent., being derived chiefly from the lower Kittanning and the two Freeport coals. The cost of production of coal, f. o. b. cars, varies apparently from about 47½ cents to \$1.30 per ton—which figures do not seem to be reliably suggestive. The number of men engaged in and about the mines in 1900 was 109,018, each of whom produced an average of 727.5 tons of coal during the year.



The Construction of the Heavens.

Professor Newcomb has recently published an important volume, "The Stars," that deals with what Herschel called the construction of the heavens and with the questions: What is the extent of the universe of stars? What is the arrangement of the stars in space? What is to be the duration of the universe in time? Some of the important conclusions reached are as follows:

If we consider the sphere whose radius is 200,000 times the earth's distance from the sun to be the unit of volume, it may be said that on the average there is one star for each eight units of volume. That collection of stars which we call the universe is limited in extent. . . . This does not preclude the possibility that far outside our universe there may be other collections of stars of which we know nothing. The boundary of our universe is probably somewhat indefinite and irregular. As we approach it the stars may thin out gradually. The parallax at the boundary is probably nowhere greater than a thousandth of a second of arc, and may be much less. The time required for light to travel over the corresponding interval is more than 3,000 years. Our universe extends further around the girdle of the Milky Way than toward the pole of that girdle. The total number of stars is to be reckoned by the hundreds of millions.



Long Flight of the Humming Bird.

That it may have the entire field to itself and escape the keen competition of hosts of tropical relatives for the nectar and minute insects in the deep-tubed, brilliant flowers that please him best, that jeweled atom, the ruby-throated humming bird, sole representative of his family east of the Mississippi, travels from Central America or beyond to Labrador and back again every summer of its incessantly active little life. Think what the journey from Yucatan even to New England must mean for a creature so tiny that its outstretched wings measure barely two inches across! It is the smallest bird we have. Wherein lodges the force that propels it through the sky at a speed and a height which take it instantly beyond the range of human vision?—*The Ladies' Home Journal*.



A New Use of Electricity.

It may seem absurd to assert that huge water tanks of boiler iron three-eighths of an inch thick could be cut into small pieces without a deafening noise; nevertheless, it has been done, and by resort to electrical science. The tanks were located on one of the top floors of the Auditorium Building, Chicago, and were used in connection with the elevator system. Hydraulic pressure was abandoned and steam substituted as power in running the elevators; then came the question of getting the tanks out so the space could be used for other purposes. It was utterly

out of the question to cut them up with hammer and chisel because of the noise that would be caused by that process. At length science came to the aid of the perplexed contractor. One side of the incandescent lighting circuit of the building at 110 volts was connected with one of the tank shells, and the wire of the other side attached to a carbon pencil or electrode held in the hand of an operator. When the pencil was applied to the iron plate an intense heat was developed which readily melted the metal. The shells were cut at the rate of about one foot in two minutes. This method produced a blinding light. The man who handled the carbon wore three pairs of blue goggles with pieces of black cloth between the lenses, yet thus practically blindfolded he was still able to see with sufficient distinctness to do the work.



Dangerous Use of Searchlights.

The temporary blinding of steamer pilots by the searchlights of other steamers has occurred so frequently since the general introduction of this device that the Treasury Department at Washington has during the past year received a great number of complaints. These seem to come chiefly from the great lakes, where it is said the light is often maliciously used against vessels of opposition lines. As a result of these complaints the Treasury Department has recently issued the following order: "That masters, mates and pilots of all vessels be required to exercise due caution in the use of their searchlights so as not to throw the rays of light into pilot houses of passing steamers. A wilful violation of the above requirement will subject the offender to a suspension or revocation of license."



Notes.

M. Thoulet has shown by experiments that in fresh water fragments of pumice of the size of a grain of wheat sink at the end of two or three days, while fragments of the size of a walnut require two or three months before they become waterlogged.



The largest snake of India is the hamadryas, which belongs to the karait and cobra family and is also venomous. Three other varieties of snakes are no less venomous than the cobra; they are the daboia, the etchis and the sea snake, which sometimes ascends the Hooghly and reaches Calcutta.



According to recent data secured by the United States Fish Commission, there are about 25,000 men employed in the shad fisheries of the Atlantic seaboard of the United States; the value of the boats, apparatus of capture, etc., exceeds \$2,000,000, and the annual catch approximates 15,000,000 in number, valued at \$3,000,000.



Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh, has for many years worked on the problem of determining the position of a planet more distant than Neptune. It is likely that the extra-Neptunian planet, if indeed it exists, will be discovered by the comparison of photographic plates of the sky. Several astronomers are now at work on the problem.



The museums of the world contain a considerable collection of specimens labeled meteorites, which are, nevertheless, spurious. Meteorites command a high price. A dollar for an ounce weight would not be too much in certain cases. Certain Corsicans lately manufactured meteorites for the market, taking minerals and covering them with an artificial crust. Of course, the fraud was detected at the first analysis, and equally, of course, the Corsicans are now in jail for selling meteorites under false pretences.



"While M. Santos-Dumont was inflating the balloon of his No. 6 air-ship at Monaco," says *The Scientific American*, "he was commanded by the authorities to cease immediately the process of hydrogen-making, on account of the extraordinary effect that the drainage of refuse acids and chemicals into the bay was having on the water, which had turned a brilliant orange, and which it was feared might have an injurious effect on residents near the sea front, besides poisoning the fish. Subsequent investigations of the curious phenomenon, however, proved that the refuse sulfates running from the Dumont gashouse into the sea had, on contact with the chloride of sodium or common salt of the ocean, precipitated enormous quantities of oxide of iron. This pure rust had dyed the waters and the shore a most brilliant orange carmine, but except for this no harm was done. Beyond acting as a tonic for the fish, the rust was absolutely innocuous, and the work of inflation was forthwith resumed."



THE DOCKYARD.

Showing the big floating iron dock at Grassy Bay, Bermuda.

The Land of Perpetual Summer.

By Rev. Joseph Newton Hallock, D.D.

Just now Bermuda is being more than usually talked and written about, although it is rather late in the season to make this beautiful country a visit. There are three separate reasons for this unusual notice of this rather far-off ocean resort at this time. The Boers, who have been sent there to the number of two or three thousand as prisoners of war by the British, have just been liberated; the coronation of King Edward, which is about to be celebrated in Great Britain and which will be observed in Bermuda with a good deal of ceremony; and lastly, the new book on Bermuda, which has been in process of development for three years by Miss Bell, herself a well-known Bermudian (although born in New York City), has just made its appearance. This interesting book has long been looked for, and its coming is an event pleasing to every Bermudian, as well as to many of us who live elsewhere, but who have become interested in that beautiful country. The illustrations and some of the information contained in this article are from that source, and the reader may rely on the correctness of both. I have myself

the inherent characteristics, of both—stubbornness and piety were their predominating traits. Later, however, they have seemed to manifest a

visited Bermuda several times, twice in company with the late Mr. E. W. Hawley, of THE CHRISTIAN WORK, and who sent us an article as our special editorial correspondent last year, under the heading, "The Land of the Easter Lily," and who used to spend several weeks each year at "Bellevue," the hospitable and lovely home of Mr. W. T. James, in Hamilton. By the way, Mr. James has had a great deal to do lately with the Boers, in furnishing them provisions, and his account of them and their leaders is amusing and instructive. They seemed so exclusive and spent so much of their time in praying and singing and devout meditations, that in an early letter to the writer, Mr. James described them as a cross between a mule and a priest, and inheriting to a large degree,



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, IN ST. GEORGE.

One of the oldest church sites in the Western Hemisphere.



THE HAMILTON PARISH CHURCH.

more companionable and sociable disposition, till just before their release they were on terms of increasing friendliness and good-will toward their victors. Now that peace is established and pardon and amnesty proclaimed to the prisoners, the officers of both Boer and British meet together on terms of the utmost friendliness and equality. King Edward is no longer an object of hatred, but, on the other hand, many of the Boers cheered the mention of his name when the terms of surrender were made known. The coronation exercises and ceremonies will be celebrated in Bermuda with great eclat. We hope to be able to present the readers of THE CHRISTIAN WORK with an illustrated account of the same next week or the week after.

At my first visit in Bermuda, the object which interested me, perhaps more than any other one thing, was the great dockyard, and especially the enormous floating dry dock of iron, capable of dry-docking any ship of the royal navy. At that time H. R. Majesty's flagship, the Northampton, of the North Atlantic Squadron, was in the dock for repairs, and the dock seemed large enough for two such vessels. This enormous mass of iron was built in England, and floated all the way to Bermuda, which it has thus made a port of repair for the largest vessels.



VICTORIA PARK.

Owing to the porous nature of the soil, no dry dock could be built in the usual way, and this great iron substitute for the usual dry dock of granite proved completely practicable and gave Great Britain a seaport where she could refit and repair her ships in the midst of the ocean and 600 miles from any other land.

Bermuda, although so small, is divided into nine separate parishes. Each parish has its own church and the services are generally well attended. About one-half of the natives are colored people. There are two Presbyterian churches and, I think, two or three



A FIELD OF BERMUDA EASTER LILIES.

Methodist churches, although the larger number of both whites and colored people are churchmen. A visit to Bermuda is more agreeable to Northerners in the winter months, as the cold climate of the North is then exchanged for a mild one at that section. Still, there are some advantages in going there in the summer. For one thing, it is much less expensive. During the summer months a round-trip ticket costs only \$35, and ordinarily each cabin passenger can then count on having a good stateroom all to himself. Nor that only; he can count on delightful sea weather all the way, whereas



AROUND HARRINGTON SOUND.

at other times in the year the passage is notoriously a rough one. In the summer the steamer for Bermuda leaves New York once a fortnight. The round trip takes about ten days, four of which are spent at Bermuda, and two and one-half each way on the ocean. Four days give quite time enough to thoroughly see the islands. The route down is not a frequented one. After leaving the lights off Sandy Hook you may not see a sail all the way from New York to Hamilton.

When well through the Gulf Stream, the water of the sea is



CENTURY PLANT IN BLOOM.

the bluest blue eyes ever rested upon, and simply to sit and watch the beautiful, ever-changing sea is a soothing sight not lessened by the possible view of a whale or school of porpoises, and, almost all the time, by the skid of the beautiful flying-fish, that look for all the world like pretty little white birds darting out of and over the water. The islands, long, narrow and crescent shape, show remarkably well to the approaching voyager, and, indeed, seem of far



AROUND HARRINGTON SOUND.

greater extent than they really are. They are 365 in number—one for every day in the year—but some are very small, hardly larger than an ordinary cottage. All told, they comprise only 17,000 acres, and of these only about one-sixth part can be cultivated. The houses on the islands are all white, and the whitest white imaginable, from foundation to chimney-top, and they make the prettiest possible showing from amidst the dark-green background of the surrounding foliage.

Although Bermuda contains her 365 islands, it must not be inferred that her area is large, being only about twenty-six square miles, or about 17,000 acres as given above.

Some of these islands are so small as to be covered by the shade of a single tree, provided it is fortunate enough to have a tree upon it!—only the five largest are tenanted. Their collective shape is



THE CITY OF HAMILTON, BERMUDA.
(From Fort Hamilton.)



TAMARIND VALE, WARWICK.
Where Whitfield preached when in Bermuda.

that of an enormous letter J, the tip or head being toward the east and the loop on the northwest end. They form a ring of coral reefs round a lagoon, the coral structure resting on a submarine mountain of volcanic origin, a lonely cone rising three miles from the ocean bed. Until the laying, in July, 1890, of the cable to Halifax, they formed the most isolated place of civilized habitation on the globe, excepting possibly, St. Helena. The population is 19,000. Hamilton is now a city, containing over 2,000 inhabitants. The soil is rich and largely productive. The climate, being semi-tropical, vegetables and southern fruits abound. The former comprise nearly all known in northern gardens, the onion, of course, leading the list.

Bermuda was first called Somers' Islands, from the accidental landing of Sir George Somers, in 1609. A very interesting and curious account of this discovery and settlement is given in Le-froy's Bermuda, under the following title:

"A discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils, by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, with Divers others, set forth the love of my country, as also for the good of the plantation in Virginia." After giving a particular account of the "Most sharpe and cruell storm upon the five-and-twentieth day of July Anno 1609," encountered by the "Sea-venture," Jourdan's narrative tells of its wreck on the Bermudian

rocks, and the safe landing of all on board. He says: "Our delivery was not more strange in fallinge so opportunely and happily upon the land, as our feeding and preservation was beyond our hopes, and all men's expectations, most admirable. For the Islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any Christian or heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foule weather, which made every navigator to avoide them, as Scylla and Charibdis, or as they would shun the Divell himself, yet did we find there the ayre so temperat, and the countrey so abundantly fruitful of all fit necessities for the sustentation of life, that notwithstanding we were there for nine moneths, we were not only well refreshed, comforted and with good satiety contented but out of the abundance thereof provided us some reasonable quantitie and proportions of provision to carry us for Virginia and to maintaine ourselves, and that companie wee found there. Wherefore my opinion sincerely of this island is, that whereas it hath been and is still accounted, the most dangerous, unfortunate, and most forlorne place in the world, it is in truth the richest, healthfulest, and pleasing land (the quantitie and bignesse there of considered) and meereley natural as ever man ever set foote upon."

The people of Bermuda have an original way of building their houses and a queer way in which to get their building material.



ISLANDS FROM SPANISH POINT.



WALSINGHAM HOUSE.

Where Tom Moore, the Irish poet, was often entertained while in Bermuda.

The houses are all built of coralline rock. When a man wants to build a house, he cuts his plank out of his ground and builds with it. If he wants a plank for anything he goes to the side of his yard and cuts out a slab. If he wants a stone for the foundation he does the same thing. He seems to think very little of how the hole left is going to look. There are big and little quarries all about in Hamilton and elsewhere, some of which are used as cellars, and some are cemented over and used to hold the rain water. Thus we find the houses in Bermuda are almost all built of coral composing the island structure, which is white and so soft that it can be cut with saw and chisel, but promptly hardens on exposure. The roofs are thin slates of the same material. These are annually white-washed, and, rising from their emerald surroundings—the islands are always green—give a charm to the landscape that must be seen to be appreciated. Each dwelling is required by law to be provided with a tank for rain water taken from the roof, which, with the yearly whitening, insures its purity. At various places, on hill-side and elsewhere, are shallow basins leading to reservoirs, cut in the coral, to catch and retain the rain. There are wells, but the water is too brackish to drink.

THE BEAUTIES OF BERMUDA.

Mrs. Bell, in her delightful new book on Bermuda, says (p. 26): "Little Bermuda is a mystery. As a picture gallery it is wonderful. Passing along in carriage or on wheel, one seems to be looking at moving pictures. Look where you will, around, above, in the earth and beneath the water, a picture is revealed, and as beauties unfold the question is often asked, 'Why have you never told me that Bermuda is such a beautiful place?' And the answer is, 'We have told you of its beauties, but you did not seem to understand; nor does any one.' Words cannot do justice to Bermuda, nor do any realize how there can be so much variety in so little space. Yet it is the variety on a scale so small that makes the little wonderland."



CATHEDRAL ROCKS.

Near Scaur Lodge, Somerset.



THE TOWN OF ST. GEORGE, BERMUDA.
(From the harbor.)

The Christian Life

Lessons from a Battleship.

At a recent centennial celebration of one of our smaller New England cities a battleship from the North Atlantic squadron was ordered to sail into the harbor of the city and add to the attractions of the occasion by her august presence. As she came in sight of the eager watchers on shore, so calmly and majestically she sailed the ocean highway, the Christian heart, at least, could not fail to trace an analogy between the noble vessel and the progress of Christ's kingdom in the world. The analogy received additional force from the fact that only a day or two before the ship had forced a successful passage through "Hell Gate," a dangerous channel which for years has threatened the safety of incoming and outgoing vessels. Christ said of His Church, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

As the warship came steadily on, plowing her way through the mighty deep, now plunging in the trough of the sea, now riding at ease on the crest of the billows, maintaining through all an even keel and a straightforward progress, one was almost tempted to make a revised version of the old, familiar lines,

"Like a mighty *battleship*,
Moves the Church of God."

As she dropped anchor in the depths of the channel and swung around, "broadside on," toward our seaside cottage, we could study at leisure her magnificent proportions and formidable armament and the many lessons of practical value she suggested to the followers of the Master who are waging spiritual warfare in behalf of His kingdom, through the medium of His visible Church. A proud sense of proprietorship took possession of us, as we gazed upon the vessel's stately beauty, for did she not belong to "our" navy? Was she not subject to "our" country's call? Did she not bear the honored name of "our" beloved old Bay State? Fellow-Christians, so should thy own individual church of which thou art a member claim thy proud allegiance, for is it not a part of the body of Christ? Bears it not His revered and beloved name? Is it not subject to the call of our common Lord and Master? See to it that no overt act of thine hinders the Saviour's fond desire to "present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing"—a thought still further suggested by the immaculate whiteness of the ship's sides, the spotless purity of her decks, and her shining brass works, polished till they rivaled the brightness of the midday sun.

At first it seemed almost a travesty on the grand capabilities of the vessel, that she should have received a commission apparently so insignificant and foreign to the purpose for which she was made as to assist in a mere brief festivity. But we remembered that the great Son of God, with all the powers of divinity at His command, and with the awful burden of a sinful world upon His heart, yet paused in His noble, sacrificial life to grace with His royal presence a simple wedding feast. And not only so, but He employed His miraculous powers for the first time, in adding to its pleasure and success.

Fellow Christians, the teaching is obvious: Shall the servant be above his master?

Even amid the stirring scenes of our spiritual warfare we can and ought to find time for the social amenities of life, the graceful, gracious deeds that make the pathway a little smoother, a little kindlier, perhaps, for those about us, while they do not in the least detract from our personal dignity as the children of a King. And as the vessel was dressed in her holiday attire so should the Church stand arrayed in her loveliest robes, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. But floating banners, gay festoons of bunting, did not alter the fact that the ship was armor-clad, and ready for action at a moment's notice.

Magnificent bouquets of choicest flowers might hide for the time the yawning mouths of the death-dealing cannon, but they were there all the same, trained, as well as trimmed, and ready to belch forth their destructive fire should the occasion arise.

Stands thus every Christian church and every Christian in the church, clad in the whole armor of God, alert, guarded against surprise, ready to do valiant battle should the forces of sin and Satan suddenly assail? If so, if truly so, how speedily would come the promised reign of righteousness upon the earth! Christian, the millennial possibilities rest in no small degree with thee. If thou art sleeping at the post of duty, "What meanest thou, O sleeper! Awake, arise, call upon thy God."

In the conning-tower, high above the "fighting-tops," doubtless beyond the reach of the enemy's missiles, we could read the beautiful significance of the familiar passage, "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe."

Perhaps the thing that really impressed us most about the battleship was her reserved strength. Much is said in Holy Writ about the hiding of God's power. And perhaps His omnipotence is never more clearly defined than in these very times of divine restraint, when He held back the thunderbolts of His wrath, or denied, in loving mercy, the blessing it was His to bestow. It is a grand element of human character to be possessed of moral strength in reserve. Nowhere is its desirability made more emphatic than in the suggestive words of Jeremiah: "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And if in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

We learn then this lesson from the mighty battleship, resting at ease in the time of peace, with graceful art concealing all her formidable strength and her weapons of warfare; restraining the power of her mighty engines and the possibilities of her complicated machinery till comes the day of battle. O soul, yearning for loftier heights of attainment and wider sphere of action than the hampered circumstances of thy daily life allow thee; knowing thyself to be capable of grander things than the weary round of common cares, yet held in leash by God's restraining providence, fret not thy noble strength away because of thy narrow limitations! Nor sigh because thy life is commonplace, and thy opportunity so small!

At evening time it was light. The great battleship put into operation her wonderful searchlights, revealing the hidden secrets of sea and land. And we thought of the prophesied time when the hearts of men shall be revealed through the awful searchlight of God, and all things shall stand naked and open under the eye of Him with whom we have to do.

"Then, O, My Lord, prepare my soul for that great day.
Wash all my sins in Jesus' blood, and take my guilt away."

The Home Life

Our Flag.

By Sarah L. Tenney.

With the passing of "Flag Day" and the approaching anniversary of our National Independence Day it would seem a fitting opportunity in the interval between to discuss briefly that without which both these days would lose their prime significance, if they would not become altogether impossible. Every country under the sun has its national emblem, and counts it among its proudest possessions.

Poets have sung their divinest strains, and orators have reached the grandest heights of eloquence in eulogy of their country's flag. Many a noble youth and war-worn veteran has poured out his life-blood in defense of the colors he bore in the heat of the battle, and, dying, has charged those nearest him to see to it they were never surrendered to the enemy.

What is there about a few yards of cloth, made up into a special design, to so fire the hearts of a whole army or nation with an enthusiastic devotion that counts life itself less dear? We know for ourselves how our own hearts thrill at sight of the dear old flag; and on the day we set apart as especially sacred to the memory of our noble dead, not even the scarred and aged veterans in the ranks of the Grand Army—growing, alas, so pitifully less each year—nor the eager, stalwart sons of the veterans, who would be as brave and loyal as their sires did occasion call—not even these awaken such ardent devotion, or bring so quickly the gathering tears as the glorious Stars and Stripes they bear so proudly aloft! And no banner of any nation stands for so much as the Star-spangled Banner—Liberty, Equality, Patriotism, Christianity.

What other standard the world over breathes so rich a gospel in its ample folds?

During the late civil war many of our Northern soldiers escaping from the stockpens and vile prisons of the South, after passing through appalling dangers and trackless forests, when at last they came suddenly upon the flag of our country floating in the breeze burst into loud weeping for very gratitude and joy; while others, almost too weak to stand, crawled with their little remaining strength that they might kiss the staff that bore aloft the nation's emblem. Only a piece of bunting! But to them it meant, as it means to us all, God and home and country.

As it floats so proudly on high it tells a story of noble faith and grand achievement such as no pen could write though dipped in the glory of the setting sun, nor tongue of angel—Paul's highest measure of eloquence—could adequately describe.

Whiter than its unsullied background is the spotless purity of purpose in which our nation was founded, and for which it ever stands. Deeper than its prophetic crimson has been the warm life-blood poured out in its defense, while the galaxy of stars against the cerulean blue are a most fitting type of God's covenant with his faithful servant of old, when he led Abraham forth at night and bade him look upon the stars of heaven, and see if he could

number them. "And He said, 'So shall thy seed be; that if a man be able to tell the number of the stars he shall be able to number thy seed upon the earth.'" How grandly has that promise been fulfilled! Who can count the myriads living and dead, and yet to be, portrayed in these forty-eight stars that stand for the forty-eight States in our Union?

"In thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed," still further promised the covenant-keeping God. And who can for a moment doubt that our own beloved nation, founded in the purity of the Puritans and by the most faithful descendants of the faithful Abraham, is the one chosen above all others to be the world's benefactor?

Standing midway of the nations, "within one hundred miles of semigirdling the globe," as Dr. Thompson said in his late magnificent address before the Presbyterian Board of Missions, she possesses all the qualifications and prestige to front the entire world in the coming generations. All honor to our native land, and her glorious ensign—the Red, White and Blue.

Well is it for us that we cause it to float over our temples of learning, that our youth of to-day, even to the youngest, may gaze with ever increasing affection upon its familiar outlines. Well with them shall it be if they also drink in daily its silent lessons of deep significance, till, arrived at manhood's and womanhood's estate, they shall also attain to a fervor of patriotism that will cause them to exclaim with David over his beloved Jerusalem, "If I forget thee, O! my country, may my right hand forget her cunning; may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I remember not thee above my chief joy."

It may be interesting to those not already familiar with the facts, and especially to the boys and girls who may read this article, to learn the origin of our Star-spangled Banner. It was designed in Revolutionary times by a woman named Betsy Ross; and its birthplace was in Arch street, Philadelphia. Having been approved by General Washington, the Hon. Geo. Ross, and Robert Morris, a committee appointed to look into the matter of a national flag, it was subsequently adopted by Congress, June 14, 1777. The original design contained only thirteen stars, the number of the colonies at that time. A few years ago an association was formed called "The Betsy Ross Memorial Association," having for its object the twofold purpose of raising a fund to perpetuate the house in which the American flag had its birth, and of erecting a monument in memory of the patriotic woman who designed it.

No flag but one is ever permitted to float above the Stars and Stripes.

During the recent visit of Prince Henry to our country, a wealthy gentleman in one of our larger New England towns celebrated the event by floating an immense flag from his palatial residence. Wishing also to show his friendliness toward a foreign nation, and its representative, he hoisted the German flag above our own national colors.

In less than two hours from the time he raised it he was waited upon by a member of the police force, who politely informed him he had broken a *law*, and must lower the German flag to a subordinate position. He as courteously complied, knowing, of course, there was nothing else to do. But there is one flag which is always given the precedence, even over our own Stars and Stripes. I wonder if the readers of THE CHRISTIAN WORK know what that flag is?

The Children.

A Successful Plan.

By Alice May Douglas.

"Isn't it too bad that we can't have Children's Day this year?" said Annie, as she and several of the other children were walking home from school down the beautiful country road.

"But I don't see how it can be helped," said Walter. "You can't have church without a minister, and there are not people enough here to pay a minister. That is why Mr. Harrison moved away—because he could not get enough to live on."

"But I don't see why we can't have something up to the church once in awhile, even if we don't have a minister," said Nora, "and I say that we can. Yes, we can have a Children's Day this year, just as well as not."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Earl in astonishment.

"We can open the church and trim it and learn pieces to speak," explained Nora, while the others drew closer to her, so as not to lose a single word that she had to say.

"So we can," said Henry. "It is the children who run Children's Day and there are enough of us, if there isn't any minister."

So the boys and girls continued to make plans for the rest of the walk, and the next day they had thought of a number of others. School closed upon the following Friday, which gave them ample time for their preparations.

The first thing that they did was to open the church and give it a good airing, for it had become somewhat moldy during its long vacation. They next gathered up all of the appropriate recitations they could find and learned these for their coming concert. They chose Nora as leader, since she was the oldest, and she was the one who attended to the rehearsals.

The pleasantest part of all was decorating the church for the occasion. They took a large farm wagon and went to every house for miles around, gathering up potted plants and cut flowers. These they arranged in the church until it was indeed a bower of beauty.

The only part that their grown-up friends had in the affair was to attend the services. Mr. Law, however, who had been superintendent of the Sunday-school when there had been one, presided at their exercises. These were held in the forenoon, and every seat in the little church was occupied, for all were anxious to see how the children would succeed.

And so well they succeeded that they were asked to repeat their concert upon the following Sabbath. It was so seldom that the people of the community had services of any kind to attend that they were glad to hear a repetition of the Children's Day exercises.

Having gone to the church for two Sabbaths, the people thought that it would be nice to keep right on going every Sunday, so upon the second Lord's day following Children's Day they assembled, while Earl's father stood in the pulpit and read a sermon. The Sunday-school was also started again and kept up all summer and fall. By winter the Y. M. C. A. secretary of the nearest city had heard of the efforts that were being made to keep the little church open, and he sent some young men each Sabbath to conduct services in it.

This was kept up until spring, when the parishoners concluded that, by economizing in every conceivable way, they would be able to again hire a preacher. So one was engaged, and has been serving the church ever since, thanks to the efforts of the boys and girls who were determined to celebrate Children's Day at any cost.



A Shaggy Newsboy.

The railroad ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of the great State of New York. I stood at the rear end of the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat near me, arose, and, touching my shoulder, asked if I wanted to see a "real country newsboy." I, of course, answered "Yes." So he stepped out on the platform of the car.

The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on a lower step of the car, holding on by his left.

I saw him begin to wave the paper just as he swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farmhouse came into view, 'way off across some open fields.

Suddenly the conductor flung the paper off toward the fence by the side of the railroad, and I saw a black, shaggy form leap over the fence from the meadow beyond it, and alight just where the newspaper, after bouncing along in the grass, had fallen beside a tall mullein stalk in an angle of the fence.

It was a big, black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his tail, and watching us as the train moved swiftly away from him, when he snatched the paper from the ground in his teeth, and leaping over the fence again, away he went across the fields toward the farmhouse.

When we last saw him he was a mere black speck moving over the meadows.

"What will he do with the paper?" I asked the tall young conductor by my side.

"Carry it to the folks at the house," he answered.

"Is that your home?" I inquired.

"Yes," he responded; "my father lives there, and I send him an afternoon paper by Carlo every day."

"Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to pass?"

"No," said he, "they never send him. He knows when it is train time, and comes over here to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, summer or winter."

"But does not Carlo go to the wrong train sometimes?" I asked with considerable curiosity.

"Never, sir. He pays no attention to any train but this."

"How can a dog tell what time it is, so as to know when to go to meet the train?" I asked again.

"That is more than I can tell," answered the conductor, "but he is always there, and the engineer whistles to call my attention, for fear I should not get out on the platform till we had passed Carlo."

"So Carlo keeps watch on the time better than the conductor himself," I remarked.

The conductor laughed, and I wondered as he walked away, who of your friends would be as faithful and watchful all the year round as Carlo, who never missed the train, though he could not "tell the time by the clock."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Additional Developments in the Great Beaumont Oil Fields

BY J. B. CRANFILL.

DOUBTLESS many of your readers are still interested in the developments in the Beaumont oil field. The discovery of oil at Beaumont, as I have frequently said before, is one of the modern wonders of the world. Perhaps nothing equal to it has been known in our day, and the wonder increases. Only last week a great oil gusher was brought in at Jennings, La., which is about eighty miles east of the Beaumont field. This is an extension of the territory in that direction that is quite marvelous, and beyond doubt there is oil gushing territory in abundance between the two points.

I have been quite amused recently at receiving numerous inquiries from various parts of the country concerning the effect of the volcanic disturbances in the West Indies on the Beaumont oil field. Some sensational newspaper reporter sent out the report that on account of the earthquake and volcanic disturbance at Martinique, there had been a cessation of the flow of oil at Beaumont. There was not a word of truth in the statement. There has never been an earthquake in Texas within the memory of man, and there has been no effect whatever upon the Beaumont oil field from the earthquakes in the West Indies. There is a decrease in the gas pressure in some of the Beaumont wells, and this is particularly true in those parts of the oil gushing territory where wells have been drilled very close together. The pressure that forces the oil out in such quantities there is gas pressure, and the drilling of so many wells has caused the loss of a great deal of this gas. The oil supply remains undiminished. The oil wells of the San Jacinto Oil Company, of which I am president, show no decrease in their flow, and we are producing great quantities of oil, and delivering daily to our customers.

It was not concerning this matter particularly, however, that I desired to write. The purpose of this article, rather, is to tell the readers of this paper of the organization of a new company, called The San Jacinto Oil Refining and Tank Car Company. When the San Jacinto Oil Company was first organized it was thought that the company would establish a refinery. As the oil proposition developed, however, it was found that the capital stock of the San Jacinto Oil Company, being only \$250,000, was too small to justify the erection of a great oil refinery, in connection with the production and marketing of its crude oil. It was therefore determined to organize a separate and distinct company, and this has been done. There are two things that this company was organized to do. The first and foremost thing is to refine the crude oil, and subsidiary to this is the handling of the transportation problem. It is not the purpose of this company to manufacture oil-tank cars, but simply to purchase and own a line of cars, and there is such a great demand for transportation facilities in connection with this oil that great revenue will be derived from the car line, as well as from the refining of the oil. There are a number of refineries already projected at Beaumont, so our company decided to erect its refinery at Dallas, which is in the heart of the commercial interests of the State, and is itself a city of over 60,000 population. Lands have been secured, and steps are being taken at this writing to have the refinery plant erected at once. The profits in the refining of crude oil are very great. A gentleman who is in position to know informed me recently that the Corsicana oil refinery, located sixty miles east of Dallas, makes a net profit of 500 per cent. per annum. It is the purpose, of course, of the San Jacinto Oil Refinery and Tank Car Company to use the crude oil produced by the San Jacinto Oil Company, but inasmuch as Dallas is only sixty miles from Corsicana, where there are 500 producing oil wells, we shall not be wholly dependent upon the Beaumont field for our supply of crude oil.

The capital stock of the San Jacinto Oil Refining and Tank Car Company is \$500,000, divided into five million shares of a par value of 10 cents per share. This stock is now being offered in limited quantities at 7½ cents per share, but the price will soon be advanced to par. This will doubtless prove very valuable stock. The San Jacinto Oil Company, of which I am president, is now paying a quarterly dividend of 5 per cent. on its entire capital stock, and there does not seem to be a reasonable doubt

but that this dividend will be increased to at least 10 per cent. every three months within the next year. This stock was closed out at 25 cents per share, and I believe that the stock of the San Jacinto Oil Refining and Tank Car Company will have an equally gratifying history. The stock that is now offered at 7½ cents per share will in my candid judgment be worth 25 cents per share within twelve months from this date. This stock is full paid and non-assessable. It is sold in blocks of 200 shares or more, and I would strongly advise all of your readers who desire this stock to make their orders immediately, as the price will soon be advanced as stated.

The officers of this company are men of the very highest character, both for their business ability and personal integrity. I will name some of them. Among the number are: Hon. Joshua Levering, of Baltimore, Md., the widely-known coffee merchant, who is trusted and believed in by all who know him. He is president of the Board of Trustees of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and was Prohibition candidate for President in 1896. Geo. W. Carroll, of Beaumont, Tex., is another director of our refining company, and he is not only a man of splendid character but beyond doubt he is the best loved citizen of Beaumont. It was on his land that the original oil find was made, and he is the largest stockholder in the Gladys City Company, which owns 2,300 acres of oil-gushing land at Beaumont. T. C. Yantis, of Brownwood, Tex., another of our directors, is president of the Brownwood National Bank, and is a man of the very highest character. Dr. J. T. Harrington, another of our directors, is City physician of Waco, Tex., and is widely and favorably known. Here at Dallas our directors are such men as, Dr. F. S. Davis, one of the leading physicians; Dr. R. L. Spann, another leading physician; Fitzhugh I. Hawkes, assistant superintendent, Sanger Bros., retail department. I am president of the San Jacinto Oil Refining and Tank Car Company, and it is my purpose, to the best of my ability, to administer the affairs of this company as successfully and as well as I have thus far administered the affairs of the San Jacinto Oil Company. I shall be glad to have any prospective investor in the San Jacinto Oil Refining and Tank Car Company write to any of the banks in Dallas or Beaumont, concerning the character of the men engaged in this enterprise.

It is true that there have been a great many wild-cat and purely speculative companies organized at Beaumont. They were organized purely for the purpose of pelf, and they have had their little day and have faded from the human sight forever. Their directors have secured the hard-earned dollars of a great many trusting and honest people. My suggestion to all who think of investing in oil stocks of any sort is to be thoroughly sure that they are casting their lots with honest men. When they know this is true they have nothing to fear, for there are opportunities for the accumulation of wealth in the Beaumont field greater than has ever yet been told. There seems to be no doubt that there is an area of oil-bearing land on the Gulf Coast much greater than has ever yet been believed by the public. You need not believe the stories you see in the papers now and then to the effect that the Texas oil is giving out. There will be oil in the Texas field, in my candid judgment, after the writer and all the readers of these lines are in their graves.

We do not offer the stock of the San Jacinto Oil Refining and Tank Car Company as a speculation, but as an investment. The history of the San Jacinto Oil Company is of such a character as to justify those who have large means in considering the stock of the Refining Company as an investment. All of the stock of the San Jacinto Oil Company has been sold, and no more of it can be had, except from private holders of the stock. The stock of the Refining Company is selling very rapidly, and I repeat the statement that if you are desirous to secure this stock at the 7½-cent price, that you make your orders now. Dividends, of course, will be paid on the par value of the stock, which is 10 cents per share.

After sending out articles concerning the stock of our company I am often in receipt of private letters asking me for advice about the matter, and asking me if what I said in the advertise-

ments was strictly true. In order to save time and trouble I state here, that I never write in advertisement what I do not honestly believe, and there is nothing I can add in a private letter that I do not set forth in the advertisement itself. I do not give any advice concerning investment in this stock. I do not take that responsibility. For myself, I bought, at the outset, when the stock was offered for sale, 250,000 shares of this stock; my son bought 250,000 shares, my brother bought 125,000 shares, and the employees in the oil company office, who are in the best position to understand the situation, bought 225,000 shares. This is evidence enough of our confidence here in the enterprise. I never have two sets of views about a matter. My public views are my private views.

I believe this stock will prove a magnificent investment, and I desire to assure those who are only able to buy a small block of the stock that the interests of the small stockholders will be as well protected as the interests of the large stockholders. This is true of the San Jacinto Oil Company, and the first dividend of 5 per cent. on that stock will be mailed out July 1st. Within a few months' time I expect that the San Jacinto Oil Refining and Tank Car Company stock will be a dividend-paying stock, and in the meantime, will have largely increased in value.

We have provided for future enlargements of our refining plant, as the lands purchased comprise 110 acres, on two railroads, in the suburbs of Dallas.

In answer to many inquiries I desire to state that I am in no wise connected, either directly or remotely, with any other oil company than the San Jacinto Oil Company, and with no other oil refinery than the San Jacinto Oil Refining and Tank Car Company. I prefer not to answer inquiries concerning other companies, as I have not taken the time to investigate their standing or their holdings.

Send all orders for stock to J. B. Cranfill, president, Dallas, Tex. If you desire any additional information I shall be glad to furnish same to you, but I have tried to convey in this article all there is to tell, at the present time, about the company. Make remittance by post-office money order, express money order or New York exchange. Personal checks cost us for collection. It is best for you to send New York draft, post-office or express money order, as stated.

DALLAS, Tex.

The lakes and streams in the Adirondack Mountains are full of fish; the woods are inviting, the air is filled with health, and the nights are cool and restful. If you visit this region once you will go there again. An answer to almost any question in regard to the Adirondacks will be found in No. 20 of the "Four-Track Series," "The Adirondacks and How to Reach Them," sent free on receipt of a 2-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

PURE COW'S MILK,

made sterile and guarded against contamination, from beginning to baby's bottle, is the perfection of substitute feeding for infants. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has stood first among infant foods for more than forty years.

In the Library.

"IRRIGATION IN THE UNITED STATES."

The author of this book, just published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., this city, Frederick Haynes Newell, is now recognized as one of the foremost authorities on the subject of irrigation—a subject which concerns most nearly the people of these United States. In this handsome volume of 566 pages the momentous subject will be found adequately presented for the first time. The author avoids abstruse terms and writes entertainingly of the reclamation of our vast, arid public lands, which comprise two-fifths of our national domain. The text is illustrated by 156 cuts and diagrams. The subject is one of unusual interest to all the people of this country, and especially to the homeseeker. It is now being discussed by Congress, and some special legislation in regard to it will no doubt be had.

Mr. Newell's book comes before the public at a most opportune time. He is one of the most capable writers of such a work in this country, his long official and practical experience giving weight and authority to his utterances. But he has not brought together the abundance of material here presented in the shape of a dry, technical treatise, but has given to the public instead a lucid, comprehensive and intensely interesting study which commands attention from beginning to end, and leaves the reader with a much better idea of a great problem than he could possibly get, if at all, in the same length of time elsewhere.

He has written clearly and simply, avoiding technical terms, of the problems of homemaking in the desert, showing what has been done in certain regions and what will be done in others. Homeseekers will thus find the work one of the most immediate utility. They will be made acquainted with the amount and desirability of the public land, the natural resources of particular territories and the probable line of development to be pursued. A somewhat elementary and popular description of irrigation and of the devices for obtaining and distributing water is given, including details of interest to persons who are beginning to give attention to the subject.

But not alone to the homeseeker is this work valuable. One of the most momentous topics now being discussed in Congress is irrigation. In his last message the President gave particular attention to this problem, strongly advising a national appropriation worthy of the need. He believes that Forestry and Irrigation are the two most vital internal problems of our country, and that the two go hand in hand. The subject, therefore, is one of immediate interest to every intelligent citizen. Dr.

Newell's work will undoubtedly be received as an authority. Its many full-page illustrations and sketches assist the reader very materially, and add greatly to the interest and value of the work. The publishers are also to be commended for the excellent typographical dress with which they have clothed a book and subject so every way deserving, for as a specimen of bookmaking it is every way worthy of them.

William F. Gibbons has given to the public a most beautifully written and graphically told story, which he has called "Those Black Diamond Men." It is a tale of the miners' lives in the anthracite coal region, among whom Mr. Gibbons has lived for fifteen years. It is a story full of pathos, sympathy and wit, and one which appeals to the best side in one's nature. Coming as it does at so critical a time, when all eyes are turned with anxiety toward the "hard" coal district, awaiting the result of the great coal strike, it cannot fail to produce a sensation, and should be the story of the year. Mr. Gibbons is to be congratulated on his ability to write so charming and clever a book. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.



Too many men attempt to pass through the world on the reputation of their ancestors.

Usually when a man is a failure he has a patient little wife who makes excuses for him.

SUMMER FROLIC.

Get Ready Now.

Give the brain and body food during the summer that does not overtax the stomach and heat the body.

Grape-Nuts is a crisp, dainty and delicious food, selected parts of the grain treated by heat, moisture and time to slowly and perfectly develop the diastase from the grain and transform the starch into grape sugar in the most perfect manner; the small particles of phosphate of potash found in certain parts of the cereals are retained and these elements vitalize and nourish the body, brain and nerve centers.

In its predigested form it furnishes the necessary strength and energy in an easy way for the system to absorb without undue exertion and removes the general feeling of heaviness usual to hot weather.

Grape-Nuts and cream, a little fruit and possibly an egg or two cooked to suit the taste, are an ideal breakfast and will fully sustain the body until the noonday meal. Delicious desserts for luncheon and supper can be quickly made and have a flavor all their own from the peculiar, mild but satisfying sweet of the grape sugar.

Grape-Nuts will save the heat of cooking and the exertion of preparing food; will make you feel internally 10 degrees cooler and fit you for the summer's heat, so that you may enjoy the full pleasures of the season.

Christian Endeavor.

Sunday, July 6th.—Matt. vi, 25-34; Ps. ciii, 13-14.

The Father's Care.

By Lina Jeanette Walk.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

This is the song of the poet Whittier, and it should be the refrain of every Christian heart, likewise. To so completely trust God as to rest calmly and securely in Him, no matter what happens, is the duty and privilege of all believers. Strange to say, however, the faith of the Christian, in many instances, is often so small that it cannot be compared even to a grain of mustard seed. Christ uttered many beautiful parables, but none appeals to us more than these of the flowers of the field and the birds of the air in their relation to His loving oversight and tender care and in their application to His solicitude for us, His children. We well know the beauty of the lily. How graceful it is in form, how delicate and sweet in fragrance. If it were placed beneath the lens of a powerful microscope no flaw could be detected in its texture, nor in the luster of its glossy leaves, and if the Creator took such pains with a simple flower, how much more will He take care of us, the imperishable works of His hands?

John Pulsford expresses himself beautifully upon the meaning contained in these parables; he says: "I was in the act of kneeling down before the Lord my God, when a little bird came and perched near my window and thus preached to me: 'O thou grave man, look on me and learn something; if not the deepest lesson, a true one. Thy God made me and the like of me, and if thou canst conceive it, loves me and cares for me. Thou studieth Him in great problems, which oppress and confound thee; thou lovest sight of one-half of His ways.

"Learn to see thy God not in great mysteries only, but in me also. His burden on me is light. His yoke on me is easy, but thou makest burdens and yokes for thyself which are very grievous to be borne. Things deep as hell and high as Heaven thou considerest overmuch, but thou dost not 'consider the lilies' sufficiently. If thou couldst be as a lily before God for at least one hour in the twenty-four it would do thee good; I mean if thou couldst cease to will and to think and be only. Consider, the lily is as really from God as thou art, and is a figure of something in Him, the like of which should also be in thee. Thou longest to grow, but the lily grows without longing; yes, without even thinking or willing; grows and is beautiful both to God and man."

Oh, that we all might learn this simple lesson of trust in God. What have we to fear under His protection? Why should we worry or take undue thought for the morrow since He has said: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Whatever comes we are in God's care, and though in His wise providence He may allow crosses and trials to befall us, "Like as a Father pitieth His children," so will He pity us and deliver us from every evil. "Commit yourself to God," says Fenelon; "He will be your guide. He Himself will travel with you, as we are told He did with the Israelites, to bring them step by step across the desert to the promised land. Ah! what will be your blessedness if you will but surrender yourself into the hands of God, permitting Him to do whatever He will, not according to your desires, but according to His own good pleasure?"

Summer Weariness.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Relieves the languor, exhaustion and nervousness of summer. It strengthens and invigorates permanently.

HOLD FAST

that which God hath given you. A wholesome stomach, prompt bowels, sound kidneys and active liver are your inheritance. A healthy mucous membrane lining to the head, throat, stomach, intestines and urinary and reproductive organs was provided and must be maintained if health and vigor of body is expected.

You who read the pages of THE CHRISTIAN WORK are entitled to receive, free and prepaid, a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine if you need it and write for it. One small dose a day of this remarkable medicine cures the most stubborn cases of distressing stomach trouble, to stay cured. Constipation is at once relieved and a cure made permanent.

Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine is a specific for the cure of catarrh of the mucous membrane in head, throat, stomach, bowels and urinary organs.

All readers of this publication who need a cure for sluggish and congested liver, catarrh, indigestion, flatulence, constipation and kidney troubles should write immediately to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y., for a bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It will be sent promptly, free and prepaid. In cases of inflammation of bladder or enlargement of prostate gland it is a wonder-worker.

ATLANTIC CITY THE NEW.

Atlantic City is the gem resort of the world and the thousands who visit this famous beach enjoy features to be found nowhere else. The great board-walk, the several ocean piers, the peerless bathing, the wonderfully complete hotels and the varied amusements constitute a life enjoyable and recreative. The New Jersey Central has a fine train service between New York and Atlantic City—but three hours are consumed in the journey and trains leave New York at 9.40 A. M. and 3.40 P. M.—the trains are vestibuled and thoroughly up to date. Buffet parlor cars are attached to every train. The New Jersey Central Passenger Department (Section A. C.), New York City, has this week issued an illustrated descriptive booklet on Atlantic City, which is sent free upon application to any address.

A Magnificent Piano for Schools.

At a meeting, last week, of the Music Committee and the Board of Education of the large Southold Union School, Suffolk County, L. I., it was voted to purchase a Sohmer & Co. piano through Elliott Young. The piano selected is known as a 5-B Cabinet Grand, 7 1-3 octaves, Oak Case. The Sohmer piano is a first-class instrument every way and ranks as one of the very best made. It is warranted for six years. It has gained, in closest competition, the highest awards granted by International Expositions, and has the indorsement of the world's greatest artists, conductors and critics. The committee has shown rare good sense in this selection from those offered, and this beautiful instrument, therefore, soon will be placed in the new school building. A part of the money in payment of the piano is already raised by entertainments and the balance is sure to be raised in some way, as it is understood that a prominent New Yorker, a native of Suffolk County, stands ready to subscribe liberally for his native town, so this handsome instrument will not cost the school district one cent.

More About the Sterling Oil Company.

Our readers will remember an article recently published concerning the Sterling Oil Company of Beaumont, Tex., of which Dr. T. E. Cranfill is president and general manager and Dr. T. J. Harrington is vice-president.

This company on June 20th paid a dividend of 5 per cent. It is continuously delivering oil from one of its wells amounting to approximately 5,000 barrels per day, and is preparing to deliver from another one of its wells, and will be able to do so in a short time. A third well is being drilled by this company. The management expects soon to deliver more than double the amount now being produced. This means continuous and frequent dividends to its stockholders. It is expected that another dividend of 5 per cent. will be paid in August, and with the announcement of this dividend the stock will be advanced to 15 cents. All those who purchase stock immediately or before the announcement of the dividend will not only participate in the dividend referred to but will get their stock at the present price of 10 cents per share. No orders will be accepted for less than \$10.

The company organized at the beginning of March this year, and has placed itself on record as being up-to-date in every particular.

They give as reference the Citizens' National Bank, of Beaumont, Tex., and the Citizens' National Bank, of Waco, Tex.; also R. L. Cox & Co., of Beaumont, Tex.

RUPTURE CURED

With our improved Elastic Truss. Worn with ease night and day. Retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain. Examination free. Lady in attendance for Ladies. Send for pamphlet.

HENRY NOLL,

768 Broadway, New York. Two doors below Wanamaker's, near 9th St. Established 20 years

The Housekeeper.

A Mistaken Impression.

By Emma Churchman Hewitt.

Was it not a Frenchman who said: "If the facts do not fit a theory, so much the worse for the facts"? Any way, no matter who said it, it was a smart thing and is the keynote to the attitude of three-fourths of the world—to life in general.

There has been laid at our door as a nation the imputation of intense nervousness, and further, it has been asserted that nervousness is due to American pie.

So much for the premise. Now, no one will deny that the American nation is "nervous," as a nation; nay, it may even be conceded that much of this disorder is due to disturbance of the digestive functions. But that *pie* is the cause can be stoutly denied and with truth.

Pie has nothing whatever to do with it. The nervous tension at which we are living is the sole cause; the strain to which we are continually subjected in order that, healthless but triumphant, we may keep up with the procession, or, better still, march ahead with the band wagon. We overwork, overstudy, overexercise and—over eat and drink, it is to be confessed; but as every other nation does the last two, there are none to throw stones.

An overworked brain requires too much stimulating fluid for enough to be left to properly nourish the stomach and help digest the food. It is an old adage that no one thing can occupy two places at the same time. Such being the case, the mass of food in the stomach suffers, the brain being the commander-in-chief of the physical system. The stomach being but ill provided, every other part of the system becomes gradually starved and there follows "nervous prostration," that so-called imaginary disease which has caused so much ridicule in the beholder and so much acute suffering in the victim.

The brain and the stomach are in such a constant state of reflex action, the first upon the second, the second back again upon the first, that the problem as to "which began it" is almost as complex as that of the chicken and the egg. But it is safe to lay the whole trouble at the door of the eager haste of pursuit which is certainly a national American characteristic. We take life so seriously that our sports are often severe labor, our pleasures actual pain.

But, aside from all this, our method of taking our food, rather than what we eat, is the foundation of many of our physical ills. A woman comes home, tired to death with overexertion (often unnecessary), too tired to desire proper food, takes some light thing per force of habit and then, feeling weak and shaken and exhausted, *takes a pill*, in order to have strength to go out again for renewed exertion. She burns the candle at both ends, exhausting body and nerves at one blow. If she would rest a little, taking as a preliminary a glass of ice water, to which a beaten egg and some sugar have been added (with a flavoring of nutmeg if desired), the body and stomach would both

be refreshed, so that in a little while she could make a good meal (even finishing with the much-maligned pie without any detriment to herself). One meal missed, however, and a pill substituted, the stomach in its disturbed state soon responds to surrounding conditions and becomes more and more accustomed to remedies rather than prophylactics. (As a prophylactic agent, nothing can be found to supersede good food well prepared and properly taken.) Pills, while useful in many ways, as a steady diet are not to be recommended.

Here comes our society woman, making for bed at 3 in the morning after a day's work that would be appalling to a washwoman. Too tired and nervous even to rest, let alone sleep, she takes a stimulant or a soothing pill—always pills, pills, pills! If, instead, she would take a glass of warm milk, slowly, as she rests, refreshing sleep will more surely follow. (Why, a piece of the much-abused *pie* would be better than the stimulant under such circumstances!) But my lady must have her nerves strung up to the highest pitch for the next day's labors. She cannot afford the day of lassitude and real recuperative rest that would follow her glass of milk and her night's sleep. No! she must be keyed up and up and up, stretching the string a little and a little and a little as it seems to give under the strain. What wonder that a day of reckoning comes, a day that inevitably *must* come, even if my lady should never see a pie!

And man, superior man, who points to his frivolous sister with scorn and says with a hyper-virtuous expression: "Lo! I do none of these things!" And what does *man*? He is just as bad in his own way. He *thinks* he is "making a living," but in most cases he has been bitten by the "business beetle," and when that is the case he is hopeless.

Man swallows his breakfast in the morning with a haste of which most animals know nothing, rushes into his overcoat, runs for his car and rushes into his office almost before he has had real time to take account of himself for the day. Rush, rush, rush, never attending exclusively to the thing in hand, but always aching to get at the next thing; always trying to finish up a half-day's work by 11 o'clock, not that he may rest until the afternoon, but that he may perchance get in an afternoon's work by 3; and then *more* work, but never with an anticipation of rest, never anything ahead but a vista of work, work, work. And all to keep his family comfortable! Nay, the slaves of the "business beetle" are those who can best afford to rest.

After he has rushed through his morning's work, man rushes from his office for lunch. He allows five minutes for reaching the restaurant, five minutes for fuming at being kept waiting, five minutes for lunch and five minutes for returning. If his watch shows him twenty-three minutes spent in the process he feels himself defrauded of "three good minutes' work."

Naturally, in five minutes more he begins to feel uncomfortable in the region

of his digestive apparatus and—he takes a pill. This adjunct to his lunch is perhaps absolutely necessary under the circumstances, for what stomach, unless time were given it, could digest, unaided, a mass of half-masticated food gulped down and accompanied by a cup of scalding coffee or tea? He returns to his home at night, exhausted by what he deems the emergencies of business, but what is, in many cases, sheer foolishness and wilful self-immolation. He is too tired to eat, so he picks at a little food and—takes a pill in order to keep himself keyed up so that he may rush out again at once and attend a committee meeting or two.

The temperance people are showing alarming statistics as to the increase of intemperance among the American people. And even those not directly interested in the cause have occasion to feel grave over the figures shown. But is it to be wondered at that, where the strong are the comparative few, the habit of taking stimulants should be gaining hold when there is so much incentive to their use? Before "American nervousness" can be corrected there must be a crusade instituted against something far more harmful than "American pie."

Still, to be entirely fair, there are plenty of times when pie does harm, not because
(Continued on page 981.)

HAMPERS BUSINESS.

Coffee Drinking Incapacitates Some People for Business at Times.

A gentleman from McBain, Mich., says: "Coffee drinking has cost me much, for during my life I have been many times so thoroughly put out of condition that I have been compelled to abandon business for a day or two at a time. The attacks of headache would commence on the right side behind the ear and become so severe as to totally incapacitate me for any exercise, even mental. I have frequently had to take morphine to relieve the suffering. Sour stomach troubled me and I had a nervous heart that gave me a great deal of trouble.

"Four years ago I saw an advertisement for Postum Food Coffee which recited the ill effects of coffee on the nerves. I at once decided to make the change and leave off coffee and take on Postum. The result has been all that one could expect.

"I am never constipated any more, the bilious attacks never come on except from some indiscretion such as drinking coffee, which I am foolish enough to indulge in now and then. I have no more headaches, no more sour stomach and no bilious spells. I have not been sick to my stomach or had a nervous vomiting spell in three years. Am now 56 years old, and have better health and do a better business and more comfortable than ever before in my life. I certainly attribute the change to leaving off coffee and using Postum, for I have taken no medicine to aid in making the change.

"The experiment as stated is absolutely true. I am willing, if necessary, to attach my affidavit to it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

(Continued from page 980.)

it is pie at all, but because it is just so much too much. It is tempting and we eat it when we have already had sufficient. Any other dessert is likewise harmful under such circumstances. A little boy once inquired impolitely but innocently as to what dessert was coming. His mother, wishing to know why, he replied: "Because I wanted to leave room for it if it was anything I liked." The trouble is that we "do not leave room" for our desserts. They come upon us after we have already had a "square meal." However, the human appetite is trained to crave something to "top off with;" something different from meat and vegetables, and custom has given sweets this place. If we all could realize it this craving would be entirely satisfied with a little candy. One family known to the writer finishes with a crisp salad, having found it preferable to cooked desserts. And one woman, who has a great predilection for pie, is always served with that dainty before she eats her dinner. She laughingly says she then knows just how much dinner to eat. Any person trying this will be surprised to find how little dinner will then be necessary to supply his hunger, proving conclusively that pie (or any other dessert) is too much after a full dinner.

After all, it is a mere question of habit and one soon can become accustomed to sweets first or last or not at all.



Among the Churches.

St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church, Paterson, N. J., which was wiped out in the great fire, will not be rebuilt on the old site at Church and Ellison streets, as the trustees have bought a large plot of ground at Broadway and Straight street, and propose to put up a fine building there. All the churches which were burned are moving to Broadway.

The American Baptist Missionary Union reports for the year ending last December, over sixteen thousand baptisms in foreign lands.

The English Baptists this year raised on their Twentieth Century Fund \$1,250,000.

Rev. Samuel R. Ward died at Richfield Springs, N. Y., June 13th. He was seventy-three years old. He was ordained in 1856, and had held the longest pastorate, it was said, of any Universalist church in the State. He had been at Richfield Springs for thirty-six years.

Rev. Turner B. Oliver, rector of St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church, Pacific Street, near Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, after fifteen years' service, will return to England. His resignation will take effect on October 1st. He proposes to take letters dismissory from the Bishop of Long Island to the Bishop of London, where he has several fields of labor under consideration. Mr. Oliver's relations with his vestry and congregation have been most cordial.

The members of the First Baptist Church, of Plainfield, N. J., were greatly surprised when Rev. Dr. D. J. Yerkes tendered his resignation, after being their

pastor for nearly forty years. He said that, owing to physical incapacity, he felt unable to continue in active work. Dr. Yerkes was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1825, and in 1848 was graduated from the Columbian University, Washington. His first charge was at Holidaysburg, Pa., where he was ordained. After that he was pastor of the First Baptist Church, Pittsburg, and the First Baptist Church, Brooklyn. He assumed his present pastorate in 1863.

Rev. Dr. Herman P. Faust died in the Presbyterian Hospital, this city, June 13th. He was born in Germany fifty-two years ago. He came to this country in 1888, and became rabbi of a Jewish congregation in Poughkeepsie. In May, 1892, Dr. Faust, his wife, five boys and four girls were baptized into the Christian faith by the Rev. Dr. Freshman, of the old St. Mark's Place Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon afterward he started a Christian mission for the East Side Jews at 126 Forsyth street, in this city, where he continued till 1898, under the auspices of the New York Presbytery. He assisted Rev. Dr. Parkhurst in some of his raids, and aided President Roosevelt in his East Side work as Police Commissioner.

Rev. Anson Judd Upson, Chancellor of the University of the State of New York, and ex-President of Auburn Theological Seminary, died at Glens Falls, N. Y., June 15th, at the age of eighty-two.

After fifty years of active work in the ministry, Rev. Francis E. Osborne, pastor of the Millburn, N. J., Baptist Church, announced at the service on Sunday that he would relinquish his charge and take a much needed rest, he not having availed himself of a vacation during the twelve years of his incumbency in Millburn. Mr. Osborne does not intend, however, to retire permanently from pastoral work.

Intending to devote himself for a time to literary work, Rev. Howard Wilbur Ennis has resigned as pastor of the First Reformed Church, Bedford Avenue and Clymer Street, Brooklyn. Since he came to Brooklyn from the Western Presbyterian Church, in Washington, in

1898, Mr. Ennis has accomplished much in his church work. His relations with the consistory and the congregation have always been most harmonious, it is said, and his resignation was a great surprise.

Right Rev. Francis M. Whittle, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Virginia, died at his home, Richmond, Va., June 18th, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Pennsylvania Railroad Reduced Rates to Minneapolis, Account National Education Association's Annual Meeting.

On account of the National Education Association's Annual Meeting, at Minneapolis, Minn., July 7th to 11th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines July 4th to 6th, good to return not earlier than July 8th, and not later than July 14th, at rate of *single fare for the round trip, plus \$2*. These tickets will be good for return passage only when executed by Joint Agent at Minneapolis and payment of 25 cents made for this service. By depositing ticket with Joint Agent not earlier than July 8th nor later than July 14th, and payment of 50 cents at time of deposit, an extension of return limit may be obtained to leave Minneapolis not later than September 1st.

For specific rates and conditions, apply to ticket agents.

EXPERIENCES OF PA.

If you have read—most everybody has—"The Ghost of the Glacier," you will be interested in knowing that another good story by the same author has just been issued by the Passenger Department of the Lackawanna Railroad. It is called "The Experiences of Pa." It has the "story-telling" quality and possesses, beside real humor, the charm of one of the daintiest love stories that has been written in a long time. The stories are contained in a little book called "Lakes and Mountains," which will be mailed on request accompanied by 5 cents in postage stamps to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, New York City.



Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Watch Cases

are recognized as the standard by all jewelers. They are identical with solid gold cases in appearance, and size, but much lower in price. Don't accept any case said to be "just as good" as the Boss. Look for the Keystone trade-mark. Send for booklet.

The Keystone Watch Case Company, Philadelphia.

WATCH PROTECTION

The Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Watch Cases are an improvement on solid gold cases. They are stronger and won't bend or dent. Made of two layers of gold, with a layer of stiffening metal between, welded together into one solid sheet. The outside layer contains more gold than can be worn off a case in 25 years, the time for which a Jas. Boss Case is guaranteed.



A HORRIBLE LEGACY.

The Dreadful Inheritance of an Indiana Hotel-Keeper.

For Years He Endeavored to Get Rid of It, but in Vain—How He Finally Met with Success.

The inheritance of Thomas E. Lawes, proprietor of Hotel Taft, Dunkirk, Ind., was anything but an enviable one. It came to him more than a decade ago and to get rid of it he tried in vain for many years. How, at last, he succeeded makes an interesting story.

"Until a few years ago," he says, "I was a man to be pitied. For more than ten years I was a paralytic, hardly able to use my hands and with my eyes so affected by the disease that I could not recognize my friends across the room. My hands and forearms were so numb that there was scarcely any feeling in them at all."

"You had a doctor?" ventured his interviewer.

"Yes, for a while in 1882, but my condition gradually grew worse. I tried various things, but I didn't get any better and I became pretty well discouraged. The disease is hereditary in the family. One of my sisters died of paralysis and the face of another was all drawn out of shape by it. So, you see, I realized that it would be an almost impossible thing to get rid of it in my case."

"But you did succeed?"

"I did, and the credit is all due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I began taking them about ten years ago and felt I was getting better after taking the first box. I continued with them until I was cured."

Mr. Lawes is a substantial citizen of Dunkirk, proprietor of the best hotel in that section and is highly respected among his large circle of acquaintances. In order that there might be no room for doubt as to the accuracy of his above statement he made affirmation to it before J. J. Stewart, a notary public, February 15, 1902.

The fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured this stubborn case, as they have cured others equally severe, leaves no room for doubt but that they will cure lesser troubles arising from disordered nerves. At all druggists, or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.50.



GOOD INCOMES MADE
By selling our celebrated goods. **25 and 30 per cent.** commission off.

"BOMOSA" the Most Economical 33c.
1-lb. trade-mark red bags.
Good Coffees 12c. and 15c.
Good Teas 30c. and 35c.

The Great American Tea Co.,
31-33 Vesey St., New York.
P. O. Box 289.

DEAF AND HARD-OF-HEARING PERSONS CAN LEARN

LIP-READING AT HOME

In six weeks.

Easy, practical, interesting lessons by mail. Copyrighted.
One hour a day for study and practice.
Results uniformly satisfactory.
Terms moderate. Send for circular.

DAVID GREENE, 1122 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Among the Churches.

Very Rev. Dr. Eugene A. Hoffman, dean of the General Theological Seminary, died while on his way to this city from Quebec. Dean Hoffman had been ill since February. He had been suffering from a general breaking down, but continued to perform most of his duties. Two weeks previous he went to the Restigouche Salmon Club, at Metapedia, in the Province of Quebec, hoping that the cool atmosphere and fresh air would benefit him. He had a relapse and wanted to return to New York. A special train was taken to Montreal in the company of members of his family, and while crossing the frontier on a special car of the Intercolonial Railroad, which was attached to a Delaware and Hudson Railroad train, on the way to this city, he died early on the morning of June 17th. The fortune of the Dean, even after his numerous benefactions to the seminary and other establishments, is said to amount to \$15,000,000. He was born in New York, March 21, 1829, and had he lived would have next year celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the priesthood.

At the last communion service of the Reformed Church at Colts Neck, N. Y., nineteen persons were received into the full communion of the church. Eighteen of this number were received on confession of their faith and one by certificate.

There was great rejoicing among the three hundred delegates to the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America, in session at Asbury Park, N. J., over the report submitted by the Board of Foreign Missions, to the effect that all the obligations of the Board had been met or provided for last year, and that there was no indebtedness hanging over the organization, a gratifying condition, experienced for the first time in more than twenty years. According to the annual report, the receipts last year for the regular work of the missions, as included in the appropriations, were \$114,057.22, of which \$4,368.76 was derived from legacies and \$2,278.58 from interest on invested funds. The balance, \$107,410.88, represents gifts, and is \$2,550.70 more than for the previous year. For special objects \$35,469.78 was also received. This amount includes the gift of Ralph Voorhees, of New Jersey, for the Elizabeth R. Voorhees College, at Vellore, of \$25,000. The receipts for special objects and for the regular work amount together to \$149,527. The expenditures, not including those for the Arabian Mission, were as follows: For the Amoy Mission, \$20,913.22; for the Arcot Mission, \$44,371.17; for the North Japan Mission, \$18,515.84; and for the South Japan Mission, \$18,109.92, a total of \$101,910.15 for the four missions; for interest, \$1,595.13; for home expenses, \$12,141.03; in all, \$115,646.31. The expenditures for the Arabian Mission were: For the regular work, \$10,499.16; on hospital account and for other objects outside of the appropriations, \$4,770; a total of \$15,269.16. The Foreign Missionary Board sustains twenty-four missions—



When a woman is nervous her imagination gives fantastic and threatening shapes to the most familiar objects. By day she starts in fear at every sudden or unfamiliar sound. By night the furniture of her room takes on affrighting forms of ghost or goblin. You can't reason with the nerves. Neither logic nor love can quiet them. They must be

nourished and then the outcry of the nerves will cease as naturally as a hungry child ceases to cry when fed.

For nervous women there is no better tonic and nerve than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures the diseases which produce nervousness in women, irregularity, debilitating drains, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite, and induces refreshing sleep.

"When I began taking your medicine I was not able to stand on my feet ten minutes at a time," writes Mrs. Hattie Borradaile, of 113 Spring Street, Nashville, Tenn. "Had falling of uterus, and kidney and liver disease, and was so weak and nervous I could not keep still. Would take nervous spells and almost die at times. I had several different doctors attending, but they could not do me any good. The last one I had said I would never get up again. Told him that I was taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and he said, 'Might just as well take that much water each day.' But I thought I would give the medicine a fair trial. Before I had finished the first two bottles I was able to get outside the house and walk around the yard. I kept on taking the medicines and they cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

four in China, eight in India, five in North Japan, four in South Japan and three in Arabia. In addition, there are 249 out stations and preaching places in these countries. There are twelve Reformed churches in China, twenty-four in India, three in North Japan and four in South Japan. China, India and North Japan support theological schools where the doctrines of the Reformed Church are taught. There are 1,407 communicants in China, 2,442 in India, 590 in North Japan and 493 in South Japan, a total of 4,932. The total contributions from natives in China, India, North Japan, South Japan and Arabia amounted last year to \$14,548. The total number of missionaries is eighty-five, three less than last year. The statement that the Board was out of debt was received with applause.

Man's Mission on Earth

Medical Book Free.

"Know Thyself," a book for men only, regular price 50 cents, will be sent free (sealed postpaid) to any male reader of this paper, 6 cents for postage. Address the **Peabody Medical Institute**, 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass., established in 1860, the oldest and best in America. Write to-day for free book, "The Key to Health and Happiness."

EDITOR'S NOTE For 40 years the Peabody Medical Institute has been a fixed fact, and it will remain so. It is as standard as American Gold.
The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

Just for Fun.



THE NEW PET.

JOHN BULL: "And now, my dear, all 'e needs is just domesticating."
—The Chicago News.

Senator Quay is fond of telling a story of an experience at a country hotel near Pittsburg. Hanging on the wall in the parlor was an inscription, "Ici on Parle Français."

The Senator noticed the inscription, and, turning to the proprietor, said, "Do you speak French?"

"No," replied the proprietor; "United States will do for me."

"Well, then," said Quay, "why do you have that notice on the wall? That means 'French is spoken here.'"

"Well, I'll be blamed if a young chap didn't sell that to me for a motto, 'God Bless Our Home!'" answered the astonished hotelkeeper.

J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles M. Schwab and several friends were at Mr. Morgan's kennels looking over some of the prize hunting dogs recently before the first-named gentleman sailed for Europe. Mr. Schwab fell in love with a pointer, and asked Mr. Morgan the dog's name.

"That dog's name is Russell Sage," said Mr. Morgan.

"And why do you call him Russell Sage?" asked Mr. Schwab.

"Because," said the great financier, "he never loses a scent."

In this week's issue we present an interesting article concerning the developments in the Beaumont, Tex., oil fields, from the pen of Dr. J. B. Cranfill, president of the San Jacinto Oil Company and the San Jacinto Oil Refining and Tank Car Company. As will be seen from this statement the San Jacinto Oil Company has already become, under the able management of Dr. Cranfill, a splendid dividend-paying property, and it is not unreasonable to expect that, under the same auspices, the new enterprise referred to will have an equally successful history. The men associated with Dr. Cranfill in the new company are of the highest character. One would have to seek far to find

better men than Hon. Joshua Levering, of Baltimore, and George W. Carroll, of Beaumont. These men are Christian business men and philanthropists of the best type, and we are confident that they would not knowingly be connected with an enterprise that they did not believe was bottomed on solid foundations. As Dr. Cranfill himself says, we cannot give any advice, or assume any responsibility, with regard to investment in this or any other stock. We can only lay the matter as stated before our readers, leaving them to determine, from the character of the men in control and the facts as developed, whether to invest or not.

CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

Reached by the Erie Railroad.

The Erie Railroad, the Picturesque Trunk Line of America, is the most direct route to Chautauqua Lake, and is the only line without change from New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Chicago. Its solid vestibuled trains, consisting of luxurious day coaches, sleeping cars and dining cars, are everywhere protected by block safety signals. The dining-car service, which is maintained on a high standard by the railroad company itself, is worth especial mention. Breakfast, dinner and supper in regular dining cars are served a la carte, and the passenger pays only for what is ordered.

Excursions to Chautauqua.

On July 4 and 25, 1902, the Erie Railroad will run special thirty-day excursions to Chautauqua Lake, at rate of \$11 from New York, \$14 from Chicago, \$11.30 from Cincinnati, and at proportionate rates from all intermediate stations on its line.

Chautauqua folder, beautifully illustrated, may be had on application to any Erie ticket agent, or to D. W. Cooke, General Passenger Agent, New York.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Repairs Hair

Nature always tries to repair damaged hair. Sometimes she succeeds, very often she doesn't. She needs a little help—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It repairs the hair, touches it up, gives it new life, brings back the old dark color, and makes it soft and glossy. Cures dandruff, too.

"I used only one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it completely stopped my hair from falling out."—Mrs. C. Leasenfeld, New York City.

\$1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

FIRE INSURANCE

effected in the strongest companies at lowest current rates. When you have insurance expiring or new insurance to place, write, giving description of property, to

E. N. BUNCE, 90 Bible House, New York.

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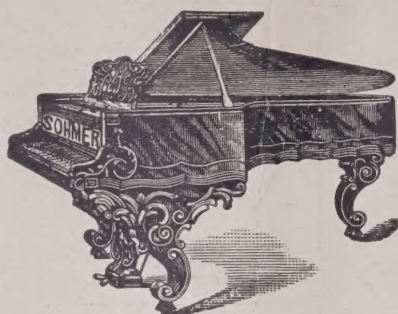
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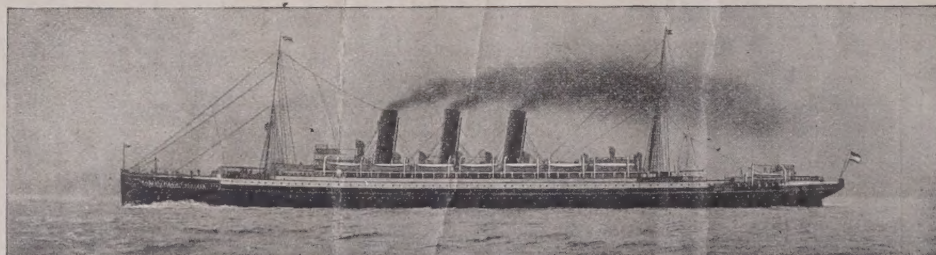
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